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# LETTERS

ADDRESSED TO

*CLARINDA, &c.*

BY

ROBERT BURNS,

THE AYRSHIRE POET.

Never before Published.

GLASGOW:
Printed by Niven, Napier and Khull;
For T. STEWART, BOOKSELLER, TRONGATE.

1802.

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# TO THE PUBLIC.

THE following Letters were, with the exception of one only, written by ROBERT BURNS before his marriage. They are printed *verbatim* from the originals, and where any of them are torn, which unfortunately is the caſe with two or three, the deficiencies are marked by *aſteriſks*.

The Lady to whom they are addreſſed, ſeems to have encouraged a friendly correſpondence with the Poet, whoſe faſcinating powers of mind muſt neceſſarily have produced, on her part, eſteem and admiration.

Yet, although he was forbidden to indulge in the more tender affections of the heart, it was natural to expect from the ſtrong ſenſibility and delicate feelings of the Bard, that in his correſpondence with a young and amiable woman, love muſt be a principal theme.

We are happy, that, from the condeſcenſion of the Proprietor, we are enabled to favour the Public with an additional portion of the writings of our favourite Poet; nor is this condeſcenſion the effect of vanity, as from the letters themſelves this Lady can never be diſcovered,

although like Swift's Vaneſſa, ſhe is, under a fictitious name, uſhered into immortality, by an author equally celebrated.

As theſe letters, on peruſal, will be found to poſſeſs every mark of the ſtrong and vigorous mind of Burns, they will in no degree diminiſh that celebrity he has ſo juſtly merited by his Epiſtolary compoſitions. Should any perſon ſuſpect that they are not the genuine productions of the Bard, he may have his doubts removed by applying to the Publiſher, in whoſe poſſeſſion the originals are permitted to remain for one month after publication.

As the Editor is veſted with the ſole power to publiſh theſe letters, any other perſon preſuming to Print them, will be proſecuted in terms of Law.

GLASGOW,
MARCH 1ſt, 1802.

# LETTERS

TO

# *CLARINDA, &c.*

## No. I.

I CAN ſay with truth, Madam, that I never met with a perſon in my life whom I more anxiouſly wiſhed to meet again than yourſelf. To-night I was to have had that very great pleaſure—I was intoxicated with the idea—but an unlucky fall from a coach has ſo bruiſed one of my knees, that I can't ſtir my leg; ſo if I don't ſee you again, I ſhall not reſt in my grave for chagrin. I was vexed to the ſoul I had not ſeen you ſooner; I determined to cultivate your friendſhip with the enthuſiaſm of religion; but thus has fortune ever ſerved me.—I cannot bear the idea of leaving Edinburgh without ſeeing you—I know not how to account for it—I am ſtrangely taken with ſome people; nor am I often miſtaken. You are a ſtranger to me; but I am an odd being: ſome yet unnamed feelings; things not principles, but better than whims, carry me farther than boaſted reaſon ever did a philoſopher.

Farewell! Every happineſs be yours!

*Saturday Evening.*

* * *

## No. II.

Madam,

I HAD ſet no ſmall ſtore by my tea-drinking to-night, and have not often been ſo diſappointed. Saturday evening I ſhall embrace the opportunity with the greateſt pleaſure. I leave this town this day fe'ennight, and probably for a couple of twelvemonths; but muſt ever regret that I ſo lately got an acquaintance I ſhall ever highly eſteem, and in whoſe welfare I ſhall ever be warmly intereſted.

Our worthy common friend, in her uſual pleaſant way, rallied me a good deal on my new acquaintance, and in the humour of her ideas I wrote ſome lines which I encloſe you, as I think they have a good deal of poetic merit; and Miſs ——— tells me you are not only a critic but a poeteſs. Fiction, you know, is the native region of poetry: and I hope you will pardon my vanity in ſending you the bagatelle as a tolerable off-hand *jeu-d'eſprit*. I have ſeveral poetic trifles which I ſhall gladly leave with Miſs ——— or you, if they were worth houſe-room; as there are ſcarcely two people on earth by whom it would mortify me more to be forgotten, though at the diſtance of nineſcore miles. I am,

Madam,

With the higheſt reſpect,

Your very humble ſervant.

* * *

*Thurſday Evening.*

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## No. III.

I BEG your pardon, my dear "Clarinda," for the fragment ſcrawl I ſent you yeſterday. I really do not

know what I wrote. A gentleman, for whoſe character, abilities and critical knowledge I have the higheſt veneration, called in juſt as I had begun the ſecond ſentence, and I would not make the porter wait. I read to my much-reſpected friend ſeveral of my own bagatelles, and, among others, your lines which I had copied out. He began ſome criticiſms on them as on the other pieces, when I informed him they were the work of a young lady in this town; which I aſſure you made him ſtare. My learned friend ſeriouſly proteſted that he did not believe any young woman in Edinburgh was capable of ſuch lines; and if you know any thing of Profeſſor Gregory, you will neither doubt of his abilities nor his ſincerity. I do love you, if poſſible, ſtill better for having ſo fine a taſte and turn for poeſy. I have again gone wrong in my uſual unguarded way, but you may eraſe the word, and put eſteem, reſpect, or any other tame Dutch expreſſion you pleaſe in its place. I believe there is no holding converſe, or carrying on correſpondence, with an amiable woman, much leſs a *gloriouſly amiable, fine woman*, without ſome mixture of that delicious paſſion, whoſe moſt devoted ſlave I have more than once had the honour of being: but why be hurt or offended on that account? Can no honeſt man have a prepoſſeſſion for a fine woman, but he muſt run his head againſt an intrigue? Take a little of the tender witchcraft of love, and add it to the generous, the honourable ſentiments of manly friendſhip; and I know but *one* more delightful morſel, which few, few in any rank ever taſte. Such a compoſition is like adding cream to ſtrawberries—it not only gives the fruit a more elegant richneſs, but has a peculiar delicioufneſs of its own.

I incloſe you a few lines I compoſed on a late melancholy occaſion. I will not give above five or ſix copies of it at all, and I would be hurt if any friend ſhould give any copies without my conſent.

You cannot imagine, Clarinda, (I like the idea of Arca-

dian names in a commerce of this kind) how much ſtore I have ſet by the hopes of your future friendſhip. I do not know if you have a juſt idea of my character, but I wiſh you to ſee me—*as I am*. I am, as moſt people of my trade are, a ſtrange *will o' wiſp* being; the victim, too frequently, of much imprudence and many follies. My great conſtituent elements are pride and paſſion: the firſt I have endeavoured to humanize into integrity and honour; the laſt makes me a devotee to the warmeſt degree of enthuſiaſm, in love, religion, or friendſhip; either of them, or altogether, as I happen to be inſpired. 'Tis true, I never ſaw you but once; but how much acquaintance did I form with you in that once! Do not think I flatter you, or have a deſign upon you, Clarinda; I have too much pride for the one, and too little cold contrivance for the other; but of all God's creatures I ever could approach in the heaten way of acquaintance, you ſtruck me with the deepeſt, the ſtrongeſt, the moſt permanent impreſſion. I ſay the moſt permanent, becauſe I know myſelf well, and how far I can promiſe either on my prepoſſeſſions or powers. Why are you unhappy? And why are ſo many of our fellow-creatures, unworthy to belong to the ſame ſpecies with you, bleſt with all they can wiſh? You have a hand all benevolent to give; why were you denied the pleaſure? You have a heart formed, glorioufly formed, for all the moſt refined luxuries of love; why was that heart ever wrung? O Clarinda! ſhall we not meet in a ſtate, ſome yet unknown ſtate of being, where the laviſh hand of Plenty ſhall miniſter to the higheſt wiſh of Benevolence; and where the chill north-wind of Prudence ſhall never blow over the flowery fields of Enjoyment? If we do not, Man was made in vain! I deſerved moſt of the unhappy hours that have lingered over my head; they were the wages of my labour; but what unprovoked Demon, malignant as hell, ſtole upon the confidence of unmiſtruſting buſy Fate, and daſhed your cup of life with undeſerved ſorrow?

Let me know how long your ſtay will be out of town: I ſhall count the hours till you inform me of your return. Curſed *etiquette* forbids your ſeeing me juſt now; and ſo ſoon as I can walk, I muſt bid Edinburgh adieu. Lord, why was I born to ſee miſery, which I cannot relieve; and to meet with friends, whom I can't enjoy! I look back with the pang of unavailing avarice on my loſs in not knowing you ſooner: all laſt winter; theſe three months paſt; what luxury of intercourſe have I not loſt! Perhaps, though, 'twas better for my peace. You ſee I am either above, or incapable of diſſimulation. I believe it is want of that particular genius. I deſpiſe deſign, becauſe I want either coolneſs or wiſdom to be capable of it. I am interrupted.

Adieu! My dear Clarinda!

SYLVANDER.

*Friday Evening.*

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## No. IV.

*Monday Evening*, 11 *o'clock.*

WHY have I not heard from you, Clarinda? To-day I well expected it; and before ſupper, when a letter to me was announced, my heart danced with rapture: but behold, 'twas ſome fool who had taken it into his head to turn poet; and made me an offering of the firſt-fruits of his nonſenſe. "It is not poetry, but proſe run "mad." Did I ever repeat to you an epigram I made on a Mr. Elphinſtone, who has given a tranſlation of Martial, a famous Latin poet. The poetry of Elphinſtone can only equal his proſe notes. I was ſitting in a merchant's ſhop of my acquaintance, waiting ſomebody: he put Elphinſtone into my hand, and aſked my opinion

of it; I begged leave to write it in a blank leaf, which I did, as you ſhall ſee on a new page.

*To Mr. Elphinſtone, &c.*

O thou, whom poeſy abhors!
Whom proſe has turned out of doors!
Heardſt thou yon groan? proceed no further!
'Twas laurel'd Martial calling murther!

I am determined to ſee you, if at all poſſible, on Saturday evening. Next week, I muſt ſing—

" The night is my departing night,
" The morn's the day I maun awa:
" There's neither friend nor foe of mine
" But wiſhes that I were awa!
" What I hae done for laik o' wit,
" I never, never can reca';
" I hope ye're a' my friends as yet,
" *Gude night and joy be wi' you a'!*"

If I could ſee you ſooner, I would be ſo much the happier; but I would not purchaſe the *deareſt gratification* on earth, if it muſt be at your expence in worldly cenſure; far leſs, inward peace!

I ſhall certainly be aſhamed of thus ſcrawling whole ſheets of incoherence. The only *unity* (a ſad word with Poets and Critics!) in my ideas, is Clarinda. There my heart " reigns and revels."

" What art thou, Love? whence are thoſe charms,
" That thus thou hear'ſt an univerſal rule!
" For thee the ſoldier quits his arms,
" The king turns ſlave, the wiſe man fool.
" In vain we chaſe thee from the field,
" And with cool thoughts reſiſt thy yoke:
" Next tide of blood, alas! we yield;
" And all thoſe high reſolves are broke!"

I like to have quotations for every occaſion. They give one's ideas ſo pat, and ſave one the trouble of finding expreſſion adequàte to one's feelings. I think it is one of the greateſt pleaſures attending a poetic genius, that we can give our woes, cares, joys, loves, &c. an embodied form in verſe; which, to me, is ever immediate eaſe. Goldſmith ſays finely of his Muſe—

" Thou ſource of all my bliſs and all my woe;
" Who found'ſt me poor at firſt, and keep'ſt me ſo—

My limb has been ſo well to-day, that I have gone up and down ſtairs often without my ſtaff. To-morrow, I hope to walk once again on my own legs to dinner. It is only next ſtreet. Adieu!

SYLVANDER.

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No. V.

*Sunday Night—*

THE impertinence of fools has joined with a return of an old indiſpoſition, to make me good for nothing to-day. The paper has lain before me all this evening, to write to my dear Clarinda, hut———

" Fools ruſh'd on fools, as waves ſucceed to waves."

I curſed them in my ſoul: they ſacrilegiouſly diſturbed my meditations on her who holds my heart. What a creature is man! A little alarm laſt night and to-day that I am mortal, has made ſuch a revolution on my ſpirits! There is no philoſophy, no divinity, comes half ſo home to the mind. I have no idea of courage that braves Heaven. 'Tis the wild ravings of an imaginary hero in bedlam.

I can no more, Clarinda; I can ſcarce hold up my head: but I am happy you do not know it, you would be ſo uneaſy.

SYLVANDER.

*Monday Morning.*

I AM, my lovely friend, much better this morning, on the whole; but I have a horrid languor on my ſpirits.

" Sick of the world, and all its joy;
" My ſoul in pining ſadneſs mourns:
" Dark ſcenes of woe my mind employ,
" The paſt and preſent in their turns."

Have you ever met with a ſaying of the great, and likewiſe good Mr. Locke, author of the famous Eſſay on the Human Underſtanding. He wrote a letter to a friend, directing it, " not to be delivered till after my " deceaſe;" it ended thus—" I know you loved me " when living, and will preſerve my memory, now I " am dead. All the uſe to be made of it is; that this " life affords no ſolid ſatisfaction, but in the conſcious- " neſs of having done well, and the hopes of another " life. Adieu! I leave my beſt wiſhes with you."

J. LOCKE.

Clarinda, may I reckon on your friendſhip for life? I think I may. Thou Almighty Preſerver of men! Thy friendſhip, which hitherto I have too much neglected, to ſecure it ſhall, all the future days and nights of my life, be my ſteady care!——The idea of my Clarinda follows——

" Hide it, my heart, within that cloſe diſguiſe,
" Where, mix'd with God's, her lov'd idea lies."

But I fear that inconſtancy, the conſequent imperfection of human weakneſs. Shall I meet with a friend-

ſhip that defies years of abſence, and the chances and changes of fortune? Perhaps "ſuch things are;" *one* honeſt man I have great hopes from, that way: but who, except a romance-writer, would think on a *love* that could promiſe for life, in ſpite of diſtance, abſence, chance and change; and that too, with ſlender hopes of fruition? For my own part, I can ſay to myſelf in both requiſitions, "Thou art the man!" I dare, in cool reſolve I dare, declare myſelf that Friend, and that Lover. If womankind is capable of ſuch things, Clarinda is. I truſt that ſhe is; and feel I ſhall be miſerable, if ſhe is not. There is not one virtue which gives worth, or one ſentiment which does honour to the ſex, that ſhe does not poſſeſs ſuperior to any woman I ever ſaw: her exalted mind, aided a little perhaps by her ſituation, is, I think, capable of that nobly-romantic love-enthuſiaſm.

May I ſee you on Wedneſday evening, my dear angel? The next Wedneſday again will, I conjecture, be a hated day to us both. I tremble for cenſorious remark, for your ſake; but in extraordinary caſes, may not uſual and uſeful precaution be a little diſpenſed with? Three evenings, three ſwift-winged evenings, with pinions of down, are all the paſt—I dare not calculate the future. I ſhall call at Miſs ——— to-morrow evening; 'twill be a farewell call.

I have wrote out my laſt ſheet of paper, ſo I am reduced to my laſt half-ſheet: What a ſtrange, myſterious faculty is that thing called, Imagination? We have no ideas almoſt at all, of another world; but I have often amuſed myſelf with viſionary ſchemes of what happineſs might be enjoyed by ſmall alterations, alterations that we can fully enter to, in this preſent ſtate of exiſtence. For inſtance, ſuppoſe you and I juſt as we are at preſent; the ſame reaſoning powers, ſentiments and even deſires; the ſame fond curioſity for knowledge and remarking obſervation in our minds; and imagine our bodies free from pain and the neceſſary ſupplies for the

wants of nature, at all times and eafily within our reach: imagine farther, that we were fet free from the laws of gravitation which bind us to this globe, and could at pleafure fly, without inconvenience, through all the yet unconjectured bounds of creation—what a life of blifs would we lead, in our mutual purfuit of virtue and knowledge, and our mutual enjoyment of friendfhip and love!

I fee you laughing at my fairy fancies, and calling me a voluptuous Mahometan; but I am certain I would be a happy creature, beyond any thing we call blifs here below: nay, it would be a paradife congenial to you too. Don't you fee us hand in hand, or rather my arm about your lovely waift, making our remarks on Sirius, the neareft of the fixed ftars; or furveying a Comet flaming innoxious by us, as we juft now would mark the paffing pomp of a travelling monarch: or in in a fhady bower of Mercury or Venus, dedicating the hour to love, in mutual converfe, relying honour and revelling endearment—while the moft exalted ftrains of poefy and harmony would he the ready, fpontaneous language of our fouls! Devotion is the favourite employment of your heart; fo is it of mine: what incentives then to, and powers for, reverence, gratitude, faith and hope, in all the fervours of adoration and praife to that Being, whofe unfearchable wifdom, power and goodnefs, fo pervaded, fo infpired every fenfe and feeling!——— By this time, I dare fay, you will be blefling the neglect of the maid that leaves me deftitute of paper.

SYLVANDER.

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## No. VI.

I CANNOT go out to day, my deareft Clarinda, without fending you half a line by way of a fin-offering; but believe me, 'twas the fin of ignorance. Could you think

that I *intended* to hurt you by any thing I ſaid yeſternight? Nature has been too kind to you for your happineſs—your delicacy, your ſenſibility—O why ſhould ſuch glorious qualifications be the fruitful ſource of woe! You have "murdered ſleep" to me laſt night. I went to bed, impreſſed with an idea that you were unhappy; and every ſtart I cloſed my eyes, buſy fancy painted you in ſuch ſcenes of romantic miſery that I would almoſt be perſuaded you are not well this morning.

———"If I unweeting have offended,
"Impute it not."
———"But while we live
"But one ſhort hour perhaps, between us two
"Let there be peace."

If Mary is not gone by this reaches you, give her my beſt compliments. She is a charming girl, and highly worthy of the nobleſt love.

I ſend you a poem to read, till I call on you this night, which will be about nine. I wiſh I could procure ſome potent ſpell, ſome fairy charm, that would protect from injury, or reſtore to reſt, that boſom-chord, "trembling-ly alive all o'er," on which hangs your peace of mind. I thought, vainly, I fear, thought, that the devotion of love, love ſtrong as even you can feel; love guarded, invulnerably guarded by all the purity of virtue, and all the pride of honour; I thought ſuch a love might make you happy—will I be miſtaken? I can no more for hurry
* * * * * * *

*Tueſday morning.*

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## No. VII.

*My ever dearest Clarinda,*

I MAKE a numerous dinner party wait me while I read yours and write this—Do not require that I ſhould ceaſe

to love you, to adore you in my ſoul—'tis to me impoſſible—your peace and happineſs are to me dearer than my ſoul—name the terms on which you wiſh to ſee me, to correſpond with me, and you have them—I muſt love, pine, mourn and adore in ſecret—this you *muſt* not deny me—you will ever be to me———

" Dear as the light that viſits theſe ſad eyes,
" Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart!"

I have not patience to read the puritanic ſcrawl.—Vile ſophiſtry!—Ye heavens! thou God of nature! thou Redeemer of mankind! ye look down with approving eyes on a paſſion inſpired by the pureſt flame, and guarded by truth, delicacy and honour: but the half-inch ſoul of an unfeeling, cold-blooded, pitiful preſbyterian bigot, cannot forgive any thing above his dungeon boſom and ſoggy head.

Farewell! I'll be with you to-morrow evening—and be at reſt in your mind—I will be yours in the way you think moſt to your happineſs! I dare not proceed———I love, and will love you, and will with joyous confidence approach the throne of the Almighty Judge of men, with your dear idea, and will deſpiſe the ſcum of ſentiment and the miſt of ſophiſtry.

SYLVANDER.

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## No. VIII.

YOU are right, my dear Clarinda: a friendly correſpondence goes for nothing, except one write their undiſguiſed ſentiments. Yours pleaſe me for their intrinſic merit, as well as hecauſe they are *yours*; which, I aſſure you, is to me a high recommendation. Your religious ſentiments, Madam, I revere. If you have, on ſome

ſuſpicious evidence, from ſome lying oracle, learnt that I deſpiſe or ridicule ſo ſacredly important a matter as real religion, you have, my Clarinda, much miſconſtrued your friend.—" I am not mad, moſt noble Feſtus!" Have you ever met a perfect character? Do we not ſometimes rather exchange faults than get rid of them? For inſtance; I am perhaps tired with and ſhocked at a life, too much the prey of giddy inconſiſtencies and thoughtleſs follies; by degrees I grow ſober, prudent and ſtatedly pious—I ſay ſtatedly, becauſe the moſt unaffected devotion is not at all inconſiſtent with my firſt character—I join the world in congratulating myſelf on the happy change. But let me pry more narrowly into this affair; have I, at bottom, any thing of a ſecret pride in theſe endowments and emendations? have I nothing of a preſbyterian ſourneſs, a hypercritical ſeverity, when I ſurvey my leſs regular neighbours? in a word, have I miſſed all thoſe nameleſs and numberleſs modifications of indiſtinct ſelfiſhneſs, which are ſo near our own eyes, that we can ſcarce bring them within our ſphere of viſion, and which the known ſpotleſs cambric of our character hides from the ordinary obſerver?

My definition of worth is ſhort: truth and humanity reſpecting our fellow-creatures; reverence and humility in the preſence of that Being, my Creator and Preſerver, and who, I have every reaſon to believe, will one day be my Judge. The firſt part of my definition is the creature of unbiaſſed inſtinct; the laſt is the child of after reflection. Where I found theſe two eſſentials; I would gently note, and ſlightly mention, any attendant flaws—flaws, the marks, the conſequences of human nature.

I can eaſily enter into the ſublime pleaſures that your ſtrong imagination and keen ſenſibility muſt derive from religion, particularly if a little in the ſhade of misfortune; but I own I cannot, without a marked grudge, ſee Heaven totally engroſs ſo amiable, ſo charming a woman,

as my friend Clarinda; and ſhould be very well pleaſed at *a circumſtance* that would put it in the power of ſomebody, happy ſomebody! to divide her attention, with all the delicacy and tenderneſs of an earthly attachment.

You will not eaſily perſuade me that you have not a grammatical knowledge of the Engliſh language—So far from being inaccurate, you are elegant beyond any woman of my acquaintance, except one whom I wiſh you knew.

Your laſt verſes to me have ſo delighted me, that I have got an excellent old Scots air that ſuits the meaſure, and you ſhall ſee them in print in the "Scots Muſical Muſeum," a work publiſhing by a friend of mine in this town. I want four ſtanzas; you gave me but three, and one of them alluded to an expreſſion in my former letter; ſo I have taken your two firſt verſes with a ſlight alteration in the ſecond, and have added a third; but you muſt help me to a fourth. Here they are: the latter half of the firſt ſtanza would have been worthy of Sappho; I am in raptures with it.

Talk not of love, it gives me pain,
For love has been my foe:
He bound me with an iron chain,
And ſunk me deep in woe.

But friendſhip's pure and laſting joys
My heart was form'd to prove:
There, welcome, win and wear the prize,
But never talk of love.

Your friendſhip much can make me bleſt,
O, why that bliſs deſtroy!
[only]
Why urge the odious one requeſt,
[will]
You know I muſt deny.

The alteration in the 2d ſtanza is no improvement, but there was a ſlight inaccuracy in your rhyme. The 3d I only offer to your choice, and have left two *words* for your determination. The air is "The banks of Spey," and is moſt beautiful.

To-morrow evening, I intend taking a chair and paying a viſit at Park-Place to a much valued old friend. If I could be ſure of finding you at home, (and I will ſend one of the chairmen to call,) I would ſpend from five to ſix o'clock with you, as I go paſt. I cannot do more at this time, as I have ſomething on my hand that hurries me much. I propoſe giving you the firſt call, my old friend the ſecond, and Miſs ——— as I return home. Do not break any engagement for me, as I will ſpend another evening with you at any rate before I leave town.

Do not tell me that you are pleaſed when your friends inform you of your faults. I am ignorant what they are; but I am ſure they muſt be ſuch evaneſcent trifles, compared with your perſonal and mental accompliſhments, that I would deſpiſe the ungenerous, narrow ſoul, who would notice any ſhadow of imperfections you may ſeem to have, any other way than in the moſt delicate, agreeable raillery. Coarſe minds are not aware how much they injure the keenly feeling tie of boſom-friendſhip, when in their fooliſh officiouſneſs they mention what nobody cares for recollecting. People of nice ſenſibility and generous minds, have a certain intrinſic dignity, that fires at being trifled with, or lowered, or even too nearly approached.

You need make no apology for long letters: I am even with you. Many happy new-years to you, charming Clarinda. I can't diſſemble were it to ſhun perdition.—He who ſees you as I have done and does not love you, deſerves to be damn'd for his ſtupidity! He who loves you and would injure you, deſerves to be doubly damn'd for his villany! Adieu!

SYLVANDER.

P. S. What would you think of this for a fourth ſtanza.

Your thought, if love muſt harbour there,
Conceal it in that thought,
Nor cauſe me from my boſom tear
The very friend I ſought.

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## No. IX.

SOME days, ſome nights, nay ſome *hours*, like the "ten righteous perſons in Sodom," ſave the reſt of the vapid, tireſome, miſerable months and years of life. One of theſe *hours*, my dear Clarinda bleſt me with yeſternight.

———" One well ſpent hour,
" In ſuch a tender circumſtance for friends,
" Is better than an age of common time!"

THOMSON.

My favourite ſeature in Milton's Satan is, his manly fortitude in ſupporting what cannot be remedied—in ſhort, the wild broken fragments of a noble, exalted mind in ruins. I meant no more by ſaying he was a favourite hero of mine.

I mention'd to you my letter to Dr. Moore, giving an account of my life: it is truth, every word of it; and will give you the juſt idea of a man whom you have honour'd with your friendſhip. I am afraid you will hardly be able to make ſenſe of ſo torn a piece. Your verſes I ſhall muſe on—deliciouſly—as I gaze on your image in my mind's eye, in my heart's core: they will be in time enough for a week to come. I am truly happy your headach is better—O, how can pain or evil be ſo daringly, unfeelingly, cruelly ſavage, as to wound ſo noble a mind, ſo lovely a form!

My little fellow is all my namefake.———Write me foon. My every, ftrongeft good wifhes attend you, Clarinda!

SYLVANDER.

*Saturday, Noon.*

I know not what I have wrote—I am peftered with people around me.

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No. X.

*Sunday Morning.*

I HAVE juft been before the throne of my God, Clarinda; according to my affociation of ideas, my fentiments of love and friendfhip, I next devote myfelf to you. Yefternight I was happy: happinefs "that the world cannot give."—I kindle at the recollection; but it is a flame where Innocence looks fmiling on, and Honour ftands by, a facred guard. Your heart, your fondeft wifhes, your deareft thoughts, thefe are yours to beftow: your perfon is unapproachable, by the laws of your country; and he loves not as I do, who would make you miferable.

You are an angel, Clarinda; you are furely no mortal that "the earth owns."—To kifs your hand, to live on your fmile, is to me far more exquifite blifs, than the deareft favours that the faireft of the fex, yourfelf excepted, can beftow.

*Sunday Evening.*

YOU are the conftant companion of my thoughts. How wretched is the condition of one who is haunted with conficious guilt, and trembling under the idea of dreaded vengeance! and what a placid calm, what a charming fecret enjoyment it gives, to bofom the kind feelings of friendfhip, and the fond throes of love! Out

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upon the tempeſt of Anger, the acrimonious gall of fretful Impatience, the ſullen froſt of lowring Reſentment, or the corroding poiſon of withered Envy! They eat up the immortal part of man! If they ſpent their fury only on the unfortunate objects of them, it would be ſomething in their favour; hut theſe miſerable paſſions, like traitor Iſcariot, betray their Lord and Maſter.

Thou, Almighty Author of peace, and goodneſs, and love! Do thou give me the ſocial heart that kindly taſtes of every man's cup! Is it a draught of joy—warm and open my heart to ſhare it with cordial, unenvying rejoicing! Is it the bitter potion of ſorrow—melt my heart with ſincerely ſympathetic woe! Above all, do Thou give me the manly mind, that reſolutely exemplifies, in life and manners, thoſe ſentiments which I would wiſh to be thought to poſſeſs! The friend of my ſoul—there may I never deviate from the firmeſt fidelity, and moſt active kindneſs! Clarinda, the dear object of my fondeſt love; there, may the moſt ſacred, inviolate honour, the moſt faithful, kindling conſtancy, ever watch and animate my every thought and imagination!

Did you ever meet with the following lines ſpoken of Religion, your darling topic.

" 'Tis *this*, my friend, that ſtreaks our morning bright;
" 'Tis *this* that gilds the horror of our night!
" When wealth forſakes us, and when friends are few;
" When friends are faithleſs, or when foes purſue;
" 'Tis this that wards the blow or ſtills the ſmart,
" Diſarms affliction, or repels its dart:
" Within the breaſt bids pureſt rapture riſe,
" Bids ſmiling Conſcience ſpread her cloudleſs ſkies."

I met with theſe verſes very early in life, and was ſo delighted with them, that I have them by me, copied at ſchool.

Good night, and ſound reſt, my deareſt Clarinda!

SYLVANDER.

## No. XI.

I AM delighted, charming Clarinda, with your honeſt enthuſiaſm for Religion. Thoſe of either ſex, but particularly the female, who are lukewarm in that moſt important of all things---" O my ſoul, come not thou " into their ſecrets!"---I feel myſelf deeply intereſted in your good opinion, and will lay before you the outlines of my belief. He, who is our Author and Preſerver, and will one day be our Judge, muſt be, (not for his ſake in the way of duty, but from the native impulſe of our hearts,) the object of our reverential awe and grateful adoration: He is almighty and all-bounteous, we are weak and dependent; hence, prayer and every other ſort of devotion.——" He is not willing that any " ſhould periſh, but that all ſhould come to everlaſting " life;" conſequently, it muſt be in every one's power to embrace His offer of " everlaſting life;" otherwiſe He could not, in juſtice, condemn thoſe who did not. A mind pervaded, actuated and governed by purity, truth and charity, though it does not *merit* heaven, yet is an abſolutely neceſſary pre-requiſite, without which heaven can neither be obtained nor enjoyed; and, by Divine promiſe, ſuch a mind ſhall never fail of attaining " everlaſting life:" hence, the impure, the deceiving, and the the uncharitable, extrude themſelves from eternal bliſs, by their unfitneſs for enjoying it. The Supreme Being has put the immediate adminiſtration of all this, for wiſe and good ends known to himſelf, into the hands of Jeſus Chriſt, a great Perſonage, whoſe relation to Him we cannot comprehend, but whoſe relation to us is a Guide and Saviour; and who, except for our own obſtinacy and miſconduct, will bring us all, through various ways and by various means, to bliſs at laſt.

Theſe are my tenets, my lovely friend; and which, I think, cannot be well diſputed. My creed is pretty

nearly expreſſed in the laſt clauſe of Jamie Dean's grace, an honeſt weaver in Ayrſhire; "Lord grant that we "may lead a gude life! for a gude life maks a gude end, "at leaſt it helps weel!"

I am flattered by the entertainment you tell me you have found in my packet. You ſee me as I have been, you know me as I am, and may gueſs at what I am likely to be. I too may ſay, "Talk not of love, &c." for indeed he has "plung'd me deep in woe!" Not that I ever ſaw a woman who pleaſed unexceptionably, as my Clarinda elegantly ſays, "In the companion, the friend "and the miſtreſs." *One* indeed I could except---*One*, before paſſion threw its miſts over my diſcernment I knew it, *the* firſt of women! Her name is indelibly written in my heart's core---but I dare not look in on it---a degree of agony would be the conſequence——Oh, thou perfidious, cruel, miſchief-making demon, who preſideſt o'er that frantic paſſion--- thou mayeſt, thou doſt poiſon my peace, but ſhall not taint my honour--- I would not for a ſingle moment give an aſylum to the moſt diſtant imagination, that would ſhadow the fainteſt outline of a ſelfiſh gratification, at the expence of *her* whoſe happineſs is twiſted with the threads of my exiſtence———May ſhe be happy as ſhe deſerves! And if my tendereſt, faithfulleſt friendſhip can add to her bliſs---I ſhall at leaſt have one ſolid mine of enjoyment in my boſom! *Don't gueſs at theſe ravings!*

I watched at our front window to-day, but was diſappointed. It has been a day of diſappointments. I am juſt riſen from a two-hours bout after ſupper, with ſilly or ſordid ſouls, who could reliſh nothing in common with me—but the Port. "One"——'Tis now "witching "time of night;" and whatever is out of joint in the foregoing ſcrawl, impute it to enchantments and ſpells; for I can't look over it, but will ſeal it up directly, as I don't care for to-morrow's criticiſms on it.

You are by this time faſt aſleep, Clarinda; may good angels attend and guard you as conſtantly and faithfully as my good wiſhes do!

" Beauty, which whether waking or asleep,
" Shot forth peculiar graces——"

John Milton, I wish thy soul better rest than I expect on my pillow to-night! O for a little of the cart-horse part of human nature! Good night, my dearest Clarinda!

SYLVANDER.

*Tuesday Night.*

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## No. XII.

*Thursday Morning.*

" Unlavish Wisdom never works in vain—"

I HAVE been tasking my reason, Clarinda, why a woman, who for native genius, poignant wit, strength of mind, generous sincerity of soul, and the sweetest female tenderness, is without a peer; and whose personal charms have few, very, very few parallels, among her sex; why, or how she should fall to the blessed lot of a poor hairum-scairum Poet, whom Fortune had kept for her particular use to wreak her temper on, whenever she was in ill-humour. One time I conjectured that as Fortune is the most capricious jade ever known; she may have taken, not a fit of remorse, but a paroxism of whim, to raise the poor devil out of the mire, where he had so often and so conveniently served her as a stepping-stone, and give him the most glorious boon she ever had in her gift, merely for the maggot's sake, to see how his fool head and his fool heart will bear it. At other times I was vain enough to think that Nature, who has a great deal to say with Fortune, had given the coquettish goddess some such hint as, " Here is a paragon of Female Excel-
" lence, whose equal, in all my former compositions, I
" never was lucky enough to hit on, and despair of ever
" doing so again; you have cast her rather in the shades
" of life; there is a certain Poet, of my making; amongst

" your frolicks, it would not be amiſs to attach him to " this maſter-piece of my hand, to give her that immor- " tality among mankind which no woman of any age " ever more deſerv'd, and which few Rhymſters of this " age are better able to confer."

*Evening, 9 o'Clock.*

I AM here, abſolutely unfit to finiſh my letter—pretty hearty after a bowl, which has been conſtantly plied ſince dinner, till this moment. I have been with Mr. Schetki, the muſician, and he has ſet * it finely.——I have no diſtinct ideas of any thing, but that I have drunk your health twice to-night, and that you are all my ſoul holds dear in this world.

SYLVANDER.

* *Clarinda*, miſtreſs of my ſoul,
The meaſur'd time is run!
The wretch beneath the dreary pole,
So marks his lateſt ſun.

To what dark cave of frozen night
Shall poor Sylvander hie;
Depriv'd of thee, his life and light,
The ſun of all his joy.

We part—but by theſe precious drops,
That fill thy lovely eyes!
No other light ſhall guide my ſteps,
'Till thy bright beams ariſe.

She, the fair ſun of all her ſex,
Has bleſt my glorious day:
And ſhall a glimmering planet fix
My worſhip to its ray? †

† The firſt line only of this Song appears in No. XII. it muſt have been ſent in a former letter.

## No. XIII.

I WAS on the way, *my Love*, to meet you (I never do things by halves) when I got your Card. M——— goes out of town to-morrow morning, to ſee a brother of his who is newly arrived from ———. I am determined that he and I ſhall call on you together; ſo, look you, leſt I ſhould never ſee to-morrow, we will call on you to-night. ——— and you may put off tea till about ſeven; at which time, in the Galloway phraſe, "an' the beaſt be to the fore, and the branks bide hale," expect the humbleſt of your humble ſervants, and his deareſt friend. We only propoſe ſtaying half an hour,—"for ought we ken." I could ſuffer the laſh of Miſery eleven months in the year, were the twelfth to be compoſed of hours like yeſternight. You are the ſoul of my enjoyment: all elſe is of the ſtuff of ſtocks and ſtones.

SYLVANDER.

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## No. XIV.

I AM certain I ſaw you, Clarinda; but you don't look to the proper ſtory for a Poet's lodging.

"Where ſpeculation rooſted near the ſky.—"

I could almoſt have thrown myſelf over, for very vexation. Why didn't you look higher? It has ſpoilt my peace for this day. To be ſo near my charming Clarinda; to miſs her look when it was ſearching for me—I am ſure the ſoul is capable of diſeaſe, for mine has convulſed itſelf into an inflammatory fever.

You have converted me, Clarinda. (I ſhall love that name while I live: there is heavenly muſic in it.) Booth and Amelia I know well. Your ſentiments on that ſub-

ject, as they are on every fubject, are juft and noble. "To be feelingly alive to kindnefs—and to unkindnefs," is a charming female character.

What I faid in my laft letter, the powers of fuddling fociality only know for me. By yours, I underftand my good ftar has been partly in my horizon, when I got wild in my reveries. Had that evil planet, which has almoft all my life fhed its baleful rays on my devoted head, been, as ufual, in my zenith, I had certainly blabb'd fomething that would have pointed out to you the dear object of my tendereft friendfhip, and, in fpite of me—fomething more. Had that fatal information efcaped me, and it was merely chance, or kind ftars, that it did not; I had been undone! You would never have wrote me, except perhaps *once* more! O, I could curfe circumftances! and the coarfe tie of human laws, which keeps faft what common fenfe would loofe; and which bars that happinefs itfelf cannot give—happinefs which otherwife Love and Honour would warrant! But hold —I fhall make no more "hair-breadth 'fcapes."

My friendfhip, Clarinda, is a life-rent bufinefs. My likings are both ftrong, and eternal. I told you I had but one male friend: I have but two female. I fhould have a third, but fhe is furrounded by the blandifhments of flattery and courtfhip. *** I regifter in my heart's core—* * * * * *. Mifs N——— can tell you how divine fhe is. She is worthy of a place in the fame bofom with my Clarinda. That is the higheft compliment I can pay her.

Farewell, Clarinda! Remember

SYLVANDER.

*Thurfday, Noon.*

## No. XV.

*Tuesday Evening—*

THAT you have faults, my Clarinda, I never doubted; but I knew not where they existed, and Saturday night made me more in the dark than ever. O, Clarinda, why will you wound my soul by hinting that last night must have lessened my opinion of you! True; I was "behind the scenes with you;" but what did I I see? A bosom glowing with honour and benevolence; a mind ennobled by genius, informed and refined by education and reflection, and exalted by native religion, genuine as in the climes of heaven; a heart formed for all the glorious meltings of friendship, love and pity. These I saw.—I saw the noblest immortal soul, creation ever shewed me.

I looked long, my dear Clarinda, for your letter; and am vexed that you are complaining. I have not caught you so far wrong as in your idea, that the commerce you have with *one* friend hurts you, if you cannot tell every tittle of it to *another*. Why have so injurious a suspicion of a good God, Clarinda, as to think that Friendship and Love, on the sacred, inviolate principles of Truth, Honour and Religion, can be any thing else than an object of His divine approbation?

I have mentioned, in some of my former scrawls, Saturday evening next. Do, allow me to wait on you that evening. Oh, my angel! how soon must we part! and when can we meet again! I look forward on the horrid interval with tearful eyes! What have I lost by not knowing you sooner. I fear, I fear my acquaintance with you is too short, to make that *lasting* impression on your heart I could wish.

SYLVANDER.

## No. XVI.

*Saturday Morning.*

YOUR thoughts on religion, Clarinda, ſhall be welcome. You may perhaps diſtruſt me when I ſay 'tis alſo *my* favourite topic; hut mine is the religion of the boſom. I hate the very idea of a controverſial divinity; as I firmly believe, that every honeſt, upright man, of whatever ſect, will be accepted of the Deity. If your verſes, as you ſeem to hint, contain cenſure, except you want an occaſion to break with me, don't ſend them. I have a little infirmity in my diſpoſition, that where I fondly love or highly eſteem, I cannot bear reproach.

" Reverence thyſelf," is a ſacred maxim, and I wiſh to cheriſh it. I think I told you Lord Bolinghroke's ſaying to Swift—" Adieu, dear Swift! with all thy faults I " love thee entirely; make an effort to love me with all " mine." A glorious ſentiment, and without which there can be no friendſhip! I do highly, very highly eſteem you indeed, Clarinda; you merit it all! Perhaps too, I ſcorn diſſimulation! I could fondly love you: judge then what a maddening ſting your reproach would be. " O! I have ſins to *Heaven*, but none to *you!*"—With what pleaſure would I meet you to-day, but I cannot walk to meet the fly. I hope to be able to ſee you, *on foot*, about the middle of next week.

I am interrupted—perhaps you are not ſorry for it, you will tell me—but I won't anticipate blame. O Clarinda! did you know how dear to me is your look of kindneſs, your ſmile of approbation! you would not, either in proſe or verſe, riſque a cenſorious remark.

" *Curſt be the verſe how well ſoe'er it flow,*
" *That tends to make one worthy man my foe!*"

SYLVANDER.

## No. XVII.

*Saturday Morning.*

THERE is no time, my Clarinda, when the conſcious-thrilling chords of Love and Friendſhip give ſuch delight, as in the penſive hours of what our favourite Thomſon calls, "Philoſophic Melancholy." The ſportive inſects, who baſk in the ſunſhine of Proſperity; or the worms that luxuriant crawl amid their ample wealth of earth, they need no Clarinda; they would deſpiſe Sylvander—if they durſt. The family of Misfortune, a numerous group of brothers and ſiſters! they need a reſting-place to their ſouls: unnoticed, often condemned by the world; in ſome degree, perhaps, condemned by themſelves, they feel the full enjoyment of ardent love, delicate tender endearments, mutual eſteem and mutual reliance.

In this light I have often admired Religion. In proportion as we are wrung with grief, or diſtracted with anxiety, the ideas of a compaſſionate Deity, an Almighty Protector, are doubly dear.

"'Tis this, my friend, that ſtreaks our morning bright;
"'Tis this that gilds the horrors of our night."

I have been this morning taking a peep through, as Young finely ſays, "the dark poſtern of time long elaps'd;" and you will eaſily gueſs, 'twas a rueful proſpect. What a tiſſue of thoughtleſsneſs, weakneſs and folly! My life reminded me of a ruin'd temple; what ſtrength, what proportion in ſome parts! what unſightly gaps, what proſtrate ruins in others! I kneeled down before the Father of mercies and ſaid, "Father, I have "ſinned againſt Heaven and in thy ſight, and am no "more worthy to be called thy ſon!" I roſe, eaſed and ſtrengthened. I deſpiſe the ſuperſtition of a fanatic, but I love the religion of a man. "The future," ſaid I to myſelf, "is ſtill before me: there let me

" ——On reaſon build refolve,
" That column of true majeſty in man!"

" I have difficulties many to encounter," ſaid I; " but " they are not abſolutely inſuperable: and where is firm- " neſs of mind ſhown but in exertion? mere declama- " tion, is bombaſt rant."—" Beſides, wherever I am, " or in whatever ſituation I may be—

" ———'Tis nought to me:
" Since God is ever preſent, ever felt,
" In the void waſte as in the city full;
" And where He vital breathes, there muſt be joy!"

*Saturday Night—half after Ten.*

WHAT luxury of bliſs I was enjoying this time yeſternight! My ever-deareſt Clarinda, you have ſtolen away my ſoul: but you have refined, you have exalted it: you have given it a ſtronger ſenſe of virtue, and a ſtronger reliſh for piety.——Clarinda, firſt of your ſex, if ever I am the verieſt wretch on earth to forget you; if ever your lovely image is effaced from my ſoul;

" May I be loſt, no eye to weep my end;
" And find no earth that's baſe enough to bury me!"

What trifling ſillineſs is the childiſh ſondneſs of the every-day children of the world! 'tis the unmeaning toying of the younglings of the fields and foreſts: but where Sentiment and Fancy unite their ſweets; where Taſte and Delicacy refine; where Wit adds the flavour, and Good-ſenſe gives ſtrength and ſpirit to all, what a delicious draught is the hour of tender endearment!—Beauty and Grace in the arms of Truth and Honour, in all the luxury of mutual love!

Clarinda, have you ever ſeen the picture realized? Not in all its very richeſt colouring.

Laſt night, Clarinda, but for one ſlight ſhade, was the glorious picture—

——————Innocence
Look'd, gaily ſmiling on; while roſy Pleaſure
Hid young Deſire amid her flowery wreath,
And pour'd her cup luxuriant; mantling high,
The ſparkling heavenly vintage, LOVE and BLISS!

Clarinda, when a Poet and Poetefs of Nature's making, two of Nature's nobleſt productions! when they drink together of the ſame cup of Love and Bliſs——attempt not, ye coarſer ſtuff of human nature, profanely to meaſure enjoyment ye never can know!

Goodnight, my dear Clarinda!

SYLVANDER.

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## No. XVIII.

"I AM diſtreſſed for thee, my brother Jonathan!" I have ſuffered, Clarinda, from your letter. My ſoul was in arms at the ſad peruſal: I dreaded that I had acted wrong. If I have robbed you of a friend, God forgive me. But, Clarinda, be comforted: let us raiſe the tone of our feelings a little higher and bolder. A fellow-creature who leaves us, who ſpurns us without juſt cauſe, tho' once our boſom friend—up with a little honeſt pride—let them go! How ſhall I comfort you who am the cauſe of the injury? Can I wiſh that I had never ſeen you? that we had never met? No: I never will! But have I thrown you friendleſs? there is almoſt diſtraction in that thought.

Father of mercies! againſt thee often have I ſinned; through thy grace I will endeavour to do ſo no more! She who, Thou knoweſt, is dearer to me than myſelf; pour Thou the balm of peace into her paſt wounds, and

hedge her about with Thy peculiar care, all her future days and nights! Strengthen her tender noble mind, firmly to ſuffer, and magnanimouſly to bear! Make me worthy of that friendſhip ſhe honours me with. May my attachment to her be pure as Devotion, and laſting as immortal life! O Almighty Goodneſs, hear me! Be to her at all times, particularly in the hour of diſtreſs or trial, a Friend and Comforter; a Guide and Guard.

" How are Thy ſervants bleſt, O Lord,
" How ſure is their defence!
" Eternal Wiſdom is their guide,
" Their help, Omnipotence!"

Forgive me, Clarinda, the injury I have done you!—To-night I ſhall be with you; as indeed I ſhall be ill at eaſe till I ſee you.

SYLVANDER.

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## No. XIX.

*Two o'Clock.*

I JUST now received your firſt letter of yeſterday, by the careleſs negligence of the penny poſt. Clarinda, matters are grown very ſerious with us: then ſeriouſly hear me, and hear me Heaven—I met you, my dear * * * * * by far the firſt of womankind, at leaſt to me: I eſteemed, I lov'd you at firſt ſight; the longer I am acquainted with you, the more innate amiableneſs and worth I diſcover in you—You have ſuffered a loſs, I confeſs, for my ſake: but if the firmeſt, ſteadieſt, warmeſt friendſhip; if every endeavour to be worthy of *your* friendſhip; if a love, ſtrong as the ties of Nature, and holy as the duties of Religion—if all theſe can make any thing like a compenſation for the evil I have occaſioned you, if they be worth your acceptance, or can in the leaſt add to your enjoyments—So help Sylvander, ye Powers

above, in his hour of need, as he freely gives these all to Clarinda!

I esteem you, I love you, as a friend; I admire you, I love you, as a Woman, beyond any one in all the circle of Creation; I know I shall continue to esteem you, to love you, to pray for you, nay, to pray for *myself* for *your* sake.

Expect me at eight———And believe me to be ever, My dearest Madam, yours most entirely,

SYLVANDER.

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## No. XX.

WHEN matters, my Love, are desperate, we must put on a desperate face———

———" On Reason build resolve,
" That column of true majesty in Man."

Or as the same Author finely says in another place:

———Let thy soul spring up,
" And lay strong hold for help on him that made thee."

I am yours, Clarinda, for life. Never be discouraged at all this. Look forward; in a few weeks I shall be somewhere or other out of the possibility of seeing you: till then, I shall write you often, but visit you seldom. Your fame, your welfare, your happiness, are dearer to me than any gratification whatever. Be comforted, my Love! the present moment is the worst; the lenient hand of Time is daily and hourly either lightning the burden, or making us insensible to the weight. None of these friends, I mean Mr. ——— and the other Gentleman can hurt your worldly support; and for their friendship, in a little time you will learn to be easy, and by and by, to be happy without it. A decent means of

livelihood in the world, an approving God, a peaceful conſcience, and one firm truſty friend—can any body that has theſe, be ſaid to be unhappy? Theſe are yours.

To-morrow evening I ſhall be with you about eight: probably for the laſt time, till I return to E———. In the mean time, ſhould any of theſe two *unlucky* friends queſtion you reſpecting me, whether I am *the Man*; I do not think they are entitled to any information. As to their jealouſy and ſpying, I deſpiſe them.

Adieu! my deareſt Madam!

SYLVANDER.

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## No. XXI.

*Glaſgow, Monday Evening, 9 o'Clock.*

The attraction of Love, I find, is in an inverſe proportion to the attraction of the Newtonian Philoſophy: in the ſyſtem of Sir Iſaac, the nearer objects are to one another, the ſtronger is the attractive force; in my ſyſtem, every mileſtone that marked my progreſs from Clarinda, awaked a keener pang of attachment to her. How do you feel, my Love? is your heart ill at eaſe? I fear it. God forbid, that theſe Perſecutors ſhould harraſs that Peace which is more precious to me than my own. Be aſſured I ſhall ever think of you, muſe on you, and in my moments of devotion, pray for you. The hour that you are not in all my thoughts—" he that " hour darkneſs! let the ſhadows of death cover it! let " it not be numbered in the hours of the day!"

———" When I forget the darling theme,
" Be my tongue mute! may fancy paint no more!
" And dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!"

I have juſt met with my old friend, the Ship Captain;

guefs my pleafure: to meet you could alone have given me more. My brother William, too, the young Saddler, has come to Glafgow to meet me; and here are we three fpending the evening.

I arrived here too late to write by poft; but I'll wrap half a dozen fheets of blank paper together, and fend it by the Fly under the name of a parcel. You fhall hear from me, next poft town. I would write you a longer letter but for the prefent circumftance of my friend.

Adieu, my Clarinda! I am juft going to propofe your health by way of grace-drink.

SYLVANDER.

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## No. XXII.

*Cumnock, 2d March*, 1788.

I HOPE and am certain, that my generous Clarinda will not think my filence, for now a long week, has been in any degree owing to my forgetfulnefs. I have been toft about through the country ever fince I wrote you; and am here, returning from Dumfries-fhire, at an Inn, the Poft-Office of the place, with juft fo long time as my horfe eats his corn to write you. I have been hurried with bufinefs and diffipation almoft equal to the infidious degree of the Perfian Monarch's mandate, when he forbade afking petition of God or man for forty days: had the venerable Prophet been as throng as I, he had not broke the decree; at leaft, not thrice a day.

I am thinking my farming fcheme will yet hold. A worthy intelligent farmer, my father's friend and my own, has been with me on the fpot: he thinks the bargain practicable. I am myfelf, on a more ferious review of the lands, much better pleafed with them. I won't mention this in writing to any body but you and ———.

Don't accuſe me of being fickle: I have the two plans of life before me, and I wiſh to adopt the one moſt likely to procure me independence. I ſhall he in Edinburgh next week. I long to ſee you: your image is omnipreſent to me: nay, I am convinced I would ſoon idolatrize it moſt ſeriouſly; ſo much do abſence and memory improve the medium through which one ſees the much-loved object. To-night, at the ſacred hour of eight, I expect to meet you—at the Throne of Grace. I hope as I go home to-night, to find a letter from you at the Poſt-Office in Mauchline. I have juſt once ſeen that dear hand ſince I left Edinburgh; a letter indeed which much affected me. Tell me, firſt of womankind, will my warmeſt attachment, my ſincereſt friendſhip, my correſpondence, will they be any compenſation for the ſacrifices you make for my ſake? If they will, they are yours. If I ſettle on the farm I propoſe, I am juſt a day and a half's ride from Edinburgh. We will meet—don't you ſay, "perhaps too often!"

Farewell, my fair, my charming Poeteſs! May all good things ever attend you! I am ever,

My deareſt Madam,
Yours,
SYLVANDER.

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## No. XXIII.

*Moſsgiel, 7th March,* 1788.

CLARINDA, I have been ſo ſtung with your reproach for unkindneſs, a ſin ſo unlike me, a ſin I deteſt more than a breach of the whole Decalogue, fifth, ſixth, ſeventh and ninth articles excepted; that I believe I ſhall not reſt in my grave about it, if I die before I ſee you. You have often allowed me the head to judge, and the heart

to feel the influence of female excellence: was it not blaſphemy then, againſt your own charms, and againſt my feelings, to ſuppoſe that a ſhort fortnight could abate my paſſion! You, my Love, may have your cares and anxieties to diſturb you, but they are the uſual recurrences of life; your future views are fix'd, and your mind in a ſettled routine. Could not you, my ever deareſt Madam, make a little allowance for a man, after long abſence, paying a ſhort viſit to a country full of friends, relations and early intimates? Cannot you gueſs, my Clarinda, what thoughts, what cares, what anxious forebodings, hopes and fears muſt crowd the breaſt of the man of keen ſenſibility, when no leſs is on the tapis than his aim, his employment, his very exiſtence through future life?

Now that, not my apology, but my defence is made; I feel my ſoul reſpire more eaſily. I know you will go along with me in my juſtification—would to Heaven you could in my adoption too! I mean an adoption beneath the ſtars: an adoption where I might revel in the immediate beams of

"She, the bright ſun of all her ſex."

I would not have you, my dear Madam, ſo much hurt at Miſs ————'s coldneſs. 'Tis placing yourſelf below her, an honour ſhe by no means deſerves. We ought, when we wiſh to be economiſts in happineſs; we ought, in the firſt place, to fix the ſtandard of our own character; and when, on full examination, we know where we ſtand, and how much ground we occupy, let us contend for it as property; and thoſe who ſeem to doubt, or deny us what is juſtly ours, let us either pity their prejudices or deſpiſe their judgment. I know, my Dear, you will ſay this is ſelf-conceit; but I call it ſelf-knowledge: the one is the overweening opinion of a fool, who fancies himſelf to be, what he wiſhes himſelf to be thought: the other is the honeſt juſtice that a man of ſenſe, who has thoroughly examined the ſubject, owes to himſelf. Without this ſtandard, this column in our

own mind; we are perpetually at the mercy of the petulance, the miſtakes, the prejudices, nay the very weakneſs and wickedneſs of our fellow-creatures.

I urge this, my Dear, both to confirm myſelf in the doctrine, which I aſſure you, I ſometimes need; and becauſe that I know that this cauſes you often much diſquiet. To return to Miſs ———: ſhe is moſt certainly a worthy ſoul; and equalled by very, very few in goodneſs of heart. But, can ſhe boaſt more goodneſs of heart than Clarinda? not even prejudice will dare to ſay ſo: for penetration and diſcernment, Clarinda ſees far beyond her: to wit, Miſs ——— dare make no pretence; to Clarinda's wit, ſcarce any of her ſex dare make pretence: Perſonal charms, it would be ridiculous to run the parallel: and for conduct in life, Miſs ——— was never called out, either much to do, or to ſuffer; Clarinda has been both; and has performed her part, where Miſs ——— would have ſunk at the bare idea.

Away, then, with theſe diſquietudes! Let us pray with the honeſt weaver of Kilbarchan, "Lord, ſend us a gude conceit o' ourſel!" Or in the words of the auld ſang:

"Who does me diſdain, I can ſcorn them again,
"And I'll never mind any ſuch foes."

There is an error in the commerce of intimacy * * * * * * * * * * * * * * way of exchange, have not an equivalent to give us; and what is ſtill worſe, have no idea of the value of our goods. Happy is our lot indeed, when we meet with an honeſt merchant who is qualified to deal with us on our own terms; but that is a rarity; with almoſt every body we muſt pocket our pearls, leſs or more; and learn, in the old Scotch phraſe—"To gie ſic-like as we get." For this reaſon one ſhould try to erect a kind of bank or ſtorehouſe in one's own mind; or, as the Pſalmiſt ſays, "We "ſhould commune with our own hearts, and be ſtill." This is exactly * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

## No. XXIV.

I own myſelf guilty, Clarinda; I ſhould have wrote you laſt week: but when you recollect, my deareſt Madam, that yours of this night's Poſt is only the third I have got from you, and that this is the fifth or ſixth I have ſent to you, you will not reproach me with a good grace for unkindneſs. I have always ſome kind of idea, not to ſit down to write a letter except I have time and poſſeſſion of my faculties ſo as to do ſome juſtice to my letter; which at preſent is rarely my ſituation. For inſtance, yeſterday I dined at a friend's at ſome diſtance; the ſavage hoſpitality of this country ſpent me the moſt part of the night over the nauſeous potion in the bowl; this day—ſick—headach—low-ſpirits—miſerable—faſting, except for a draught of water or ſmall-beer; now eight o'clock at night—only able to crawl ten minutes walk into M——— to wait the Poſt in the pleaſurable hope of hearing from the Miſtreſs of my ſoul.

But, truce with all this! When I ſit down to write to you, all is harmony and peace. A hundred times a day do I figure you, before your taper, your book or work laid aſide as I get within the room. How happy have I been! and how little of that ſcantling portion of time, called, the life of man, is ſacred to happineſs!

I could moralize to-night, like a Death's head.

" O what is life, that thoughtleſs wiſh of all!
" A drop of honey in a draught of gall."

Nothing aſtoniſhes me more, when a little ſickneſs clogs the wheels of life, than the thoughtleſs career we run, in the hour of health. " None ſaith, where is God, " my maker, that giveth ſongs in the night: who teach- " eth us more knowledge than the beaſts of the field, and " more underſtanding than the fowls of the air."

Give me, my Maker, to remember thee! Give me to act up to the dignity of my nature! Give me to feel "another's woe;" and continue with me that dear-lov'd Friend that feels with mine!

The dignified and dignifying conſcioufnefs of an honeſt man, and the well-grounded truſt in approving Heaven, are two moſt fubſtantial *** of happineſs.

* * * * * * * * * * *

SYLVANDER.

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## No. XXV.

BEFORE you aſk me why I have not written you; firſt let me be informed of you, *how* I ſhall write you? "In Friendſhip," you ſay; and I have many a time taken up my pen to try an epiſtle of "Friendſhip" to you; but it will not do: 'tis like Jove graſping a pop-gun, after having wielded his thunder. When I take up the pen, Recollection ruins me. Ah! my ever deareſt Clarinda! Clarinda!—What an hoſt of Memory's tendereſt off-ſpring crowd on my fancy at that ſound! But I muſt not indulge that ſubject: you have forbid it.

I am extremely happy to learn that your precious health is re-eſtabliſhed, and that you are once more fit to enjoy that ſatisfaction in exiſtence, which health alone can give us. My old Friend has indeed been kind to you. Tell him, that I envy him the power of ſerving you. I had a letter from him a while ago, but it was ſo dry, ſo diſtant, ſo like a card to one of his Clients, that I could ſcarce bear to read it, and have not yet anſwered it. He is a good, honeſt fellow; and *can* write a friendly letter, which would do equal honour to his head and his heart, as a whole ſheaf of his letters I have by me will witneſs; and though Fame does not blow her trumpet at my approach *now*, as ſhe did *then*, when he firſt honoured me with his friendſhip, yet I am as proud as

ever; and when I am laid in my grave, I wiſh to be ſtretched at my full length, that I may occupy every inch of ground which I have a right to.

You would laugh, were you to ſee me where I am juſt now:—would to Heaven you were here to laugh with me, though I am afraid that crying would be our firſt employment. Here am I ſet, a ſolitary hermit, in the ſolitary room, of a ſolitary Inn, with a ſolitary bottle of wine by me—as grave and as ſtupid as an owl—but like that owl, ſtill faithful to my old ſong; in confirmation of which, my dear Mrs. Mack, here is your good health! May the hand-wal'd bennifons o' Heaven bleſs your honie face; and the wratch wha ſkellies at your weelfare, may the auld tinkler deil get him to clout his rotten heart! Amen!

You muſt know, my deareſt Madam, that theſe now many years, wherever I am, in whatever company, when a married lady is called as a toaſt, I conſtantly give you; hut as your name has never paſſed my lips, even to my moſt intimate friend, I give you by the name of Mrs. Mack. This is ſo well known among my acquaintances, that when my married lady is called for, the toaſt-maſter will ſay—" O, we need not aſk him who it is—here's Mrs. Mack!" I have alſo, among my convivial friends, ſet on foot a round of toaſts, which I call a round of Arcadian Shepherdeſſes; that is, a round of favourite Ladies, under female names celebrated in ancient ſong; and then, you are my Clarinda: ſo, my lovely Clarinda, I devote this glaſs of wine to a moſt ardent wiſh for your happineſs!

In vain would Prudence, with decorous ſneer,
Point out a cens'ring world, and bid me fear:
Above that world on wings of love I riſe,
I know its worſt—and can that worſt deſpiſe.
" Wronged, injured, ſhunned; unpitied, unredreſt
" The mock'd quotation of the ſcorner's jeſt."
Let Prudence' direſt bodements on me fall,
Clarinda, rich reward! o'erpays them all!

I have been rhyming a little of late, but I do not know if they are worth Postage. Tell me * * *
* * * * * * * * * *

SYLVANDER.

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*At what period of the Correspondence, the following Poem was sent, is uncertain.*

" I BURN, I burn, as when thro' ripen'd corn,
" By driving winds the crackling flames are borne!"
Now maddening, wild, I curse that fatal night;
Now bless the hour which charm'd my guilty sight.
In vain the laws their feeble force oppose;
Chain'd at his feet they groan Love's vanquish'd foes:
In vain Religion meets my shrinking eye;
I dare not combat--but I turn and fly:
Conscience in vain upbraids th' unhallow'd fire;
Love grasps his scorpions--stifled they expire:
Reason drops headlong from his sacred throne,
Your dear idea reigns and reigns alone;
Each thought intoxicated homage yields,
And riots wanton in forbidden fields!

By ALL ON HIGH adoring mortals know!
By ALL the conscious villain fears BELOW!
By YOUR DEAR-SELF! the last, great oath I swear;
Not LIFE nor SOUL were ever half so dear!

# LETTER

TO

## MR. McW——IE,

*WRITER, AYR.*

IT is injuring *ſome* hearts, thoſe hearts that *elegantly* bear the impreſſion of the good Creator, to ſay to them you give them the trouble of obliging a friend; for this reaſon, I only tell you that I gratify my *own* feelings in requeſting your friendly offices with reſpect to the inclofed, becauſe I know it will gratify *yours* to aſſiſt me in it to the utmoſt of your power.

I have ſent you four copies, as I have no leſs than eight dozen in whole, which is a great deal more than I ſhall ever need.

Be ſure to remember a poor Poet militant in your prayers. He looks forward with fear and trembling to that, to him, important moment which ſtamps the *die* with--with--with, perhaps the eternal diſgrace of,

My dear Sir,

Your humbled,

afflicted,

tormented

R. BURNS.

*Moſsgiel, 17th April,* 1786.

# LETTER

TO

# MISS M———N.

HERE have I ſat, my Dear Madam, in the ſtony attitude of perplexed ſtudy for fifteen vexatious minutes, my head aſkew, bending over the intended card; my fixed eye inſenſible to the very light of day poured around; my pendulous gooſe-feather, loaded with ink, hanging over the future letter; all for the important purpoſe of writing a complimentary Card to accompany your Trinket.

Compliments is ſuch a miſerable Greenland expreſſion; lies at ſuch a chilly polar diſtance from the torrid zone of my Conſtitution, that I cannot, for the very ſoul of me, uſe it to any perſon for whom I have the twentieth part of the eſteem, every one muſt have for you who knows you.

As I leave town in three or four days, I can give myſelf the pleaſure of calling for you only for a minute. Tueſday evening, ſometime about ſeven, or after, I ſhall wait on you, for your farewell commands.

The hinge of your box, I put into the hands of the proper Connoiſſeur; but it is, like Willy Gaw's Skate, paſt redemption. The broken glaſs, likewiſe, went under review; but deliberative wiſdom thought it would too much endanger the whole fabric. I am, Dear Madam,

With all ſincerity of Enthuſiaſm,

Your very humble Servant,

ROBERT BURNS.

*Saturday Noon, No. 2,*
*St. James Sqr. Newtown.*

# LETTER

TO

# MR. M——R, KILMARNOCK.

*Mossgiel, 7th March, 1788.*

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE partly changed my ideas, my dear Friend, since I saw you. I took old Glenconner with me to Mr. Miller's farm, and he was so pleased with it, that I have wrote an offer to Mr. Miller, which, if he accepts, I shall sit down a plain farmer, the happiest of lives when a man can live by it. In this case I shall not stay in Edinburgh above a week. I set out on Monday, and would have come by Kilmarnock, but there are several small sums owing me for my first edition, about Galston and Newmills; and I shall set off so early as to dispatch my business and reach Glasgow by night. When I return, I shall devote a forenoon or two to make some kind of acknowledgment for all the kindness I owe your friendship. Now that I hope to settle with some credit and comfort at home, there was not any friendship or friendly correspondence that promised me more pleasure than yours; I hope I will not be disappointed. I trust the Spring will renew your shattered frame, and make your friends happy. You and I have often agreed that life is no great blessing on the whole. The close of life, indeed, to a reasoning eye, is,

"Dark as was chaos, ere the infant sun
"Was roll'd together, or had try'd his beams
"Athwart the gloom profound"——

But an honeſt man has nothing to fear. If we lie down in the grave, the whole man a piece of broke machinery, to moulder with the clods of the valley,—be it ſo; at leaſt there is an end of pain, care, woes and wants: if that part of us called Mind, does ſurvive the apparent deſtruction of the man—away with old-wife prejudices and tales! Every age and every nation has had a different ſet of ſtories; and as the many are always weak, of conſequence they have often, perhaps always been deceived: a man, conſcious of having acted an honeſt part among his fellow creatures; even granting that he may have been the ſport, at times, of paſſions and inſtincts; he goes to a great unknown Being, who could have no other end in giving him exiſtence but to make him happy; who gave him thoſe paſſions and inſtincts, and well knows their force.

Theſe, my worthy friend, are my ideas; and I know they are not far different from yours. It becomes a man of ſenſe to think for himſelf; particularly in a caſe where all men are equally intereſted, and where, indeed, all men are equally in the dark.

Adieu, my dear Sir! God ſend us a chearful meeting!

ROBERT BURNS.

*FINIS.*

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*In the Preſs, and ſpeedily will be Publiſhed,*

By T. STEWART,

*The LETTERS to CLARINDA, &c.*

WITH OTHER NEW PIECES,

By R. BURNS,

*Some of which have not yet come to hand:*

Theſe, when added to the Appendix already publiſhed at Glaſgow, printed uniformly with *Dr. Currie's* Edition, will form a valuable Supplement to that Work.

# THE SALE OF THE LAING COLLECTION.

December 3rd SECOND DAY. 1879

It may be well to notice, in the first place, such volumes as have a peculiar interest in the eyes of Scotchmen, and of these the Kilmarnock edition of Burns takes first rank. Dr Laing's copy was particularly well preserved, while its value was enhanced by the fact of its containing a snatch of song in the poet's own handwriting, as well as an autograph letter of Lockhart, "the scorpion," apologising to Dr Laing for failing to return this selfsame copy, which it appears he had had on loan. It was interesting to scan the handwriting of the bard in which the following verses are penned :—

When I think on the happy days
I spent wi' you, my dearie;
And now what lands between us lie,
How can I be but eerie.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
As ye were wae and wearie:
It wasna sae ye wended bye,
When I was wi' you, dearie.

The usual price obtained for this edition averages about £40, but on this occasion the competition was so spirited that the bidding mounted up to £90 before there was a pause, and at this price Quarritch, the bookseller, obtained the treasure. The same gentleman became the purchaser of the first Edinburgh edition for £5, 10s. The "Letters to Clarinda," printed at Glasgow in 1802, and "rigidly suppressed," were sold for £3, 12s. A couple of "Darien Tracts"—one by F. Borland, and dated 1715, the other by J. Byres, printed at Rotterdam in 1702, brought respectively £5, 2s. 6d. and 4 gs. The first-named author attributes the fell disasters that happened the Scotch colony to the visitation of God, not to the cupidity of men :—

As higher cause of our distresses,
God's wrath against us for our great trespasses,
Then strange not that our new plantation
Soon died, and came to dissolution.

# THE "CLARINDA" OF BURNS.

Chicago, Ill., May 4, 1870.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADIES' OWN JOURNAL.

SIR,—I send you the inclosed account of a copy of "Burns and Clarinda," published by Tait in Edinburgh, 1843, presented to a friend of mine by the late Mr M'Lehose on his deathbed. I have seen the copy with many of the editor's alterations, extracts of criticisms on the work when it first appeared, and quite a number of pieces of poetry by "Clarinda" at the end of the book. The volume was evidently prepared with the view to an American edition:—

February 15th, 1870.

TO THE EDITOR OF AMERICAN SCOTSMAN.

Dear Sir,—In compliance with your request I herewith inclose a short poetical effusion of Mrs Agnes M'Lehose, the "Clarinda" of Burns, which, I believe, has never been published, and which, although perhaps not possessing any extraordinary merit in itself, is yet interesting by reason of its associations. I find it in an interleaved copy of the correspondence of Burns and Clarinda presented to me in 1846 by my friend the late W. C. M'Lehose, her grandson and late descendant.

In answer to your inquiry, I may add that I was intimately acquainted with Mr M'Lehose for the last two years of his life, that his habits were singularly temperate, and that he was a gentleman of excellent education, great intelligence, and exceedingly amiable disposition. He died in New York (a bachelor) on the 2d day of March 1847, at No. 324, Broadway, where we were together residing, and which was then a boarding-house kept by Mrs Noyes. His remains were interred in Greenwood Cemetery.

Very truly yours, ROBERT S. ROWLEY.

Hastings-upon-Hudson.

TO SYMPATHY.

Assist me, all ye gentle powers
That sweeten Friendship's happy hours,
Whilst I attempt to sing of thee,
Heaven-born emotion, Sympathy.

When first I saw my rural swain,
The pride of all the tuneful train,
That hour we loved—what could it be,
But thy sweet magic, Sympathy.

Nor sordid wealth, nor giddy power,
Could e'er confer one happy hour,
One hour like those I've spent with thee,
In love's endearing sympathy.

All hail! the heaven-inspired mind
That glows with love of human kind;
'Tis thine to feel the ecstacy—
Soul linked to soul by sympathy.

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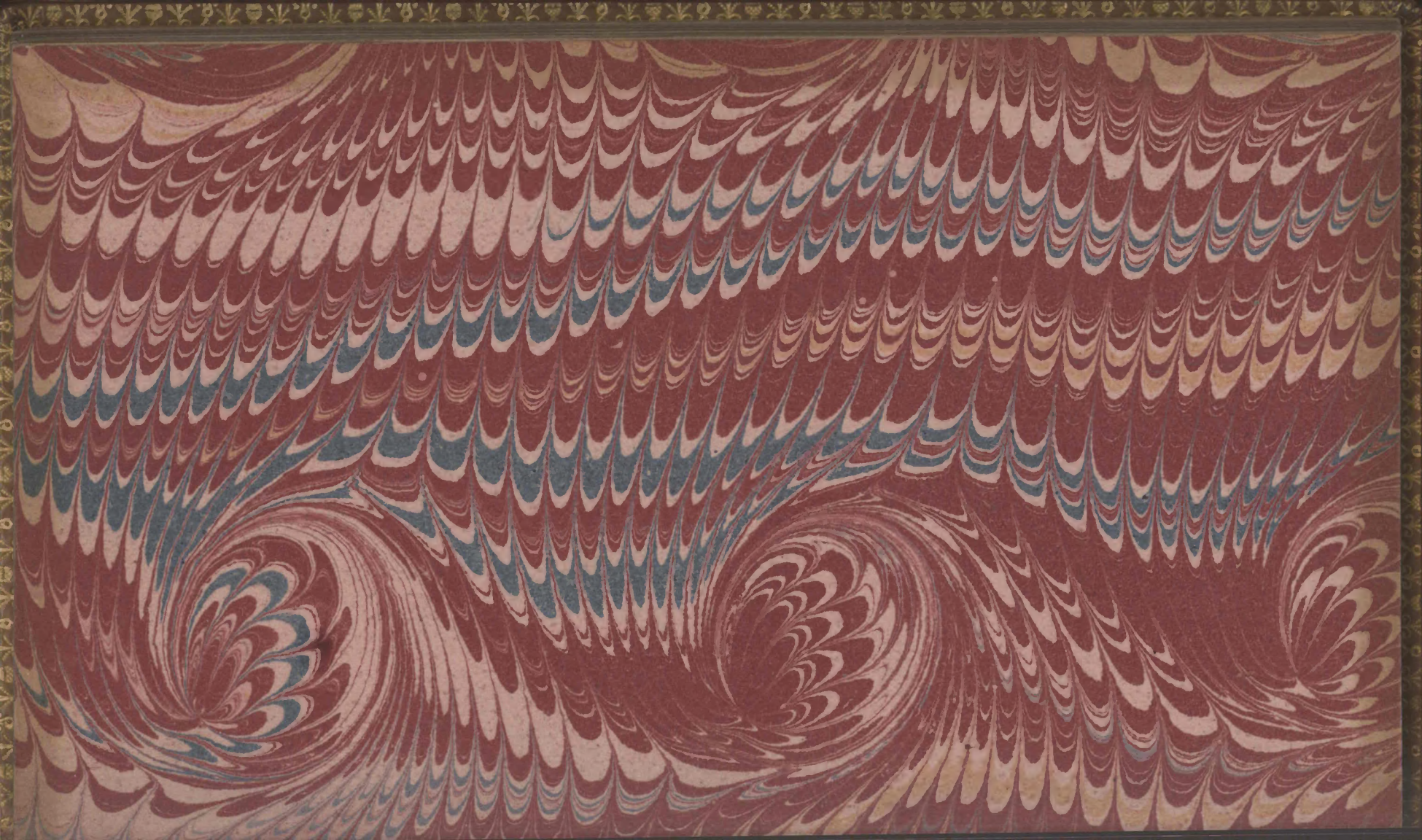
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