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PREFACE.

FEW persons are naturally possessed of the faculty of carrying on a correspondence upon any subject. To write a good letter is an extremely hard task, even to those whose education has been by no means neglected. Many persons really well informed and fluent in conversation, find their ideas vanish and their words disappear the moment they take a pen in hand. Some, again, have such a flow of words, but such an absence of style and finish, that the sentences, instead of moving in proper sequence and regular order, like a well-disciplined regiment, rush along, jostling each other, like a confused mob. Still others, again, have no knowledge of the arts of punctuating, capitalizing, and rendering into paragraphs; consequently their meaning is scarcely to be made out. even by themselves, after a day or two have elapsed.

It is for the aid and assistance of all such classes that this work is written.

It will be found as nearly perfect as such a book can possibly be.

Letters will be found in the following pages suitable to every circumstance that can possibly arise in the progress of that devious passion, *True Love*, which Shakespeare tells us "never did run smooth."

The person about to copy a letter from this work can readily add a few thoughts or facts to the original, if such should be desirable.

11-2925

As "love-letter" writing often leads to, or accompanies, courtship and marriage, we have introduced into this volume a careful *resumé* of all the rules and observances necessary to govern one in such cases.

Added to all this will be found a collection of poetical quotations, most suitable to garnish and ornament any love epistle. These selections are from the greatest masters of the "divine art;" and among them will be found sentiments "such as oft were thought, but ne'er so well expressed."

It will be seen from the foregoing remarks that this book is at once a "Complete Love-Letter Writer," a "True Guide to Courtship and Marriage," and a "Perfect Dictionary of Poetical Quotations, on the subject of Love in all its shapes."

THE AUTHOR.

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READY-MADE LOVE LETTERS.

TRUE ETIQUETTE OF COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

Prefatory Remarks.

As all "love" letter writing aims at matrimony, or at keeping bright the little golden circlet that is at once its token and its pledge, we may here very properly introduce a full description of the customary rules, some enjoined by the church, others such as have grown up, and have become sanctified by time and habit.

A correct manual of *usages*, which have become *rules*, relating to courtship and marriage is a thing that has been long needed.

Many of these forms may seem trivial, if not useless, to the superficial observer; but to one who looks below the surface they will be found to have much meaning. Many embarrassing mistakes, much needless misconception are avoided by having settled rules. The absence or neglect of such social laws not unseldom leads to wrong motives and purposes being suspected; and not unfrequently family misunderstandings and discords, even on the threshold of the new home, are the consequences of a non-observance of some of these apparently needless formalities.

It is advisable, therefore, for each person intending to embark on so important a voyage as that of matrimony to see that every requirement is fulfilled at the outset. Study, then, all the customs and rules that we lay down in the following pages; they are all drawn from the stored-up wisdom of our ancestors and the social customs of modern refined society.

NOTE.—It will be observed that we give the form of marriage ceremony as used in the Protestant Episcopal Church. We do so

because every Protestant denomination follows more or less closely the beautiful and meaning forms of that church—varying them somewhat as their congregations or the officiating minister deems advisable.

In the *Roman Catholic Church*—where marriage is deemed a solemn sacrament—the officiating priest and his assistants order all the attendant ceremonies according to the rules laid down, by canonical authority

The *Hebrews* follow the ceremonies as laid down, ages ago, by their great lawgiver, with such minor deviations as modern habits of life necessitate.

Of a *Civil Marriage* it is needless to speak, further than to remark, that it differs little from any other legal contract, formally entered into, before any authorized magistrate.

First Step in Courtship.

It would be out of place in these pages to grapple with a subject so large as that of love in its varied phases. It is sufficient for our purpose to recognize the existence of this most universal of human passions, when venturing to offer our counsel and guidance to those of both sexes who, under its promptings, have resolved to become votaries of Hymen, but who, from imperfect knowledge of conventional usages, are naturally apprehensive that at every step they take they may render themselves liable to misconception, ridicule, or censure.

We will take it for granted, then, that a gentleman has in one way or another become fascinated by a fair lady—possibly a recent acquaintance—whom he is most anxious to know more particularly.

At this point we venture to give him a word of serious advice. We urge him, before he ventures to take any step towards the pursuit of this object, to consider well his position and prospects in life, and reflect whether they are such as to justify him in deliberately seeking to win the young lady's affections, with the view of making her his wife at no distant period. Should he after such a review of his affairs feel satisfied that he can proceed honorably,

he may then use fair opportunities to ascertain the estimation in which the young lady, as well as her family, is held by friends. It is perhaps needless to add, that all possible delicacy and caution must be observed in making such inquiries, so as to avoid compromising the lady herself in the slightest degree. When he has satisfied himself on this head, and found no insurmountable impediment in his way, his next endeavor will be, through the mediation of a common friend, to procure an introduction to the lady's family. Those who undertake such an office incur no slight responsibility, and are, of course, expected to be scrupulously careful in performing it, and to communicate all they happen to know affecting the character and circumstances of the individual they introduce.

We will now reverse the picture, and see how matters stand on the fair one's side.

First let us hope that the inclination is mutual; at all events, that the lady views her admirer with preference, that she deems him not unworthy of her favorable regard, and that his attentions are agreeable to her. It is true her heart may not yet be won: she has to be wooed; and what fair daughter of Eve has not hailed with rapture that brightest day in the springtide of her life? She has probably first met the gentleman at a ball, or other festive occasion, where the excitement of the scene has reflected on every object around a roseate tint. We are to suppose, of course, that in looks, manner, and address, her incipient admirer is not below her ideal standard in gentlemanly attributes. His respectful approaches to her—in soliciting her hand as a partner in the dance, etc.—have first awakened on her part a slight feeling of interest towards him. This mutual feeling of interest, once established, soon "grows by what it feeds on." Whatever may eventually come of it, the fair one is conscious for the nonce of being unusually happy. This emotion is not likely to be diminished when she finds herself the object of general attention—accompanied, it may be, by the display of a little envy among rival beauties—owing to the assiduous homage of her admirer. At length, prudence whispers that he is to her, as yet, but a comparative stranger; and with a modest reserve she endeavors to retire from his observation, so as not to seem to encourage his attentions. The gentleman's ardor, however, is not to be thus checked: he again solicits her

to be his partner in a dance. She finds it hard, very hard to refuse him ; and both, yielding at last to the alluring influences by which they are surrounded, discover at the moment of parting that a new and delightful sensation has been awakened in their hearts.

At a juncture so critical in the life of a young inexperienced woman as that when she begins to form an attachment for one of the opposite sex—at a moment when she needs the very best advice accompanied with a considerable regard for her overwrought feelings—the very best course she can take is to confide the secret of her heart to that truest and most loving of friends—her mother. Let the timid girl then pour forth into her mother's ears the flood of her pent-up feelings. Let her endeavor to distrust her own judgment, and seek hope, guidance, and support from one who, she well knows, will not deceive or mislead her. The confidence thus established will be productive of the most beneficial results, by securing the daughter's obedience to her parent's advice, and her willing adoption of the observances prescribed by etiquette, which, as the courtship progresses, that parent will not fail to recommend as strictly essential in this phase of life. Where a young woman has had the misfortune to be deprived of her mother, she should at such a period endeavor to find her next best counsellor in some female relative, or other trustworthy friend.

We are to suppose that favorable opportunities for meeting have occurred, until, by and by, both the lady and her admirer have come to regard each other with such warm feelings of inclination as to have a constant craving for each other's society.

The admirer of the fair one is, indeed, so much enamored as to be unable longer to retain his secret within his own breast ; and not being without hope that his attachment is reciprocated, resolves on seeking an introduction to the lady's family preparatory to his making a formal declaration of love.

It is possible, however, that the lover's endeavors to procure the desired introduction may fail of success, although where no material difference of social position exists, this difficulty will be found to occur less frequently than might at first be supposed. He must then discreetly adopt measures to bring himself in some degree under the fair one's notice : such, for instance, as attending the place of worship which she frequents, meeting her so often

as to be manifestly for the purpose, in course of her promenades, etc. He will thus soon be able to judge—even without speaking to the lady—whether his further attentions will be distasteful to her.

Should her demeanor be decidedly discouraging, any perseverance on his part would be ungentlemanly and highly indecorous. But, on the other hand, should a timid blush intimate doubt, or a gentle smile lurking in the half-dropped eye give pleasing challenge to further parley when possible, he may venture to write—not to the lady—that would be the opening of a clandestine correspondence; an unworthy course where every act should be open and straightforward, as tending to manly and honorable ends—but to the father or guardian, through the agency of a common friend where feasible; or, in some instances, to the party at whose residence the lady may be staying. In this letter he ought first to state his position in life and prospects, as well as mention his family connections; and then to request permission to visit the family, as a preliminary step to paying his addresses to the object of his admiration.

By this course he in nowise compromises either himself or the lady, but leaves open to both, at any future period, an opportunity of retiring from the position of courtship taken upon the one side, and of receiving addresses on the other, without laying either party open to the accusation of fickleness or jilting.

Etiquette of Courtship.

In whatever way the attachment may have originated, whether resulting from old association or from a recent acquaintanceship between the lovers, we will assume that the courtship is so far in a favorable train that the lady's admirer has succeeded in obtaining an introduction to her family, and that he is about to be received in their domestic circle on the footing of a welcome visitor, if not yet in the light of a probationary suitor.

In the first case, matters will in all probability be found to amble on so calmly, that the enamored pair may seldom find it needful to consult the rules of etiquette; but in the latter, its rules

must be attentively observed, or "the course of true love" will assuredly not run smooth.

If the gentleman be a person of good breeding and right feeling, he will need no caution from us to remember that, when he is admitted into the heart of a family as the suitor of a daughter, he is receiving one of the greatest possible favors that can be conferred on him, whatever may be his own superiority of social rank or worldly circumstances; and that, therefore, his conduct should be marked by a delicate respect towards the parents of his lady-love. By this means he will propitiate them in his favor, and induce them to regard him as worthy of the trust they have placed in him.

What the Lady Should Observe During Courtship.

A lady should be particular during the early days of courtship, while still retaining some clearness of mental vision—to observe the manner in which her suitor comports himself to other ladies. His habits and his conduct must awaken her vigilant attention before it be too late. Should he come to visit her at irregular hours; should he exhibit a vague or wandering attention, give proofs of a want of punctuality—show disrespect for age—sneer at things sacred, or absent himself from regular attendance at divine service—or evince an inclination to expensive pleasures beyond his means, or to low and vulgar amusements; should he be foppish, eccentric, or very slovenly in his dress; or display a frivolity of mind, and an absence of well-directed energy in his worldly pursuits; let the young lady, we say, while there is yet time, eschew that gentleman's acquaintance, and allow it gently to drop. The effort, at whatever cost to her feelings, must be made, if she have any regard for her future happiness and self-respect. The proper course then to take is to intimate her distaste, and the causes that have given rise to it, to her parents or guardian, who will be pretty sure to sympathize with her, and to take measures for facilitating the retirement of the gentleman from his pretensions.

What the Gentleman Should Observe During Courtship.

It would be well also for the suitor, on his part, during the first few weeks of courtship, carefully to observe the conduct of the young lady in her own family, and the degree of estimation in which she is held by them, as well as amongst her intimate friends.

If she be attentive to her duties; respectful and affectionate to her parents; kind and forbearing to her brothers and sisters; not easily ruffled in temper; if her mind be prone to cheerfulness and to hopeful aspiration, instead of to the display of a morbid anxiety and dread of coming evil; if her pleasures and enjoyments be those which chiefly centre in home; if her words be characterized by benevolence, good will, and charity; then we say, let him not hesitate, but hasten to enshrine so precious a gem in the casket of his affections. But if, on the other hand, he should find that he has been attracted by the tricksome affectation and heartless allurements of a flirt, ready to bestow smiles on all, but with a heart for none; if she who has succeeded for a time in fascinating him be of uneven temper, easily provoked, and slow to be appeased; fond of showy dress, and eager for admiration; ecstatic about trifles, frivolous in her tastes, and weak and wavering in performing her duties; if her religious observances are merely the formality of lip service; if she be petulant to her friends, pert and disrespectful to her parents, overbearing to her inferiors; if pride, vanity, and affectation be her characteristics; if she be inconstant in her friendships; gaudy and slovenly, rather than neat and scrupulously clean, in attire and personal habits; then we counsel the gentleman to retire as speedily but as politely as possible from the pursuit of an object quite unworthy of his admiration and love; nor dread that the lady's friends—who must know her better than he can do—will call him to account for withdrawing from the field.

But we will take it for granted that all goes on well; that the parties are, on sufficient acquaintance, pleased with each other, and that the gentleman is eager to prove the sincerity of his affectionate regard by giving some substantial token of his love and homage to the fair one. This brings us to the question of

Presents,

a point on which certain observances of etiquette must not be disregarded. A lady, for instance, cannot with propriety accept presents from a gentleman *previously* to his having made proposals of marriage. Should, however, the gentleman insist on making her a present—as of some trifling article of jewelry, etc., there must be no secret about it. Let the young girl take an early opportunity of saying to her admirer, in presence of her father or

mother, "I am much obliged to you for that ring (or other trinket, as the case may be) which you kindly offered me the other day, and which I shall be most happy to accept, if my parents do not object," and let her say this in a manner which, while it increases the obligation, will divest it altogether of impropriety, from having been conferred under the sanction of her parents.

We have now reached that stage in the progress of the courtship where budding affection, having developed into mature growth, encourages the lover to make

The Proposal.

When about to take this step, the suitor's first difficulty is how to get a favorable opportunity; and next, having got the chance, how to screw his courage up to give utterance to the "declaration." We have heard of a young lover who carried on a courtship for four months ere he could obtain a private interview with his lady-love. In the house, as might be expected, they were never left alone; and in a walk a third party always accompanied them. In such a dilemma, ought he to have unburdened his heart of its secret through the medium of a letter? We say not. A declaration in writing should certainly be avoided where the lover can by any possibility get at the lady's ear. But there are cases where this is so difficult that an impatient lover cannot be restrained from adopting the agency of a *billet-doux* in declaring his passion.

The lady, before proposal, is generally prepared for it. It is seldom that such an avowal comes without some previous indications of look and manner on the part of the admirer, which can hardly fail of being understood. She may not, indeed, consider herself engaged; and although nearly certain of the conquest she has made, may yet have her misgivings. Some gentlemen dread to ask, lest they should be refused. Many pause just at the point, and refrain from anything like ardor in their professions of attachment until they feel confident that they may be spared the mortification and ridicule that is supposed to attach to being rejected, in addition to the pain of disappointed hope. This hesitation when the mind is made up is wrong; but it does often occur, and we suppose ever will do so with persons of great timidity of character. By it both parties are kept needlessly on the fret, until

the long-looked-for opportunity unexpectedly arrives, when the flood-gates of feeling are loosened, and the full tide of mutual affection gushes forth uncontrolled. It is, however, at this moment—the agony-point to the embarrassed lover, who “doats yet doubts”—whose suppressed feelings render him morbidly sensitive—that a lady should be especially careful lest any show of either prudery or coquetry on her part should lose to her forever the object of her choice. True love is generally delicate and timid, and may easily be scared by affected indifference, through feelings of wounded pride. A lover needs very little to assure him of the reciprocation of his attachment; a glance, a single pressure of the hand, a whispered syllable, on the part of the loved one, will suffice to confirm his hopes.

Refusal by the Young Lady.

When a lady rejects the proposal of a gentleman, her behavior should be characterized by the most delicate feeling towards one who, in offering her his hand, has proved his desire to confer upon her, by this implied preference for her above all other women, the greatest honor it is in his power to offer. Therefore, if she have no love for him, she ought at least to evince a tender regard for his feelings; and in the event of her being previously engaged, should at once acquaint him with the fact. No right-minded man would desire to persist in a suit when he well knew that the object of his admiration has already disposed of her heart.

When a gentleman makes an offer of his hand by letter, the letter must be answered and certainly not returned, should the answer be a refusal; unless, indeed, when from a previous repulse, or some other particular and special circumstances, such an offer may be regarded by the lady or her relatives as presumptuous and intrusive. Under such circumstances, the letter may be placed by the lady in the hands of her parents or guardian, to be dealt with by them as they may deem most advisable.

No lady should ever treat the man who has so honored her with the slightest disrespect or frivolous disregard, nor ever unfeelingly parade a more favored suitor before one whom she has refused.

Conduct of the Gentleman when his Addresses are Rejected.

The conduct of the gentleman under such circumstances should

be characterized by extreme delicacy and resolve to avoid occasioning any possible uneasiness to the fair author of his pain. If, however, he should have reason to suppose that his rejection has resulted from mere indifference to his suit, he need not altogether retire from the field, but may endeavor to kindle a feeling of regard and sympathy for the patient endurance of his disappointment, and for his continued but respectful endeavors to please the lukewarm fair one. But in the case of avowed or evident preference for another, it becomes imperative upon him, as a gentleman, to withdraw at once, and so relieve the lady of any obstacle that his presence or pretensions may occasion to the furtherance of her obvious wishes. Although the weakness of her sex, which ought to be her protection, frequently prevents a woman from forcibly breaking off an acquaintance thus annoyingly forced upon her, she rarely fails to resent such impertinence by that sharpest of woman's weapons, a keen-edged but courteous ridicule, which few men can bear up against.

Refusal by the Lady's Parents or Guardians.

It may happen that both the lady and her suitor are willing, but that the parents or guardians of the former, on being referred to, deem the connection unfitting, and refuse their consent. In this state of matters, the first thing a man of sense, proper feeling, and candor should do, is to endeavor to learn the objections of the parents, to see whether they cannot be removed. If they are based on his present insufficiency of means, a lover of a persevering spirit may effect much in removing apprehension on that score, by cheerfully submitting to a reasonable time of probation, in the hope of amelioration in his worldly circumstances. Should the objection be founded on inequality of social position, the parties, if young, may wait until matured age shall ripen their judgment and place the future more at their own disposal. A clandestine marriage should be peremptorily declined. In nearly all the instances we have known such marriages have been ill-judged, imprudent, and highly injurious to the happiness of both parties.

Etiquette of an Engagement.

We will now regard the pair of lovers as formally engaged, and bound together in that state of approximation to marriage which was in the ancient Christian Church, and indeed is still in many countries of Europe, considered in a very sacred light, little inferior to, and, in fact, regarded as a part of, marriage itself—the betrothment.

The conduct of the bridegroom-elect should be marked by a gallant and affectionate assiduity towards his lady-love. That of the lady towards him should manifest delicacy, tenderness and confidence: while looking for his thorough devotion to herself, she should not captiously take offence and show airs at his showing the same kind of attention to other ladies as she, in her turn, would not hesitate to receive from the other sex.

In the behavior of a gentleman towards his betrothed in public, little difference should be perceptible from his demeanor to other ladies, except in those minute attentions which none but those who love can properly understand or appreciate.

It is the privilege of the betrothed lover, as it is also his duty, to give advice to the fair one who now implicitly confides in him. Should he detect a fault, should he observe failings which he would wish removed or amended, let him avail himself of this season so favorable for the frank interchange of thought between the betrothed pair, to urge their correction.

Conduct of the Lady during her Betrothal.

A lady is not expected to keep aloof from society on her engagement, nor to debar herself from the customary attentions and courtesies of her male acquaintances generally; but she should, while accepting them cheerfully, maintain such a prudent reserve, as to intimate that they are viewed by her as mere acts of ordinary courtesy and friendship. In all places of public amusement, at balls, the opera, etc., for a lady to be seen with any other cavalier than her avowed lover in close attendance upon her would expose her to the imputation of flirtation. She will naturally take pains at such a period to observe the taste of her lover in regard to her costume, and strive carefully to follow it, for all men desire to have their taste and wishes on such apparent trifles

gratified. It is a mistake not seldom made by women, to suppose their suitors will be pleased by the glowing admiration expressed by other men for the object of *their* passion. Most lovers, on the contrary, we believe, would prefer to withdraw their prize from general observation until that happy moment for their union has arrived.

Conduct of the Gentleman towards the Family of his Betrothed.

The lover, having now secured his position, should use discretion and tact in his intercourse with the lady's family, and take care that his visits be not deemed too frequent—so as to be really inconvenient to them. He should accommodate himself as much as possible to their habits and ways, and be ever ready and attentive to consult their wishes. Marked attention, and in most cases affectionate kindness, to the lady's mother ought to be shown; such respectful homage will secure for him many advantages in his present position. In short, his conduct should be such as to win for himself the esteem and affection of all the family, and dispose them ever to welcome and desire his presence, rather than regard him as an intruder.

Conduct of the Lady on Retiring from her Engagement.

Should this step unhappily be found necessary on the lady's part, the truth should be spoken, and the reason frankly given; there must be no room left for the suspicion of its having originated in caprice or injustice. The case should be so put that the gentleman himself must see and acknowledge the justice of the painful decision arrived at. Incompatible habits, ungentlemanly actions, anything tending to diminish that respect for the lover which should be felt for the husband; inconstancy, ill-governed temper—all which, not to mention other obvious objections—are to be considered as sufficient reasons for terminating any engagement. The communication should be made as tenderly as possible; that room may be left in mere venial cases for reformation, but all that is done must be so managed that not the slightest shadow of fickleness or want of faith may rest upon the character of the lady. It must be remembered, however, that the termination of an engagement by a lady has the privilege of passing unchallenged; a lady.

not being *bound* to declare any other reason than her own will. Nevertheless, she owes it to her own reputation that her decision should rest on a sufficient foundation and be unmistakably pronounced.

Conduct of the Gentleman on Retiring from his Engagement.

We hardly know how to approach this portion of our subject. The reasons must be strong indeed that can sufficiently justify a man, placed in the position of an accepted suitor, in severing the ties by which he had bound himself to a lady with the avowed intention of making her his wife. His reasons for breaking off his engagement must be such as will not merely satisfy his own conscience, but will justify him in the eyes of the world. If the fault be on the lady's side, great reserve and delicacy will be observed by any man of honor. If, on the other hand, the imperative force of circumstances, such as loss of fortune, or some other unexpected calamity to himself, may be the cause, then must the reason be clearly and fully explained, in such a manner as to soothe the painful feelings which such a result must necessarily occasion to the lady and her friends. It is scarcely necessary to point out the necessity for observing great caution in all that relates to the antecedents of an engagement that has been broken off; especially the return on either side of presents and of all letters that have passed.

This last allusion brings us to the consideration of

Correspondence.

Where persons have not had the advantages of a good education or the skill to properly write letters, the forms which are given in another portion of this work will furnish them with ready-made models upon all points upon which it may be necessary to correspond.

It is well to remark here, that in correspondence between a couple not actually engaged, the use of Christian names in addressing each other should be avoided.

Demeanor of the Suitor during Courtship.

The manners of a gentleman are ever characterized by urbanity and a becoming consideration for the feelings and wishes of others, and by a readiness to practise self-denial. But the very nature

of courtship requires the fullest exercise of these excellent qualities on his part. The lover should carefully accommodate his tone and bearing, whether cheerful or serious, to the mood for the time of his lady-love, whose slightest wish must be his law. In his assiduities to her he must allow of no stint; though hindered by time, distance or fatigue, he must strive to make his professional and social duties bend to his homage at the shrine of love. All this can be done, moreover, by a man of excellent sense with perfect propriety. Indeed, the world will not only commend him for such devoted gallantry, but will be pretty sure to censure him for any short-coming in his performance of such devoirs.

It is, perhaps, needless to observe that at such a period a gentleman should be scrupulously neat, without appearing particular, in his attire. We shall not attempt to prescribe what he should wear, as that must, of course, depend on the times of the day when his visits are paid, and other circumstances, such as meeting a party of friends, going to the theatre, etc., with the lady.

Should a Courtship be Short or Long?

The answer to this question must depend on the previous acquaintanceship, connection or relationship of the parties, as well as on their present circumstances, and the position of their parents. In case of relationship or old acquaintanceship subsisting between the families, when the courtship, declaration, and engagement have followed each other rapidly, a short wooing is preferable to a long one should other circumstances not create an obstacle. Indeed, as a general rule, we are disposed strongly to recommend a short courtship. A man is never well settled in the saddle of his fortunes until he be married. He wants spring, purpose and aim; and, above all, he wants a *home* as the centre of his efforts.

Some portion of inconvenience, therefore, may be risked to obtain this; in fact, it often occurs that by waiting too long the freshness of life is worn off, and that the generous glow of early feelings becomes tamed down to lukewarmness by a too prudent delaying; while a slight sacrifice of ambition or self-indulgence on the part of the gentleman, and a little descent from pride of station on the lady's side, might have ensured years of satisfied love and happy wedded life.

On the other hand, we would recommend a long courtship as advisable when—the friends on both sides favoring the match—it

happens that the fortune of neither party will prudently allow an immediate marriage. The gentleman, we will suppose, has his way to make in his profession or business, and is desirous not to involve the object of his affection in the distressing inconvenience, if not the misery, of straitened means. He reflects that for a lady it is an actual degradation, however love may ennoble the motive of her submission, to descend from her former footing in society. He feels, therefore, that this risk ought not to be incurred. For, although the noble and loving spirit of a wife might enable her to bear up cheerfully against misfortune, and by her endearments soothe the broken spirit of her husband; yet the lover who would wilfully, at the outset of wedded life, expose his devoted helpmate to the ordeal of poverty, would be deservedly scouted as selfish and unworthy. These, then, are among the circumstances which warrant a lengthened engagement, and it should be the endeavor of the lady's friends to approve such cautious delay, and do all they can to assist the lover in his efforts to abridge it. The lady's father should regard the lover in the light of another son added to his family, and spare no pains to promote his interests in life, while the lady's mother should do everything in her power, by those small attentions which a mother understands so well, to make the protracted engagement agreeable to him, and as enduring as possible to her daughter.

Preliminary Etiquette of a Wedding.

Whether the term of courtship may have been long or short—according to the requirements of the case—the time will at last arrive for

Fixing the Day.

While it is the gentleman's province to press for the earliest possible opportunity, it is the lady's privilege to name the happy day; not but that the bridegroom-elect must, after all, issue the fiat, for he has much to consider and prepare for beforehand: for instance, to settle where it will be most convenient to spend the honeymoon—a point which must depend on the season of the year,

on his own vocation, and other circumstances. At this advanced state of affairs, we must not overlook the important question of

Legal Settlements.

These are matters that must be attended to where there is property on either side; and it behooves the intending bridegroom to take care there is no unnecessary delay in completing them.

On the business part of this matter it is not the province of our work to dilate; but we may be permitted to suggest that two-thirds, or at least one-half, of the lady's property should be settled on herself and offspring; and that where the bridegroom has no property wherewith to endow his wife, and has solely to rely on his professional prospects, it should be made a *sine qua non* that he should insure his life in her favor previously to marriage.

How to Be Married.

By this time the gentleman will have made up his mind *in what form* he will be married—a question, the solution of which, however, must chiefly depend on his means and position in life.

For this purpose, notice must be given to the minister of the church. The names of the two parties must be written down in full with place of residence. No mention of either the lady's or gentleman's age is required.

Any formal announcement in church is not actually necessary, it being the care of the church, as well as the policy of the law, to throw as few impediments as possible in the way of marriage, of which the one main fact of a consent to live together, declared publicly before an assemblage of relatives, friends, and neighbors (and afterwards as it were by legal deduction, before witnesses), is the essential and constituent element.

The Bridal Trousseau, and the Wedding Presents.

The day being fixed for the wedding, the bride's father now presents her with a sum of money for her *trousseau*, according to her rank in life. A few days previously to the wedding, presents are also made to the bride by relations and intimate friends, varying in amount and value according to their degrees of relationship and friendship—such as plate, furniture, jewelry and articles of ornament, as well as utility, to the newly-married lady in her future station. These, together with her wedding dresses, etc.,

it is customary to exhibit to the intimate friends of the bride a day or two before her marriage.

Duty of a Bridegroom-Elect.

The bridegroom-elect has on the eve of matrimony no little business to transact. His first care is to look after a house suitable for his future home, and then, assisted by the taste of his chosen helpmate, to take steps to furnish it in a becoming style. He must, also, if engaged in business, make arrangements for a month's absence; in fact, bring together all matters into a focus, so as to be readily manageable when after the honey moon he shall take the reins himself. He will do well also to burn most of his bachelor letters, and part with, it may be, some few of his bachelor connections; and he should communicate, in an easy, informal way, to his acquaintances generally, the close approach of so important a change in his condition. Not to do this might hereafter lead to inconvenience and cause no little annoyance.

We must now speak of

Buying the Ring.

It is the gentleman's business to buy the ring: *and let him take especial care not to forget it*; for such an awkward mistake has frequently happened. The ring should be, we need scarcely say, of the very purest gold, but substantial. There are three reasons for this: first, that it may not break—a source of great trouble to the young wife; secondly, that it may not slip off the finger without being missed—few husbands being pleased to hear that their wives have lost their wedding rings; and thirdly, that it may last out the lifetime of the loving recipient, even should that life be protracted to the extreme extent. To get at the right size required is not one of the least interesting of the delicate mysteries of love. A not unusual method is to get a sister of the fair one to lend one of the lady's rings to enable the jeweller to select the proper size. Care must be taken, however, that it be not too large. Some audacious suitors, rendered bold by their favored positions, have been even known presumptuously to try the ring on the patient finger of the bride-elect; and it has rarely happened in such cases that the ring has been refused, or sent back to be changed.

Having bought the ring, the bridegroom should now put it into his waistcoat-pocket, there to remain until he puts on his wedding

vest on the morning of the marriage; to the left-hand pocket of which he must then carefully transfer it, and not part with it until he takes it out during the wedding ceremony.

In ancient days, it appears there was a form of "Blessing the wedding ring" before the wedding day; and in those times the priest, previously to the ring being put on, always made careful inquiry whether it had been duly blessed. It would seem to be the wish of certain clergymen, who have of late brought back into use many ceremonial observances that have fallen into desuetude, to revive this ancient custom.

Who Should be Asked to the Wedding.

The wedding should take place at the house of the bride's parents or guardians. The parties who ought to be asked are the father and mother of the gentleman, the brothers and sisters (their wives and husbands also, if married), and indeed the immediate relations and favored friends of both parties. Old family friends on the bride's side should also receive invitations—the *rationale* or original intention of this wedding assemblage being to give publicity to the fact that the bride is leaving her paternal home with the consent and approbation of her parents.

On this occasion the bridegroom has the privilege of asking any friends he may choose to the wedding; but no friend has a right to feel affronted at not being invited, since, were all the friends on either side assembled, the wedding reception would be an inconveniently crowded affair rather than an impressive ceremonial. It is, however, considered a matter of friendly attention on the part of those who cannot be invited, to be present at the ceremony in the church.

Who Should be Bridesmaids.

The bridesmaids should include the unmarried sisters of the bride; but it is considered an anomaly for an elder sister to perform this function. The pleasing novelty for several years past, of an addition to the number of bridesmaids varying from two to eight, and sometimes more, has added greatly to the interest of weddings, the bride being thus enabled to diffuse a portion of her own happiness among the most intimate of her young friends. One lady is always appointed principal bridesmaid, and has the bride in her charge; it is also her duty to take care that the other

bridesmaids have the wedding favors in readiness. On the second bridesmaid devolves, with her principal, the duty of sending out the cards; and on the third bridesmaid, in conjunction with the remaining beauties of her choir, the onerous office of attending to certain ministrations and mysteries connected with the wedding cake.

Of the Bridegroomsmen.

It behooves a bridegroom to be exceedingly particular in the selection of the friends who, as groomsmen, are to be his companions and assistants on the occasion of his wedding. Their number is limited to that of the bridesmaids: one for each. It is unnecessary to add that very much of the social pleasure of the day will depend on their proper mating. Young and unmarried they must be, handsome they should be, good-humored they cannot fail to be, well dressed they will of course take good care to be. Let the bridegroom diligently con over his circle of friends, and select the comeliest and the pleasantest fellows for his own train. The principal bridegroomsmen, styled his "best man," has, for the day, the special charge of the bridegroom; and the last warning we would give him is, to take care that, when the bridegroom puts on his wedding waistcoat, he does not omit to put the wedding ring into the corner of the left-hand pocket. The dress of a groomsmen should be light and elegant; a dress coat, formerly considered indispensable, is no longer adopted.

Duties to be attended to the Day before the Wedding.

The bride now sends white gloves, wrapped in white paper and tied with white ribbon, to each of the bridesmaids.

The bridegroom does the same to each of the bridegroomsmen.

One portion of the wedding cake is cut into small oblong pieces, and passed by the bridesmaids through the wedding ring, which is delivered into their charge for this purpose. The pieces of cake are afterwards put up in ornamental paper, generally pink or white, enamelled, and tied with bows of silvered paper. This pleasant old custom is, however, much on the wane.

The bridegroom's "best man," on this day must take care that due notice be sent to the minister of the parish where the ceremony is to take place, so that the church may be got ready, and the clergyman be in attendance.

The bridegroom furnishes to the bridesmaids his list for the "Cards" to be sent to his friends ; of which hereafter.

The bridesmaids on the evening in question also prepare the wedding favors, which should be put up in a box ready to be conveyed to the church on the morning of the marriage.

Etiquette of a Wedding.

The parties being assembled at the residence of the bride's father, the happy *cortège* should proceed to the church in the following order :

In the first carriage, the bride's mother and the parents of the bridegroom.

In the second and third carriages, bridesmaids.

Other carriages with the bride's friends.

In the last carriage, the bride and her father.

Costume of the Bride.

A bride's costume should be white, or some hue as close as possible to it. Fawn color, gray, and lavender are entirely out of fashion. It is considered more stylish for a young bride to go without a bonnet, but for her head to be covered with only a wreath of orange blossoms and a lace veil. This, however, is entirely a matter of taste ; but, whether wearing a bonnet or not, the bride must always wear a veil. If a widow, she may wear not only a bonnet but a colored silk dress.

Costume of the Bridegroom.

Formerly it was not considered to be in good taste for a gentleman to be married in a black coat. More latitude is now allowed in the costume of a bridegroom, the style now adopted being a frock coat, light trousers, white satin or silk waistcoat, ornamental tie, and white or gray gloves.

How the Bridesmaids should be Dressed.

The bridesmaids dress generally in pairs, each two alike, but sometimes all wear a similar costume. Pink and light blue, with white pardessus, or white with pink or blue are admissible colors.

The bonnets, if worn, must be white, with marabout feathers ; but, of late, bonnets have usually been discarded, the bridesmaids wearing veils instead. The whole costume of a bridesmaid should have a very light but brilliant effect, and the *tout ensemble* of this fair *bevy* should be so constituted in style and color as to look well by the side of and about the bride. It should be as the warm coloring in the background of a sun-lit picture, helping to throw into the foreground the dress of the bride, and make her prominent, as the principal person in the tableau.

Arrival at the Church.

The bridegroom receives the bride in the vestry, where he must take especial care to arrive in good time before the hour appointed.

Order of the Procession to the Altar.

The father of the bride generally advances with her from the vestry to the altar, followed immediately by the bridesmaids. The father of the bridegroom, if present, gives his arm to the bride's mother if she be present, as is now usual at fashionable weddings, and goes next to the bridesmaids. The friends who have come with the wedding party proceed next in succession.

The bridegroom with his groomsmen must be in readiness to meet the bride at the altar, the bridegroom standing at the left hand of the clergyman, in the centre before the altar rails.

We have seen on some occasions the bridegroom offer the bride his left arm to lead her to the altar ; but this should be avoided ; for by so doing, the whole order of the procession to the altar becomes inverted, and must then be arranged as follows :

The father, or some male relative or friend, and the mother of the bride, or if she be not present, the mother of the gentleman, or one of the oldest female relations or friends of the bride's family, are to lead the way towards the altar from the vestry.

The friends who have come with the wedding party follow next in succession.

Then come the bridesmaids and bridegrooms in pairs.

The bridegroom, having offered his left arm to the bride, now conducts her up the centre aisle of the church to the altar. The parties in advance file to the right and left of the altar, leaving the bride and bridegroom in the centre.

The Marriage Ceremony.

The bridegroom stands at the right hand of the bride. The father stands just behind her, so as to be in readiness to give her hand at the proper moment to the bridegroom. The principal bridesmaid stands on the left of the bride, ready to take off the bride's glove, which she keeps as a perquisite and prize of her office.

It was ordered by the old Rubrics that the woman, if a widow, should have her hand covered when presented by father or friend to the priest for marriage; one of the many points by which the church distinguished second marriages. A piece of silver and a piece of gold were also laid with the wedding ring upon the priest's book (where the cross would be on the cover), in token of dower to the wife.

The Words "I will"

are to be pronounced distinctly and audibly by both parties, such being the all-important part of the ceremony as respects themselves; the public delivery, before the priest or minister, by the father of his daughter to the bridegroom, being an evidence of his assent; the silence which follows the inquiry for "cause or just impediment" testifying that of society in general; and the "I will" being the declaration of the bride and bridegroom that they are voluntary parties to their holy union in marriage.

The Words "Honor and Obey"

must also be distinctly spoken by the bride. They constitute an essential part of the obligation and contract of matrimony on her part.

This obedience on the part of the wife concerning which there is oftentimes much serious questioning among ladies, old and young, while yet unmarried, is thus finely defined by Jeremy Taylor:—"It is a voluntary cession that is required; such a cession as must be without coercion and violence on his part, but upon fair inducements and reasonableness in the thing, and out of love and honor on her part. When God commands us to love Him, He means we shall obey him. 'This is love, that ye keep my commandments; and if ye love me,' says the Lord, 'keep my commandments.' Now as Christ is to the Church, so is man to the wife; and therefore obedience is the best instance of her

love ; for it proclaims her submission, her humility, her opinion of his wisdom, his pre-eminence in the family, the right of his privilege, and the injunction imposed by God upon her sex, that although in sorrow she bring forth children, yet with love and choice she should obey. The man's authority is love, and the woman's love is obedience. It is modesty to advance and highly to honor them who have honored us by making us the companions of their dearest excellencies ; for the woman that went before the man in the way of death, is commanded to follow him in the way of love ; and that makes the society to be perfect, and the union profitable, and the harmony complete."

The Ring.

The Episcopal Rubric tells us "the man shall give unto the woman a ring, laying the same upon the book with the accustomed duty to the priest and clerk." This latter rule is, however, not now observed, it being usual to pay the fees in the vestry ; but to ensure the presence of the ring, a caution by no means unnecessary, and in some measure to sanctify that emblem of an eternal union, it is asked for by the clerk previously to the commencement of the ceremony, who advises that it be placed upon the book.

We pity the unfortunate bridegroom who at this moment cannot, by at once inserting his hand into the corner (the one most ready to his finger and thumb) of his left-hand waistcoat-pocket, pull out the wedding ring. Imagine his dismay at not finding it there—the first surprise, the growing anxiety, as the right-hand pocket is next rummaged—the blank look, as he follows this by the discovery that his nether garments have no pockets whatsoever, not even a watch-fob, where it may lie *perdue* in a corner ! Amid the suppressed giggle of the bridesmaids, the disconcerted look of the bride herself, at such a palpable instance of carelessness on the part of the bridegroom thus publicly displayed before all her friends, and the half-repressed disapprobation of the numerous circle around, he fumbles in his coat-pockets, and turns them inside-out. A further but useless search causes increased confusion and general annoyance ; at length it becomes evident that the unfortunate ring has been forgotten ! We may observe, however, that in default of the ring, the wedding ring of the mother may be used. The application of the key of the church door is tradi-

tionary in this absurd dilemma; and in country churches a straw twisted into a circle has been known to supply the place of the orthodox hoop of gold!

After the Ceremony

the clergyman usually shakes hands with the bride and bridegroom, and the bride's father and mother, and a general congratulation ensues.

The Clergyman and Assistant Clergymen.

The clergyman of the church is invariably invited to attend, although the ceremony may be performed by some clerical friend of the bride or bridegroom. This is called "assisting;" other clergymen who may attend in addition, as is sometimes the case, are said also to "assist." But as much ridicule has fallen upon the adoption of this custom, and as the expression of "assisting" is considered an affectation, it is much less in vogue than it was; and it is no longer usual to mention the names of any other clergymen than that of the one who performs the ceremony, and of the clergyman of the church, who should be present whether invited or not. It is, indeed, his duty to attend, and he should insist on so doing, inasmuch as the entry of the marriage in the parish register is supposed to be made under his sanction and authority. It should not be forgotten that the presence of an "assisting clergyman" entails the doubling of the fees. The payment of the fees is generally entrusted to the bridegroom's "best man," or some other intimate friend of his.

Difference of Religion.

Where the bride and bridegroom are of different religions, the marriage is first usually celebrated in the church of that communion to which the husband belongs; the second celebration should immediately follow, and upon the same day. Some, however, regard it as duly deferential to the bride's feelings that the first ceremony should be performed in her own communion.

The Return to the Vestry.

On the completion of the ceremony the bride is led to the vestry by the bridegroom. The bridesmaids and bridegroomsmen follow, the principals of each taking the lead; then the father of the

bride, followed by the father and mother of the bridegroom, and the rest of the company.

The Registry of the Marriage.

The husband signs first ; then the bride-wife, for the last time in her maiden name ; next the father of the bride, and the mother, if present ; then the father and mother of the bridegroom, if present ; next the bridesmaids and the bridegroomsmen ; then such of the rest of the company as may desire to be on the record as witnesses. All the names must be signed in full. The certificate of the marriage is then handed to the bride, and should be carefully preserved in her own possession.

The Wedding Favors.

In England, outside the church, as soon as the ceremony is completed—and not before, for it is regarded as unfortunate—a box of the wedding favors is opened, and every servant in waiting takes care to pin one on the right side of his hat, while the coachmen, too, ornament therewith the ears of their horses. Inside the church the wedding favors are also distributed, and a gay, gallant and animated scene ensues, as each bridesmaid pins on to the coat of each bridegroomsman a wedding favor, which he returns by pinning one also on her shoulder. Every “favor” is carefully furnished with two pins for this purpose ; and it is amazing to see the flutter, the coquettish smiling, and the frequent pricking of fingers, which the performance of this *piquant* and pleasant duty of the wedding bachelors and ladies “in waiting” does occasion !

The Return Home.

The bridegroom now leads the bride out of the church, and the happy pair return homeward in the first carriage. The father and mother follow in the next. The rest “stand not on the order of their going,” but start off in such wise as they can best contrive.

The Wedding Breakfast.

The bride and bridegroom sit together at the centre of the table, in front of the wedding cake, the clergyman who performed the ceremony taking his place opposite to them. The top and bottom of the table are occupied by the father and mother of the bride. The principal bridesmaid sits to the left of the bride, and the principal bridegroomsman on the left of the bridegroom. It may

not be unnecessary to say that it is customary for the ladies to wear their bonnets just as they came from the church. The bridesmaids cut the cake into small pieces, which are not eaten until the health of the bride is proposed. This is usually done by the officiating clergyman, or by an old and cherished friend of the family of the bridegroom. The bridegroom returns thanks for the bride and for himself. The health of the bride's parents is then proposed, and is followed by those of the principal personages present, the toasts of the bridesmaids being generally one of the pleasantest features of the festal ceremony. After about two hours, the principal bridesmaid leads the bride out of the room as quietly as possible, so as not to disturb the party or attract attention. Shortly after—it may be in about ten minutes—the absence of the bride being noticed, the rest of the ladies retire. Then it is that the bridegroom has a few *melancholy* moments to bid adieu to his bachelor friends, and he then generally receives some hints on the subject in a short address from one of them, to which he is of course expected to respond. He then withdraws for a few moments, and then returns after having made a slight addition to his toilet, in readiness for travelling.

In some recent fashionable weddings we have noticed that the bride and bridegroom do not attend the wedding breakfast, but after a slight refreshment in a private apartment, take their departure immediately on the wedding tour. But this defalcation, if we may so call it, of the chief *dramatis personæ* of the day, though considered to be in good taste, is by no means a popular innovation, but is rather regarded as a prudish dereliction from the ancient forms of hospitality, which are more prized than ever on so genial an occasion as a marriage.

Departure for the Honeymoon.

The young bride, divested of her bridal attire, and quietly costumed for the journey, now bids farewell to her bridesmaids and lady friends. A few tears spring to her gentle eyes as she takes a last look at the home she is now leaving. The servants venture to crowd about her with their humble but heartfelt congratulations; finally, she falls weeping on her mother's bosom. A short cough is heard, as of some one summoning up resolution to hide emotion. It is her father. He dares not trust

his voice ; but holds out his hand, gives her an affectionate kiss, and then leads her, half turning back, down the stairs and through the hall, to the door, where he delivers her as a precious charge to her husband, who hands her quickly into the carriage, springs in after her, waves his hand to the party who appear crowding at the windows, half smiles at the throng about the door, then, amidst a shower of old slippers—missiles of good-luck sent flying after the happy pair—gives the word, and they are off, and started on the long-hoped-for voyage !

Etiquette after the Wedding.

The dress of the bride during the honeymoon should be characterized by modesty, an attractive simplicity, and scrupulous neatness. The slightest approach to slatternliness in costume, when all should be exquisitely trim from *chevelure* to *chaussure*, would be an abomination, and assuredly beget a most unpleasant impression on the susceptible feelings of the husband. He will naturally regard any carelessness or indifference in this respect, at such a time, as a bad augury for the future.

The Wedding Cards.

The distribution of these has long been regarded as an important social duty ; it devolves, as we have already said, on the bridesmaids, who meet for that purpose at the house of the bride's father on the day after the wedding. The cards, which are always furnished by the bridegroom, are twofold—the one having upon it the gentleman's and the other the lady's name. They are placed in envelopes, those containing the lady's card having her maiden name engraved or lithographed inside the fold, and have all been addressed some time before by the bridesmaids, to whom the gentleman has given a list of such of his friends as he wishes to introduce to his home. The lady generally sends cards to all whom she has been in the habit of receiving or visiting while at her father's house. She, too, has now an opportunity of dropping such acquaintances as she may not be desirous of retaining in her wedded life.

This point of sending the cards has until recently been considered as one requiring great care and circumspection, since an omission has frequently been regarded as a serious affront. To those parties whose visiting acquaintance is wished to be kept up, on the bride's card it has been the custom until lately to add the words "At home" on such a day. But this usage is going out of vogue.

To send cards without an address is an intimation that the parties are not expected to call except in the case of friends who reside far away, or when the marriage has taken place at a distance. In fact, the address is understood to denote "At home," by those who adhere to the custom; it is better, however, that these words be put upon the cards.

A practice has grown up of late, more particularly where the circle of friends is extensive, to send invitations to such as are not called to the wedding feast to attend the ceremony at the church, instead of issuing cards at all. When this rule is observed, it is usual in notifying the marriage in the newspapers to add the words "No Cards."

On the return of the wedding pair from their honeymoon trip, about a month or six weeks after the wedding, they were, until recently expected to be "At home;" but the formality of reception days is now generally exploded. Intimate friends, whether "At home" cards have been issued or not, will, however, be expected to pay them a visit. But if reception days have been fixed, the bride, with her husband and bridesmaids, will sit "at home" ready to receive those to whom cards have been sent, the bride wearing her wedding dress, and the company invited to partake of wedding cake and wine, to drink the health of the bride.

Returning Visits.

The bride and her husband, or, in case he may not be able to attend her, the principal bridesmaid—the last of whose official duties this is—usually return all the wedding visits paid to them. Those who may have called on the bride without having received wedding cards should not have their visits returned, unless special reason exists to the contrary, such visits being deemed an impolite intrusion.

These return visits having been paid, the happy pair cease to

be spoken of as *bride* and *bridegroom*, but are henceforward styled the "newly-married couple," and then all goes on as if they had been married twenty years.

Practical Advice to a Newly-Married Couple.

Our advice to the husband will be brief. Let him have no concealments from his wife, but remember that their interests are mutual; that, as she must suffer the pains of every loss, as well as share the advantages of every success, in his career in life, she has therefore a right to know the risks she may be made to undergo. We do not say that it is necessary, or advisable, or even fair, to harass a wife's mind with the details of business; but where a change of circumstances—not for the better—is anticipated or risked, let her by all means be made acquainted with the fact in good time. Many a kind husband almost breaks his young wife's fond heart by an alteration in his manner, which she cannot but detect, but from ignorance of the cause very probably attributes to a wrong motive; while he, poor fellow, all the while out of pure tenderness, is endeavoring to conceal from her tidings—which must come out at last—of ruined hopes or failure in speculation; whereas, had she but known the danger beforehand, she would have alleviated his fears on her account, and by cheerful resignation have taken out half the sting of his disappointment. Let no man think lightly of the opinion of his wife in times of difficulty. Women have generally more acuteness of perception than men; and in moments of peril, or in circumstances that involve a crisis or turning-point in life, they have usually more resolution and greater instinctive judgment.

We recommend that every husband from the first should make his wife an allowance for ordinary household expenses—which he should pay weekly or monthly—and for the expenditure of which he should not, unless for some urgent reason, call her to account.

A wife should also receive a stated allowance for dress, within which limit she ought always to restrict her expenses. An excess of expenditure under this head should be left to the considerate

kindness of her husband to concede. Nothing is more contemptible than for a woman to have perpetually to ask her husband for small sums for housekeeping expenses—nothing more annoying and humiliating than to have to apply to him always for money for her own private use—nothing more disgusting than to see a man “molly-coddling” about marketing, and rummaging about for cheap articles of all kinds.

Let the husband beware, when things go wrong with him in business affairs, of venting his bitter feelings of disappointment and despair in the presence of his wife and family; feelings which, while abroad, he finds it practicable to restrain. It is as unjust as it is impolitic to indulge in such a habit.

A wife having married the man she loves above all others, must be expected in her turn to pay some court to him. Before marriage she has, doubtless, been made his idol. Every moment he could spare, and perhaps many more than he could properly so appropriate, have been devoted to her. How anxiously has he not revolved in his mind his worldly chances of making her happy! How often has he not had to reflect, before he made the proposal of marriage, whether he should be acting dishonorably towards her by incurring the risk, for the selfish motive of his own gratification, of placing her in a worse position than the one she occupied at home! And still more than this, he must have had to consider with anxiety the probability of having to provide for an increasing family, with all its concomitant expenses.

We say, then, that being married, and the honeymoon over, the husband must necessarily return to his usual occupations, which will, in all probability, engage the greater part of his thoughts, for he will now be desirous to have it in his power to procure various little indulgences for his wife's sake which he never would have dreamed of for his own. He comes to his home weary and fatigued; his young wife has had but her pleasures to gratify, or the quiet routine of her domestic duties to attend to, while he has been toiling through the day to enable her to gratify these pleasures and to fulfill these duties. Let, then, the dear, tired husband, at the close of his daily labors, be made welcome by the endearments of his loving spouse—let him be free from the care of having to satisfy the caprices of a petted wife. Let her now take her turn in paying those many little love-begotten attentions which

married men look for to soothe them—let her reciprocate that devotion to herself, which, from the early hours of their love, he cherished for her, by her ever-ready endeavors to make him happy and his home attractive.

In the presence of other persons, however, married people should refrain from fulsome expressions of endearments to each other, the use of which, although a common practice, is really a mark of bad taste. It is desirable also to caution them against adopting the too prevalent vulgarism of calling each other, or indeed any person whatever, merely by the initial letter of their surname.

A married woman should always be very careful how she receives personal compliments. She should never court them, nor ever feel flattered by them, whether in her husband's presence or not. If in his presence, they can hardly fail to be distasteful to him; if in his absence, a lady, by a dignified demeanor, may always convince an assiduous admirer that his attentions are not well received, and at once and for ever stop all familiar advances. In case of insult, a wife should immediately make her husband acquainted therewith; as the only chance of safety to a villain lies in the concealment of such things by a lady from dread of consequences to her husband. From that moment he has her at advantage, and may very likely work on deliberately to the undermining of her character. He is thus enabled to play upon her fears, and taunt her with their mutual secret and its concealment, until she may be involved, guilelessly, in a web of apparent guilt, from which she can never extricate herself without risking the happiness of her future life.

Not the least useful piece of advice—homely though it may be—that we can offer to newly-married ladies, is to remind them that husbands are men, and that men must eat. We can tell them, moreover, that men attach no small importance to this very essential operation, and that a very effectual way to keep them in good humor, as well as in good condition, is for wives to study their husbands' peculiar likes and dislikes in this matter. Let the wife try, therefore, if she have not already done so, to get up a little knowledge of the art of *ordering* dinner, to say the least of it. This task, if she be disposed to learn it, will in time be easy enough; moreover, if in addition she should acquire some practical know-

ledge of cookery, she will find ample rewards in the gratification it will be the means of affording her husband.

Servants are difficult subjects for a young wife to handle; she generally either spoils them by indulgence, or ruins them by finding fault unfairly. At last they either get the better of her, or she is voted too bad for them. The art lies in steady command and management of yourself as well as them. The well-known Dr. Clarke, who was always well served, used to say, "It is so extremely hard to get good servants, that we should not lightly give them up when even tolerable. My advice is, bear a little with them, and do not be too sharp; pass by little things with gentle reprehension; now and then a little serious advice does far more good than sudden fault-finding when the offence justly occurs. If my wife had not acted in this way, we must have been continually changing, and nothing can be more disagreeable in a family, and, indeed, it is generally disgraceful."

An observance of the few following rules will in all probability ensure a life of domestic harmony, peace and comfort.

To hear as little as possible of whatever is to the prejudice of others; to believe nothing of the kind until you are compelled to admit the truth of it; never to take part in the circulation of evil report and idle gossip; always to moderate, as far as possible, harsh and unkind expressions reflecting upon others; always to believe that if the other side were heard, a very different account might be given of the matter.

In conclusion, we say emphatically to the newly-wedded wife, that attention to these practical hints will prolong her honeymoon throughout the whole period of wedded life, and cause her husband, as each year adds to the sum of his happiness, to bless the day when he first chose her as the nucleus round which he might consolidate the inestimable blessings of home.

"How fair is home, in fancy's pictured theme,
In wedded life, in love's romantic dream!
Thence springs each hope, there every spring returns,
Pure as the flame that upward heavenward burns;
There sits the wife, whose radiant smile is given—
The daily sun of the domestic heaven;
And when calm evening sheds a secret power,
Her looks of love imparadise the hour;
While children round, a beauteous train, appear,
Attendant stars, revolving in her sphere."

HOLLAND'S *Hopes of Matrimony.*

LETTERS.

LETTER I.

From a Gentleman to a Lady whom he has seen but once.

HYDE PARK, May 3, 18—

MISS :

Prompted by an impulse which I cannot control, and impelled onward by a passion which overwhelms every other consideration, I have dared to address you with the hope, faint, yet deathless, that Fortune, which sometimes seconds a desperate resolve, may thus far favor me.

I acknowledge that, previous to yesterday, my eyes had never beheld you ; but no sooner did you flash across my path than I felt enchained, enraptured, and experienced an instantaneous and vivid impression to which I had hitherto been a stranger.

I could not remain easy a moment longer without ascertaining your name and address. To accomplish this, I had the boldness to follow your footsteps, and for this and subsequent acts of temerity, I seek your pardon, and implore you to overlook the offence for the sentiment which occasioned it.

That I should be charmed at first sight by so fair a presence cannot be inconsistent in itself, or a matter of surprise to you ; doubtless this is not the first instance by many of your having led the senses captive on the instant. It may, however, be the first time of your having been addressed under similar circumstances ; so that, while others hesitate outside the barrier, I have entered the lists, and set my lance in rest.

For this display of eagerness and impetuosity, let me ask your forgiveness, and at the same time remind you that it is not altogether incompatible with real regard, which some suppose should be of slow and gradual growth.

I venture to assert, however, that in every case where two hearts are concerned, affection has had its birth in some instantaneous impression or sudden impulse. Esteem, respect, and regard, which accompany the tender passion, follow afterwards. The heart is first impressed with a hasty sketch, and the outline is at a later date filled in.

I trust, therefore, Miss, that although this communication emanates from one to whom you are unknown you will not conceive it to be wholly undeserving of notice; but that you may be induced to hold out some hope, however slight, and to favor me with a few words of reply, from which I may extract hope to animate me, and encouragement to persevere.

I have the honor to be, Miss,

Your devoted servant,

To Miss _____

LETTER II.

From a Gentleman to a Lady whom he has met casually.

27 WILLOUGHBY STREET, June 23, 18—

Miss:

I trust you will pardon the liberty which a comparative stranger takes in thus addressing you. I confess I can advance no stronger claim to your notice than that of having frequently met you in your walks, and having seen you many times at church; and I should not have dared to take this somewhat unusual step, but for the conviction of the utter hopelessness of my ever gaining admission to your presence through the ordinary medium of introduction.

Pray, Miss, do me the favor to believe that the words I venture to address to you are not dictated by any idle fancy or transient passion. For weeks, for months, your form has taken possession of my faculties, and your image has become indelibly engraved upon my heart, until at length, emboldened by despair, and urged on by hope, I resolved to approach you in the manner I now do—the only way indeed which suggested itself to me as the least

likely to cause you disquietude and embarrassment, and the best calculated to procure for me a favorable hearing.

I flatter myself that, from the number of times I have had the pleasure of meeting you—although in a casual way—you have taken sufficient notice of me to possess some slight knowledge of my personal appearance; and, as I have appended my name and address to this communication, the opportunity will be afforded you—if you will deign so far to favor me—of making inquiries respecting my character and position.

This accomplished, I most respectfully crave permission to wait upon you, so that I may deliver with my own lips those sentiments which have for so long a period absorbed my thoughts.

Once more, Miss, I entreat you to regard with an indulgent eye the liberty I have taken, and to attribute my boldness not to a want of due respect, but to a sincere and irrepressible feeling of regard which, fixed upon the attainment of a priceless possession, sees no obstacle, and owns no impediment.

Trusting that you will favor me and honor me with a reply, I beg to subscribe myself, Miss,

Your most humble and devoted servant,

To Miss _____

LETTER III.

Favorable Answer to the Foregoing.

GREEN POINT, June 27, 18—

Sir:

I scarcely know whether I am acting rightly in answering your communication, and I certainly should not have done so but for the respectful and apparently earnest tone in which you have addressed me.

You must not, however, misinterpret this concession as giving you any immediate encouragement; and I must at once apprise you that I cannot accede to your request of a personal interview. I am living here under the care of my aunt; to her I have shown your letter, and she bids me say that if you think proper to call and see her any evening, she will give you a hearing.

My subsequent determination will in a great measure depend

upon the counsel I shall receive, joined to my own feelings and inclination. Beyond this, I cannot for the present say more, excepting that

I remain, sir, yours respectfully,

To Mr. _____

LETTER IV.

Unfavorable Answer.

CLINTON STREET, June 27, 18—

SIR :

To your extraordinary letter I have nothing to reply, beyond informing you that such communications are most unacceptable, and I beg that all further correspondence may cease.

I am, sir, yours, etc.,

To Mr. _____

LETTER V.

From a Gentleman Disclosing a Passion he has long felt but hitherto concealed.

MOUNT VERNON, July 17, 18—

MISS :

I know not how many letters, having a purport similar to that which I have now the boldness to address to you, I have written and destroyed. Nor can I say how long my heart has become possessed of the warmest esteem and the most ardent admiration for you.

Language fails to express how sedulously I have watched your every movement, how breathlessly I have hung upon each word you have uttered. What joy and happiness have been diffused by your presence ! by your absence, what desolation and dejection ! When, at times, you have spoken to me in that kind and winning manner peculiarly your own, I have been overwhelmed with ecstasy ; and often have I lived for days and nights upon the remembrance of one of your sweet smiles.

But how, I often ask myself, am I to become worthy of such excellence and perfection? By what steps am I to reach the height to which I have dared to aspire? Oh, Miss, did I not know your kindness of disposition and your goodness of heart, I should now lay down my pen in despair, and count my aim as hopeless. But knowing as I do that you will leniently judge my demerits, and favorably estimate any qualities which, haply, I may possess, I am not wholly without hope that I may ultimately be enabled to win my way into your gracious favor.

To accomplish this, no opportunity shall be missed, no effort spared, no toil denied. I shall consider myself as devoted to your service—amply repaid by a few occasional words of approbation and encouragement, and supremely blest can I but receive the assurance that the prize for which I am striving shall one day be mine.

May I trespass for a brief space further on your attention, by requesting most respectfully the favor of a few lines in reply, which I shall await with eagerness, impatience, and anxiety?

I am, Miss, your devoted, humble servant,

To Miss _____

LETTER VI.

Favorable Answer to the Foregoing.

SYLVAN GROVE, July 21, 18—

Sir:

I have received your letter, in which you probably have undervalued your own qualities as much as you have over-estimated mine. At all events, from what I have seen of you, the opinion I have formed is by no means to your prejudice, and I offer no objection to your proposals.

But you must receive this reply conditionally, for before proceeding further, I must consult my mother, whose will in all things I obey. Should she be favorably disposed towards you, you will, in all probability, hear from her or me in the course of a few days. Meantime,

I remain, sir, yours, obediently,

To _____, Esq. _____

LETTER VII.

Unfavorable Answer.

HAMILTON PLACE, July 20, 18—

SIR :

I regret that you should have persuaded yourself into entertaining towards me sentiments which I am forced to tell you can never be reciprocated.

In returning this answer, I assure you that it is not from a want of perception of your worth, or appreciation of your merit ; on the contrary, I ever shall esteem you, as I always have done, and I am pained on your account that I cannot say more than this.

I am, sir, yours, truly and respectfully,

To ———, Esq. _____

LETTER VIII.

From a Gentleman advanced in Years to a Young Lady.

ALDERNEY PARK, December 4, 18—

MISS :

You will probably be astonished on perusing the contents of this letter, but I trust, nevertheless, that I shall not offend you by what I have written, nor suggest occasion for ridicule.

I cannot disguise from you the fact that I am many years your senior, and, according to every day notions, I ought not to address you in any other strain than that which an elderly friend might adopt. But if I venture to overstep the prescribed limits, I must seek for an excuse in your loveliness and amiability, which have taken so strong a hold of me, as to make me forget aught else but that I admire you ardently and esteem you tenderly.

The world, I am aware, is apt to censure a union where a disparity of years is conspicuous ; but permit me to remark that there are alliances far more ill-assorted, in which, it is true, there is an agreement of age, but a want of harmony in views, tastes, and sentiments, provocative of more unhappiness than the binding of youth with age.

Should you honor me with your hand, my endeavor would be, by constant solicitude and affection, to make you forget or overlook my gray hairs ; whilst, in common gratitude for your having consented to cheer my declining days, the remnant of my life should be devoted to consulting your interests and gratifying your wishes.

I trust you will not think I am hinting at a bribe when I state that my means are more than ample to procure for you every comfort and luxury that life can afford ; and when I am gone I shall be able to secure to you a provision befitting a lady.

Ardently trusting that you may be prevailed upon to reply,

I remain, Miss, your sincere admirer,

To Miss _____

LETTER IX.

Favorable Answer to the Foregoing.

ASHLAND, December 12, 18—

SIR :

I need scarcely say that I was quite unprepared for a communication of the nature of that which you have addressed to me, and it has taken me some time to decide upon so difficult and delicate a matter.

I recognize the truth of your statement that there are many alliances ill-assorted from other causes than disparity of age ; and from what I have seen and heard of you, I am inclined to believe that any difference in this direction would be compensated for by extra kindness and care. I therefore offer no opposition to the wishes you have expressed.

On Wednesday next I am going to the house of my brother-in-law, Mr. _____, and if you call there in the evening you will see—

Yours, faithfully,

To _____, Esq.

and lasting impression upon me, and to their possessor I beg most respectfully, most sincerely, to tender my homage.

As I may happily claim the privilege of being not altogether a stranger to you, my antecedents, as well as my present position, are matters with which you are already, possibly, acquainted; and with regard to my character, I trust that any of the friends beneath whose roof we have met will be able to inform you satisfactorily.

If, therefore, Miss, you do not regard my appeal with disfavor, may I beg the honor of an interview, in order that I may speak to you more fully upon the subject to which I have here briefly alluded?

Anxiously awaiting your reply,

I remain, Miss,

Your most obedient servant,

To Miss _____

LETTER XII.

Favorable Answer to the Foregoing.

ROSLYN PLACE, January 26, 18—

SIR:

Although I cannot affect to have no knowledge of you, I must at the same time confess that I have hitherto viewed you in the light of a casual acquaintance, and it has never suggested itself to me that you regarded me in any other character.

Your communication, therefore, has taken me by surprise; and for the present I must be excused from saying more than that I should wish to have further opportunities of forming my judgment, and of consulting with my friends upon so important and weighty a question. Meanwhile,

I remain, Sir,

Respectfully yours,

To _____, Esq.

LETTER XIII.

Unfavorable Answer.

BLOOMINGDALE ROAD, January 15, 18—

SIR:

While thanking you for the flattering terms in which you speak of me, I have no alternative—from circumstances which I need not explain—than that of declining the honor you proffer.

At the same time I beg to express a hope that, notwithstanding this reply, the friendly terms upon which we have hitherto met will be in no degree altered.

I am, Sir, yours. respectfully,

To ———, Esq. _____

LETTER XIV.

From a Young Man to a Lady.

HIGH STREET, BROOKLYN, June 6, 18—

MISS:

In venturing to address these lines to you, I trust you will not count me unworthy of your notice because I am engaged in trade; nor that you will deem the pursuit of commerce incompatible with refined sentiments and honorable esteem.

It is true that up to the present moment the only communications with which you have honored me have been those of a business nature; but even these every-day opportunities have sufficed to reveal your worth, and have permitted me to entertain and cherish for you a well-founded and lasting regard.

My having resided here for so many years must render my character pretty well known, and I trust that the reports which have reached you have served to impress you favorably with my character. I may also inform you that my business is in a prosperous state, extending and increasing season by season, so as to afford a reasonable prospect of my being able, in the course of a few years, to retire upon an independence.

All that is wanting to render my lot in life a truly enviable one

is a wife ; and if, Miss, you would deign to listen to my proposals, I should have both the desire and ability to render your new position one of comfort, and I trust of happiness.

Should this communication appear at first sight sudden and abrupt, I must beg of you to consider the peculiar circumstances in which I am placed, prohibiting, as they do, those opportunities of gradually contracting an intimacy which are allowed to persons of more leisure and freedom of action.

Trusting that I may have the happiness to receive a favorable reply, I remain, miss,

Yours very respectfully and truly, _____

To Miss _____

LETTER XV.

From a Young Lawyer to a Lady.

CAMBRIDGE, July 7, 18—

DEAR MISS :

I am bold enough to flatter myself with the belief that you are not altogether a stranger to the fact of my having regarded you for some time with an eye of tenderness.

The position in life which I at present occupy, that of a junior member of a profession, is one which the worldly and calculating are pleased to consider fitted only for celibacy. Speaking metaphorically, it is said, that while a swimmer is struggling against the tide he is better without a burden, which might prevent or retard his reaching the shore ; or that while one is climbing the ladder of life he should not be clogged with a load which might tend to press him downwards.

To these seemingly consistent axioms I have the temerity to adopt opinions directly opposite. My belief is that the struggles of an early career are calculated to prove less severe and more promising when there is one who constantly stands by to encourage and applaud ; and the upward stormy path is rendered less steep and galling to the tread, when a fair hand plucks forth the briars, and strews flowers on the pathway instead.

May I be permitted, dear Miss, to apply these illustrations to

yourself and to me? May I be so sanguine as to hope that you will construe with favoring philosophy this theory of companionship; and that while I am fighting the battle of life I may find an incentive in your approbation, a guerdon in your regard?

Think not that in thus inviting you to identify your fate with mine, I am either selfish on the one hand, or absurdly romantic on the other. Although the outset of my life may resolve itself into a term of probation and a period of trial, I shall, notwithstanding, be able to secure for you many of the amenities of life, and in the end I trust to have it in my power to raise you to a position which, while it ennobles you, will derive a new charm from its choicest and latest representative.

Beyond this I will not attempt to say more. I well know that your generous nature needs no urging to accomplish a beneficent action, and I venture to hope that a regard for my well-being, and your belief in my loyalty, are such that, if you deem my prayer worthy of being heard, you will not hesitate to seal my happiness by granting it.

I am, dear, Miss,

Yours, faithfully and devotedly, _____

To Miss _____

LETTER XVI.

From a Military Officer ordered to the Frontier.

FORT DODGE, March 2, 18—

DEAR _____:

I had fondly indulged in the hope that for some little time longer I should be spared the pain of being banished from you, and tearing myself from your sweet presence. Fate, however, has willed it otherwise. An order has just been received for our regiment to proceed further on, and with the promptitude of action which characterizes military movements, the date of our starting is settled to be the —th of the present month. The shortness of the interval, and the numerous responsibilities which meanwhile devolve upon me, unhappily prevent me from seeing you once

more before I start, and, with heaviness of heart, I have no alternative but to sit down and pen you a few lines of sad farewell.

It would be almost idle to declare that at the present moment, as indeed at every other, my soul is possessed with you. As I write, your form stands before me, and I see your fair face, pale and sorrowful, bent upon me while I am thus engaged. What numberless recollections of the past rush in upon me! and how my heart is overburdened with regrets for opportunities missed and errors committed, the former never to be recalled, but the latter, I hope, forgiven!

Let me, however, pass on to the future. It is said that we are to return in two years. That period to some will be brief enough, but to me it will appear an eternity. And with secret delight I shall watch every sunset, recording as it will another period of expatriation passed, another day journeying nearer to you.

Dare I ask you to keep me in your memory during that long dreary interval? The request may appear selfish, but how can I consent to resign a prize so inestimable? Meanwhile my heart shall be wholly yours. Every thought, every action of mine shall be inspired by the memory of you, and your love shall be the stimulus to deeds calculated to do honor to the name I bear.

Thus striving to achieve fame and reap rewards, I shall, with the blessing of Providence, succeed; and on my return we may be permitted to enjoy—and enjoy the more supremely—a life of happiness earned by effort and consecrated by fidelity.

I could fill many sheets of paper with these parting words, but I should even then fail to express one tithe of the affection which my heart feels for you, or the absorbing and overwhelming grief which this parting occasions.

Farewell, dear —, farewell! May every blessing of Heaven light upon you and attend you! May a Higher Power have you constantly in its care and keeping, shielding you from danger, and directing your steps in pleasant places!

These aspirations, and every other tender and fervent wish which can emanate from a true and devoted heart, will ever be entertained for you by

Yours, faithfully and affectionately till death,

To Miss ———,

LETTER XVII.

From a Gentleman to a Young Lady with whom he has long been Acquainted.

BROOKLYN, February 17, 18—

DEAR MISS ———:

Notwithstanding the long acquaintance which has existed between us for so many years, I have never ventured to address you in warmer terms than friendship warrants. Nevertheless, I have long secretly entertained a tender regard for you, and I feel that the privilege of calling you mine would be the greatest felicity upon earth.

You cannot doubt the sincerity of my passion, since it is not of recent existence, but has grown out of my long intercourse with you, and has been fed and nurtured by those charms of mind and person which, above all other ladies of my acquaintance, you possess.

For myself, you have doubtless seen sufficient of me to lead you to a favorable or unfavorable judgment, and now that I have confessed how dear you are to me, need I tell you with what mingled sensations of hope and mistrust I count upon your verdict?

With each post I shall anxiously expect to receive the dear, welcome missive, and I shall mark that day of my life with a white stone which enables me to exchange the title of friend for that of lover.

I am, dear Miss, your sincere admirer, _____

To Miss ———.

LETTER XVIII.

Favorable Answer to the Foregoing.

CASTLETON, S. I., February 19, 18—

DEAR SIR:

To one whom I have for so many years regarded as a friend, and for whose good qualities I have the highest respect, I can return no other than an acquiescing answer.

I have mentioned the subject to my brother, who is now, as you know, the sole relative I have left, and he not only approves my acceptance of your proposals, but desires me to say, with his kind regards, that he will be happy to see you on the earliest day you can fix for a visit to his villa. Meanwhile,

I remain, dear Sir, yours very sincerely,
 To _____, Esq. _____

LETTER XIX.

Unfavorable Answer.

RUTHERFORD PARK, February 20, 18—

DEAR SIR:

The task you have set me of replying to your letter is unhappily a most painful one. I have been so long accustomed to regard you as a friend that it grieves me beyond description to be compelled to write anything in opposition to your views.

Candor, however, bids me declare that, much as I esteem and honor you, I am unconscious of that deeper feeling of which the heart should be susceptible towards one who proposes to occupy the position that you would.

While feeling highly flattered at the preference you have shown me, I deeply deplore its misdirection; for I am certain that there are many objects much more worthy of your affection than ever I could be, who would feel only too happy to receive your attentions, and but too proud to occupy the station to which you would raise them.

I sincerely trust that this negative reply will cause no estrangement between us, but that, on the contrary, you will approve of my choosing rather to remain your friend—as I hope I shall—than to consent to become in name only that which every woman ought to be in heart; moreover, if I do not mistake your nature, I believe you to be too generous and noble-minded to seek an alliance upon any other terms than those I have indicated.

I remain, dear sir, your sincere friend and well-wisher,
 To _____, Esq. _____

LETTER XX.

From a Gentleman to the Father of a young Lady to whom he proposes to pay his Addresses.

29 PARK AVENUE, October 9, 18—

SIR :

Having had the honor of meeting your daughter several times at the houses of mutual friends, I have learnt to conceive a great regard for her, and desire no higher happiness than the possession of her hand.

I have reason to believe that my attentions to your daughter are not altogether distasteful; and I therefore respectfully beg permission to pay my addresses to her, and to be recognized by yourself and family as her suitor.

Although I am young, the position I occupy is a good one, and there is every reasonable prospect of my circumstances improving as time advances, so that I feel certain of being able to maintain your daughter suitably.

As you are on terms of intimacy with some of my connections, you will be enabled to learn from them such other particulars as you may desire to know. And I may be permitted to add that, in the event of my proposals meeting your approval the study of my life will be to prove myself worthy of the father's confidence and the daughter's love.

Awaiting the favor of a reply,

I remain, Sir, yours very respectfully and faithfully,

To _____, Esq. _____

LETTER XXI.

Favorable Answer to the Foregoing.

28 ASHLAND PLACE, October 13, 18—

DEAR SIR :

In reply to your communication, I have great pleasure in saying that the inquiries I have made have satisfied me as to the stability of your position and the excellence of your character; and

I therefore freely give my consent to your paying your addresses to my daughter.

We shall have a small family dinner-party here on Wednesday next, at which I shall be happy to see you, and will take the opportunity of introducing you to the various members of our home circle.

I am, dear Sir, yours, very truly,

To _____, Esq. _____

LETTER XXII.

Unfavorable Answer to the Foregoing.

CLINTON PLACE, October 14, 18—

SIR :

I regret that the painful task devolves upon me of returning an answer to your communication which may, for the moment, occasion you some disappointment.

I have not one word to urge against your character, which I believe to be an estimable one, nor do I for a moment question your present position or your future prospects ; but I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that your youth and inexperience unfit you at present for the duties and responsibilities of married life. I am also an enemy to protracted courtship, and, therefore, I must beg to decline the honor you propose.

How far I might be induced to reconsider my determination at some future time it would be premature at present to say ; nor do I think it desirable, either for my daughter's welfare or your own, that any compact or pledge should be imposed which both of you might hereafter regret having entered into.

With the most sincere wishes for your welfare and happiness,

I remain, Sir, yours truly.

To _____, Esq. _____

LETTER XXIII.

From a Gentleman to the Mother of a Lady whose Hand he solicits.

ST. MARK'S PLACE, June 19, 18—

MADAM:

Permit me, most respectfully, to inform you that for some time past I have entertained a tender regard for your daughter, and I now solicit the happy privilege of visiting her, and, at the same time, of paying my respects to you.

My means are amply sufficient to maintain in comfort and respectability the lady who would honor me with her hand, and I trust that my disposition is such as to leave a daughter no cause to regret that she had exchanged a mother's home for a husband's roof.

As I have the honor of being known to Mr. and Mrs. ———, who are, I believe, intimate friends of yours; they will be able to satisfy you upon many points upon which it would be scarcely becoming of me to enlarge.

Trusting I may have the pleasure of receiving a favorable reply,

I remain, Madam, yours truly and respectfully,

To Mrs. ———

LETTER XXIV.

Favorable Answer to the Foregoing.

PIERREPONT PLACE, BROOKLYN, June 24, 18—

DEAR SIR:

I have consulted my daughter respecting the communication with which you favored me, and have also made inquiries of Mr. and Mrs. ——— concerning you. The result is that I feel it would be selfish of me to interpose any obstacle to your wishes, and you have, therefore, my consent to pay your addresses to my daughter.

It may not be out of place here to remind you how devotedly I am attached to this my only tie upon earth, and with what tenderness and care Clara has been reared; while to me she has been the

most dutiful and affectionate of daughters, and I believe will make the best of wives.

Some of our relations from the country are coming to spend the day with us on Monday, and in the evening we shall be happy to see you.

I am, dear Sir, yours, faithfully,
 To _____, Esq. _____

LETTER XXV.

Unfavorable Answer to the Foregoing.

KING'S BRIDGE, June 22, 18—

SIR:

I regret being compelled to return a negative reply to your letter. Ever since my daughter has been left fatherless, her existence and mine have been bound up in each other, and neither of us would consent to take a step which was not calculated to promote mutual as well as individual happiness. To you it may appear that I am harsh and selfish in deciding adversely to your wishes, but I can conscientiously acquit myself of any such feelings and motives, and assure you that in declining to receive your proposals, I believe I am best consulting the interests of all parties concerned.

I do this with the greatest respect, and at the same time acknowledging your worth of character and personal good qualities; and trusting you will accept the wishes of my daughter in unison with my own, that your future may be prosperous and happy,

I am, Sir, yours very respectfully,
 To _____, Esq. _____

LETTER XXVI.

From a Young Lady to her Father, acquainting him with Proposals of Marriage.

IRVINGTON, N. Y., 18—

MY DEAR FATHER:

Duty and affection prompt me to put you in early possession

of a circumstance which, while it is important to me, concerns also your own honor and happiness.

Mr. ———, of this place, who has been some time paying attention to me, has at length made me a formal proposal. My answer was that I would consult you upon the matter, and would acquaint him with your determination.

I confess to being predisposed in Mr. ———'s favor. He appears to be a man of good sense, amiable disposition, and kind heart. Against his character I can hear nothing; but, on the contrary, every one speaks of him in terms of the highest praise. But, my dear father, I would not consent to proceed a step farther until you should have satisfied yourself that the object of my preference is such as you approve in every respect.

Your invariable kindness and care have inspired me with an unbounded confidence in everything that you undertake on my behalf, and I feel certain that while on the one hand you would not suffer me to contract an unworthy alliance, neither on the other would you exercise your judgment capriciously, or unnecessarily bar my happiness.

Mr. ——— has been for some years on visiting terms with our old friends the ———; it was there that I first met him, and I doubt not that from this quarter you will gain all the information you require.

Meanwhile, rest assured that whatever your decision may be, I will abide by it, proving to you that in this, as in all things else,
I am, my dear father, your dutiful and affectionate daughter,

To ———, Esq.

LETTER XXVII.

From a Rejected Suitor.

CHARLESTON, May 8, 18—

Miss:

Although, by addressing you once again, I run the risk of offending you, I must beg of you to consider my importunity as the result of an admiration so ardent and sincere that it will not bear to be repressed by ordinary discouragement.

Some time has elapsed since I had the unhappiness to receive from you an answer rejecting my proposals. But as, in the interval, it is possible that circumstances may have occurred to induce you to alter your determination, I appeal to you again with the hope that you may be inclined to review, and I trust to reverse, your former decision.

It is possible that some points of my character may have been misunderstood, or that I have been judged hastily in matters which the lapse of time has served to explain satisfactorily. There may be attaching to me some failing—of which, alas! I know I have many—that needs but my consciousness of its existence to bring about its removal.

Be the cause what it may, I trust that I am not regarded by you with positive dislike or unconquerable aversion, and I implore you to afford me the opportunity of removing any prejudice that may exist, and of convincing you by unswerving devotion and unchangeable regard that you are all in all to me.

I do not speak idle words, or proclaim an empty promise, when I say that there is no sacrifice I would hesitate to make, no line of conduct I would refuse to adopt, could I but win your favor. Again, therefore, let me entreat you to point out any defect of mine which causes you repugnance, and I will at once eradicate it.

Trusting that your heart may open to my appeal,

I remain, Miss,

Your most faithful and devoted servant,

To Miss _____

LETTER XXVIII.

Favorable Answer to the Foregoing.

NORWICH, May 13, 18—

DEAR SIR:

After long and anxious consideration, I am induced to yield to your appeal, and so far to accede to your request as to withdraw the positive refusal I once gave you, and to consent to a renewal of our correspondence on the same footing as formerly.

A lady is not expected to assign reasons for her decisions, but

for your own satisfaction I may inform you that certain circumstances have recently come to my knowledge which put matters in a different light to that in which I viewed them previously.

I intend going to Charleston next week, and shall take up my abode with Mrs. —; and if you think proper to call there, you will no doubt be made welcome.

I am yours, truly,

To _____

LETTER XXIX.

Unfavorable Answer to the Foregoing.

NORWALK, CT., May 10, 18—

SIR:

In reply to your letter, I beg to say that I see no reason to alter the determination I had previously arrived at, and I must therefore beg of you, once and for all, to spare yourself the trouble and me the pain of communicating further upon the subject.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

To _____, Esq.

LETTER XXX.

From a Widower to a Widow, with Proposals of Marriage.

UNION SQUARE, August 3, 18—

DEAR MADAM:

The length of time that I have enjoyed the honor of your acquaintance will probably have been sufficient to put you in possession of my previous history, while your own, I need scarcely say, is well known to me.

It appears, then, that we have both sustained a loss, which we may not unreasonably hope to repair; and while I am studying to cause you to forget the sorrows of the past in the happiness of

the present, I shall without doubt derive the same consolation from your society and kind offices.

Believe me, then, when I tell you that I entertain for you a sincere and affectionate esteem, founded upon a long and intimate knowledge of your many excellent qualities, and I crave, that for the remainder of our lives I may become the guardian of your interests and the possessor of your hand.

Should you—as I ardently trust you will—accept my proposals, no opportunity shall be wanting to prove to you that I am, as I now venture to subscribe myself,

Yours, ever truly and faithfully,

To Mrs. _____

LETTER XXXI.

Widow's Answer, accepting Proposal.

12 CLINTON PLACE, August 7, 18—

DEAR SIR :

I will not attempt to conceal that from the various opportunities I have had of observing your character and disposition, I have conceived for you a feeling of friendliness.

It would be affectation in me to say that I am indisposed to re-enter the marriage state, and I can offer no objection to your proposals, only trusting that your actions will be in keeping with your sentiments.

To-morrow evening I am going with my brother and his wife to a concert, and if you would like to escort me thither, further opportunities will be afforded us of talking over the subject of our correspondence, and I shall at the same time have the pleasure of introducing you to my nearest surviving relatives.

I am, dear Sir, yours, sincerely,

To _____, Esq.

LETTER XXXII.

Widow's Answer Declining.

EAST 52D STREET, August 10, 18—

SIR :

I have given your letter long and earnest consideration, and have at length arrived at the conclusion that I shall be best consulting my interest and happiness by remaining in my present state.

Such being my determination, I do not scruple to acknowledge that from the high esteem in which I hold you, there is no one with whom I would more readily have shared my lot in life, had I felt so disposed. But my decision is unalterable, and for the remainder of my life I must content myself, if you will permit me, to remain,

Your sincere friend and well-wisher,

To ———, Esq. _____

LETTER XXXIII.

Widow's Answer Declining.

CARLTON HOUSE, August 6, 18—

DEAR SIR :

The only answer I can return to your communication is, that for the present my affairs are in so unsettled a state that I could not think of involving any other person in them.

I confess that your attentions are not disagreeable to me, and if you choose to await the issue of events, I shall be in a position shortly to return you a free and unqualified reply. At the same time, I do not wish to pledge you to any line of conduct. If you choose to abide the settlement of my affairs, so let it be ; if not, you will receive no reproaches from me for acting as you think best for your interests.

I am, dear Sir, yours, truly,

To ———, Esq. _____

LETTER XXXIV.

From a Gentleman to a Lady, with a Present.

WASHINGTON PLACE, November 1, 18—

DEAR MISS :

I have done myself the honor of enclosing you a small token of my esteem and regard, and beg that you will favor me by your acceptance of it. I trust, however, you will not measure its intrinsic worth by the value you have in my eyes, for to find an equivalent worthy of you would be a fruitless search and an impossible achievement.

If, my dear Miss, you will deign to retain this little offering in your possession, and will occasionally bestow a kind thought upon him from whom it came, you will be conferring great happiness upon

Your ever devoted and attached,

To Miss _____

LETTER XXXV.

Answer Accepting.

NEWARK, November 28, 18—

DEAR SIR :

I have safely received the handsome present you have sent me. I regret that you should have gone to the expense of so costly an article, when any little *souvenir* of comparatively trifling value would have answered the purpose of remembrance.

Lest, however, you should think that I am finding fault with your evident desire to please, let me assure you that I will wear this token of your regard, by way of marking my appreciation of the giver and the gift, and that I shall ever be, as I am now.

Yours, very faithfully,

To _____, Esq.

LETTER XXXVI.

Answer Declining the Gift.

FOREST HOME, November 3, 18—

DEAR SIR :

While thanking you for your kindness in forwarding me so handsome a present, I must at the same time beg to decline its acceptance.

I trust you will not think that I am wanting in respect towards you, nor deem me over punctilious, when I tell you that, in the present stage of our relations to each other, I do not feel justified in accepting gifts, which in my opinion are only compatible with friendships of close intimacy and long standing. I hope, therefore, that you will not feel hurt by my returning your present, nor the less believe that

I am yours, sincerely,

To ———, Esq. _____

LETTER XXXVII.

From a Lady, enclosing her Card de Visite, to a Gentleman.

HIGHLANDS, October 12, 18—

DEAR MR. ——— :

In answer to your repeated request that I would send you my portrait, I have at length been induced to enclose the semblance of my unworthy self.

If, as you have often assured me, the possession of so insignificant a token will afford you happiness, I trust that in moments of bitterness and trial one glance of the counterfeit will suffice to assure you that the original sympathizes with you; and when you are prospering you may detect in these lineaments an expression of kindred pleasure and gratification suggestive of the regard felt for you by

Yours, ever truly,

To ———, Esq. _____

LETTER XXXVIII.

Answer Acknowledging the Same.

MONTAGUE STREET, BROOKLYN, October 13, 18—

DEAR MISS:

The receipt of your charming portrait—so long looked for and desired—has afforded me inexpressible pleasure, and I hasten to thank you for so kindly acceding to my wishes.

Believe me that this dear resemblance of yourself shall no more leave my possession than shall your memory be effaced from my heart. I shall regard it as my talisman, deriving from its smile approbation and encouragement in the struggles of life, and drawing from that sweet, feeling expression which the limner has so faithfully reproduced, sympathy with suffering, and consolation in sorrow.

May the happy day be not far distant which will give to me the original of this fair image, is the prayer of

• Your devoted and affectionate admirer,

To ———, Esq. ———

LETTER XXXIX.

From a Widower to a Young Lady.

OAK PARK, July 4, 18—

DEAR MISS ———:

Although it has been my lot to be previously united to another, I trust you will not on that account deem my sentiments towards you wanting in sincerity and truth.

It is sometimes said that an alliance with one who has been previously married is like accepting affection at second hand. But I venture to assert that it is from persons who are similarly situated to myself that the deepest and most lasting devotion is to be expected. Experience has taught the worth of woman's affection, and sorrow has chastened the disposition into feelings of gratitude.

If, therefore, you will condescend to countenance my proposals

for your hand, you shall not, believe me, ever have cause to regret your acceptance of mature affections, or the entrusting of your happiness into the hands of one who begs to subscribe himself

Truly and affectionately yours,

To Miss _____

LETTER XL.

Favorable Answer to the Foregoing .

ROSELLE, July 9, 18—

SIR :

From what I have heard and seen of you, I am inclined to believe in the sincerity of your professions. The unexpected and somewhat unusual nature of the circumstances, however, precludes me for the present from consulting my friends ; but I may say that, in the meantime, your communications will be favorably received, and that

I remain, yours truly,

To _____, Esq.

LETTER XLI.

Unfavorable Answer.

BOND STREET, July 7, 18—

SIR :

Without for a moment doubting the sincerity of your sentiments, or questioning your worth, I am compelled to declare that I cannot listen to your proposals.

Accept, however, my best wishes, and believe me to remain,
Respectfully yours,

To _____, Esq.

LETTER XLII.

From a Gentleman to a Lady on being Accepted.

PHILADELPHIA, August 5, 18—

DEAR ———:

I feel that language is powerless to express the boundless joy and happiness which took possession of my breast when I perused the lines traced by your own dear hand, telling me that my suit had been accepted. Again and again I read those sweet, those entrancing words, each time with increasing transport and a new-born pleasure. More than once I doubted the evidence of my senses, half believing what I saw and felt to be one of those dreams which mock the lover with delusive hopes, and spread for him a banquet which may never touch his lips.

But now that I have awakened to the reality of my good fortune, and have become assured of its positive existence, the world appears to me to be made anew, and I feel a bliss which hitherto I could not imagine mortals might taste.

To you, dear ———, the author of this new-found joy, are due my most fervent and heartfelt acknowledgments. The felicity which you have bestowed upon me I will endeavor to return, by unceasing efforts to secure and promote your happiness. I will seek to conduct you through the devious way of life by its most pleasant and easy paths, making the burden of existence light, diminishing its cares and multiplying its joys, so that hereafter you may be enabled to look through the long vista of years, and single out the day upon which you plighted your troth to me as one of auspicious import and happy influences.

In a few days I hope to have the happiness of being by your side. Till then, adieu!

And believe me, dear, your affectionate and happy lover,

To Miss ———

LETTER XLIII.

Congratulating a Lady on her Birthday.

ASTORIA, May 4, 18—

DEAR ———:

Since every circumstance which associates itself with you finds interest in my eyes, I cannot allow the anniversary of your birth to pass without hailing it as the auspicious day which, by giving you to the world, indirectly becomes to me also the advent of a bright and happy existence.

My heart is too full to congratulate you in appropriate terms, but what is wanting in eloquence I will endeavor to convey in earnestness. May you live to see many, many of these occasions; and may each succeeding anniversary find you happier than the last, and leave you still entering upon the threshold of new joys!

I have enclosed a trifling memento of the event, which you will greatly please me by accepting and wearing. It is accompanied by every wish which affection and solicitude can dictate. And with repeated assurances of my deep and abiding regard,

Believe me, dear ———, yours affectionately and devotedly,
To Miss ———

LETTER XLIV.

From a Gentleman to a Lady desirous of renewing a previous Acquaintance.

NEW ORLEANS, March 4, 18—

DEAR MISS ———:

You will no doubt be surprised, after the lapse of so long a period, to receive a letter from me. My absence and silence have both arisen from an extraordinary series of accidents; and, while craving you not to judge my apparent neglect prematurely, I also ask permission personally to tender you such explanations as I believe you will admit to be satisfactory.

Need I tell you that the motive for my now addressing you is to seek a renewal of the acquaintance which I could formerly make my boast? Need I tell you, also, that deprived of the influence

of your kind words and sweet, cheering smiles, I have been living and moving in a continuous shade? No wonder, then, that I once more pine for the warmth and sunshine or your friendship.

Let me entreat you to recall those delightful days of a bygone time, with their old associations and pleasant memories, and in conjuring them up, to give me again a place in that heart, which, if I err not, once owned feelings of tenderness towards me. If you will yield this favor, my constancy for the future shall make ample amends for aught of anxiety or apprehension you may have experienced on my account, and I will never again place myself in a position calculated to be attended with the same results.

My intention is to pay a visit to New York next week. While there, may I do myself the pleasure of calling upon you, in order that the opportunity may be afforded me of giving an account of my conduct, and of allowing me to receive the privilege of being still

Your devoted and attached admirer,

To Miss _____

LETTER XLV.

Favorable Answer to the Foregoing.

WAVERLY PLACE, March 8, 18—

DEAR MR. _____:

The receipt of your letter was indeed a surprise; for from your long silence I had concluded that I should never hear from you again. At present your conduct appears inexplicable, and I confess that I felt so hurt as to persuade myself with the greatest difficulty to write to you again. You cannot deny that appearances are greatly against you; but since you declare that you can satisfactorily explain yourself, I have no desire to be either incredulous or harsh.

We are, as you see, still living at the same residence, and if you can make good your protestations, you will receive a welcome here as of old, and I shall still be

Yours truly,

To Mr. _____

LETTER XLVI.

Answer Declining.

METROPOLITAN HOTEL, March 7, 18—

DEAR SIR:

I am rejoiced to find that after so long an absence you can give an account of yourself as being well, and that you are apparently in the best of spirits.

I do not question your ability to render a plausible version of your seemingly extraordinary behavior. I must, however, beg to decline renewing the friendship with which you formerly favored me. The passage of time has brought with it new associations and connections, and I am now content to allow things of the past to remain undisturbed. Nevertheless, you have my best wishes. And

I remain, yours respectfully,

To _____, Esq.

LETTER XLVII.

From a Gentleman in New York to his Affianced in the Country.

COTTAGE PLACE, May 8, 18—

MY DEAR _____:

My first and most pleasant duty after arriving here is to write and let you know how I am progressing.

Immediately upon setting foot in New York, I waited upon Mr. _____, urging him to expedite my business as speedily as possible. I have seen him since on the same matter, and have evidently surprised him by my impetuosity. Little does the worthy man guess that my impatience is prompted by a desire to hasten back to the gentlest and fairest of her sex.

Perchance you may imagine that because I am sojourning in this gay and glittering city, I am in the midst of its pleasures for a time forgetting you. But should such a suspicion have crossed your mind, dismiss it as unworthy of us both. I acknowledge I

am not altogether a hermit, nor would my dear —— wish me to be. But in whatever circle I mingle, how numerous and enticing soever the attractions which surround me, believe me that these only serve by contrast to recall the purer delight diffused by your society, and your own superior charms and gifts beyond compare.

At present I cannot tell you how long I shall be absent, as so much depends on others; but you may count upon my not losing an hour or a moment, and the instant I am set at liberty, it will be with only too joyful a feeling that I shall fly back to you.

Meanwhile, I will let you know day by day how affairs are going on, and when I am on the point of returning will definitively acquaint you, so that you may know when to expect me.

And you will write often to me—will you not?—some of those dear, long letters which give me so much pleasure to read, and every word of which I devour again and again.

Believe me, my dear ——, that although distance separates us, my heart is as near to you as ever. You are continually in my thoughts, and your image is never absent from my sight. With this assurance, I for the present say adieu! Heaven bless you, and keep you well and happy, is the heartfelt prayer of,

My dear ——, your devoted lover,

To Miss ——

LETTER XLVIII

From a Gentleman abroad to his Lady Love.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 18, 18—

MY DEAR——:

Once more the delightful opportunity presents itself of corresponding with you. I have enclosed, separately, an account of my adventures and proceedings, wishing to devote these lines exclusively to you, and to allow my heart to pour out uninterruptedly all that it feels on your account.

Oh, my dear ——, words cannot tell how deep and abiding is the love I feel for you! While toiling from place to place, your image sustains me, and the recollection of words kindly spoken and tenderly conveyed, serve to invigorate my energies and reani-

mate my spirits. Without the possession of your affection my present life would be darkness and void, but solaced by your love, knowing as I do that I have deposited in my keeping a treasure that monarchs might envy, I move onward, with light and certain step, looking forward to that blissful moment when I may once more clasp you to my heart, and lay at your feet the results of my toil.

Since last I had the happiness to behold you, I have traversed thousands of miles, and have been identified with every variety of human life, but with the ever-shifting scene, my feelings remain unchanged, and beneath the varying surface, an undercurrent still sets in towards you.

By day and by night my thoughts are of you and with you. Often in my solitude I recall many little scenes in which you and I were actors; repeat to myself the words which on occasions you have addressed to me, and depict some tender look which I have detected travelling towards me; some gesture of affection and regard which thrilled me then, and the sweet remembrance of which is ecstasy now.

Much, very much more could I say, did time and opportunity permit me, but I am compelled to conclude. My parting wish is that you will write to me as often as possible, stating every little particular about yourself, and acquainting me with the minutest circumstance that concerns you.

Adieu, my dear —, may God bless and guard you! Remember me in your prayers; keep me in your good wishes, and let your heart remain all my own, and

Believe me, my dear ———

Your ever devoted and attached

To Miss ———

LETTER XLIX.

From a Young Lady in the Country to her Lover in Philadelphia.

SUNNY SIDE, June 10, 18—

MY DEAR ——— :

You will hardly expect me to tell you any news of our dull

old village, where there is scarcely any change during the year, and in which nothing has transpired since your departure. This epistle must needs, therefore, relate chiefly to ourselves.

First let me hope that the change from a country existence to a city life has not had a prejudicial influence upon your health; and next, that the pleasures and pastimes of town have not had the effect of wholly effacing from your mind the memory of old friends. Far be it from me to seek to circumscribe your enjoyment; on the contrary, I hope you will make time pass as pleasantly as you can, and, indeed, when you return, I shall expect you to tell me much of what you have seen.

But I earnestly hope that you will never forget that there is one here who cares for you, and who with a leaven of selfishness, perhaps, desires to see you return to dear old Sunny Side as single-minded and unsophisticated as when you left it.

We all continue well here; our garden is looking beautiful, and our birds, dogs, etc., are prospering. This is really the extent of news I have to impart.

With the most sincere wishes for your health and welfare,

I am, my dear _____,

Affectionately yours,

To Miss _____

LETTER L.

From a Lady to a Gentleman who has Proposed a Secret Marriage.

LINCOLN PARK, April 4, 18—

DEAR SIR:

Great as is my regard for you, I do not hesitate to tell you promptly that I cannot consent to what you propose. I will not attempt to underrate the obstacles which presents themselves to our union; but these afford only a show of reason, and do not in reality warrant our taking an unusual step. In the end, we shall surely find means to surmount these barriers, while mere prejudices may be conquered by time.

In instances of clandestine unions secrecy means deceit; for, in

order to realize the scheme, it is necessary for the chief conspirators to act with duplicity towards their nearest and dearest friends, to say nothing of the deceit practised upon society generally. In our case, such conduct could not fail to challenge the adverse judgment of those whose good opinion we most value; and the result would be coolness, mistrust, and in some quarters positive ill-will. These consequences I doubt if you have well weighed, and I am sure you do not desire to brave them.

You will see, therefore, that from motives of policy alone, it will be wiser to abandon your project, while loftier impulses must unhesitatingly condemn the prosecution of such a design.

Do not think that I am taking you to task, or conceive a mean opinion of you for what you have done. I believe that affection has blinded your judgment; while in my case, I must ask you also to believe, that it is my true regard for you which prompts me to adopt a diametrically opposite view.

Let us, then, sincerely essay our best to overcome adverse circumstances. These, while darkening our present, may serve to gild our future, and, while for the moment retarding our happiness, may ultimately enhance it.

I am, dear, Sir,

Yours, truly and faithfully,

To _____, Esq.

LETTER LI.

From a Lady to a Gentleman who Proposes a hasty Marriage.

WEST POINT, April 3, 18—

DEAR SIR:

The term of our acquaintance is too brief to justify my acceding at present to your request.

From what I have seen of other instances, I feel certain that a hasty alliance is not calculated to produce good results; and, apart from this consideration, I fail to recognize the necessity of being precipitate in a matter which, beyond all the other events of our lives, demands deliberation and caution.

A connection which is to continue for life ought, in order to ensure happiness, to be the result of something better than impulse. It cannot be gainsaid that affection has its surest foundation in respect and esteem; and these can only be matured by time and opportunity for observation.

I think that, upon reflection, instead of quarrelling with the decision I have arrived at, you will see its reasonableness, and be disposed to agree with me; and whatever the ultimate turn of affairs may be, you will hereafter be convinced that my hesitation has been exercised as much for your interests and happiness as for mine.

At all events, I feel persuaded that you possess too much good sense to take umbrage at my refusing to entertain your proposition. My refusal, after all, is as uncompromising to myself as it is just to you. Moreover, it is an indirect compliment to you, since it evinces a desire to contemplate still further a character which, up to the present, has, I confess, revealed few exceptional points.

With the best and most sincere good wishes,

I am dear, Sir, yours most faithfully,

To _____, Esq.

LETTER LII.

From a Young Lady in Illinois to her Lover Abroad.

CHICAGO, September 2, 18—

MY DEAR _____:

It affords me great happiness to find by the letters which I receive from you that you continue in good health, and that, although you are absent from your home and friends, you are not wholly cast down in spirits.

If the assurance of my unalterable affection for you can make you happy, pray receive it. I dare not tell you to what extent you occupy my thoughts, nor how much I desire your return. But since you ask me to repeat in writing that which I have more than once told you with my lips, believe me that none other than

yourself shall ever find a place in my regard ; and that when you return you will find me unchanged as when you left me.

To show you that I am curious at least respecting your movements, I have to inform you that I have become quite a student in geography and topography, and have learned all about the countries through which you have travelled, and in which you now sojourn, so that in spirit I accompany you, and mentally follow your footsteps.

By night and day my prayers are for your safety and success, and my trust is that Providence will have you in its especial care and keeping, not only giving you health to bear up against trial and toil, but blessing your undertaking, and so speeding it that we may shortly welcome you home again.

And now, for the present, farewell! Do not omit to write by every opportunity, and

Believe me, my dear _____,

Yours, faithfully and affectionately,

To Mr. _____

LETTER LIII.

From a Gentleman, whose Proposals have been previously Deferred, to the Father of his Intended.

DETROIT, MICH., February 7, 18—

DEAR SIR:

The auspicious moment has arrived for me to acquaint you that I have at length succeeded in attaining the object for which I have been striving, and that now my position is sufficiently established, and my means ample enough to enable me to enter with confidence into the married state.

With regard to your daughter's affection for me, I flatter myself that I continue to retain it undiminished ; and, provided no other impediment exists than that which I have succeeded in surmounting, I respectfully solicit your sanction to our early union.

To satisfy you of the truth of my statements, I forward you the

names of two gentlemen who are intimately connected with me in business, and who are acquainted with the whole of my affairs. And I shall be happy to afford you any other evidence of my means and stability that you may require.

Trusting that you will favor me with an early reply,

I am, dear Sir,

Yours, respectfully and truly,

To _____, Esq. _____

LETTER LIV.

From a Young Man in the Gold Diggings to his Sweetheart.

CALIFORNIA, January 13, 18—

MY DEAREST _____:

At length, by the blessing of Providence, I am able to redeem my promise, and claim you as the partner of my joys and sorrows for life.

I trust, from your constant affection, when we both saw nothing but want and distress before us, that the news of my prosperity will be most acceptable to you. Never can I be sufficiently thankful to Mrs. Banker for the help her kindness procured me, but I shall feel far, far more grateful when I welcome my dearest _____ to a home on this side of the Rocky Mountains.

I send you _____, which will be amply enough for your outfit, also _____, which pray give to your mother with my most affectionate duty, and tell her that, however far removed from her presence, neither you nor myself will ever forget that, now we have the power, it is our bounden duty to assist and cherish her declining years.

I also send some little presents, chiefly of the produce of the country, as tokens of friendship to _____ (*mention the names*). And now, with kindest love to all, and with heartfelt wishes for your safe voyage and speedy arrival,

Believe me, dearest _____, your affectionate and impatient,

To Miss _____

LETTER LV.

From a Young Man to Another in reference to an Attachment.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY, January 3, 18—

MY DEAR ———:

You will laugh at me, and with some reason, when I tell you that my old skepticism about matrimonial happiness is at an end. I have met with a young lady who, I believe, would convert even you to a belief that marriage may be a very happy state, and that bachelors are only miserable wretches after all.

In brief, I am the engaged and accepted suitor of Miss ——— whose ——— you remember at ———. Words can scarcely suffice to express how great has been the enjoyment I have hitherto derived from her society, and, the more I see of her amiable character and high accomplishments, the more certain do I feel that the day which first made known to me her consent to share my fortunes, will prove one of the happiest in my whole existence.

You may think this a very wild effusion, and one strangely at variance with my former avowed callousness on the score of domestic life, but, believe me, you will soon be a convert when you see my dear Louisa.

Wishing that you may prove as fortunate in the selection of a partner as I have at present reason to believe I myself am,

Believe me, my dear ———, ever yours,

To ———, Esq. _____

LETTER LVI.

The Answer.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., January 6, 18—

DEAR OLD FELLOW:

And so you really are to be a Benedick! Well! I have no objection, provided you feel convinced that it is a measure likely to tend to your happiness. For myself, I am still a bachelor, although I do not know what such temptation as you appear to have undergone might do towards upsetting my present resolu-

tions. You know I have no antipathy to matrimony, but, unlike yourself, I have not independent means sufficient to render me fearless of consequences, and should not be disposed to involve any woman whom I could like sufficiently to make my wife, in a doubtful state of circumstances—if not in a discomfort which must be painful to a man of proper feeling and honor. At the same time, believe me, I cordially sympathize with your delight at the prospect of an agreeable union, and wish sincerely that every happiness may be the result.

Ever truly yours,

To _____

LETTER LVII.

From a Lady to a Negligent Correspondent.

CLIFTON, S. I., June 2, 18—

DEAR _____:

I can no longer refrain from remonstrating with you upon your remissness as a correspondent. You have now received from me some three or four letters without deigning a single reply; and, although we are separated by a long distance, and I have no means of hearing of your health and welfare, you suffer day after day and week after week to pass without transmitting one line.

Does it not occur to you that this indifference amounts to cruelty? In the absence of news from you my mind is tortured with a variety of painful misgivings, and I cannot persuade myself but that your silence is occasioned by illness or accident. I should not like to bring myself to believe that this anxiety is caused designedly; and yet, what am I to think, when it is beyond a doubt that a few minutes daily would suffice to tell me that you are well and happy?

You should also bear in mind that your negligence in this respect is calculated to make me appear insignificant in the eyes of others. Every morning, at the breakfast-table, the chorus is, "What, no letter from _____ again!" and I am then called upon to defend

you, and to invent excuses for your remissness, while in my secret heart I condemn you.

Having now shown you the consequences of your thoughtlessness, I shall deem you incorrigible if you do not exhibit speedy improvement, and shall be disposed to resent your conduct accordingly; but so far I am ready to judge you in the spirit of forgiveness, and, notwithstanding your want of consideration,

Remain, yours sincerely, _____

To Miss _____

LETTER LVIII.

From a Lady Accusing her Lover of Inconstancy.

MURRAY HILL, August 6, 18—

SIR:

I regret that I should be compelled to address you in a tone of complaint, and upon a subject which is at once delicate and distressing. I cannot, however, forbear reminding you that your bearing has latterly been tinged by an amount of vacillation and inconstancy which is as painful for me to witness as it is unworthy of you to practise.

I am at a loss to understand conduct so utterly at variance with the professions you are continually making, and so entirely out of keeping with the character you have voluntarily chosen to assume. If you wish to ignore the friendship you have thought proper to form with me, and prefer the intimacy of others, I expect that you will have the generosity to say as much, and at once terminate a connection which your conduct renders not only irksome but unmeaning.

I have no wish to quarrel with your tastes in preferring evanescent smiles and hollow phrases to the possession of true and honest regard. But I protest against being made a participator in the experiment, and if you consider the existence of a butt or foil indispensable, I must ask you to make a choice of some other object than

Yours obediently,

To _____, Esq. _____

LETTER LIX.

From a Gentleman, Accusing his Love of Flirting.

BERGEN HILL, January 3, 18—

DEAR MISS :

It would be impossible for me to express in adequate terms the pain to which you are continually putting me by practising what I take the liberty of describing as undue freedom with others.

There is seldom an occasion which brings us together that is not rendered most unhappy by your persistently attracting the attention of a crowd of so-called admirers with suggestive looks, words, and gestures ; your humble servant in the meantime being shut out from the circle as unworthy of your notice—an object of pity to those of better feeling, and a thing of scorn for the heartless.

You cannot, I am certain, be conscious of the evil you are working by your cruel conduct. Could you but analyze the feelings of those whom you momentarily seek to gratify, and who profess to worship you so ardently, you would quickly be convinced that while trifling with them, you were also deceiving yourself. And could you but for a moment realize the pangs that you occasion me, you would have no just cause for triumph.

Did I not know that you really possess tender feelings and a kind heart, I should be inclined to judge you harshly. But as it is, I can only impute to you one of two weaknesses—either that your spirits overcome your judgment, or that you seek, by feigning to be favorably disposed to others, to enhance your attractiveness in my eyes, and to redouble my ardor towards you. Believe me that my affection needs no such incentives as these. My admiration and regard for you spring from purer sources, and will long outlive the mere passion of the hour.

You will not, I hope, be offended with me in daring to address you thus plainly. You are too sacred in my eyes to be made the mere sport of lipping courtiers, and I esteem your favorable opinion too highly to suffer even the semblance of it to be diverted from me to others.

With reiterated assurances of unswerving attachment and devotion,

Believe me, dear Miss _____,
 Yours, ever sincerely and affectionately,
 To Miss _____

LETTER LX.

From a Gentleman to his Affianced Bride, asking her to appoint the Wedding Day.

GREAT JONES STREET, August 4, 18—

MY DEAR _____ :

Now that all the preliminaries to our union are settled I am impatient to take upon myself the character of *husband*, and petition you to name the happy day of our nuptials.

To the numerous other instances of your goodness and desire to please me add that of fixing an early day for the celebration of this most felicitous event. Each hour which separates me from you appears an age, and each minute passed without you is a deduction from the sum of my earthly happiness.

With kindest love,

Believe me, my dear _____,
 Your fondly affianced husband,
 To Miss _____

LETTER LXI.

The Bride Elect's Answer, appointing a Day.

CLIFTON, August 7, 18—

MY DEAR _____ :

Since there is no evading the request you make in such direct terms, I suppose I must accede to it, and do so by proposing — the —th as our nuptial day.

There are some other arrangements in connection with this event which I will make the subject of a future letter. Meanwhile, with kind remembrance,

I am, my dear _____,
 Yours, ever affectionately,
 To _____, Esq.

LETTER LXII.

**From a Gentleman, Apologizing for unjust Suspicions
and rude Conduct.**

WASHINGTON SQUARE, April 6, 18—

MY DEAR ——— :

With feelings of the deepest shame and contrition, I acknowledge my rude and hasty conduct towards you last night, and implore your forgiveness.

I will not attempt to deny that I was for the moment blinded by jealousy, and I did not perceive my error till too late. No one can be more sensible than I am of the gross injustice and cruel wrong I did you, in suspecting you capable of imagining, much more of acting, with duplicity. My only excuse—if excuse it can be called—is that my love for you overpowered my judgment, and for the time reason was dead within me.

Inflict any punishment; impose upon me what penance you will, so that you do not withdraw from me, even for the briefest interval, your confidence and affection. Leave me but these, and I will endeavor to prove by the future exercise of forbearance and discretion, how greatly I appreciate your clemency and kindness.

Apart from all other considerations, however, I declare to you that the anguish and remorse occasioned by having once offended you are too galling and acute for me ever to attempt a repetition of the offence.

Again and again suing for your forgiveness,

Believe me, my dear ———,

Your truly repentant and affectionate ———

To Miss ———

LETTER LXIII.

The Lady's Answer to the Foregoing.

DUDLEY'S GROVE, April 7, 18—

DEAR ——— :

I cannot disguise from you that for a time your strange

and unseemly behavior occasioned me great pain. Your angry glance is still present to me, and your cruel words are still ringing in my ears.

But since you acknowledge your fault in suitable terms, and promise not to offend in like manner again, I do not wish to appear obdurate, and grant you my forgiveness.

I must, however, beg of you to be more guarded for the future. I have never given you cause to entertain these hateful suspicions, and you need not fear that I ever will. When, therefore, your heated imagination or overstrained vision leads you to view circumstances in a distorted light, think for a moment that your affection for me will be best evinced, not by hasty upbraiding, but by calmly investigating whether the blame you impute to me is real or imaginary.

Having made reparation for your fault, you may consider your peace effected. All is forgotten and forgiven. And I still remain,

Yours very affectionately,

To _____, Esq.

LETTER LXIV.

The Lady's Answer refusing Forgiveness.

FORT HAMILTON, April 8, 18—

SIR:

If the present instance of your rudeness and indelicacy had been the first, I should not have hesitated to overlook it. But the repetition of conduct as inexcusable as it is cruel, proves to me that you are afflicted with a hasty and ungovernable temper, and that you care little for the pain you give others, so long as you can vent your passion.

The obvious conclusion is, that if you allow your feelings to get the better of you now, you would more certainly do so when a change of position gave you what you would doubtless consider a right to exercise—unlimited control over the object of your suspicions. In simple truth, I view with alarm the probable consequences of an alliance under such circumstances, and you cannot

be surprised if I refuse to forge for myself a chain which I might be doomed to wear for life.

I desire, therefore, that from this day all correspondence may be at an end between us; and, lest you seek to accuse me of being harsh and unforgiving, I must remind you how often you have confessed your folly in a similiar strain, and how you have over and over again made promises of amendment, only to break them.

It is with great regret that I am forced to this decision, but feeling, as I do, its justice, to say nothing of its expediency, all that remains for me is to bid you farewell, and with best wishes, subscribe myself,

Yours truly,

To ———, Esq.

—————

LETTER LXV.

From a Lady, on sending her Miniature to her Suitor.

BOSTON, July 11, 18—

DEAR SIR :

Accept my very best thanks for your kind inquiries regarding my health, which I am happy to say is as good as usual. My thoughts often recur to the happy hours which we have passed together—hours which I have thought have passed like minutes, so full were they of the pleasure which I ever feel in your company. While I feel that my personal pretensions are but humble, I believe that you will be pleased with the enclosed miniature, the view of which, in my absence, may call to your mind a remembrance of me. While I feel that the likeness is rather a flattering one, still, should it but serve to bring me to your remembrance, the skill of the artist will not have been exercised in vain. Pray accept it as a friendly memento from

My dear, Sir, ever sincerely yours,

To ———, Esq.

—————

LETTER LXVI.

On receiving a Miniature from her Suitor.

MYSTIC, CT., June 3, 18—

MY DEAR ———:

I never thought that any fresh proof of your attachment was needed, nevertheless, I have this day received another, and that one of the most acceptable I could have desired, viz., the portrait of him whom, of all others, I am most desirous to keep in recollection. In contemplating this specimen of the artist's skill, I feel that it will ever recall you forcibly to my recollection, and in so doing, will be a constant source of delight to my mind, and will afford me some kind of solace during your absence. I need scarcely add that I accept your gift with unspeakable delight, although, at present, I have nothing better to send you in return than a fresh assurance of my most constant attachment, which I trust, may prove as welcome to you as your treasured miniature has proved to me, and in this hope I remain,

My dear, ever yours affectionately,

To ———, Esq. _____

LETTER LXVII.

From a Lady absent on a Visit, to her Husband.

NEW ORLEANS, July 22, 18—

MY DEAR:

In imagining what your thoughts and feelings are likely to be during my absence, I have only to call to recollection what my own have been on like occasions, when you, dear ———, have been absent from home. How has my remembrance of you been then interwoven with each minute of my existence! and how have I counted the hours, till that had arrived which brought me intelligence of your welfare! So justly do I appreciate your attachment, that I feel convinced this feeling must be mutual, and I picture to myself the smile of delight with which you will receive my present letter. I know you will experience real satisfaction in hearing that I still enjoy my health, and, in fact, was never bet-

ter; and that the hospitality and kindly attentions of——, so far from diminishing, seem rather to increase. They make it, indeed, their study to surround me with comforts, and are constantly devising some fresh plans which they think may conduce to my amusement. Be assured, therefore, my dear——, that, with the exception of missing your cheering company, and that of our dear children, I am as happy and lively as you, the fondest of all my well-wishers, could desire me to be.

Having said this much of myself, let me now observe that I am most anxious to receive a letter from you; for I long to hear how you and the children still continue in regard to health, and what fresh occurrences have taken place since you wrote last. At present, I have no reason for supposing that my absence from home will be prolonged beyond the——th, on which day I hope again to be with you. Give my kindest love to the children, and

Believe me, my dear——, your ever affectionate wife,
To——, Esq. _____

LETTER LXVIII.^{OLD}

To a Gentleman who had sent an absurdly Romantic Letter.

PARK AVENUE, April 25, 18—

SIR:

I do not know whether your epistle was intended in a jest, in which case its absurdity might have been excused on the grounds of its plagiarisms. But if you can really write *in earnest* to ^{the} woman whom you profess to esteem, I must express my humble opinion that such is not the proper course by which to excite a reciprocal feeling.

Regretting that you should have adopted a tone of writing which neither modern usage, nor common sense at any time, could sanction,

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,*
To Mr. _____

* The editor of the present work believes that an answer like the above might often put to the blush the "gents" and "dandies," who fancy that extravagant hyperbole is the readiest way to a woman's heart.

LETTER LXIX.

A Negative, on the Grounds of a Pre-engagement.

ALDERNEY PARK, January 15, 18—

SIR :

While confessing myself honored by the preference avowed for me by one whom I have every reason to respect as a gentleman, I feel that it would be dishonorable in me to keep you in any suspense, where the answer must be unfavorable.

For some time past I have been engaged to a gentleman, from whom I have reason to expect happiness and comfort. I must, therefore, hope that you will henceforth regard me only in the light of a friend ; and, with the sincere wish that such a partner as you deserve may speedily fall to your lot,

Believe me, Sir, your obliged and faithful friend,
To _____, Esq. _____

LETTER LXX.

A Negative, on the Grounds of Dislike.

PLYMOUTH, April 15, 18—

SIR :

I confess that your letter much surprised me. Your conduct in a recent matter, in which my poor mother's interests were so intimately concerned, ought to have taught you that, whatever you may be in your own opinion, you will never possess any sympathy on the part of

To _____ _____

LETTER LXXI.

Another, on the Grounds of Levity.

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS, June 15, 18—

SIR :

It is to my sorrow that I confess that there was a time when your addresses would have both flattered and pleased me. That time has long since passed. Why—you best know.

I could never consent to unite myself to a man who has marred the happiness of more than one young person, by his total forgetfulness of the proper duties of the stronger sex to the weaker. I have heard, unhappily, too much of your last year's conduct, to feel any compunction in at once declining any more intimate acquaintance.

Wishing, however, that you may be more true to yourself, and that the dangerous levity, which must eventually prove more fatal to your happiness than it has done hitherto, may be exchanged for a more manly, because more innocent, line of conduct,

Believe me, your sincere well-wisher,

To _____, Esq. _____

LETTER LXXII.

Answer to an old Acquaintance, on the Grounds of Poverty.

FANWOOD, October 5, 18—

DEAR _____:

To say that I do not feel pleased and flattered at your proposal, would be to tell a useless untruth. I feel deeply, almost painfully, the conviction that your kind expressions are dictated by sincerity, and am the more grieved to be compelled to discourage them.

But how are we situated? What hope is there of happiness with our unsettled prospects, and worse than small means? Industry has doubtless never been, and never will be, wanting on your part; but the want of patronage and capital will ever hold back the efforts of the most strenuous. For my own part, I can do little to help you, and do not wish to make myself an encumbrance upon the efforts of one so young as yourself. No, my dear——, we must wait for better times, and not entail misery beyond calculation upon others, as well as ourselves, by a too hasty step.

Let us, therefore, continue, as before, friends; and if better times come, it will then be for us to talk about matrimony. Believe me, then, with every good and kindly wish,

Your faithful friend,

To _____ _____

LETTER LXXIII.

From a Gentleman proposing a Day for the Nuptials.

LOUISVILLE, KY., August 3, 18—

MY DEAR ——— :

The happy day to which I have looked forward as the blissful reward of our mutual constancy is not far distant, if the proposal I am now about to make should meet the approbation of yourself and parents. It is this : that our nuptial ceremony may be performed on the —th of the present month, and in the parish church of ——. I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you soon ; we can then give the subject a lengthened discussion ; if, however, you should wish to write before we meet, you can mention briefly whether the day I have fixed will suit the convenience of yourself and family ; and in the hopes that I may claim shortly the privilege of signing myself your affectionate husband,

Believe me for the present,

Your sincerest and most attached

To Miss ———

LETTER LXXIV.

A Gentleman to his Son, on the Marriage of the Latter.

LANCASTER, PA., July 11, 18—

MY DEAR ——— :

It is with no small pleasure and with no slight feelings of parental pride, that I now congratulate you upon your recent change of state. That you have my best and heartiest wishes for your future happiness you already know, but I feel a natural pleasure in again giving them expression ; and here I have to add, that no parent could join in these wishes with more fervent sincerity than your dear and kind mother, who desires to unite with me in the most affectionate regards to our new relation, our daughter-in-law. That your marriage state may be blessed with

the same domestic happiness that has fallen to my lot, is the sincere wish of,

To _____ My dear son, your ever affectionate father, _____

LETTER LXXV.

To the Father of a Lady.

WOODLAWN, January 12, 18—

RESPECTED SIR :

I venture to hope that you will call all your friendly feelings to my assistance in considering a proposal I am about to lay before you, in which my happiness is much concerned.

For a long time past your daughter — has held a strong hold over my affections, and I have reason to believe that I am not indifferent to her. My position is such as to warrant my belief that I could support her in the style of comfort which she so well deserves, and which it has been your constant aim to provide for your children. As regards my character and disposition, I trust they are sufficiently well known to give you confidence in the prospect of your child's happiness.

I have not, however, ventured on any express declaration of my feelings without first consulting you on the subject ; as I feel persuaded that the straightforward course is always the best, and that a parent's sanction will never be wanting, when the circumstances of the case justify its being accorded.

Anxiously awaiting the result of your consideration on this important and interesting subject.

I remain, Sir,

Your most faithful and obedient servant,

To _____, Esq. _____

LETTER LXXVI.

The Answer.

NIAGARA, January 14, 18—

MY DEAR _____ :

I thank you very much for the manly and honorable way in

which you have addressed me in reference to my daughter's hand. I have long since perceived that your attentions to her were of a marked character, and that they appeared to give her much pleasure. I know no reason whatever to oppose your wishes, and, if I may judge from the manner in which she received the commutation from myself, *you* will find a by no means unwilling listener.

Dine with us to-morrow at —, if you are not engaged, and you will then have an opportunity of pleading your own cause. Meanwhile, believe me, with every confidence in your integrity and good feeling,

Yours, most sincerely,

To —, Esq.

LETTER LXXVII.

From a Young Lady to her Mother.

SAVANNAH, September 3, 18—

MY DEAR MAMMA :

From what you know of Savannah, you will not be surprised to hear that I have enjoyed an incessant round of gayety and pleasure; my health, too, is completely recruited, and my friends are so kind that I almost feel at home.

But I have another more serious matter to confess to you, at which I hope you will not feel angry. It seems almost ungrateful to think of loving any one but you; but, O mamma, if you saw Henry —, you would forgive me, I am sure. He is so handsome, so gentle in his manners, and yet so sensible and accomplished! We met at the — Ball, and he scarcely quitted my side the whole evening. Mrs. — has so high an opinion of him, that she has repeatedly invited him to her house, until his visits have become of almost daily occurrence. He is most honorable and straightforward, and only waits permission to write to you, in order to give you full particulars as to his condition and prospects.

Pray, dear mamma, forgive me when I confess that my feelings are deeply enlisted in his favor, and that I feel as if much of my future happiness depended upon our union. I wish you were here

to counsel and advise with me, for never before did I so much feel my own heart master of my reason.

I hope you will write directly, or come immediately to your affectionate, but anxious child,

To Mrs. _____

LETTER LXXVIII.

The Answer.

ST. AUGUSTINE, September 5, 18—

MY DEAREST CHILD :

Make yourself perfectly easy as to my consent to anything that can promote your happiness. If Mr. — be what you represent, my fondest wishes that you might meet with a desirable partner in life will be realized. At the same time, do not be too hasty in giving an unqualified assent to his proposals, but take time to learn those minute shades of disposition and character which nothing but constant acquaintance can display.

I shall be at Savannah on the —th, and shall not only be delighted to meet my dear child again, but to be introduced to the man whom she has thought so worthy of her affections.

Your ever loving mother,

To Miss _____

LETTER LXXIX.

To the Gentleman.

SAVANNAH, September 7, 18—

MY DEAR SIR :

You will be delighted to hear that mamma is every way favorable to our attachment. I say *our*—for I now feel under no restraint in confessing that my partiality for you is closely akin to a deeper feeling. Let us, however, as mamma advises, seek to know each other's tempers and character more thoroughly ere we take too decided steps. Let us learn each other's little humors and wishes, that we may the better know wherein we have to make allowance for, and yield to one another.

I trust we shall see my mamma in a few days, when I am sure her favorable opinion of you will be more and more confirmed.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Very sincerely yours,

To _____, Esq.

LETTER LXXX.

From a Widow, in Answer to Proposals.

KINGSTON, N. Y., July 14, 18—

DEAR SIR:

I take the first opportunity of acknowledging the receipt of the flattering letter with which you have favored me. You wish to know whether I am willing to enter again into the marriage state, and in event of my being so, whether I should be adverse to admitting you in the quality of a suitor. I assure you, sir, I feel flattered by the latter question; and as to the former, I can only say that I have no dislike to entering again into that state. But our acquaintance is at present imperfect, and we are comparatively strangers to each other's tastes and tempers. I need scarcely observe that an intimate knowledge of such matters is absolutely requisite, before we can decide whether we are fitted for enjoying together a partnership in life. Meanwhile, I have no objection to allowing such freedom of acquaintance as shall enable us both to arrive at this knowledge, and can therefore only say, in conclusion, that the commencement of your addresses will meet with no obstacle from,

Dear Sir, yours most faithfully,

To _____, Esq.

LETTER LXXXI.

In the Negative.

KINGSTON, N. Y., July 14, 18—

DEAR SIR:

I have just perused the flattering letter with which you have favored me. Of late, whilst enjoying the pleasure of your company,

I have not failed to observe that your behavior towards myself has been more than ordinarily attentive; and that on more than one occasion you have rendered yourself of essential service to my interests. Such conduct has not failed in attaining my favor and friendship, but has not had the effect of inspiring a deeper passion—a passion which I have totally renounced, whether on account of the advance of years (*as the case may be*), or of attachment to the memory of my late husband, it is immaterial for me to state. Had I allowed myself to suppose that the attentions to which I have just alluded were prompted by any other feeling but that of simple friendship, I should certainly have endeavored to repress them. Hence you may infer that, while I decline the honor of your addresses, I still remain, with best wishes for your future welfare,

Dear Sir, your sincere friend,

To _____, Esq. _____

LETTER LXXXII.

To an Accepted Suitor.

CONCORD, April 12, 18—

MY DEAR _____:

Your kind and affectionate letter gave us much pleasure, especially as you state that it is your intentions to come down next midsummer, and that you purpose settling here. I can assure you, we shall all be upon the tiptoe of expectation for your arrival; what delights dear father and mother the most is, that you propose settling in the country, as in that case we shall not be deprived of seeing each other, and they will be partakers of our pleasures, which could not be had you made up your mind to reside in this city.

I have received your pretty present, and will repay you for your kind remembrance of me with a token more acceptable than money, when I see you; until then, my dearest _____,

I remain yours, affectionately,

To _____, Esq. _____

LETTER LXXXIII.

After a Misunderstanding.

April 2, 18—

DEAR _____ :

Your kind letter satisfies me, and I now regret that, in the anxiety of my affection for you, I should have given way to anything resembling a doubt. You allow that appearances were a little against you, and that I had some reason for complaint. Let no more be said on the subject, but hasten to the company of

Your affectionate and faithful _____

To _____, Esq. _____

LETTER LXXXIV.

More Serious.

July 23, 18—

SIR :

The attempt you make to excuse your conduct is neither straightforward nor satisfactory. It is, in fact, only exculpating yourself by admitting a fault as great as the one of which I complain (*here state particulars*). Under these circumstances, whatever pain it may cause me, I must avow my determination never, under any consideration, to admit of your addresses, feeling persuaded that the consequences would not be favorable to the happiness of either.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

To Mr. _____ _____

LETTER LXXXV.

Confessing a Change of Feeling.

IDLEWILD, June 4, 18—

MY DEAR SIR :

I fear my avowal may give you some pain ; but it is better to be sincere and open in matters where the happiness of another is concerned.

To speak plainly, then, I feel that my sentiments in regard to yourself are no longer what they were. While my esteem for your character remains unshaken, I still cannot blind myself to the fact that I do not cherish that affection which a wife ought to feel for her husband, and without which the married life is one continual scene of torment and vexation. You will not, I am sure, give me credit for acting from mere fickleness—especially as I do not at present entertain a partiality for any other—but you must pardon me when I express my firm belief that all correspondence between us had better cease, and that such letters as have passed between us should be returned at the first convenient opportunity.

Assuring you that, as a friend, I shall constantly remember you with esteem,

I remain, my dear Sir, yours very faithfully,
To _____, Esq. _____

LETTER LXXXVI.

From a Young Lady to a Gentleman who had made a Proposal.

MOUNT VERNON, July 9, 18—

SIR :

As till last evening you were an entire stranger to me, you may imagine how much I was surprised at your abrupt proposal then made. I do not feel inclined to speak with unladylike harshness, but I do not feel that I ought to entertain so sudden and unexpected a proposal; and have therefore placed your letter in the hands of my parents, for its not proper that I should conceal anything from them.

Hoping you will see the propriety of my action,
I remain, Sir, yours respectfully,
To Mr. _____ _____

LETTER LXXXVII.

From the Gentleman in Reply.

MOUNT VERNON, July 11, 18—

Miss :

I was grateful to receive your letter of the 9th inst. In reply to which I would say that your conduct in placing my letter in the hands of your parents was most proper. I confess that I was hasty in sending you so important a proposal upon so brief an acquaintance. I acted upon the impulse of the moment. I will now, with your leave, call upon your parents, and make such explanations as, I trust, will induce them to look favorably on my proposal. Always provided that you do not frown upon it in advance. Awaiting your answer,

I remain, Miss, very truly yours,

To Miss _____

LETTER LXXXVIII.

A Lover's Quarrel.

MADISON AVENUE, June 4, 18—

DEAR MISS :

I speak the truth when I say that I was greatly hurt by your behavior last evening. Almost every person present must have observed the attention you paid to _____, while you as persistently neglected me. It is not from mere jealousy that I am impelled to find fault with you—nor am I inclined to deprive you of any innocent pleasure to be gained in respectable society. But your conduct was so strange that I felt it acutely, as my happiness would be gone for ever, did I believe that I had lost the least particle of your affection for me.

Please write soon, and let me have a confirmation from you that you still regard me with the old affection,

As fond as ever, but greatly grieved, yours,

To Miss _____

LETTER LXXXIX.

Letter from a Young Lady to a Gentleman, who asked her Company to a Pic-Nic.

CAMBRIDGE, August 12, 18—

DEAR ——— :

I would be greatly pleased to accept your kind invitation to attend with you at the proposed pic-nic, but that I have one or two objections which I will frankly state. The two Misses — are to be present, I am informed. Now, for some family reasons I should prefer not meeting the young ladies, where I must either publicly affront by studiously shunning them; or I must act hypocritically, and appear to be glad to see them, when in my heart I feel an entirely different sensation. I hear, too, that several young men will be there whose wild conduct, I am informed, has marred the pleasure of many on similar excursions.

I trust to see you soon; or if that is not possible, please answer this, and let me know whether you think my objections weighty enough to warrant me in staying from the pleasure party.

With feelings of real affection,

I am ever yours truly,

To ———, Esq.

—————

LETTER XC.

From a Gentleman, in Answer to the Foregoing.

CHARLESTOWN, August 14, 18—

MY DEAR ——— :

Your well-considered letter of the 12th has made me think still more highly of you. Your reasons for not wishing to attend the pic-nic are quite sufficient. Feeling as you do towards the parties alluded to, it would be impossible for you to have any real enjoyment; and if you did not really enjoy yourself I should most certainly feel anything but happy. I will make a suitable excuse, and I hope soon to invite you to some recreation where you will find nothing to mar your pleasure.

With feelings of love and respect, I sign myself,

Most truly yours,

To Miss ———

—————

LETTER XCI.

From a Young Sea Captain to his Betrothed, releasing her from her Engagement.

LEGHORN, May 17, 18—

MY DEAR ——— :

When I last wrote to you, not only was I in the best of health, but in the best of spirits. Everything looked bright before me; not a solitary cloud on the horizon. I was sailing along with every sail set and filled with a favoring breeze, hoping soon to arrive safely in the harbor of happiness. But I have now the bitter task set me to tell you that all that is changed now. By a succession of misfortunes my vessel was lost, and as all my possessions went to the bottom with her, I am not only penniless, but have lost reputation. Such being the case, I cannot ask you to join hands with one, whose proudest hope once was to sail through life with you as his consort.

Sadly but truthfully yours,

To Miss ———

LETTER XCII.

Reply of the Young Lady.

NEW HAVEN, August 10, 18—

MY DEAR ——— :

Yours, conveying the sad intelligence of the loss of your vessel, has reached me. I sat down and had a good cry over your misfortunes. Then I had a good spell of fair weather, as you would say—when I thought that out of bitter came sweet. I mean that your losses have only brought out in brighter colors the honorable principles that I always believed—but now know—actuated your conduct. I am as truly yours now as if you were returning like that Greek captain, whom I have read about, with the golden fleece in your possession.

I remain sincerely yours,

To Captain ———

LETTER XCIII.

From a Western Man who has Volunteered to fight the Indians.

OMAHA, April 17, 18—

MY OWN DEAR GIRL :

You will be greatly surprised when you get this. I had intended returning the moment I got the deeds for the farm, but I met with a lot of young fellows from our section. They were forming an independent company of scouts to go to the assistance of the settlers on the — river. News had just reached here that a large number of savages had suddenly taken the war path, and were cruelly slaying men, women, and children, and destroying every kind of improvement that they came across. There was no time for any long palaver about the matter. A frontiersman myself, and the son of a frontiersman, I could not stand still and almost hear the shrieks of the Indians' victims. So I at once signed my name, and to-morrow morning we are off. The bitterest thought to me is that I may be taken away without ever seeing you again. But it is better to have you cry over a brave man's grave, than blush to think that you have got a coward for a husband.

Good bye, good bye. God bless you. Be kind to my poor old, gray-haired mother. If I return it will be all right in this world ; if I don't return, we will meet in heaven,

Yours, very truly,

To Miss ———

—————

LETTER XCIV.

Reply of the Young Lady to the Foregoing.

OMAHA, May 4, 18—

MR DEAR ——— :

You will be doubtless greatly astonished at seeing the name "Omaha," at the head of this letter. I will explain. As soon as your letter reached me, I made up my mind that as it was quite possible that in the dangerous expedition on which you had gone,

you might be wounded. I gladly availed myself of the offer of Uncle — to escort me to this place. I am now so near you that should anything happen to you I can soon reach you, and if you happily return unhurt, I will be the first to greet you.

Mother cheerfully consented to my taking this step, and like me she approves of your brave resolve to help the poor suffering settlers.

Hoping soon to see you return all well,

I am truly yours, _____

To _____, Esq.

LETTER XCV.

From a Widower offering Marriage to a Widow.

CAMBRIDGEPORT, January 11, 18—

MY DEAR MADAM:

As I have intimately known you for a long time, and as I know that you are acquainted with my character and circumstances, I have no hesitation in making you an offer of my hand. I have admired your patient continuance in well-doing, and have seen the struggles that you have made to rear your little family. It is true that many of our youthful dreams have vanished, many of our hopes have been dissipated, but I believe that should you accept my offer we may both see many happy days; and under such circumstances I can be a guardian to your children, and a protector to you.

Should you upon deliberate consideration decline accepting my offer, believe me that I shall ever remain none the less,

Your admiring and constant friend,

To Mrs. _____

LETTER XCVI.

In Reply to the Foregoing.

CHELSEA, January 13, 18—

MY KIND SIR:

Your letter of the 11th instant so completely surprised me

that I deemed it right to think carefully over the matter it alludes to before sending a reply. I now thank you for the well-intentioned honor you would confer on me; for I believe it to be a high honor to so win the respect and love of an honorable man that he should offer his name to me. But, sir, I have so completely transferred to my dear children the love that I bore to their departed father that I feel that I would be doing you an injustice if I were to become your wife. Nevertheless, though I cannot become your wife, I shall always entertain the highest respect and regard for you, and trust that you may yet meet with a partner who can make you as happy as I believe you richly deserve to be,

Yours, very truly,

To Mr. _____

LETTER XCVII.

From a Widow accepting an Offer of Marriage.

HARLEM, April 9, 18—

MY DEAR SIR:

Your very kind letter has been received. I will not pretend that I was not greatly pleased upon perusing it. I fear that you have placed too high an estimate upon my poor abilities as a housekeeper; but, believe me, I shall always do my best to make your home a comfortable and happy one. I therefore cheerfully accept the offer of your hand. And have not the slightest doubt from what I know of your character and disposition, but that you will make such a husband as any woman might be proud to have.

Hoping soon to see you,

I remain, ever yours,

To Mr. _____

LETTER XCVIII.

From a Young Boarding School Miss to a Young Gentleman.

NEWBURYPORT, August 1, 18—

SIR:

I received a letter to-day with your signature. I would feel

flattered at having attracted your attention, did you praise me for any qualities that reflected credit upon my head or my heart. It seems, however, that you saw nothing to admire but "the brightness of my eyes, the elegance of my appearance," etc. Such being the case, I cannot accept as compliments praises that only show that you believe me to be a vain and frivolous girl. I do not wish, at my early age, to correspond with any gentleman at all, and only answer this because I have a great respect for your mother and sisters.

Respectfully yours,

To Mr. _____

LETTER XCIX.

Answer from a Young Gentleman to the Foregoing.

NEWBURYPORT, August, 3, 18—

MISS _____ :

I duly received yours of the 1st instant. Allow me to apologize for my ill-considered and hastily penned letter, which led you to give me a deserved rebuke. I followed, in inditing that letter, in the wrong but much trodden path of others, in praising the charms of your person rather than the graces of your mind and behavior. I am far from feeling angry at the just remarks that you have made; and I hope that in my future behavior toward you, you will see that I have learned some wisdom from this rash episode.

With great respect I remain yours,

To Miss _____

LETTER C.

From a Young Gentleman on a Yacht Excursion to his Betrothed.

OFF SANDY HOOK, September 12, 18—

MY DEAR _____ :

I avail myself of the return of one of the squadron to port to drop you a line. We have had a splendid trip so far, and are all in

right royal health and spirits. Nothing but your absence mars for even a moment my enjoyment of this to me novel life. But much as I enjoy it, believe me, I shall be sincerely glad when our voyage has ended, and trust the time will soon arrive when we shall start upon that voyage together which death alone will end.

They are about to cast off the line, so I hastily subscribe myself,

Always and ever, yours and only yours,

To Miss _____

LETTER CI.

From a Young Emigrant to his Betrothed in the Old Country.

NEW YORK, June 18, 18—

MY DEAR _____:

I take advantage of my first quiet moment since arriving in this great city to write to you. I was fortunate enough to have a good passage. The ship was a good one, and the provisions not bad. I have seen (*here put the names of persons met with*). I like this country very much as far as I have seen it. One thing struck me as very strange. The women in the middling and lower classes dress well and appear as much like ladies as do the wives and daughters of the nobility and gentry at home.

I will write again in a few days, telling you how and when you had best leave for America. Do not think, my dear, from what I have said about the women here, that I think any the less of my own true sweetheart, or of the darling old country we have both so much cause to love. Under all changes of fortune my heart is as true as oak to my own darling girl.

I remain yours, faithfully,

To Miss _____

LETTER CII.

From a Young Lady to her Lover in the Old Country.

BOSTON, March 17, 18—

MY DEAR _____:

We have all arrived safe; but have suffered much on the pas-

sage, and I often was sorry that anything ever tempted me to leave home. However, now that I am here, and find many of our townspeople and other friends, I do not regret coming. You will of course give my best regards to all old friends.

There is but one thing needed to make me really happy. That is your presence. Hasten your business preparations, and let me have the pleasure of soon seeing you again,

Ever truly yours,

To Mr. _____

LETTER CIII.

From a Young Gentleman in the City (who has fallen into dissipated habits) to his Betrothed in the Country.

NEW YORK, February 12, 58—

MY DEAR _____:

Your tender but just reproaches cut me to the heart. You ask me to explain my cruel neglect of you, and express a hope that my letters have miscarried. Alas, I have not that consolation. No, I must candidly confess that I am not worthy of the love of one so good and pure as you are. I must acknowledge that soon after my arrival in this city I was weak enough to form the acquaintance of several very fashionable and dashing young men. By degrees I unfortunately soon fell into their mode of life, and gaming and wine parties over night soon totally unfitted me for business in the morning.

I believe that I have now opened my eyes while standing on the brink of ruin; and shall endeavor with the aid of a higher power to keep out of the way of temptation, and build up a character for sobriety, diligence and attention to business such as shall make me worthy of your love in the future.

Trusting that this humiliating confession will prove the sincerity of my repentance, I conclude by asking you to forgive one who with all his faults is,

Most truly yours,

To Miss _____

LETTER CIV.

Reply of the Young Lady to the Foregoing.

AUBURN, February 11, 18—

DEAR ———:

Yours of the 12th instant gave me great pleasure even before I opened it. Your well-remembered hand-writing once more met my eyes. Deeply as I regret that you were ever forced to make so sad a confession, I was greatly rejoiced to find that your good principles triumphed over the force of temptation, and that you have torn yourself away from the evil associates who were leading you into that path whose inevitable ending is misery and degradation.

Continue in your good resolutions and you will never hear a single reproach for me. Promise me one thing, that you faithfully tell me with whom you associate out of business hours; thus you will have an ever-present monitor to check even the first step in a wrong direction.

Still truly your best friend,

To Mr. ———

—————

LETTER CV.

Letter from a Gentleman to a Lady, Disclosing his Passion.

NEW ROCHELLE, May 7, 18—

MADAM:

Those only who have suffered them can tell the unhappy moments of hesitating uncertainty which attended the formation of a resolution to declare the sentiments of affection; I, who have felt their greatest and most acute torments, could not, previous to my experience, have formed the remotest idea of their severity. Every one of those qualities in you which claim my admiration, increased my diffidence, by showing the great risk I run in venturing, perhaps before my affectionate assiduities have made the desired impression on your mind, to make a declaration of the ardent passion I have long since felt for you.

My family and connections are so well known to you that I need say nothing of them; if I am disappointed of the place I hope to

hold in your affections, I trust this step will not draw on me the risk of losing the friendship of yourself and family, which I value so highly that an object less ardently desired, or really estimable, could not induce me to take a step by which it should be in any manner hazarded.

I am, madam,
Your affectionate admirer and
Sincere friend,

To Miss _____

LETTER CVI.

The Answer.

BROOKLYN, May 9, 18—

SIR :

I take the earliest opportunity of acknowledging the receipt of your letter, and the obligations I feel to you for the sentiment expressed in it; and assure you that, whatever may be the event of your solicitations in another quarter, the sentiments of friendship I feel, from a long acquaintance with you, will not be in any manner altered.

There are many points besides mere personal regard to be considered; these I must refer to the superior knowledge of my father and mother, and if the result of their inquiries is such as my presentiments suggest, I have no doubt my happiness will be attended to by a permission to decide for myself.

At all events, I shall never cease to feel obliged by a preference in itself sufficiently flattering, and rendered still more so by the handsome manner in which it is expressed; and I hope, if my parents should see cause to decline the proposed favor of your alliance, it will not produce such disunion between our families as to deprive us of friends who possess a great portion of our esteem and regard.

I am, sir, your obliged and sincere friend,
And humble servant,

To Mr. _____

LETTER CVII.

From a Gentleman to a Young Lady of Superior Fortune.

NEW YORK, June 18, 18—

Miss _____ :

I can no longer do so great violence to my inclinations, and injustice to your charms and merits, as to retain within my own breast those sentiments of esteem and affection with which you have inspired me.

I should have hazarded this discovery much sooner, but was restrained by a dread of meeting censure for my presumption in aspiring to the possession of a lady whom beauty, wit, and fortune have conspired to raise so high above my reasonable expectations.

You have judgment enough, both of your own good qualities and the character of those with whom you converse, to make a proper estimate of my sincerity on this occasion. I am above deceit, and have not, therefore, at any period of our acquaintance, pretended to be a man of greater property than I am, which conduct, I hope, will tend to convince you of my general sincerity.

Believe me, my dearest A——, were our circumstances reversed, I should hardly take to myself the credit of doing a generous action in overlooking the consideration of wealth, and making you an unreserved tender of my hand and fortune.

I shall await your answer in a state of unpleasant impatience, and therefore rely on your humanity not to keep me long in suspense.

I am, Miss,

Your most humble servant,

To Miss _____
:

LETTER CVIII.

The Answer.

NEW YORK, June 20, 18—

SIR :

Giving you credit, as I do, for an elevation of mind capable of the most generous sentiments, I cannot believe you guilty of

the meanness of speculation on the heart of a lady with a view to her property.

Knowing your accomplished manners and cultivated understanding, I feel the greatest obligation to you for the polite and affectionate declaration contained in your letter. In an affair of so much importance, however, I must refer myself entirely to the discretion of my father. At the same time I must caution you against feeling hurt at minute inquiries and resolute objections, which perhaps may be made; young people think too little of wealth, old ones, *perhaps*, too much; but I know my father's prudence and kindness so well as to pledge myself to abide by his final decision whatever pain it may cost me.

Yet I advise you not to despair of success, as you will find a warm and zealous advocate in

Your sincere friend and humble servant,

To Mr. _____

LETTER CIX.

From a Gentleman of some Fortune, who had seen a Lady in Public, to her Mother.

New York, Jan. 4, 18—

MADAM:

I shall be very happy if you are not altogether unacquainted with the name which is at the bottom of this letter, since that will prevent me the necessity of saying some things concerning myself which had better be heard from others. Hoping that it may be so, I shall not trouble you on that head; but only say, that I have the honor to be of a family not mean and not wholly without a fortune.

I was yesterday, madam, at St. Paul's, and have been informed that a lady who commanded my attention there has the happiness to be your daughter.

It is on account of that lady that I now write to you; but I am aware you will say this is a rash and idle manner of attempting an acquaintance. I have always been of opinion that nothing deserves censure which is truly honorable and undisguised. I take the freedom to tell you, madam, that I believe your daughter worthy of a much better offer; but I am assured my happiness

will depend upon her accepting or refusing this. In the first place, I request to know whether the lady be engaged, for I am an entire stranger; and, if she be not, I beg that, after you have informed yourself who it is that requests the honor of being introduced to her you will do me the singular favor of letting me be answered. I am very much an enemy, madam, to the usual nonsense upon these occasions; but it would be doing injustice to myself to conclude without saying that my mind will be very little at ease until I know how this address is received. I have the honor to be, with the greatest respect, madam,

Your very obedient and humble servant,

To Mrs. _____

LETTER CX.

From a Mother to a Gentleman, who had Asked Permission to Address her Daughter, in Answer.

NEW YORK, Jan. 6, 18—

SIR:

The letter which you have done me the honor to write to me, speaks you to be a gentleman and a man of sense. I am sorry to acquaint you, that after such a prepossession in your favor, I must for more than one reason decline the offer you are pleased to make towards an alliance in my family. My daughter is very dear to me; and I think she has cast an eye elsewhere; I think there is something indelicate and improper in this wild manner of engaging in an attachment, and in pleading in favor of it. I wish you had known my daughter more before you spoke so much, and had met with me among our acquaintance to have mentioned it. I am convinced, sir, that I do not think more of you than I may with justice, when I confess to you that I believe you would be more than an equal match for my daughter; for though she has (and suffer me, sir, although I am her mother, to say it) great merit, her fortune, although not quite inconsiderable, is not great. You will see, sir, that I waver in my opinion on that subject; but you must attribute it to the same cause; and believe everything which

has, be it ever so remote, a tendency to my daughter's welfare, will make me very cautious of determining.

To give you my final sense (at least what is final to me at present), I have not a thought of asking who it is that has thus favored us, nor would advise my daughter to remember it. I thank you, sir, in her name, as well as my own, for the honor you intended us, and am, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

To Mr. _____

LETTER CXI.

From a Youth to a Gentleman desiring Permission to visit his Daughter.

NEW HAVEN, June 12, 18—

SIR :

I flatter myself that the integrity of my intentions will excuse the freedom of these few lines, whereby I am to acquaint you of the great regard and esteem I have for your daughter. I would not, sir, attempt any indirect address that should have the least appearance of inconsistency with her duty to you and my honorable views to her, choosing, by your influence, if I may approve myself to you worthy of that honor, to commend myself to her approbation. You are not insensible, sir, by the credit I have hitherto preserved in the world, of my ability, with God's blessing, to make her happy. This then rather emboldens me to request the favor of an evening's conversation with you at the first convenience; when I will more fully explain myself, as I earnestly hope, to your satisfaction, and take my encouragement or discouragement from your own mouth. I am, sir, in the mean time, with great respect and esteem,

Your most obedient and humble servant,

To _____, Esq. _____

LETTER CXII.

From the same to the Young Lady by Permission of the Father.

NEW HAVEN, June 14, 18—

MISS :

I hope I shall stand excused in venturing to make known to your honored father the great desire I have to be thought worthy of a relation to him by your means. As he has not discouraged me in the hopes I have entertained that I may possibly be not unacceptable to him and to all your worthy family, I propose to do myself the honor of a visit to you next Monday. Though he has been so good as to promise to introduce me, and I make no doubt has acquainted you with it, I nevertheless give you the trouble of these lines that I might not appear wanting in any outward demonstration of that inviolable respect with which I am, dear Miss,

Your devoted, humble servant,

To Miss _____

LETTER CXIII.

From a Widow to a Young Gentleman, Rejecting his Suit.

HARTFORD, Aug. 9, 18—

SIR :

The objections I have to make to the proposal contained in your letter are but few, but they demand some attention, and will, I believe, be rather difficult to obviate.

You are, by your account, two and twenty. I am, by mine, six and forty; you are too young to know the duties of a father. I have a son who is seventeen, and consequently too old to learn the duties of a son from one so little senior to himself. Thus much with respect to age. As to the little fortune I possess, I consider myself merely trustee for my children, and will not, therefore, impose on you by acceding to the common report that I am rich. However, as you have borne a commission these three years, as

you tell me, you may, perhaps, have reserved out of the profits of that, a sufficient sum to obviate every difficulty on that head.

I will press these subjects no farther ; when you can convince me that, in point of age, fortune, and morals, you are such a person as I can, without reproach, take for a husband and a guardian to my children, I may think with favor of your suit.

Your sincere friend and humble servant,

To Mr. _____

LETTER CXIV.

From a Young Lady to a Gentleman that Courted her, whom she could not Esteem but was forced by her Parents to receive his visits, and think of none else for her Husband.

Boston, Sept. 11, 18—

SIR :

It is an exceedingly ill return that I make to the respect you have for me, when I acknowledge to you, though the day for our marriage is appointed, I am incapable of loving you. You may have observed, in the long conversations we have had at those times that we were left together, that some secret hung upon my mind. I was obliged to an ambiguous behavior, and durst not reveal myself farther, because my mother, from a closet near the place where we sat, could both see, and hear our conversation. I have strict commands from both my parents to receive you, and am undone forever, except you be so kind and generous as to refuse me. Consider, sir, the misery of bestowing yourself upon one who can have no prospect of happiness but from your death. I will not go so far as to say my passion for the gentleman whose wife I am by promise, would lead me to anything criminal against your honor. I know it is dreadful enough to a man of your sense to expect nothing but forced civilities in return for tender endearments, and cold esteem for undeserved love. If you will on this occasion let reason take the place of passion, I doubt not but fate has in store for you some worthier object of your affection in recompense of your goodness to the only woman that could be insensible of your merit.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

To Mr _____

LETTER CXV.

From a Young Lady in the Country to her Father, acquainting him with an offer made to her of Marriage.

GROVE HILL, Oct. 12, 18—

HONORED FATHER :

My duty teaches me to acquaint you that a gentleman of this town, whose name is ——, and by business a merchant, has made some overtures to my cousin Arnold in the way of courtship to me. My cousin has brought him once or twice into my company, as he has a high opinion of him and his circumstances. He has been set up three years, possesses a very good business, and lives in credit and fashion. He is about twenty-seven years old, and is likely in his person. He seems not to want sense or manners, and is come of a good family. He has broken his mind to me, and boasts how well he can maintain me ; but I assure you, sir, I have given him no encouragement, yet he resolves to persevere, and pretends extraordinary affection and esteem. I would not, sir, by any means, omit to acquaint you with the beginning of an affair that would show disobedience unworthy of your kind indulgence and affection. Pray give my humble duty to my honored mother, love to my brother and sister, and respects to all friends.

I remain your ever dutiful daughter,

To Mr. ——

———

LETTER CXVI.

An Answer to the Preceding.

LOWELL, Oct. 15, 18—

DEAR POLLY :

Your letter of the first instant came safe to hand, wherein you acquaint me of the proposals made to you through your cousin's recommendation by one Mr. —— . I hope, as you assure me, that you have given no encouragement to him ; for I by no means approve of him for your husband. I have inquired of one of his townsmen, who knows him and his circumstances very well,

and I am neither pleased with him nor his character. I wonder your cousin should so inconsiderately recommend him to you, though I doubt not his good intentions. I strongly urge that you think nothing more of this matter, and your mother joins with me in the same advice. Adieu, my dear girl, and believe me

Your affectionate father,

To Miss _____

LETTER CXVII.

Another on the same Occasion.

LOWELL, Oct. 15, 18—

DEAR POLLY :

I have received your letter of the first instant relating to the addresses of Mr. _____. I would advise you neither to encourage nor discourage his suit, for if on inquiry into his character and circumstances I find that they are answerable to your cousin's good opinion of them and his own assurances, I know not but his suit may be worthy of attention. However, my dear girl, consider that men are deceitful, and always put the best side outwards. It may possibly, on the strict inquiry which the nature and importance of the case demands, come out far otherwise than it at present appears. Let me, therefore, advise you to act in this matter with great prudence, and that you make not yourself too cheap, for men are apt to slight what is too easily obtained. In the mean time he may be told that you are entirely resolved to abide by my determination in an affair of such great importance. This will make him apply to me, who, you need not doubt, will in this case, as in all others, study your good. Your mother gives her blessing to you, and joins in the advice you here receive from

Your affectionate father,

To Miss _____

LETTER CXVIII.

From Mr. ——— to the Young Lady's Father.

GROVE HILL, Oct. 13, 18—

SIR :

Though personally unknown to you I take the liberty to declare the great value and affection I have for your amiable daughter, whom I have had the honor to see at my friend's house. I should think myself entirely unworthy of her favor and of your approbation, if I could have thought of influencing her resolution, but in obedience to your pleasure, as I should, on such a supposition, offer an injury likewise to that prudence in herself which I flatter myself is not the least of her amiable perfections. If I might have the honor of your countenance, sir, on this occasion, I would open myself and circumstances to you in that frank and honest manner which would convince you of the sincerity of my affection for your daughter, and at the same time of the honorableness of my intentions. In the mean time I will in general say, that I have been set up in my business upwards of three years; that I have a very good trade for the time; and that I had four thousand dollars to begin with, which I have improved to six thousand, as I am ready to make appear to your satisfaction; that I am of a creditable family, have done nothing to stain my character, and that my trade is still further improvable, as I shall, I hope, enlarge my capital. This, sir, I thought but honest and fair to acquaint you with that you might know something of a person who sues you for your countenance, and that of your good lady, in an affair that I hope may one day prove the greatest happiness of my life, as it must be if I can be blessed with that and your daughter's approbation. In hopes of which, and the favor of a line, I take the liberty to subscribe myself, good sir,

Your obedient and humble servant,

To Mr. ———

LETTER CXIX.

From a Young Lady to a Gentleman, Complaining of Indifference.

STRATFORD, May 3, 18—

SIR :

However light you may make oꝝ promises, yet I am foolish enough to consider them as something more than trifles ; and am likewise induced to believe that the man who voluntarily breaks his promise will not pay much regard to an oath ; and if so, in what light must I consider your conduct ? Did I not give you my promise to be yours, and had you no other cause for soliciting it than merely to gratify your vanity ? A brutal gratification, indeed, to triumph over the weakness of a woman whose greatest fault was, she loved you. I say loved you ; for it was in consequence of that passion that I first consented to become yours. Has your conduct, sir, been consistent with my submission, or with your own solemn professions ? Is it consistent with the character of a gentleman first to obtain a woman's consent, and afterwards boast that he had discarded her, and found one more agreeable to his wishes ? Do not equivocate ; I have too convincing proofs of your insincerity ; I saw you yesterday walking with Miss ——, and am informed that you have promised to marry her. Whatever you may think, sir, I have a spirit of disdain, and even resentment, equal to your ingratitude, and can treat the wretch with a proper indifference who can make so slight a matter of the most solemn promises. Miss —— may be your wife, but she will receive into her arms a perjured husband ; nor can ever the superstructure be lasting which is built on such a foundation. I leave you to the stings of your own conscience.

I am, the injured

To Mr. ——

LETTER CXX.

The Gentleman's Answer.

STRATFORD, May 4, 18—

MY DEAR GIRL :

For by that name I must still call you, has cruelty entered into your tender nature, or has some designing wretch imposed on your credulity? My dear, I am not what you have represented, I am neither false nor perjured; I never proposed marriage to Miss ——, I never designed it; and my sole reason for walking with her was, that I had been on a visit to her brother, whom you know is my attorney. And was it any fault in me to take a walk into the fields with him and his sister? Surely prejudice itself has imposed on you by some designing person, who had private views and private ends to answer by such baseness. But whatever may have been the cause, I am entirely innocent; and, to convince you of my sincerity, beg that the day of our marriage be next week. My affections never so much as wander from the dear object of my love; in you are centred all my hopes of felicity; with you only can I be happy. Keep me not in misery one moment longer by entertaining groundless jealousies against one who loves you in a manner superior to the whole of your sex; and I can set at defiance even malice itself. Let me beg your answer by my servant, which will either make me happy or miserable. I have sent a small parcel by the bearer, which I hope you will accept as a convincing proof of my integrity, and am,

Yours forever,

To Miss ——

LETTER CXXI.

From a Gentleman to a Lady, whom he accuses of Inconstancy.

NEWARK, Oct. 3, 18—

MADAM :

You will not, I presume, be surprised at a letter in the place of a visit from one who cannot but have reason to believe it may easily be as welcome as his company.

You should not suppose, if lovers have lost their sight, that their senses are all banished; and if I refuse to believe my own eyes when they show me your inconstancy, you must not wonder that I cannot stop my ears against the accounts of it. Pray let us understand one another properly; for I am afraid we are deceiving ourselves all this while. Am I a person whom you esteem, whose fortune you do not despise, and whose pretensions you encourage; or am I a troublesome coxcomb, who fancies myself particularly received by a woman who only laughs at me? If I am the latter, you treat me as I deserve; and I ought to join with you in saying I deserve it. But if it be otherwise, and you receive me, as I think you do, as a person you intend to marry, for it is best to be plain on these occasions, pray tell me what is the meaning of that universal coquetry in public where every fool flatters you, and you are pleased with the meanest of them? And what can be the meaning that I am told you last night was, in particular, an hour with Mr. ———, and are so wherever you meet him, if I am not in your company? Both of us, madam, you cannot think of; and I should be sorry to imagine that, when I had given you my heart so entirely, I shared yours with any other man.

I have said a great deal too much to you, and yet I am tempted to say more; but I shall be silent. I beg you will answer this, and I think I have a right to expect that you do it generously and fairly. Do not mistake what is the effect of the distraction of my heart for want of respect to you. While I write thus, I dote upon you, but I cannot bear to be deceived where all my happiness is centred.

Your most unhappy

To Miss ———

LETTER CXXII.

From a Lady to a Lover, who suspects her of Receiving the Addresses of another, in Answer.

NEWARK, Oct. 7, 18—

SIR:

Did I not make all the allowance you desire in the end of your letter I should not answer you at all. But although I am really unhappy to find you are so, and the more so to find myself

to be the occasion, I can hardly impute the unkindness and incivility of your letter to the single cause you would have me. However, as I would not be suspected of anything that should justify such treatment from you, I think it necessary to inform you that what you have heard has no more foundation than what you have seen; however, I wonder that others' eyes should not be as easily alarmed as yours; for, instead of being blind, believe me, sir, you see more than there is. Perhaps, however, their sight may be as much sharpened by unprovoked malice as yours by undeserved suspicion.

Whatever may be the end of this dispute, for I do not think so lightly of lovers' quarrels as many do, I think it proper to inform you that I never thought favorably of any one but yourself; and I shall add that if the faults of your temper, which I once little suspected, should make me fear you too much to marry, you will not see me in that state with any other, nor courted by any man in all the world.

I did not know that the gayety of my temper gave you uneasiness; and you ought to have told me of it with less severity. If I am particular in it, I am afraid it is a fault in my natural disposition; but I would have taken some pains to get the better of that if I had known it was disagreeable to you. I ought to resent this treatment more than I do, but do not insult my weakness on that head; for a fault of that kind would want the excuse this has for my pardon; and might not be so easily overlooked, though I could wish to do it. I should say, I would not see you to-day, but you have an advocate that pleads for you much better than you can do for yourself. I desire you will first look carefully over this letter, for my whole soul is in it, and then come to me.

Yours, etc.,

To Mr. _____

LETTER CXXIII.

From a Rich Young Gentleman to a Beautiful Young Lady without Fortune.

HARTFORD, April 3, 18—

MISS SOPHIA:

It is a general reflection against the manners of the present age that marriage is only considered as one of those methods by

which avarice may be satisfied and property increased; that neither the character nor accomplishments of the woman are much regarded, her merit being estimated by the thousands of her fortune. I acknowledge that the accusation is too true, and to that may be ascribed many unhappy matches we daily meet with; for how is it possible that those should ever have the same affection for each other who were forced to comply with terms to which they had the utmost aversion; as if they had been allowed to consult their own inclinations, and gave their hands where they had engaged their hearts. For my own part, I have been always determined to consult my own inclinations where there is the least appearance of happiness; and having an easy independency, am not anxious about increasing it, being well convinced that in all states the middle one is the best. I mean neither poverty nor riches; which leads me to the discovery of a passion which I have long endeavored to conceal.

The opportunities which I have had of conversing with you at Mrs. A.'s have at last convinced me that merit and riches are far from being connected, and that a woman may have those qualifications necessary to adorn her sex, although adverse fortune has denied her money. I am sure that all those virtues necessary to make me happy in the married state are centred in you; and whatever objection you may have to my person, yet I hope there can be none to my character; and if you will consent to be mine, it shall be my constant study to make your life agreeable, and under the endearing character of husband, endeavor to supply your earthly loss of the best of parents. I shall expect your answer as soon as possible, for I wait for it with the utmost impatience.

I am your affectionate lover,

To Miss _____

LETTER CXXIV.

The Young Lady's Answer.

HARTFORD, April 5, 18—

SIR:

I received your letter yesteraay, and gratitude for the generous proposal which you have made, obliges me to thank you heartily for the contents.

As I have no objection to either your person or character, you will give me leave to deal sincerely, and state those things which at present bear weight with me, and perhaps must ever remain unanswered, and hinder me from entering into that state against which I have not the least aversion.

You well know (at least I imagine so) that the proposal you have made to me is a secret both to your relatives and friends, and would you desire me to run precipitately into the marriage state where I have the greatest reason to fear that I should be looked upon with contempt by those whom marriage has connected me with? I should consider myself obliged to promote the happiness of my husband: and how consistent would a step of that nature be with such a resolution? You know that I was left an orphan, and had it not been for the pious care of Mrs. A. must have been brought up in a state of servitude. You know that I have no fortune; and were I to accept of your offer it would lay me under such obligations as must destroy my liberty. Gratitude and love are two very different things. The one supposes a benefit received, whereas the other is a free act of the will. Suppose me raised to the joint possession of your fortune, could I call it mine unless I had brought you something as an equivalent? for have I not great reason to fear that you yourself may consider me as under obligations inconsistent with the character of a wife? I acknowledge the great generosity of your offer, and would consider myself highly honored could I prevail with myself to prefer to peace of mind the enjoyment of an affluent fortune. But as I have been very sincere in my answer, so let me beg that you will endeavor to eradicate a passion which, if nourished longer, may prove fatal to us both.

I am, Sir, with the greatest, etc.,

To Mr. _____

LETTER CXXV.

The Gentleman's Reply.

HARTFORD, April 7, 18—

DEAR SOPHIA:

Was it not cruel to start so many objections? or could you suppose me capable of so base an action as to destroy your free-

dom and peace of mind? or do you think that I am capable of ever forgetting you, or being happy in the enjoyment of another? For affection's sake, do not mention gratitude any more. Your many virtues entitle you to much more than I am able to give; but all that I have shall be yours. With respect to my relations, I have none to consult besides my mother and my uncle, and their consent, and even approbation, are already obtained. My mother has often declared that she preferred my happiness with a woman of virtue to the possession of the greatest fortune; and though I forgot to mention it, yet I had communicated my sentiments to her before I had opened my mind to you. Let me beg that you will lay aside all those unnecessary scruples which only serve to make one unhappy who is already struggling under all the anxieties of real and genuine love. It is in your power to make me happy, and none else can. Let me beg that you will not start any more objections unless you are my real enemy; but your tender nature cannot suffer you to be cruel. Be mine and I am yours forever. My servant shall wait for the answer to your ever sincere lover, whose whole happiness is centred in you.

I am, etc., _____

To Miss _____

LETTER CXXVI.

The Lady's Answer.

HARTFORD, April 9, 18—

SIR:

I find that when one of your sex forms a resolution you are determined to go through whatever be the event. Your answer to my first objection, I must confess, is satisfactory. I wish I could say so of the others; but I find that if I must comply I shall be obliged to trust the remainder to yourself. Perhaps this is always the case, and even the most cautious have been deceived. However, sir, I have communicated the contents of your letter to Mrs. A., as you know she has been to me as a parent. She has not any objection, and I am at last resolved to comply. I must give myself up to you as a friendless orphan, and shall endeavor to act consistent with the rules laid down and enforced by our

holy religion; and if you should so far deviate from the paths of virtue as to upbraid me with poverty, I have no friends to complain to but God, who is the *Father of the fatherless*. But I have a better opinion of you than to entertain any such fears, if you will continue in the practice of that virtuous education which you have received. Virtue is its own reward, and I cannot be unhappy with the man who prefers the duties of religion to gayety and dissipation. I leave the time to your own appointment.

I am yours sincerely,

To Mr. _____

LETTTR CXXVII.

From a Young Merchant in the City to a Widow Lady in the Country.

NEW YORK, Sept. 18, 18—

MADAM:

Ever since I saw you at the Springs, when I was on a journey to Utica, my mind has been continually ruminating on your many accomplishments. And although it is possible this may be rejected, yet I can no longer conceal a passion which has preyed on my spirits these six weeks. I have been settled in business about three years; my success has been equal to my expectations, and is likewise increasing. My family is respectable though not rich; and as to the disparity of our ages, a few years will not make any difference where the affections are placed on so worthy an object. I can only say, madam, that I prefer you to all the young ladies I have seen; and if business continues to increase, I shall be greatly in want of one of your prudence to manage my domestic affairs. Be assured, madam, that whatever time I can spare from the necessary duties of my profession shall be devoted to your company, and every endeavor used to make your life most agreeable and happy. As you have relations in New York they will give you every necessary information concerning my character and circumstances, although I have not the pleasure of being known to them. If you will favor me with an answer to this it will be ever esteemed as a particular favor, and acknowledged with the sincerest respect

By your real admirer,

To Mrs. _____

LETTER CXXVIII.

From a Romantic Youth to his Sweetheart.

ALBANY, July 17, 18—

MY DARLING :

It is only since I knew you that I have really began to live. Earth seems more beautiful; the skies of a more lovely blue; the birds' songs seem sweeter; the odors of the flowers more fragrant. How shall I ever find words to paint your manifold charms as they appear to me? One of the poets faintly describes your graces when he says—

“ My love, thou art fairer than the dawn
Of April's brightest day,
And the beauty of thy cheek outvies
The loveliest tints of May.”

I fancy, too, that I am a better as well as a happier man since I have known you. Your presence seems to have had the same effect upon me that the rising of the crescent moon has on the landscape—softening all the rugged points, and rendering still more beautiful what was already beautiful in itself. In truth, your presence seems to

—————“ Have the power
To double even the sweetness of a flower.”

Let me see you again at your very earliest convenience. I am all eager impatience to be with you once again. To ramble beneath the wide-spread, drooping branches of the old willow, whose tips just kiss the tiny billows of the murmuring river. Have you forgotten our evening strolls upon that river's margin, as we watched slowly sinking—

“ More slowly ere his race was run—
Behind the distant hills, the golden sun ?”

Write as soon and as often as possible; for, if I cannot see you, it will be a partial pleasure to at least look upon the letters formed by your dear hand. As Romeo says—

“ Would that I were a glove upon that hand
That I might kiss that cheek.”

Farewell! Ah, how truly has it been said that this word crushes

the life out of young hearts. I feel a depression of spirits each time that I am reluctantly called upon to write it.

And now, indeed, good bye But

“Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I could say good-bye until to-morrow.”

Eternally yours,

To Miss _____

LETTER CXXIX.

The Young Lady's Answer to the Foregoing.

SARATOGA, July 19th, 18—

MY OWN DEAR _____:

Your sweet letter came to hand in due course of mail, no doubt; but oh how long the moments lagged as I impatiently waited for its appearance. Now that I have received it I feel truly delighted. Can it really be that you so truly love me? Have a care. Remember what is said in the play of one of my sex: “The lady does protest too much.” But why should I, like a thoughtless girl, pick to pieces the sweet flower whose beauty and fragrance may be to me “a joy forever.” No, I will trust *your* protestations. I think you far too noble in heart to mislead one who so trustingly places her fate, “come weal, come woe,” in your hands. Sooner will I believe that the parent bird would lure her young from the nest purposely to see it dashed upon the flinty ground. If you fail me—all fails me. Never again will I trust in any human faith. Indeed I should almost distrust the goodness of a higher power. Try and come up here for a few days at least. Even in the midst of this fashionable crowd we will find time and opportunity to exchange some low-toned words of affection, and, even when our tongues must perforce be silent, we will talk, perhaps, not ineloquently with our eyes.

And after having dispatched this little missive that so poorly and tamely represents my thoughts, and hopes, and wishes, I shall go forth

“To wander, ponderingly, 'neath the arching elms,
And lose all care in fancy's blissful realms.”

Write very often to

Your true-hearted girl,

To Mr. _____

SPECIMEN LOVE LETTERS.

The epistles which follow, under this heading, are not meant to be copied *entire*; but many passages in them can be introduced into letters with effect; they are all exceedingly well written, and will afford much pleasure in the perusal, even when not suitable for reproduction.

The five following letters are the production of Sir E. L. Bulwer, and are fine specimens of the ardent and ornate in lovers' correspondence. They are all from a gentleman to a lady.

LETTER CXXX.

From E—— F——, Esq., to E—— M——.

——— HOTEL, LONDON.

For the first time in my life I write to you! How my hand trembles—how my cheek flushes! a thousand thousand thoughts rush upon me, and almost suffocate me with the variety and confusion of the emotions they awaken! I am agitated alike with the rapture of writing to you, and with the impossibility of expressing the feelings which I cannot distinctly unravel even to myself. You love me, Emily, and yet I have fled from you, and at your command; but the thought that, though absent, I am not forgotten, supports me through all.

It was with a feverish sense of weariness and pain that I found myself entering this vast reservoir of human vices. I became at once sensible of the sterility of that polluted soil so incapable of nuturing affection, and I clasped your image the closer to my heart. It is you who, when I was most weary of existence, gifted me with a new life. You breathed into me a part of your own spirit; my soul feels that influence, and becomes more sacred. I have shut myself from the idlers who would molest me; I have built a temple in my heart; I have set within it a divinity; and

the vanities of the world shall not profane the spot which has been consecrated to *you*. Our parting, Emily—do you recall it? Your hand clasped in mine; your cheek resting, though but for an instant, on my bosom; and the tears which love called forth, but which virtue purified even at their source. Never were hearts so near, yet so divided; never was there an hour so tender, yet so unaccompanied with danger. Passion, grief, madness, all sank beneath your voice, and lay hushed like a deep sea within my soul!

I tore myself from you; I hurried through the wood; I stood by the lake, on whose banks I had often wandered with you; I bared my breast to the winds; I bathed my temples with the waters. Fool that I was! the fever, the fever was within! But it is not thus, my adored and beautiful friend, that I should console and support you. Even as I write, passion melts into tenderness, and pours itself in softness over your remembrance. The virtue so gentle, yet so strong; the feelings so kind, yet so holy; the tears which wept over the decision your lips proclaimed—these are the recollections which come over me like dew. Let your own heart, my Emily, be your reward; and know that your lover only forgets that he *adores*, to remember that he *respects* you!

LETTER CXXXI.

From the Same to the Same.

————— PARK.

I could not bear the tumult and noise of London. I sighed for solitude, that I might muse over your remembrance undisturbed. I came here yesterday. It is the home of my childhood. I am surrounded on all sides by the scenes and images consecrated by the fresh recollections of my unsullied years. *They* are not changed. The seasons which come and depart renew in them the havoc which they make. If the December destroys, the April revives; but man has but one spring, and the desolation of the heart but one winter! In this very room have I sat and brooded over dreams and hopes which—but no matter—those dreams could never show me a vision to equal *you*, or those hopes hold out to me a blessing so precious as your love.

Do you remember, or rather can you ever forget, that moment in which the great depths of our souls were revealed? Ah! not in the scene in which such vows should have been whispered to your ear, and your tenderness have blushed its reply. The passion concealed in darkness was revealed in danger; and the love which in life was forbidden, was our comfort amid the terrors of death! And that long and holy kiss, the first, the only moment in which our lips shared the union of our souls!—do not tell me that it is wrong to recall it! The feelings you have excited may render me wretched, but not guilty; for the love of *you* can only *hallow* the heart—it is a fire which consecrates the altar on which it burns. I feel even from the hour that I loved, that my soul has become more pure. I could not have believed that I was capable of so unearthly an affection, or that the love of woman could possess that divinity of virtue which I worship in yours. The world is no fosterer of our young visions of purity. I confess that I erred; I renounce from this moment the colder reflections of my manhood—the fruits of a bitter experience—the wisdom of an inquiring, yet agitated life. I return with transport to my earliest visions of beauty and love; and I dedicate them upon the altar of my soul to you, who have embodied, and concentrated, and breathed them into life!

LETTER CXXXII.

From the Same to the Same.

— PARK.

If you knew how I long, how I thirst for one word from you—one word to say you are well, and have not forgotten me!—but I will not distress you. You will guess my feelings, and do justice to the restraint I impose on them, when I make no effort to alter your resolution not to write. I know that it is just, and I bow to my sentence; but can you blame me if I am restless, and if I repine? It is past twelve. I always write to you at night. It is then, my own love, that my imagination can the more readily transport me to you; it is then that my spirit holds with you a more tender and undivided commune. In the day the world can force itself upon my thoughts and its trifles usurp the place which

“I love to keep for only thee and heaven;” but in the night all things recall you the more vividly: the stillness of the gentle skies—the blandness of the unbroken air—the stars so holy in their loveliness—all speak and breathe to me of you. I think your hand is clasped in mine; that I again drink the low music of your voice, and imbibe again in the air the breath which has been perfumed by your lips. You seem to stand in my lonely chamber in the light and stillness of a spirit, who has wandered on earth to teach us the love which is felt in heaven.

I cannot, believe me, I cannot endure this separation long; it must be more or less. You must be mine for ever, or our parting must be without a mitigation, which is rather a cruelty than a relief. If you will not accompany me, I will leave this country alone. I must not wean myself from your image by degrees, but break from the enchantment at once. And when, Emily, I am once more upon the world, when no tidings of my fate shall reach your ear, and all its power of alienation be left to the progress of time—then, when you will at last have forgotten me, when your peace of mind will be restored, and having no struggles of conscience to undergo, you will have no remorse to endure;—then, Emily, when we are indeed divided, let the scene which had witnessed our passion, the letters which have recorded my vow, the evil which we have suffered; let these, in our old age, be remembered, and in declaring to Heaven that we were innocent, add also—*that we loved.*

LETTER CXXXIII.

From the Same to the Same.

How are you this morning, my adored friend? You seemed pale and ill when we parted last night, and I shall be *so* unhappy till I hear something of you. Oh, Emily, when you listened to me with those tearful and downcast looks; when I saw your bosom heave at every word which I whispered in your ear; when, as I accidentally touched your hand, I felt it tremble beneath my own; oh! was there nothing in those moments at your heart which pleaded for me more eloquently than words?

I tell you, my own love, that when your hand is in mine, when

your head rests upon my bosom, when those soft and thrilling eyes shall be fixed upon my own, when every sigh shall be mingled with my breath, and every tear be kissed away at the very instant it rises from its source,—I tell you that then you shall only feel that every pang of the past, and every fear for the future shall be but a new link to bind us the firmer to each other. Emily, my life, my love, you cannot, if you would, desert me. Who can separate the waters which are once united, or divide the hearts which have met and mingled into one?

LETTER CXXXIV.

From the Same to the Same.

At length, then, you are to be mine,—you have consented to fly with me. In three days we shall leave this country, and have no home,—no world but in each other. We will go, my Emily, to those golden lands where nature, the only companion we will suffer, woos us, like a mother, to find our asylum in her breast; where the breezes are languid beneath the voluptuous skies; and where the purple light that invests all these things with its glory, is only less tender and consecrating than the spirit which we bring. Is there not, my Emily, in the external nature which reigns over creation, and that human nature centered in ourselves, some secret and undefinable intelligence and attraction? Are not the impressions of the former as spells over the passions of the latter? and, in gazing upon the loveliness around us, do we not gather, as it were, and store within our hearts, an increase of the yearning and desire of love? What can we demand from earth but its solitudes,—what from heaven but its unpolluted air? All that others would ask from either, we can find in ourselves. Wealth, honor, happiness,—every object of ambition or desire, exist not for us without the circle of our arms! But the bower that surrounds us shall not be unworthy of your beauty or our love. Amid the myrtle, and the vine, and the valleys where the summer sleeps, and the rivers that murmur the memories and the legends of old; amid the hills and the glossy glades, and the sil-

ver fountains, still all as beautiful as if the nymph and spirit yet held and decorated an earthly home; amid these we will make the couch of our bridals, and the moon of Italian skies shall keep watch on our repose.

Emily!—Emily!—how I love to repeat and to linger over that beautiful name! If to see, to address, and, more than all, to touch you, has been a rapture, what word can I find in the vocabulary of happiness to express the realization of that hope which is now within me—to mingle our youth together in one stream, wheresoever it flows; to respire the same breath; to be almost blended in the same existence; to grow, as it were, on one stem, and knit into a *single* life the feelings, the wishes, the *being* of both.

To-night I shall see you again; let one day more intervene. As I have written, the tumultuous happiness of hope has come over me to confuse and overwhelm everything else.

THE LOVE LETTERS OF ABELARD AND ELOISA.

Abelard and Eloisa flourished in the 12th Century ; they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloisa. This, awakening all her tenderness, occasioned those celebrated letters (on which the following are founded) which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.

LETTER I.

Abelard to Philintus.

[Written by Abelard to a friend, to comfort him under affliction by a recital of his own sufferings, which had been much heavier. It was written several years after Abelard's separation from Eloisa.]

The last time we were together, Philintus, you gave me a melancholy account of your misfortunes ; I was sensibly touched with the relation, and, like a true friend, bore a share in your griefs. What did I not say to stop your tears ? I laid before you all the reasons philosophy could furnish, which I thought might any ways soften the strokes of fortune ; but all these endeavors have proved useless ; grief, I perceive, has wholly seized your spirits ; and your prudence, far from assisting, seems quite to

have forsaken you. But my skillful friendship has found out an expedient to relieve you. Attend to me a moment, hear but the story of my misfortunes, and yours, Philintus, will be nothing if you compare them with those of the loving and unhappy Abelard.

For now, my friend, I am going to expose to you all my weaknesses. All men, I believe, are under a necessity of paying a tribute, at some time or other, to love, and it is vain to strive to avoid it. I was a philosopher, yet this tyrant of the mind triumphed over all my wisdom; his darts were of greater force than all my reasonings, and with a sweet constraint he led me whither he pleased.

There was in Paris a young creature (ah, Philintus!) formed in a prodigality of nature, to show mankind a finished composition; dear Eloisa! the niece of one Fulbert, a canon. Her wit and her beauty would have fired the dullest and most insensible heart; and her education was equally admirable. Eloisa was mistress of the most polite arts.—You may easily imagine that this did not a little help to captivate me.

I saw her, I loved her; I resolved to endeavor to engage her affections. The thirst of glory cooled immediately in my heart, and all my passions were lost in this new one. I thought of nothing but Eloisa; everything brought her image to my mind.

I was pensive, restless, and my passion was so violent as to admit of no restraint. I was always vain and presumptive; I flattered myself already with the most bewitching hopes. My reputation had spread itself everywhere; and could a lady resist a man that had confounded all the learned of the age? I was young——could she show an insensibility to those vows which my heart never formed for any but herself? My person was advantageous enough, and by my dress no one would have suspected me for a religious doctor; and dress, you know, is not a little engaging with women. Besides, I had wit enough to write a billet-doux, and hoped, if ever she permitted my absent self to entertain her, she would read with pleasure those breathings of my heart.

Filled with these notions, I thought of nothing but the means to speak to her. Lovers either find or make all things easy. By the offices of common friends, I gained the acquaintance of Fulbert.

And, can you believe it, Philintus ? he allowed me the privilege of his table, and an apartment in his house. I paid him indeed a considerable sum ; for persons of his character do nothing without money. But what would I not have given ? You, my dear friend, know what love is ; imagine, then, what a pleasure it must have been to a heart so inflamed as mine, to be always so near the dear object of desire ? I would not have exchanged my happy condition for that of the greatest monarch upon earth.

I saw Eloisa, I spoke to her—each action, each confused look, told her the trouble of my soul : and she, on the other side, gave me ground to hope for everything from her generosity. Fulbert desired me to instruct her in philosophy ; by this means I found opportunities of being in private with her, and yet I was sure of all men the most timorous in declaring my passion.

As I was with her one day alone said I, blushing, “ Charming Eloisa, if you know yourself, you will not be surprised with that passion you have inspired me with. Uncommon as it is, I can express it but with the common terms—I love you, adorable Eloisa ! Till now I thought philosophy made us masters of all our passions, and that it was a refuge from the storms in which weak mortals are tossed and shipwrecked ; but you have destroyed my security, and broken this philosophic courage. I have despised riches ; honor and its pageantries could never raise a weak thought in me ; beauty alone has fired my soul ; happy if she who raised this passion, kindly receives the declaration ; but if it is an offence—— ”

“ No,” replied Eloisa ; “ she must be very ignorant of your merit, who can be offended at your passion. But, for my own repose, I wish either that you had not made this declaration, or that I were at liberty not to suspect your sincerity.”

“ Ah ! divine Eloisa,” said I, flinging myself at her feet. “ I swear by yourself—— ” I had heard a noise, and it was Fulbert. There was no avoiding it, but I do a violence to my desire, and change the discourse to some other subject. After this I found frequent opportunities to free Eloisa from those suspicions which the general insincerity of men had raised in her ; and she too much desired what I said were truth, not to believe it. Thus there was a most happy understanding between us. The same house, the same love, united our persons and our desires. How many soft moments did we pass together !

I lost all my taste for the sciences, and when I was obliged to go from the sight of my dear mistress, to my philosophical exercises, 'twas with the utmost regret and melancholy.

Love is incapable of being concealed, a word, a look, nay, silence speaks it. My scholars discovered it first; they saw I had no longer that vivacity of thought to which all things were easy; I could now do nothing but write verses to soothe my passion; I quitted Aristotle and his dry maxims to practise the precepts of the more ingenious Ovid. No day passed in which I did not compose amorous verses.

Love was my inspiring Apollo. My songs were spread abroad, and gained me frequent applauses. Those who were in love, as I was, took a pride in learning them; and, by luckily applying my thoughts and verses, have obtained favors, which perhaps they could not otherwise have gained. This gave our amours such an eclat that the loves of Eloisa and Abelard were the subject of all conversations.

The town-talk at last reached Fulbert's ears. It was with great difficulty he gave credit to what he heard; for he loved his niece, and was prejudiced in my favor; but, upon closer examination, he began to be less incredulous. He surprised us in one of our most soft conversations.

How fatal sometimes are the consequences of curiosity!

The anger of Fulbert seemed too moderate on this occasion, and I feared in the end some more heavy revenge. It is impossible to express the grief and regret which filled my soul when I was obliged to leave the canon's house and my dear Eloisa. But this separation of our persons the more firmly united our minds, and the desperate condition we were reduced to made us capable of attempting anything.

It being impossible that I could live without seeing Eloisa, I applied myself to her singing-master. The shining metal charmed him; he was excellently qualified for conveying a billet with the greatest dexterity and secrecy. He delivered one of mine to Eloisa, who, according to my appointment, was ready at the end of the garden, the wall of which I scaled by a ladder of ropes. Well—I met my soul's joy, my Eloisa. Without losing much time in debating, I made her presently quit the canon's house and at break of day depart for Brittany.

This carrying off Eloisa was sufficient revenge upon Fulbert; it filled him with the deepest concern, and had liked to have deprived him of all the little share of wit which Heaven had allowed him.

In short, I began to pity his misfortunes, and to think this robbery, which love had made me commit, was a sort of treason. I endeavored to appease his anger by a sincere confession of all that was passed, and by hearty engagements to marry Eloisa secretly. He gave me his consent, and with many protestations and embraces confirmed our reconciliation. But what dependence can be made on the word of an ignorant devotee! He was only plotting a cruel revenge, as you will see by what follows.

I took a journey into Brittany, in order to bring back my dear Eloisa, whom I now considered as my wife. A few days after we departed together and came to Paris, where I completed my project. 'Twas my intent my marriage should be kept secret, and therefore Eloisa retired among the nuns of Argenteuil.

I now thought Fulbert's anger disarmed; I lived in peace: but, alas! our marriage proved but a weak defence against his revenge. After my affliction I put myself in a cloister; I obliged Eloisa to take the habit and retire into the nunnery of Argenteuil. I remember somebody would have opposed her making such a cruel sacrifice of herself; but she answered in the words of Cornelia, after the death of Pompey the Great:

O my lov'd lord! our fatal marriage draws
On thee this doom, and I the guilty cause!
Then whilst thou go'st th' extremes of fate to prove,
I'll share that fate, and expiate thus my love.

Speaking these verses, she marched up to the altar, and took the veil with a constancy which I could not have expected in a woman who had so high a taste of pleasures which she might still enjoy. I blushed at my own weakness, and, without deliberating a moment longer, I buried myself in a cloister, resolved to vanquish a fruitless passion.

Ah, Philintus! does not the love of Eloisa still burn in my heart? I have not yet triumphed over that unhappy passion. In the midst of my retirement I sigh, I weep, I pine, I speak the dear name Eloisa, and am pleased to hear the sound; I complain of the severity of Heaven.

But, oh! let us not deceive ourselves: I have not made a right

use of grace. I am thoroughly wretched. Come, Philintus, let us make a strong effort, turn our misfortunes to our advantage, make them meritorious, or at least wipe out our offences; let us receive without murmuring what comes from the hand of God, and let us not oppose our will to his. Adieu. I give you advice which could I myself follow I should be happy.

LETTER II.

Eloisa to Abelard.

[The foregoing letter, falling by accident into Eloisa's hands, who recognized the handwriting, she opened it and read it; and, by that means, her former passion being awakened, she immediately set herself to write to her husband, as follows:]

To her lord, her father, her husband, her brother; his servant, his child, his wife, his sister, and, to express all that is humble, respectful, and loving, to her Abelard, Eloisa writes this.

A consolatory letter of yours to a friend happened some days since to fall into my hands; my knowledge of the character, and my love of the hand, soon gave me the curiosity to open it. In justification of the liberty I took I flattered myself I might claim a sovereign privilege over everything which came from you; nor was I scrupulous to break through the rules of good-breeding when it was to hear news of Abelard.

But how dear did my curiosity cost me! What disturbance did it occasion! And how was I surprised to find the whole letter filled with a particular and melancholy account of our misfortunes! I met with my name a hundred times; I never saw it without fear; some heavy calamity always followed it; I saw yours, too, equally unhappy.

This history of our numerous misfortunes, related in so true and moving a manner, made my heart bleed within me. My tears, which I could not restrain, have blotted half your letter; I wish they had effaced the whole, and that I had returned it to you in that condition; I should then have been satisfied with the little time I kept it; but it was demanded of me too soon.

I must confess I was much easier in my mind before I read your letter.

Sure all the misfortunes of lovers are conveyed to them through their eyes. Alas! my memory is perpetually filled with bitter remembrances of past evils, and are there more to be feared still! Shall my Abelard be never mentioned without tears! Shall the dear name be never spoken but with sighs!

Observe, I beseech you, to what a wretched condition you have reduced me! Sad, afflicted, without any possible comfort unless it proceed from you. Be not then unkind, nor deny, I beg you, that little relief which you only can give. Let me have a faithful account of all that concerns you. I would know everything, be it ever so unfortunate. Perhaps by mingling my sighs with yours I may make your sufferings less; if that observation be true, that all sorrows divided are made lighter.

Tell me not, by way of excuse, you will spare our tears; the tears of women shut up in a melancholy place, and devoted to penitence, are not to be spared. And if you wait for an opportunity to write pleasant and agreeable things to us, you will delay writing too long; prosperity seldom chooses the side of the virtuous, and fortune is so blind that in a crowd, in which there is perhaps but one wise and brave man, it is not to be expected she should single him out.

Write to me, therefore, immediately, and wait not for miracles; they are too scarce, and we are too much accustomed to misfortunes to expect any happy turn. I shall always have this, if you please, and this will be always agreeable to me, that, when I receive any letters from you, I shall know you still remember me.

I have made it an observation since our absence that we are much fonder of the pictures of those we love, when they are at a great distance, than when they are near to us. It seems to me as if the farther they are removed the pictures grow the more in finish, and acquire a greater resemblance; at least our imagination, which perpetually figures them to us by the desire we have of seeing them again, makes us think so. By a peculiar power love can make that seem life itself, which, as soon as the loved object returns, is nothing but a little canvas and dead colors.

I have your picture in my room; I never pass by it without stopping to look at it; and yet when you were present with me I scarce ever cast my eyes upon it.

If a picture, which is but a mute representation of an object, can give such pleasure, what cannot letters inspire ?

They have souls, they can speak ; they have in them all that force which expresses the transports of the heart ; they have all the fire of our passions, they can raise them as much as if the persons themselves were present ; they have all the softness and delicacy of speech, and sometimes a boldness of expression even beyond it.

We may write to each other ; so innocent a pleasure is not forbidden us.

Let us not lose, through negligence, the only happiness which is left us ; and the only one, perhaps, which the malice of our enemies can never ravish from us.

I shall read that you are my husband, and you shall see me address you as a wife. In spite of all your misfortunes, you may be what you please in your letters. Letters were first invented for comforting such solitary wretches as myself. Having lost the substantial pleasures of seeing and possessing you, I shall in some measure compensate this loss by the satisfaction I shall find in your writing. There I shall read your most secret thoughts ; I shall carry them always about me ; I shall kiss them every moment ; if you can be capable of any jealousy, let it be for the fond caresses I shall bestow on your letters, and envy only the happiness of those rivals.

That writing may be no trouble to you, write always to me carelessly, and without study ; I had rather read the dictates of the heart than of the brain. I cannot live if you do not tell me you always love me ; but that language ought to be so natural to you that I believe you cannot speak otherwise to me without great violence to yourself. And since, by that melancholy relation to your friend, you have awakened all my sorrows, it is but reasonable you should allay them by some mark of an inviolable love.

Why should I only reap no advantage from your learning ? When you write to me, you will write to your wife. Marriage has made such a correspondence lawful ; and since you can, without giving the least scandal, satisfy me, why will you not ?

You have been the occasion of all my misfortunes ; you, therefore, must be the instrument of all my comfort.

You cannot but remember (for what do not lovers remember !)

with what pleasure I have passed whole days in hearing you discourse.

How when you were absent I shut myself from every one to write to you ; how uneasy I was till my letter had come to your hands ; what artful management it required to engage confidants ; this detail, perhaps, surprises you, and you are in pain for what will follow. But I am no longer ashamed that my passion has had no bounds for you ; for I have done more than all this ; I have hated myself that I might love you ; I came hither to ruin myself in a perpetual imprisonment that I might make you live quiet and easy. Nothing but virtue, joined to a love perfectly disengaged from the senses, could have produced such effects.

I love you more than ever, and, to revenge myself of him, I will still love you with all the tenderness of my soul till the last moment of my life. If formerly my affection for you was not so pure, I often told you, even then, that I was more pleased with possessing your heart than with any other happiness.

Riches and pomp are not the charms of love. True tenderness makes us separate the lover from all that is external to him, and, setting aside his quality, fortune, and employments, consider him singly by himself.

If there is anything which may properly be called happiness here below, I am persuaded, it is in the union of two persons who love each other with perfect liberty, who are united by a secret inclination, and satisfied with each other's merit. Their hearts are full, and leave no vacancy for any other passion ; they enjoy perpetual tranquillity, because they enjoy content.

If I could believe you as truly persuaded of my merit, as I am of yours, I might say there has been a time when we were such a pair. Alas ! how was it possible I should not be certain of your merit ! If I could ever have doubted it, the universal esteem would have made me determine in your favor. What country, what city has not desired your presence ! Could you ever retire but you drew the eyes and hearts of all after you ? Did not every one rejoice in having seen you ? in short, every one spoke for you. Very different from some mere scholars, who, with all their learning, have not the capacity to keep up an ordinary conversation ; and with all their wit cannot win the affections of women who have a much less share than themselves.

With what ease did you compose verses! and yet those ingenious trifles, which were but a recreation after your more serious studies, are still the entertainment and delight of persons of the best taste.

What rivals did your effusions of this kind occasion me? How many ladies laid claim to them! 'Twas a tribute that self-love paid to their beauty. How many have I seen with sighs declare their passion for you, when, after some common visit you had made them, they chanced to be complimented for the Sylvia of your poems! Others, in despair and envy, have reproached me, that I have no charms but what your wit bestowed upon me, nor in anything the advantage over them, but in being beloved by you.

Can you believe me if I tell you that, notwithstanding the vanity of my sex, I thought myself peculiarly happy in having a lover to whom I was obliged for my charms, and took a secret pleasure in being admired by a man who, when he pleased, could raise his mistress to the character of a goddess! Pleased with your glory only, I read with delight all those praises you offered me, and, without reflecting how little I deserved, I believed myself such as you described me, that I might be more certain I pleased you.

But, oh, where is that happy time fled! I now lament my lover, and of all my joys there remains nothing but the painful remembrance that they are past!

'Tis eloquence to be silent where no expression can reach the greatness of the misfortune.

But tell me whence proceeds your neglect of me since my becoming a nun? You know nothing moved me to it but your disgrace; nor did I give any consent but yours. Let me hear what is the occasion of your coldness, or give me leave to tell you now my opinion. Was it not the sole view of pleasure which engaged you to me? And has not my tenderness, by leaving you nothing to wish for, extinguished your desires?

Wretched Eloisa! you could please when you wished to avoid it! But since your heart has been softened, and has yielded, since you have devoted and sacrificed yourself, you are deserted and forgotten. I am convinced, by sad experience, that it is natural to avoid those to whom we have been too much obliged; and that uncommon generosity produces neglect rather than acknowledgment. My heart surrendered too soon to gain the esteem of

the conqueror ; you took it without difficulty, and gave it up as easily. But, ungrateful as you are, I will never consent to it.

And though in this place I ought not to retain a wish of my own, yet I have ever secretly preserved the desire of being beloved by you. When I pronounced my sad vow, I then had about me your last letters, in which you protested you would be wholly mine, and would never live but to love me. 'Tis to you, therefore, I have offered myself ; you had my heart, and I had yours ; do not demand anything back ; you must bear with my passion as a thing which of right belongs to you, and from which you can no ways be disengaged.

Alas, what folly is it to talk at this rate ! I see nothing around me here but tokens of the Diety, and I speak of nothing but man ! You have been the cruel occasion of this, by your conduct : unfaithful man ! Ought you at once to break off loving me ? Why did you not deceive me for awhile, rather than immediately abandon me ? If you had given me at least but some faint signs even of a dying passion, I myself had favored the deception. But in vain would I flatter myself that you could be constant ; you have left me no color of making your excuse.

I am earnestly desirous to see you, but if that be impossible I will content myself with a few lines from your hand. Is it so hard for one who loves, to write ! I ask for none of your letters filled with learning, and wit for your reputation ; all I desire is such letters as the heart dictates, and which the hand can scarce write fast enough.

How did I deceive myself with the hopes that you would be wholly mine, when I took the veil, and engaged myself to live forever under your laws !

For in being professed, I vowed no more than to be yours only, and I obliged myself voluntarily to a confinement in which you desired to place me. Death only, then, can make me leave the place where you have fixed me ; and then, too, my ashes shall rest here, and wait for yours, in order to show my obedience and devotedness to you, to the latest moment possible.

Why should I conceal from you the secret of my call ! you know it was neither zeal nor devotion which led me to the cloister. I strive and labor in vain. Among those who are wedded to God, I serve a man ; among the heroic supporters of the cross I am a

poor slave to a human passion ; at the head of a religious community, I am devoted to Abelard only.

What a prodigy am I ! I reproach myself for my own faults, I accuse you for yours, and to what purpose ? Veiled as I am, behold in what a disorder you have plunged me ! How difficult is it to fight always for duty against inclination ! I know what obligations this veil lays on me, but I feel more strongly what power a long habitual passion has over my heart. I am conquered by my inclination. My love troubles my mind, and disorders my will. Sometimes I am swayed by the sentiments of piety which arise in me, and the next moment I yield up my imagination to all that is amorous and tender.

I tell you to-day what I would not have said to you yesterday. I had resolved to love you no more ! I considered I had made a vow, taken the veil, and am as it were dead and buried ; yet there rises unexpected from the bottom of my heart a passion which triumphs over all these notions, and darkens all my reason and devotion. You reign in such inward retreats of my soul, that I know not where to attack you. When I endeavor to break those chains by which I am bound to you I only deceive myself, and all the efforts I am able to make serve but to bind them the faster.

Oh, for pity's sake, help a wretch to renounce her desires, herself, and, if it be possible, even, to renounce you ! If you are a lover, a father, help a mistress, comfort a child ! These tender names, cannot they move you ? Yield either to pity or love ! If you gratify my request, I shall continue religious, without longer profaning my calling.

I thought to end my letter here. But now I am complaining against you, I must unload my heart and tell you all its jealousies and reproaches. Indeed I thought it something hard, that when we had both engaged to consecrate ourselves to Heaven, you should insist on my doing it first. Does Abelard then, said I, suspect he shall see renewed in me the example of Lot's wife, who could not forbear looking back when she left Sodom ! If my youth and sex might give occasion of fear that I should return to the world, could not my behavior, my fidelity, and this heart, which you ought to know, could not these banish such ungenerous apprehensions ? This distrustful foresight touched me sensibly. I said to myself, there was a time when he could rely upon my bare

word, and does he now want vows to secure himself of me! No; this suspicion would be injurious to both. Virtue is too amiable not to be embraced, when you reveal her charms; and Vice too hideous not to be avoided, when you show her deformities. Nay, when you please, anything seems lovely to me, and nothing is frightful or difficult when you are by. I am only weak when I am alone and unsupported by you, and therefore it depends on you alone that I may be such as you desire. I wish to Heaven you had not such power over me! If you had any occasion to fear, you would be less negligent.

But what is there for you to fear? I have done too much, and now have nothing more to do but to triumph over your ingratitude. When we lived happy together, you might have made it a doubt whether pleasure or affection united me more to you; but the place from whence I write to you must now have entirely taken away that doubt. Even here I love you as much as ever I did in the world. Yet, did I not bury myself alive in a nunnery, and triumph over love, at an age capable of enjoying it in its full latitude? 'Tis to you I sacrifice these remains of a transitory beauty, these widowed nights and tedious days, which I pass without seeing you; and since you cannot possess them, I take them from you to offer them to Heaven, and to make, alas! but a secondary obligation of my heart, my days, and my life!

I am sensible I have dwelt too long on this head; I ought to speak less to you of your misfortunes, and of my own sufferings, for love of you. We tarnish the lustre of our most beautiful actions, when we applaud them ourselves. This is true, and yet there is a time when we may with decency commend ourselves: when we have to do with those whom base ingratitude has stupefied, we cannot too much praise our own good actions. Now if you were of this sort of men, this would be a home reflection on you.

Irresolute as I am, I still love you, and yet I must hope for nothing. I have renounced life, and stripped myself of everything, but I find I neither have nor can renounce my Abelard; though I have lost my lover I still preserve my love.

O, vows; O, convent! I have not lost my humanity under your inexorable discipline! You have not made me marble by changing my habit; my heart is not hardened by my imprisonment; I am still sensible to what has touched me, though, alas! I ought

not to be so. Without offending your commands, permit a lover to exhort me to live in obedience to your rigorous rules. Your yoke will be lighter, if that hand support me under it; your exercises will be amiable, if he shows me their advantage.

Retirement, solitude! you will not appear terrible, if I may but still know I have any place in his memory.

A heart which has been so sensibly affected as mine, cannot soon be indifferent. We fluctuate long between love and hatred before we can arrive at a happy tranquillity, and we always flatter ourselves with some distant hope that we shall not be quite forgotten.

Yes, Abelard, I conjure you by the chains I bear here, to ease the weight of them, and make them as agreeable as I wish they were to me.

O, think of me!—do not forget me!—remember my love, my fidelity, my constancy! Love me, cherish me as your child, your sister, your wife! Consider that I still love you, and yet strive to avoid loving you!—What a word, what a design is this! I shake with horror, and my heart revolts against what I say! I shall blot all my paper with tears—I end my long letter, wishing you, if you can desire it (would to Heaven I could!), forever farewell!

LETTER III.

Abelard to Eloisa.

[The Duke of Brittany, whose subject Abelard was born, jealous of the glory of France, which then engrossed all the most famous scholars of Europe, and being besides acquainted with the persecution Abelard had suffered from his enemies, had nominated him to the Abbey of St. Guildas, and, by this benefaction and mark of his esteem, engaged him to pass the rest of his days in his dominions. The Abbey of St. Guildas is seated upon a rock, which the sea beats with its waves. Abelard, who had laid on himself the necessity of vanquishing a passion which absence had in a great measure weakened, endeavored in this solitude to extinguish the remains of it by his tears. But upon his receiving the foregoing letter he could not resist so powerful an attack, but proves as weak and as much to be pitied as Eloisa. It is not then a master or director that speaks to her, but a man who had loved her, and loves

herstill; and under this character we are to consider Abelard when he wrote the following letter.]

Could I have imagined that a letter not written to yourself could have fallen into your hands, I would have been more cautious not to have inserted anything in it which might awaken the memory of our past misfortunes. I described with boldness the series of my disgrace to a friend, in order to make him less sensible of the loss he had sustained.

If by this well-meaning artifice I have disturbed you, I purpose here to dry up those tears which the sad description occasioned you to shed. I intend to mix my grief with yours, and pour out my heart before you, in short, to lay open before your eyes all my trouble, and the secret of my soul, which my vanity has hitherto made me conceal from the rest of the world, and which you now force from me, in spite of my resolutions to the contrary.

It is true, that in a sense of the afflictions which had befallen us and observing that no change of our condition was to be expected; that those prosperous days which had seduced us were now past, and there remained nothing but to erase out of our minds, by painful endeavors, all marks and remembrance of them, I had wished to find in philosophy and religion a remedy for my disgrace. I searched out an asylum to secure me from love. I was come to the sad experiment of making vows to harden my heart.

But what have I gained by this? If my passion has been put under a restraint, my ideas yet remain. I promise myself that I will forget you, and yet cannot think of it without loving you; and am pleased with that thought. My love is not at all weakened by those reflections I made in order to free myself. The silence I am surrounded with makes me more sensible to its impressions; and while I am unemployed with any other things, this makes itself the business of my whole vocation; till, after a multitude of useless endeavors, I begin to persuade myself that 'tis a superfluous trouble to strive to free myself, and that it is wisdom sufficient if I can conceal from every one but you my confusion and weakness.

I remove to a distance from your person, with an intention of avoiding you as an enemy, and yet I incessantly seek for you in my mind: I recall your image in my memory; and in such different disquietudes I betray and contradict myself.

I hate you ; I love you : Shame presses me on all sides ; I am at this moment afraid lest I should seem more indifferent than you, and yet I am ashamed to discover my trouble.

I continually think of you, I continually call to mind that day when you bestowed on me the first marks of your tenderness. Cannot this habit of penitence which I wear, interest Heaven to treat me more favorably ! But that is still inexorable, because my passion still lives in me : the fire is only covered over with deceitful ashes, and cannot be extinguished but by extraordinary grace. We deceive men, but nothing is hid from Heaven.

You tell me, that 'tis for me you live under that veil which covers you. Why do you profane your vocation with such words ? I hoped, after our separation, you would have changed your sentiments. We commonly die to the affections of those whom we see no more, and they to ours.

Absence is the grave of love.

But to me absence is an inquiet remembrance of what I once loved, which continually torments me. I flattered myself, that when I should see you no more, you would only rest in my memory, without giving any trouble to my mind ; that Brittany and the sea would inspire other thoughts ; that my fasts and studies would by degrees erase you out of my heart : but in spite of severe fasts and redoubled studies, in spite of the distance of three hundred miles which separates us, your image, such as you describe yourself in your veil, appears to me, and confounds all my resolutions.

What means have I not used ! I have armed my own hands against myself ; I have exhausted my strength in constant exercises ; I do all I used to do before I loved you, but all in vain ; nothing can be successful that opposes you. Oh ! do not add to my miseries by your constancy ; forget, if you can, your favors, and that right which they claim over me ; permit me to be indifferent. I envy their happiness who have never loved ; how quiet and easy are they ! But the tide of pleasures has always a reflux of bitterness : I am but too much convinced now of this ; but though I am no longer deceived by love, I am not cured : while my reason condemns it, my heart declares for it.

I am deplorable, that I have not the ability to free myself from a passion which so many circumstances, this place, my person, and my disgraces, tend to destroy.

I yield, without considering that a resistance would wipe out my past offences, and would procure me, in their stead, merit and repose.

What a troublesome employment is love! and how valuable is virtue, even upon consideration of our own ease! Recollect your extravagances of passion, guess at my distractions; number up our cares, if possible, our griefs, and our inquietudes; throw these things out of the account, and let love have all its remaining softness and pleasure. How little is that!

And yet for such shadows of enjoyments which at first appeared to us, are we so weak our whole lives, that we cannot now help writing to each other, covered as we are with sackcloth and ashes. How much happier should we be, if by our humiliation and tears we could make our repentance sure.

'Tis difficult in our sorrow to distinguish penitence from love. The memory of the crime, and the memory of the object which has charmed us, are too nearly related to be immediately separated; and the love of God, in its beginning, does not wholly annihilate the love of the creature.

But what excuses could I not find in you, if the crime were excusable! Unprofitable honor, troublesome riches, could never tempt me; but those charms, that beauty, that air, which I yet behold at this instant, have occasioned my fall. Your looks were the beginning of my guilt; your eyes, your discourse, pierced my heart; and in spite of that ambition and glory which filled it, and offered to make a defence, love soon made itself master. God, in order to punish me, forsook me. His providence permitted those consequences which have since happened. You are no longer of the world; you have renounced it: I am a priest, devoted to solitude; shall we make no advantage of our condition? Would you destroy my piety in its infant state? Suffer me to seek for ease in my duty; how difficult is it to procure that! I pass whole days and nights alone in this cloister, without closing my eyes. My love burns fiercer amidst the happy indifference of those who surround me, and my heart is at once pierced with your sorrows and its own. Oh what a loss have I sustained, when I consider your constancy! What pleasures have I missed enjoying! I ought not to confess this weakness to you; I am sensible I commit a fault; if I could have showed more firmness of mind, I should

perhaps have provoked your resentment against me, and your anger might work that effect in you which your virtue could not. If in the world I published my weakness by verses and love-songs, ought not the dark cells of this house to conceal that weakness, at least under an appearance of piety ?

Alas ! I am still the same ! Or if I avoid the evil, I cannot do the good ; and yet I ought to do both, in order to make this manner of living profitable. But how difficult is this in the trouble which surrounds me !

I feel a perpetual strife between my inclination and my duty. I find myself entirely a distracted lover ; unquiet in the midst of silence, and restless in this abode of peace and repose. How shameful is my condition !

Consider me no more, I entreat you, as a founder, or any great personage ; your encomiums do but ill agree with such multiplied weaknesses. I am a miserable sinner with my face pressed to the earth ; I mix my tears and sighs in the dust, when the beams of grace and reason enlighten me. Come, see me in this posture, and solicit me to love you ! Come, if you think fit, and in your holy habit thrust yourself between God and me, and be a wall of separation. Come, and force from me those sighs, thoughts, and vows, which I owe to Him only. Assist the evil spirits, and be the instrument of their malice. What cannot you induce a heart to, whose weakness you so perfectly know ! But rather withdraw yourself, and contribute to my salvation.

Suffer me to avoid destruction, I entreat you, by our former tenderest affection, and by our common misfortunes. It will always be the highest love to show none : I here release you of all your oaths and engagements. Be God's wholly, to whom you are appropriated ; I will never oppose so pious a design. How happy shall I be if I thus lose you ! then shall I be indeed a monk and you a perfect example of an abbess.

It is fit you should know that the very moment when I was convinced of your being entirely devoted to me, when I saw you were infinitely worthy of all my love and acknowledgment, I imagined I could love you no more ; I thought it time to leave off giving you any marks of affection, and I considered that by your holy espousals you were now the peculiar care of Heaven, even in the quality of a wife. My jealousy seemed to be extinguished. When God

only is our rival, we have nothing to fear ; and being in greater tranquillity than ever before, I dared even to offer up prayers, and beseech him to take you away from my eyes ; but it was not a time to make rash prayers, and my faith was too imperfect to let them be heard. He who sees the depths and secrets of all men's hearts, saw mine did not agree with my words. Necessity and despair were the spring of this proceeding. Thus I in advertently offered an insult to Heaven, rather than a sacrifice. God rejected my offering and my prayer, and continued my punishment, by suffering me to continue my love. Thus, under the guilt of your vows, and of the passion which preceded them, I must be tormented all the days of my life.

I saw your eyes, when you spoke your last farewell, fixed upon the cross. It was above six months before you wrote me a letter, nor during all that time did I receive any message from you. I admired this silence, which I durst not blame, and could not imitate : I wrote to you ; you returned me no answer : your heart was then shut : but the garden of the spouse is now opened, He is withdrawn from it, and has left you alone : by removing from you, He has made trial of you ; call Him back, and strive to regain Him.

Our follies have penetrated even into the most sacred places. Our amours have been matter of scandal to a whole kingdom, They are read and admired ; love, which produced them, has caused them to be described : we shall be a consolation for the failings of youth hereafter. Those who offend after us will think themselves less guilty. We are criminals whose repentance is late. O may it be sincere ! Let us repair, as far as is possible, the evils we have done ; and let France, which has been the witness of our crimes, be astonished at our penitence.

Deliver yourself, Eloisa, from the shameful remains of a passion which has taken too deep root. If you could see me here with my meagre face, and melancholy air, surrounded with numbers of persecuting monks, who are alarmed at my reputation for learning, and offended at my lean visage, as if I threatened them with a reformation ; what would you say of my base sighs, and of those unprofitable tears which deceive these credulous men.

Alas ! I am humbled under love, and not under the cross. Pity me, and free yourself. If your vocation be, as you say, my

work, deprive me not of the merit of it by your continual inquietudes. Tell me that you will honor the habit which covers you, by an inward retirement.

I have been indeed your master, but it was only to teach you sin. You call me your father; before I had any claim to this title, I deserved that of parricide. I am your brother, but it is the affinity of our crimes that has purchased me that distinction. I am called your husband, but it is after a public scandal. If you have abused the sanctity of so many venerable names in the superscription of your letter, to do me honor, and flatter your own passion, blot them out, and place in their stead those of a murderer, a villain, an enemy, who has conspired against your honor, troubled your quiet, and betrayed your innocence.

You would have perished through my means, but for an extraordinary act of grace, which, that you might be saved, has thrown me down in the middle of my discourse.

This is the idea you ought to have of a fugitive, who endeavors to deprive you of the hope of seeing him any more.

But when love has once been sincere, how difficult is it to determine to love no more! 'Tis a thousand times more easy to renounce the world than love. I hate this deceitful, faithless world; I think no more of it; but my heart, still wandering, will eternally make me feel the anguish of having lost you, in spite of all the convictions of my understanding.

In the meantime, though I should be so cowardly as to retract what you have read, do not suffer me to offer myself to your thoughts, but under this last notion. Remember you perished by my means, and I with you. The same waves swallowed us both up. We waited for death with indifference, and the same death had carried us headlong to the same punishments. But Providence has turned off this blow, and our shipwreck has thrown us into a haven. Though my heart, Lord! be filled with the love of one of thy creatures, thy hand can, when it pleases, draw out of it those ideas which fill its whole capacity. To love Eloisa truly, is to leave her entirely to that quiet which retirement and virtue afford. I have resolved it; this letter shall be my last fault. Adieu.

If I die here, I will give orders that my body be carried to the house of the Paraclete. You shall see me in that condition; not to demand tears from you, 'twill then be too late: weep rather for

me now, to extinguish that fire which burns me. You shall see me, to strengthen your piety by the honor of this carcase; and my death, then more eloquent than I can be, will tell you what you love, when you love a man. I hope you will be contented, when you have finished this mortal life, to be buried near me. Your cold ashes need then fear nothing, and my tomb will by that means be more rich and more renowned.

LETTER IV.

Eloisa to Abelard.

To Abelard, her well-beloved, from Eloisa, his well-beloved.

I read the letter I received from you with abundance of impatience: in spite of all my misfortunes, I hoped to find nothing in it besides arguments of comfort. But how ingenious are lovers in tormenting themselves! Judge of the exquisite sensibility and force of my love, by that which causes the grief of my soul.

I was disturbed at the superscription of your letter; why did you place the name of Eloisa before that of Abelard; what means this cruel and unjust distinction? 'Twas your name only, the name of a father, and of a husband, which my eager eyes sought after.

I did not look for mine own, which I had much rather, if possible, forget, as being the cause of your misfortunes. The rules of decorum, and the character of master and director which you have over me, opposed that ceremonious manner of addressing me: and love commanded you to banish it. Alas! you know all this but too well.

Did you write thus to me before cruel fortune had ruined my happiness?

I see your heart has deserted me, and you have made greater advances in the way of devotion than I could wish: alas! I am too weak to follow you; condescend at least to stay for me, and animate me with your advice.

Will you have the cruelty to abandon me?

The fear of this stabs my heart! but the fearful presages you make at the latter end of your letter, those terrible images you draw of your death, quite distract me. Cruel Abelard! you ought to have stopped my tears, and you make them flow.

You desire that after your death I should take care of your ashes, and pay them the last duties. Alas! in what temper did you conceive these mournful ideas? And how could you describe them to me? Did not the apprehension of causing my present death make the pen drop from your hand? You did not reflect, I suppose, upon all those torments to which you were going to deliver me.

Heaven, as severe as it has been against me, is not in so great a degree so, as to permit me to live one moment after you. Life without my Abelard, is an unsupportable punishment, and death a most exquisite happiness, if by that means I can be united with him. If Heaven hears the prayers I continually make for you, your days will be prolonged, and you will bury me.

Is it not your part to prepare me, by your powerful exhortations, against that great crisis, which shakes the most resolute and confirmed minds? Is it not your part to receive my last sighs, take care of my funeral, and give an account of my manners and faith? But till then write not to me any such terrible things! Are we not already sufficiently miserable? Must we aggravate our sorrows? Our life here is but a languishing death; will you hasten it? Our present disgraces are sufficient to employ our thoughts continually, and shall we seek for new arguments of grief in futurities?

When you have finished your course here below, you say it is your desire that your body be carried to the house of the Paraclete; to the intent that being always exposed to my eyes, you may be forever present to my mind; and that your dead body may strengthen our piety, and animate our prayers. Can you think that the traces you have drawn in my heart can ever be worn out; or that any length of time can obliterate the memory we have here of your benefits?

And what time shall I find for those prayers you speak of?

Alas! I shall then be filled with other cares. Can so heavy a misfortune leave me a moment's quiet? Can my feeble reason resist such powerful assaults? When I am distracted and raving

(if I dare say it) even against Heaven itself, I shall not soften it by my prayers, but rather, provoke it by my cries and reproaches. But how should I pray, or how bear up against my grief? I should be more urgent to follow you, than to pay you the sad ceremonies of burial.

It is for you, for Abelard, that I have resolved to live: if you are ravished from me, what use can I make of my miserable days? Alas! what lamentations should I make, if Heaven, by a cruel pity should preserve me till that moment! When I but think of this last separation, I feel all the pangs of death; what shall I be then if I should see this dreadful hour! Forbear, therefore, to infuse into my mind such mournful thoughts, if not for love, at least for pity.

What have I to hope for after this loss of you? What can confine me to earth, when death shall have taken away from me all that was dear upon it! I have renounced, without difficulty, all the charms of life, preserving only my love, and the secret pleasure of thinking incessantly of you, and hearing that you live. And yet, alas! you do not live for me, and I dare not even flatter myself with the hopes that I shall ever enjoy a sight of you more! This is the greatest of my afflictions.

Merciless Fortune! hast thou not persecuted me enough! Thou dost not give me any respite; thou hast exhausted all thy vengeance upon me, and reserved thyself nothing whereby thou may'st appear terrible to others. Thou hast wearied thyself in tormenting me, and others have nothing now to fear from thy anger. But to what purpose dost thou still arm thyself against me?

The wounds I have already received leave no room for new ones. Why cannot I urge thee to kill me! or dost thou fear, amidst the numerous torments thou heapest on me, dost thou fear that such a stroke would deliver me from all? therefore thou preservest me from death in order to make me die every moment.

Dear Abelard, pity my despair!

Was ever anything so miserable? The higher you raised me above other women who envied me your love, the more sensible am I now of the loss of your heart. I was exalted to the top of happiness, only that I might have a more terrible fall. Nothing could formerly be compared to my pleasure, and nothing now can

equal my misery. My glory once raised the envy of my rivals ; my present wretchedness moves the compassion of all that see me. My fortune has been always in extremes, she has heaped on me her most delightful favors, that she might load me with the greatest of her afflictions.

Ingenious in tormenting me, she has made the memory of the joys I have lost an inexhaustible spring of my tears. Love, which possessed, was her greatest gift, being taken away occasions all my sorrow. In short, her malice has entirely succeeded, and I find my present afflictions proportionably bitter as the transports which charmed me were sweet.

During the still night, when my heart ought to be quiet in the midst of sleep, which suspends the greatest disturbances, I cannot avoid those illusions my heart entertains. I think I am still with my dear Abelard. I see him, I speak to him, and hear him answer.

I remember (for nothing is forgot by lovers) the time and place in which you first declared your love to me, and swore you would love me till death. Your words, your oaths, are all deeply graven in my heart. The disorder of my discourse discovers to every one the trouble of my mind. My sighs betray me ; and your name is continually in my mouth.

Yes, it was your command only and not a sincere vocation, as is imagined, that shuts me up in these cloisters. I sought to give you ease, and not to sanctify myself. How unhappy am I ? I tear myself from all that pleases me ; I bury myself here alive ; I exercise myself in the most rigid fasting, and such severities as cruel laws impose on us ; I feed myself with tears and sorrows ; and, notwithstanding this, I deserve nothing for all the hardships I suffer. My false piety has long deceived you as well as others ; you have thought me at ease, yet I was more disturbed than ever. You persuaded yourself I was wholly taken up with my duty, yet I had no business but love. Under this mistake you desire my prayers ; alas ! I must expect yours.

What occasion had you to praise me ? Praise is often hurtful to those on whom it is bestowed. A secret vanity springs up in the heart, blinds us, and conceals from us wounds that are ill-cured. A sincere friend disguises nothing from us, and far from passing a light hand over the wound, makes us feel it more in-

tensely by applying remedies. Why do you not deal after this manner with me ?

It is easier to keep off, than to win a battle. There are several degrees in glory, and I am not ambitious of the highest; those I leave to souls of great courage who have often been victorious. I seek not to conquer, out of fear lest I should be overcome. Happy enough, if I can escape shipwreck, and at last gain the port. Heaven commands me to renounce that fatal passion which unites me to you; but, oh! my heart will never be able to consent to it. Adieu!

LETTER V.

Eloisa to Abelard.

[Eloisa had been dangerously ill at the Convent of the Paraclete; immediately upon her recovery she wrote this letter to Abelard.]

Dear Abelard, you expect, perhaps, that I should accuse you of negligence. You have not answered my last letter; and, thanks to Heaven, in the condition I now am, it is a happiness to me that you show so much insensibility for the fatal passion which had engaged me to you; at last, Abelard, you have lost Eloisa for ever!

Notwithstanding all the oaths I made to think of nothing but you only, and to be entertained with nothing but you, I have banished you from my thoughts; I have forgotten you. Thou charming idea of a lover I once adored, thou wilt no more be my happiness! Dear image of Abelard, thou wilt no more follow me every where, I will no more remember thee!

O, celebrated merit of a man who, in spite of his enemies, is the wonder of his age!

O, enchanting pleasures to which Eloisa entirely resigned herself, you, you have been my tormentors! I confess, Abelard, without a blush, my infidelity. Let my inconstancy teach the world that there is no depending upon the promises of woman; they are all subject to change. This troubles you, Abelard; this news, without doubt, surprises you; you could never imagine

Eloisa should be inconstant. She was prejudiced by so strong an inclination to you, that you cannot conceive how time could alter it. But be undeceived; I am going to discover to you my falsehood; though, instead of reproaching me, I persuade myself you will shed tears of joy.

When I shall have told you what rival hath ravished my heart from you, you will praise my inconstancy, and will pray this rival to fix it. By this you may judge that it is Heaven alone that takes Eloisa from you.

Yes, my dear Abelard, it gives my mind that tranquillity which a quick remembrance of our misfortunes would not suffer me to enjoy. Just Heaven! what other rival could take me from you! Could you imagine it possible for any mortal to blot you from my heart.

No, I believe you have done me justice in this point. I question not but you are impatient to know what means God used to accomplish so great an end; I will tell you, and wonder at the secret ways of Providence.

Some few days after you sent me your last letter I fell dangerously ill; the physicians gave me over; and I expected certain death. Then it was that my memory represented faithfully to me all the past actions of my life; and I confess to you, my love was the only pain I felt. Death, which till then I had always considered as at a distance, now presented itself to me such as it appears to sinners. I began to dread the wrath of God, now I was going to experience it; and I repented I had made no better use of his grace. Those tender letters I have wrote to you, and those passionate conversations I have had with you, give me as much pain now as they formerly did pleasure. Ah! miserable Eloisa, said I, if it is a crime to give one's self up to such soft transports; and if, after this life is ended, punishment certainly follows them, why didst thou not resist so dangerous an inclination! Think on the tortures that are prepared for thee, consider with terror that store of torments, and recollect at the same time those pleasures which thy deluded soul thought so entrancing. Ah! pursued I, dost thou not almost despair for having rioted in such false pleasure? In short, Abelard, imagine all the remorse of mind I suffered, and you will not be astonished at my change.

But what secret trouble rises in my soul, what unthought-of

motion opposes the resolution I have formed of sighing no more for Abelard! Just Heaven! have I not yet triumphed over my love? Unhappy Eloisa! as long as thou drawest a breath, it is decreed thou must love Abelard! Weep, unfortunate wretch that thou art, tho' never had a more just occasion! Now I ought to die with grief; grace had overtaken me, and I had promised to be faithful to it; but I now perjure myself, and sacrifice even grace to Abelard.

Shall Abelard always possess my thoughts! can I never free myself from those chains which bind me to him! But perhaps I am unreasonably afraid; virtue directs all my motions, and they are all subject to grace. Fear no more, dear Abelard! I have no longer any of those sentiments which, being described in my letters, have occasioned you so much trouble. I free you from all your oaths; forget the name of lover and husband, but keep always that of father. I expect no more from you those tender protestations, and those letters so proper to keep up love. I demand nothing of you but spiritual advice and wholesome directions. The path of holiness, however thorny it may be, will yet appear agreeable when I walk in your steps. You will always find me ready to follow you.

I shall read with more pleasure the letters in which you shall describe to me the advantages of virtue, than ever I did those by which you so artfully instilled the fatal poison of our passion. You cannot now be silent, without a crime.

When I was possessed with so violent a love, and pressed you so earnestly to write to me, how many letters did I send you before I could obtain one from you! You denied me in my misery the only comfort which was left me, because you thought it pernicious. You endeavored by severities to force me to forget you; nor can I blame you; but now you have nothing to fear. A lucky disease which Providence seemed to have chastised me with for my sanctification, hath done what all human efforts, and your cruelty, in vain attempted. I see now the vanity of that happiness which we had set our hearts upon, as if we were never to have lost it. What fear, what uneasiness have we been obliged to suffer!

No, there is no pleasure upon earth but that which virtue gives! The heart amidst all worldly delights feels a sting; it is uneasy and restless till fixed on thee.

What have I not suffered, Abelard, while I kept alive in my retirement those fires which ruined me in the world? I saw with horror the walls which surround me, the hours seemed as long as years. I repented a thousand times the having buried myself here.

But since grace has opened my eyes all the scene is changed. Solitude looks charming, and the tranquillity which I behold here enters my very heart. In the satisfaction of doing my duty, I feel a pleasure above all that riches, pomp, or sensuality could afford.

My quiet has, indeed, cost me dear; I have bought it even at the price of my love; I have offered a violent sacrifice, and which seemed above my power. I have torn you from my heart, and be not jealous; God reigns there in your stead, who ought always to have possessed it entire. Be content with having a place in my mind, which you shall never lose; I shall always take a secret pleasure in thinking of you and esteem it a glory to obey those rules you shall give me.

This very moment I receive a letter from you; I will read it and answer it immediately. You shall see by my exactness in writing to you, that you are always dear to me.—You very obligingly reproach me for delaying so long to write you any news: my illness must excuse that. I omit no opportunities of giving you marks of my remembrance. I thank you for the uneasiness you say my silence has caused you, and the kind fears you express concerning my health. Yours, you tell me, is but weakly, and you thought lately you should have died. With what indifference, cruel man! do you acquaint me with a thing so certain to afflict me! I told you in my former letter how unhappy I should be if you died; and if you loved me, you would moderate the rigor of your austere life. I represented to you the occasion I had for your advice, and consequently the reason there was you should take care of yourself. But I will not tire you with the repetition of the same things. You desire us not to forget you in our prayers. Ah! dear Abelard, you may depend upon the zeal of this society, it is devoted to you, and you cannot justly charge it with forgetfulness. You end your letter with a general deploring of your unhappiness, and wish for death as the end of a troublesome life. Is it possible a genius so great as yours should never

get above his past misfortunes! What would the world say, should they read your letters as I do?

Cast your eyes upon me, and admire my resolution of shutting myself up by your example. I was young when we were separated, and (if I dare believe what you were always telling me) worthy of any gentleman's affections. But think of those assurances I gave you of loving *you* alone with the utmost tenderness. I dried your tears with kisses, and because you were less powerful I became less reserved. Ah! if you had loved with delicacy, the oaths I made, the transports I accompanied them with, the innocent caresses I profusely gave you, all this sure might have comforted you. Had you observed me to grow by degrees indifferent to you, you might have had reason to despair; but you never received greater marks of my passion, than after that cruel revenge upon you.

Let me see no more in your letters, dear Abelard, such murmurs against Fortune; you are not the only one she has persecuted, and you ought to forget her outrages. If you complain of Fortune, it is not so much that you feel her strokes, as that you cannot show your enemies how much to blame they were in attempting to hurt you. Leave them, Abelard, to exhaust their malice, and continue to charm your auditors. Discover those treasures of learning Heaven seems to have reserved for you; your enemies, struck with the splendor of your reasoning, will do you justice.

My dear husband (this is the last time I shall use that expression), shall I never see you again? Shall I never have the pleasure of embracing you before death?

What dost thou say, wretched Eloisa! Dost thou know what thou desirest! Canst thou behold those lively eyes without recollecting those amorous glances which have been so fatal to thee! Canst thou view that majestic air of Abelard, without entertaining a jealousy of every one that sees so charming a man! that mouth which cannot be looked upon without desire! in short, Abelard cannot be viewed by any woman without danger.

Desire, therefore, no more to see Abelard; if the memory of him has caused thee so much trouble, Eloisa, what will not his presence do! What desires will it not excite in thy soul! How will it be possible for thee to keep thy reason at the sight of so amiable a man! I will own to you what makes the greatest

pleasure I have in my retirement. After having passed the day in thinking of you, full of the dear idea, I give myself up at night to sleep: then it is that Eloisa, who dares not without trembling think of you by day, resigns herself entirely to the pleasure of hearing you, and speaking to you. But, oh! you delightful illusions, soft errors, how soon do you vanish away!

At my awaking I open my eyes to see no Abelard; I stretch out my arm to take hold of him, but he is not there; I call him, he hears me not. What a fool am I to tell you my dreams, who are insensible of these pleasures! But do you, Abelard, never see Eloisa in your sleep? How does she appear to you? Do you entertain her with the same tender language as formerly, when Fulbert committed her to your care? When you awake, are you pleased or sorry?

Pardon me, Abelard, pardon a mistaken lover. I must no more expect that vivacity from you which once animated all your actions. It is no more time to require from you a perfect correspondence of desires. We have bound ourselves to severe austerities, and must follow them, let them cost never so dear. Let us think of our duties in these rigors, and make a good use of that necessity which keeps us separate. You, Abelard, will happily finish your course; your desires and ambitions will be no obstacle to your salvation.

Eloisa only must lament; she only must weep, without being certain whether all her tears will be available or not to her salvation.

I begin to perceive, Abelard, that I take too much pleasure in writing to you. I ought to burn my letter. It shows you I am still engaged in a deep passion for you, though at the beginning of it I designed to persuade you of the contrary; I am sensible of the motions both of grace and passion, and by turns yield to each. Have pity, Abelard, of the condition to which you have brought me, and make in some measure the latter days of my life as quiet as the first have been uneasy and disturbed.

LETTER VI.

Abelard to Eloisa.

[Abelard, having at last conquered the remains of his unhappy passion, determines to put an end to so dangerous a correspondence.]

Write no more to me, Eloisa, write no more to me ; it is time to end a correspondence which makes our mortifications of no advantage to us. We retired from the world to sanctify ourselves ; and by a conduct directly contrary to Christian morality, we become odious. Let us no more deceive ourselves, by flattering ourselves with the remembrance of our past pleasures, we shall make our lives troublesome, and we shall be incapable of relishing the sweets of solitude. Let us make a good use of our austerities, and no longer preserve the ideas of our faults amongst the severities of penitence.

Let us act for God's glory, independent of the creatures or ourselves, without any regard to our own desires, or the sentiments of others. Were we in this temper of mind, Eloisa, I would willingly make my abode at the Paraclete.

My earnest care for a house I have founded, would draw a thousand blessings on it. I would instruct it by my words, and animate it by my example. I would watch over the lives of my sisters, and would command nothing but what I myself would perform. I would direct you to pray, meditate, labor, and keep vows of silence ; and I would myself pray, meditate, labor, and be silent.

I would be your master and father ; and by a marvellous talent I would become lively, slow, soft, or severe, according to the different characters of those I should guide in the painful path of Christian perfection

But whither does my vain imagination carry me ! Ah, Eloisa, how far are we from such a happy temper ! Your heart still burns with that fatal fire which you cannot extinguish, and mine is full of trouble and uneasiness.

Think not, Eloisa, that I enjoy here a perfect peace ; I will, for

the last time, open my heart to you; I am not yet disengaged from you; I fight against my excessive tenderness for you; yet, in spite of all my endeavors, the remaining frailty makes me but too sensible of your sorrows, and gives me a share in them.

Your letters have, indeed, moved me; I could not read with indifference characters wrote by that dear hand. I sigh, I weep, and all my reason is scarce sufficient to conceal my weakness from my pupils.

This, unhappy Eloisa, is the miserable condition of Abelard! The world, which generally errs in its notions, thinks I am at ease, and imagines I have now forgot you; but what a mistake is this!

People, indeed, did not mistake in thinking, when we separated, that shame and grief made me abandon the world. 'Twas not, as you know, a sincere repentance for having offended God which inspired me with a design of retiring.

Do you now, Eloisa, applaud my design of making you walk in the steps of the saints? Do my words give you any relish for penitence? Have you not remorse for your wanderings, and do you not wish you could, like Magdalen, wash our Saviour's feet with your tears? If you have not yet these ardent emotions, pray that He would inspire them. I shall never cease to recommend you in my prayers, and always beseech him to assist you in your desire of dying holily.

Attend, Eloisa, to some instructions I have to give you. You are at the head of a religious society, and you know there is this difference between those who lead a private life, and such as are charged with the conduct of others; that the first need only labor for their own sanctification, and in acquainting themselves of their duties are not obliged to practice all the virtues in such an apparent manner; whereas they who have the conduct of others entrusted to them, ought by their example to engage them to do all the good they are capable of in their condition. I beseech you to attend to this truth, and so to follow it, as that your whole life may be a perfect model of that of a religious recluse.

I hope, Eloisa, that after having deplored the irregularities of your past life, you will die (as the prophet prayed) the death of the righteous.

I question not, Eloisa, but you will hereafter apply yourself in

good earnest to the business of your salvation. This ought to be your whole concern. Banish me, therefore, forever from your heart; 'tis the best advice I can give you: for the remembrance of a person we have loved wrongfully cannot but be hurtful, whatever advances we have made in the ways of virtue.

Farewell, Eloisa! This is the last advice of your dear Abelard; this last time, let me persuade you to follow the holy rules. Heaven grant that your heart, once so sensible of my love, may now yield to be directed by my zeal! May the idea of your loving Abelard, always present to your mind, be now changed into the image of Abelard, truly penitent; and may you shed as many tears for your salvation as you have done during the course of our misfortunes!

NOTE TO THE READER.—The foregoing letters, which passed between **ABELARD** and **ELOISA**, are re-published here on account of the purity of their sentiment and style; and, also, because they abound in beautiful sentiments, elegantly expressed; very suitable for quotation in Love Letters.

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

BY ALEXANDER POPE.

IN these deep solitudes and awful cells,
 Where heavenly-pensive Contemplation dwells
 And ever-musing Melancholy reigns,
 What means this tumult in a vestal's veins ?
 Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat ?
 Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat ?
 Yet, yet I love !—From Abelard it came,
 And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.
 Dear fatal name ! rest ever unreveal'd,
 Nor pass these lips, in holy silence seal'd ;
 Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
 Where, mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea lies :
 O, write it not, my hand—the name appears
 Already written—wash it out, my tears !
 In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays ;
 Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls ! whose darksome round contains
 Repentant sighs and voluntary pains ;
 Ye rugged rocks, which holy knees have worn ;
 Ye grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn ;
 Shrines where their vigils pale-eyed virgins keep ;
 And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep ;
 Though cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
 I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
 All is not Heaven's while Abelard has part :
 Still rebel nature holds out half my heart ;
 Nor prayers nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
 Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
 That well-known name awakens all my woes ;
 Oh, name for ever sad ! for ever dear !
 Still breathed in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
 I tremble, too, where'er my own I find,
 Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
 Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
 Led through a sad variety of woe :
 Now warm in love, now withering in my bloom,
 Lost in a convent's solitary gloom !
 There stern religion quench'd the unwilling flame ;
 There died the best of passions, love and fame.

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
 Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine :
 Nor foes nor fortune take this power away,
 And is my Abelard less kind than they ?
 Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare
 Love but demands what else were shed in prayer.
 No happier task these faded eyes pursue,—
 To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief :
 Ah, more than share it,—give me all thy grief.
 Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
 Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid :
 They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
 Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,
 The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
 Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
 Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
 And wait a sigh from Indus to the Pole !

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
 When love approach'd me under friendship's name.
 My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
 Some emanation of the All-beauteous Mind ;
 Those smiling eyes, attempering every ray,
 Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
 Guiltless I gazed : Heaven listen'd while you sung ;
 And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
 From lips like those what precept fail'd to move ?
 Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love :
 Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
 Nor wish'd an angel whom I loved a man.
 Dim and remote the joys of saints I see,
 Nor envy them that heaven I lose for thee.

How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,
 Curse on all laws but those which love has made !
 Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
 Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
 Let wealth, let honor, wait the wedded dame,
 August her deed, and sacred be her fame ;
 Before true passion all those views remove ;
 Fame, wealth, and honor ! what are you to love ?
 The jealous god, when we profane his fires,
 Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
 And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
 Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
 Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
 Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn them all :
 Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove ;
 No, make me mistress to the man I love.
 If there be yet another name more free,

More fond than mistress, make me that to thee !
 Oh, happy state ! when souls each other draw,
 When love is liberty, and nature law ;
 All then is full, possessing and possess'd,
 No craving void left aching in the breast :
 E'en thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
 And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
 This, sure, is bliss, if bliss on earth there be,
 And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas, how changed ! what sudden horrors rise !
 A naked lover bound and bleeding lies !
 Where, where was Eloisa ? Her voice, her hand,
 Her poniard had oppos'd the dire command.
 Barbarian stay ! that bloody stroke restrain ;
 The crime was common, common be the pain.
 I can no more ; by shame, by rage suppress'd,
 Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
 When victims at yon altar's foot we lay ?
 Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
 When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell ?
 As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
 The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale
 Heaven scarce believ'd the conquest it survey'd,
 And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
 Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,
 Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you :
 Not grace, or zeal,—love only was my call ;
 And, if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
 Come, with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe ;
 Those still at least are left thee to bestow.
 Still on that breast enamor'd let me lie,
 Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
 Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd :
 Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
 Ah, no ! instruct me other joys to prize,
 With other beauties charm my partial eyes ;
 Full in my view set all the bright abode,
 And make my soul quit Abelard for God.

Ah ! think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
 Plants of thy hand, and children of thy prayer.
 From the false world in early youth they fled,
 By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
 You raised these hollow'd walls ; the desert smil'd,
 And paradise was open'd in the wild.
 No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
 Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors ;
 No silver saints, by dying misers given,
 Here bribe the rage of ill-requited Heaven ;

But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
 And only vocal with the Maker's praise.
 In these lone walls (their days' eternal bound),
 These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
 Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
 And the dim windows shed a solemn light,
 Thy eyes diffused a reconciling ray,
 And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
 But now no face divine contentment wears;
 'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
 See how the force of others' prayers I try,
 (Oh pious fraud of amorous charity!)
 But why should I on others' prayers depend?
 Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
 Ah, let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,
 And all those tender names in one, thy love!
 The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd
 Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind;
 The wandering streams that shine between the hills,
 The grotts that echo to the tinkling rills,
 The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
 The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze,
 No more these scenes my meditation aid,
 Or lull to rest the visionary maid:
 But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
 Long-sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,
 Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
 A death-like silence and a dread repose;
 Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
 Shades every flower, and darkens every green,
 Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
 And breathes a crowner horror on the woods.

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay:
 Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
 Death, only death, can break the lasting chain.
 And here, e'en then, shall my cold dust remain;
 Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,
 And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.

Ah, wretch! believed the spouse of God in vain,
 Confessed within the slave of love and man.
 Assist me, Heaven! but whence arose that prayer?
 Sprung it from piety or from despair?
 E'en here, where frozen chastity retires,
 Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
 I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
 I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
 I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
 Repent old pleasures and solicit now;
 Now turn'd to Heaven, I weep my past offence,
 Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.

Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
 'Tis sure the hardest science to forget !
 How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
 And love the offender, yet detest the offence ?
 How the dear object from the crime remove,
 Or how distinguish penitence from love ?
 Unequal task ! a passion to resign,
 For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine ?
 Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
 How often must it love, how often hate !
 How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
 Conceal, disdain—do all things but forget !
 But let Heaven seize it,—all at once 'tis fired :
 Not touch'd, but rapt : not waken'd, but inspired !
 Oh come ! oh teach me nature to subdue,
 Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you.
 Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
 Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot ;
 The world forgetting, by the world forgot !
 Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind :
 Each prayer accepted, and each wish resign'd ;
 Labor and rest that equal periods keep ;
 " Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep ;"
 Desires compos'd, affections ever even ;
 Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heaven ;
 Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
 And whispering angels prompt her golden dreams ;
 For her the unfading rose of Eden blooms,
 And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes ;
 For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring ;
 For her white virgins hymeneals sing ;
 To sounds of heavenly harps she dies away,
 And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
 Far other raptures of unholy joy ;
 When at the close of each sad sorrowing day,
 Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,
 Then conscience sleeps, and, leaving nature free,
 All my loose soul, unbounded, springs to thee.
 O, curs'd, dear horrors of all-conscious night !
 How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight !
 Provoking demons all restraint remove,
 And stir within me ev'ry source of love.
 I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
 And round thy phantom glue my claspings arms.
 I wake :—no more I hear, no more I view,—
 The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
 I call aloud ; it hears not what I say :
 I stretch my empty arms ; it glides away.

To dream once more, I close my willing eyes :
 Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise !
 Alas, no more ! methinks we wand'ring go
 Through dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,
 Where round some mould'ring tower pale ivy creeps,
 And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps,
 Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies ;
 Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise,
 I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
 And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the Fates, severely kind, ordain
 A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain ;
 Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose ;
 No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows ;
 Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
 Or moving spirit bade the waters flow ;
 Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiven,
 And mild as op'ning gleams of promis'd heaven.

Come, Abelard ! for what hast thou to dread ?
 The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
 Nature stands check'd ; religion disapproves ;
 E'en thou art cold—yet Eloisa loves.
 Ah, hopeless, lasting flames ! like those that burn
 To light the dead, and warm the unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear where'er I turn my view !
 The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue,
 Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
 Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
 I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,—
 Thy image steals between my God and me :
 Thy voice I seem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
 With every bead I drop too soft a tear ;
 When, from the censer, clouds of fragrance roll,
 And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
 One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight—
 Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight.
 In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,
 While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.

While, prostrate here, in humble grief I lie,
 Kind, virtuous drops, just gath'ring in my eye,—
 While, praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
 And dawning grace is op'ning on my soul,
 Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art ;
 Oppose thyself to Heaven ; dispute my heart ;
 Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes,
 Blot out each bright idea of the skies ;
 Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears,
 Take back my fruitless penitence and pray'rs ;

Snatch me, just mounting, from the bless'd abode ;
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God !

No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole ;
Rise, Alps, between us ! and whole oceans roll :
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee !
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign ;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes and tempting looks (which yet I view !)
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu !
O, grace serene ! O, virtue, heavenly fair !
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care !
Fresh-blooming hope, gay daughter of the sky !
And faith, our early immortality !
Enter, each mild, each amiable guest ;
Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest !

Sec, in her cell, sad Eloisa spread,
Propp'd on some tomb, a neighbor of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
And more than echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamp around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound :
"Come, sister, come !" it said, or seem'd to say,
"Thy place is here ; sad sister, come away !
Once, like thyself, I trembl'd, wept, and pray'd,
Love's victim then, though now a sainted maid :
But all is calm in this eternal sleep ;
Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep :
E'en superstition loses ev'ry fear ;
For God, not man, absolves our frailties here."

I come, I come ! prepare your roseate bowers,
Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flowers :
Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow :
Thou, Abelard ! the last sad office pay,
And smooth my passage to the realms of day ;
See my lips tremble and my eyeballs roll,
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul !
Ah, no—in sacred vestments mayst thou stand,
The hallowed taper trembling in thy hand,
Present the cross before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me, to die.
Ah, then thy once-lov'd Eloisa see !
It will be then no crime to gaze on me.

See from my cheek the transient roses fly !
See the last sparkle languish in my eye !
Till ev'ry motion, pulse, and breath be o'er,
And e'en my Abelard be lov'd no more.

O, Death, all eloquent ! you only prove
 What dust we dote on, when 'tis man we love.

Then, too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy
 (That cause of all my guilt and all my joy),
 In trance ecstatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
 Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round !
 From op'ning skies may streaming glories shine,
 And saints embrace thee with a love like mine !

May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
 And graft my love immortal on thy fame !
 Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
 When this rebellious heart shall beat no more,
 If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
 To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
 O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
 And drink the falling tears each other sheds ;
 Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
 " O, may we never love as these have lov'd ! "
 From the full choir, when loud hosannas rise,
 And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
 Amid that scene, if some relenting eye
 Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
 Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heaven,
 One human tear shall drop, and be forgiven.

And sure, if fate some future bard shall join
 In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
 Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
 And image charms he must behold no more ;
 Such if there be, who loves so long, so well,
 Let him our sad, our tender story tell !
 The well-sung woes will sooth my pensive ghost ;
 He best can paint them who shall feel them most !

SECRET WRITING.

[*Extractd from the New York Times, May 18, 1873.*]

“CRYPTOGRAPHY,” or the art of writing in secret characters, or in cypher, or with sympathetic ink, most certainly demands a full and accurate description in a work of this character. It is on this point that the famous story of the “Gold Bug,” by Edgar A. Poe, is made to turn; and often in real life it occurs that very important information, meant to be private and exclusive, has been conveyed by one of the methods detailed below :

As the postal card may very possibly bring into use a certain amount of cryptographic, or secret writing, and as I may be desirous of addressing my Angelica privately, and Angelica being hedged around by cruel and obdurate parents, and as naturally I am impecunious (did true love ever run smooth?), coupled with the fact that my correspondence with Angelica is voluminous, and that my postal card only costs me one cent, I am determined to use it as the vehicle of my declaring my passion for her.

I might, if I wished, make her youngest brother (an innocent youth, whom I have subsidized) become the medium of our epistolary correspondence. I could shave his head, then might trace on his skull with iodine, or with weak lunar caustic, my burning words of love; then I might keep him by me until his hair grew again, and next might send him to his sister, who, in turn, would clip and shear him, and then devour my glowing words on his head. Only, ingenious as this method might seem at the first glance, though, perhaps, tonsorially complicated, it would scarcely be patentable, having been employed by the old Greeks some thousands of years ago. I am thrown, then, on the postal

card, and, not being desirous that the letter-carrier should know of my love, I write boldly on my card as follows :

“ *Lyrpw t lozp espp.* ”

There it is, all fair and above board, the first syllable having only a peculiar Welsh flavor.

Now there are certain rules in regard to the mosaic of letters which make up the English language, which are pretty nearly absolute, and though my Angelica thinks she may have the key to this alone, I am afraid that a great many of my readers would very soon ferret out our mystery. This form of cipher is the simplest of all, and is the substitution of one letter for another. To decipher it or any other simple combination of this character, the following are the rules :

The most frequently employed letter is *e*, and after that *t*. *Ea* and *ou* are the most frequent double vowels. *R*, *s* and *t* are the most employed of the consonants. The double letters are usually *ee*, *oo*, *ll*, and *ss*. Double vowels are followed mostly by *l*, *m*, *n*, *r*. The only single letters used as words are *a*, *i*, *o*. After *e* and *t* almost always come *i*, *a*, *o*, or *s*. The word *the* is most common. The letter *a* begins the three-letter words in extensive use, as *do*, *go*, *no*, *so*, *to*, *of*, *on*, *or*. More words begin in English with a *t* than with any other letter. In three-fourths of all words in a sentence either the first or second letter must be a vowel. Among the consonants *d* and *h* are most used, after them come *n*, *r*, *s*, and *t*. No English word ends in an *i* save the personal pronoun. Now, in my postal card *espp* has evidently two letters of the same character, expressed by the double *p*. It must be either *ee*, *oo*, *ll*, or *ss*. Now, more words begin with a *t* than any other letter. There are many chances that *e* is a *t* and *p* and *e*. *S* is an unknown quantity.

If we think *p* is *e*, *q* might be *f*, *r* should be *g*, and *s* must be *h*. Therefore *espp* is “thee.” Now we begin to construct the alphabet. Angelica’s alphabet and mine commences at *L*. *L* is *A* and we go on to *Z*, which is the fifteenth letter, and corresponds with *O*, the fifteenth letter in the regular alphabet. When I get to my *z*, I begin at *a*, the sixteenth letter, which is my *p*; in fact it is so easy that I am afraid the postman who brings the letter, or the Biddy who receives it, will read it at sight, “Angel, I love thee.” I might run it in altogether, thus :

Lyrpwlllozpespp.

Or I might reverse it, as *Ppsepzoltwpryl*. I might write it in a ring, as a round robin, which makes it rather more troublesome; or I could run it down one line and up another, in this way:

L o z
y l p p
r t e p.
p w s

Or I could make it more complicated, and not so easy to discover, by interlarding it with letters which are not read at all, their only use being as decoys. I may, too, use a mixture of numbers and letters, culling my alphabet from the Greek or Russian. I may work it by this system into quite an up-hill job for the experts, by taking a certain manufactured alphabet for the first word, a second alphabet for the second word, and a third alphabet for the third word, and so on *ad infinitum*.

If not inclined to use letters, having faith in words alone, I can first write to my Angelica by means of a gridiron, not that this useful article of culinary paraphernalia must be in either my Angelica's hands or in mine, but simply a piece of paper the exact size of the paper we want to write on, which paper has places cut out of it. We write the words to be read in these openings, and all the rest we fill up with nonsense. Angelica puts her gridiron on my postal card, and what to the rest of the benighted world is "*Expectorant troches, a sure thing for those who serenade in Winter. I have a flower-pot to throw on the man who will beat the drum, and a blunderbuss for those who play the bag-pipes. Kill the flute,*" becomes to her, all the other words being covered, "*Expect a serenade. I will play the flute.*"

But Angelica may be jealous. By constructing five lines, only the five words of each line meaning anything, her anger may be assuaged:

"*It is not true that two and two make four!*"

"*I flirted with the leech, and courted ipecacuanha!*"

"*Importer's daughter! give me back my brown-stone front!*"

"*Your love once more or once less, is all the same.*"

"*I perish with mad despair, caused by art criticisms.*"

Words have the advantage of taking less trouble to construct

than letters, and I may again string the letters of the words up and down. Thus can I impart good news to my Angelica :

m t i s g e a r e
 y c o a i t s a b
 s n n h v r p s r
 a a s d e e o d e
 i s o n n v o u a
 n t u a u l n o k
 t n r n s i s l i
 e u u o t s t c n
 d a n i w o h e g.

Which means, "my sainted aunt sanctions our union, and has given us two silver spoons. The clouds are breaking."

There is what is known as the tipsy style of cryptograph, with which I can delight my Angelica. It consists in taking a sentence, muddling the letters together, and then letting them tumble about in the loosest way. Here is a compliment to my love, which, at the first glance, is hardly visible, and to make it the more impossible, I put in a few capitals :

"*Yo Urche ekisfa Irert hanthero SE,*" which simply means "Your cheek is fairer than the rose." Dean Swift used to amuse himself this way, not, however, with Stella, but with Dr. Sheridan, trying, however, to give his syllables a Latin color. Sheridan writes him : "On nam unde I eal sum pes. A tu es de I eat apud in migra num edit. A venis de I eat sum pasti," which means, "On a Monday I eat some peas. A' Tuesday I eat a pudding, my grannum made it. A' Wednesday I eat some pastry."

As Angelica and I have put our wits to it, we have studied up the numeral notation of letters, which is quite a neat method of cryptography. We call i and j the same thing and so have twenty-five letters, and we construct a table of this character :

1	2	3	4	5	
a	b	c	d	e	1
f	g	h	i	k	2
l	m	n	o	p	3
q	r	s	t	u	4
v	w	x	y	z	5

I expect to meet Angelica at the park. She does not come. At last I receive this :

11. 31. 43. 13. 41. 42. 33. 23. 45. 32. 51. 11. 41.

And, as she says "A cold in my head," my mind is partially relieved. Now, the alphabet can be mixed for this, and we may substitute letters again for numbers, or half letters and half numbers. Here is another method, resembling the gridiron process, only we do it with numbers. We retain any system of numbers in our head—say 5, 0 1, 9, etc., 0 standing for 10. We read only the fifth word, the tenth after that, the first word after, then the ninth. Here may be a bunkum but very true sentence, which we leave our readers to solve: "One would think that love of gain actuated our Congressmen. We cannot unite in the laugh at their expense. They may destroy the barriers of our liberty!"

Falling back on our letter system, we can put dots to letters in certain places, or add dots to letters, which can become dreadfully puzzling; then we can construct a dish of italics, capitals, notes of admiration, signs of the zodiac, telegraph symbols, chemical symbols, musical annotations, algebra, phonetics, and asterisks, which will be so tough as to defy any one's picking, and will insure insanity to those who try to meddle with it, for both Angelica and the writer are remorseless in this respect, and are determined that our secret shall be our own.

Now for a last method, which we think must defy the inquisitive. We pick out a book at random, and we each have a copy. We commence at a certain page, and take, if we want to, the first word of any line, or the second word, or any word of any line, and on this we construct an alphabet, which alphabet, however, we resolve into numerals. Now the numbering of the page, the number of letters on the page, the number of words too, are all factors in the formation of the numeral or numerals, and vary as to every letter, as the next page comes in for the building up of the next letter. We may use any number of figures, and each having the book, Angelica laughs to scorn all attempts to unravel our mystery. Perhaps that ingenious person who lived in England *circa* 1865, and who devoted the best years of his life to deciphering these enigmas, could have found us out, but an overstrain, caused by this kind of work, prematurely cut

him off in the prime of his usefulness. This painstaking individual was once put to his metal by a series of advertisements published in some provincial newspaper. He immured himself for a year, and after that short lapse of time made out the puzzle with ease. Then, to show how absolutely simple this cipher was, he wrote a large volume in fine type, to explain how this particular cryptogram was mere child's play to him. Two hundred years ago this talented person would have been made chief of the *cabinet noire* of some court. Alas, for the lack of taste of the present age, the world in general thought him a fool for his pains.

I believe, however, that my correspondence with my Angelica is safe, at least for the present, unless the postal card develops a mania for this kind of writing. I am, however, somewhat uneasy in regard to the cryptographic love of my shoemaker, and would willingly impart to him what I know about the science if he would only credit it on my boot bill. Perhaps, then, my first postal card might read mysteriously :

“Thembo ot Saint Pa idfory ET.”

Instead of its blurting out to me and the world, “Them boots ain't paid for yet.”

FEMALE INGENUITY.

A young lady, newly married, being obliged to show to her husband all the letters she wrote, sent the following to an intimate friend :

“I cannot be satisfied, my dearest friend, blest as I am in the matrimonial state, unless I pour into your friendly bosom, which has ever been in unison with mine, the various sensations which swell with the liveliest emotions of pleasure, my almost bursting heart. I tell you my dear husband is the most amiable of men. I have now been married seven weeks, and have never found the least reason to repent the day that joined us. My husband is

in person and manners far from resembling ugly, cross, old, disagreeable, and jealous monsters, who think by confining to secure ; a wife, it is his maxim to treat, as a bosom friend and confidant, and not as a plaything or menial slave, the woman, chosen to be his companion. Neither party he says, should always obey implicitly ; but each yield to the other by turns. An ancient maiden aunt, near seventy, a cheerful, venerable, and pleasant old lady, lives in the house with us—she is the delight of both young and old : she is civil to all the neighborhood around, generous and charitable to the poor. I believe my husband loves nothing more than he does me ; he flatters me more than the glass, and his intoxication (for so I must call the excesses of his love), often makes me blush for the unworthiness of its object, and wish to be more deserving of the man whose name I bear. To say all in one word, my dear ——, and to crown the whole, my former gallant lover is now my indulgent husband, my fondness is returned, and I might have had a Prince, without the felicity I find in him. Adieu : may you be as blest as I am unable to wish that I could be more happy.

The Key to the above Letter is to read the first and then each alternate line only.

POETICAL OPINIONS UPON LOVE AND ITS CHARACTERISTICS.

What is love? An odd compound of simples most sweet,
Cull'd in life's spring by Fancy, poor mortals to cheat;
A passion no eloquence yet could improve—
So a sigh best expresses the passion of love.—*Bate Dudley.*

Mysterious Love! uncertain treasure,
Hast thou more of pain or pleasure?
Endless torments dwell about thee,
Yet who would live, and live without thee?—*Addison.*

Love is, or ought to be, our greatest bliss;
Since every other joy, how dear so ever,
Gives way to that, and we leave all for love.—*Rowe.*

Love, thou hast every bliss in store—
'Tis friendship, and 'tis something more;
Each other every wish they give—
Not to know love, is not to live.—*Gay.*

Oh, sweet are the tones of affection sincere,
When they come from the depth of the heart;
And sweet are the words that banish each care,
And bid sorrow forever depart.—*Bulwer.*

Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart;
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought.—*T. Moore.*

Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet.—*Dryden.*

Within the oyster's shell uncouth
The purest pearl may bide:—
Trust me, you'll find a heart of truth
Within the rough outside.—*Mrs. Osgood.*

Be thou as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.—*Shakespeare.*

I love thee, and I feel
That in the fountain of my heart a seal
Is set, to keep its waters pure and bright
For thee. —*Shelley.*

But he who stems a stream with sand,
And fetters flame with flaxen band,
Has yet a harder task to prove—
By firm resolve to conquer love.—*Scott.*

Yes, love indeed is light from heaven,
A spark of that immortal fire,
With angels shar'd, by Allah given
To lift from earth our low desire.—*Byron.*

The bee thro' many a garden roves,
And hums the lay of courtship o'er,
But when he finds the flower he loves,
He settles there and hums no more.—*Moore.*

For she was good as she was fair,
None, none on earth above her—
As pure in thought as angels are,
To see her was to love her.—

One in whose love, I felt, were given
The mix'd delights of either sphere;
All that the spirit seeks in heaven,
And all the senses burn for here!—*Moore.*

One struggle more, and I am free
From pangs that rend my heart in twain;
One last long sigh to love and thee,
Then back to busy life again.—*Byron.*

Forget me not, when others gaze
Enamor'd on thee with the looks of praise;
When weary leagues between us both are cast,
And each dull hour seems heavier than the last—
Oh! then forget me not!—

Didst thou know the touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.
—*Shakespeare.*

There are ten thousand tones and signs
 We hear and see, but none defines—
 Involuntary sparks of thought
 Which strike from out the heart o'erwrought,
 And form a strange intelligence
 Alike mysterious and intense ;
 Which links the burning chain that binds,
 Without their will, young hearts and minds,
 Conveying, as electric wire,
We know not how, the absorbing fire.

Ten lines to say, and tell us but,
 "*We know not how*"—we know not what.—*Byron.*

There is a language by the virgin made,
 Not read but felt, not uttered but betrayed,
 A mute communion, yet so wondrous sweet,
 Eyes must impart what tongue can ne'er repeat.
 'Tis written on her cheeks and meaning brows ;
 In one short glance whole volumes it avows ;
 In one short moment tells of many days,
 In one short speaking silence all conveys.—*Miss Barrett.*

Let no one say that there is need
 Of time for Love to grow ;
 Ah no ! the Love that kills indeed,
 Dispatches at a blow.

The spark that but by slow degrees
 Is nursed into a flame,
 Is habit, friendship, what you please,
 But *Love* is not its name.

For Love to be completely true,
 It death at sight should deal ;
 Should be the first one ever knew ;
 In short, be that I feel.

To write, to sigh, and to converse,
 For years to play the fool ;
 'Tis to put passion out to nurse,
 And send the heart to school.

Love all at once should from the earth
 Start up full-grown and tall ;
 If not an Adam at his birth,
 He is no *Love* at all.—*Lord Holland.*

He who plucks the sweets shall prove
Many thorns to be in Love.—*Herrick.*

Remember thee, and all thy pains,
 And all thy love for me !
 Yes, while a pulse, a breath remains,
 Will I remember thee !—*Montgomery.*

A blushing thing of pain and bliss.
 That is, to talk in rhyme myself
 Of such a nondescript as this ;
 Love is a "dreadful pretty" elf.
 But I incline to fancying
 It is a "pretty ugly" thing—
 About as pretty as a witch,
 About as ugly as the itch.
 A lover must be quite insane,
 To prize a mingled bliss and pain ;
 And Love of such experience
 Was never worth a jot of sense.—*Ettrick Shepherd.*

My heart is bound
 With a viewless chain—
 I see no wound,
 But I feel its pain.
 Break my prison, and set me free !
 Bondage, *though* sweet, has no charms for me !
 —*Anonymous.*

Love, the cloudless summer sun—
 Of all Life's sweets the sweetest one—
 Yes ! so it is—and the same thirst
 For something high and pure above
 This withering world, which, from the first,
 Made me drink deep of Woman's Love—
 As the one joy, to heaven most near
 Of all our hearts can meet with here—
 Still burns me up, still keeps awake
 A fever naught but death can slake.—*Moore.*

Love is a sickness full of woes,
 All remedies refusing ;
 A plant that with most cutting grows ;
 Most barren with least using :
 Why so ?
 More we enjoy it, more it dies ;
 If not enjoyed, it sighing cries,
 Heigh-ho ! —*Daniel.*

'Tis painful, but 'tis sweet to love.—*Henry Kirke White.*

It is to be all made of sighs and tears ;
 It is to be all made of faith and service ;
 It is to be all made of fantasy,
 All made of passion, and all made of wishes.—*Shakespeare.*

Quoth he, to bid me not to love
 Is to forbid my pulse to move,
 My beard to grow, my ears to stick up,
 Or, when I'm in a fit, to hiccup.—*Butler.*

Language is too faint to show
 His rage of Love. It preys upon his life—
 He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies !
 His passion and his virtues lie confused.—*Addison.*

She never told her Love,
 But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
 Feed on her damask cheek. She pined in thought ;
 And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
 She sat like a Patience on a monument,
 Smiling at Grief. —*Shakespeare*

No telling how Love thrives ! to what it comes !
 Whence grows ! 'Tis e'en of as mysterious root
 As the pine that makes its lodgings of the rock,
 Where you would think a blade of grass would die !
 —*Sheridan Knowles.*

They speak of thee
 And couple with thy mention misery ;
 Talk of the broken heart, the wasted bloom,
 The spirit blighted and the early tomb ;
 As if these waited on thy golden lot—
 They blame thee for the faults that thou hast not.
 —*Miss Landon.*

They sin who tell us Love can die.—*Southey.*

Alas ! how slight a cause may move
 Dissension between hearts that love !
 A something light as air—a look,
 A word unkind or wrongly taken—
 O Love that tempests never shook,
 A breath, a touch like this has shaken.—*Byron.*

The more thou dam'st it up, the more it burns.—*Shakespeare.*

Love cannot bear rude Passion's blast ;
 Neglect pales all its fires.
 When once its brilliancy is past,
 It struggles, but it cannot last ;
 It flickers and expires.—*Mrs. Downing.*

Love is a thing of frail and delicate growth ;
 Soon checked, soon fostered ; feeble and yet strong,
 It will endure much, suffer long, and bear
 What would weigh down an angel's wing to earth,
 And yet mount heavenward. But not the less
 It dieth of a word, a look, a thought ;
 And when it dies, it dies without a sign
 To tell how fair it was in happier hours.
 It leaves behind reproaches and regrets,
 And bitterness in affection's well,
 For which there is no healing.—*Miss Landon.*

Love is not *Love*
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove ;
 Oh no ! it is an ever fixed mark,
 That looks on tempests and is never shaken.
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
—*Shakespeare.*

This is Love,
 Which chooseth from a thousand only one
 To be the object of that tenderness
 Natural to every heart ; which can resign
 Its own best happiness for one's dear sake ;
 Can bear with absence ; hath no part in hope,
 For hope is somewhat selfish. Love is not,
 And doth prefer another to itself.—*Miss Landon.*

Every moment
 I'm from thy sight, the heart within my bosom
 Moans like a tender infant in its cradle,
 Whose nurse has left it.—*Otway.*

May the snowy wings
 Of innocence and love protect thee !—*Akenside*

Ah ! little will the lip reveal
 Of all the burning heart may feel.
—*Miss L. E. Landon.*

Tho' fate, girl, may bid us part,
 The soul it cannot, cannot sever;
 The heart will seek its kindred heart,
 And cling to it as close as ever.—*Moore.*

Then came the parting hour, and what arise
 When lovers part—expressive looks, and eyes
 Tender and tearful—many a fond adieu,
 And many a call the sorrow to renew.—*Crabbe.*

One hurried kiss—one last, one long embrace—
 One yearning look upon her tearful face—
 And he was gone, and, like a funeral knell,
 The winds still sighed—beloved, fare thee well!
 —*Mrs. C. H. W. Esling.*

Let mutual joy our mutual trust combine,
 And love, and love-born confidence, be thine!—*Dryden.*

If you oblige me suddenly to choose,
 My choice is made—and I must you refuse.—*Dryden.*

Oh, do not talk to me of love,
 'Tis deepest cruelty to me—
 Why throw a net around a bird
 That might be happy, light and free?—*Westmacott.*

Sooner shall the blue ocean melt to air,
 Sooner shall earth resolve itself to sea,
 Than I resign thine image, oh, my fair!
 Or think of anything excepting thee.—*Bryon.*

There is nothing but death
 Our affection can sever,
 And till life's latest breath
 Love shall bind us forever.—*J. G Percival.*

Sweet beauty sleeps upon thy brow,
 And floats before my eyes;
 As meek and pure as dove art thou,
 Or beings of the skies.—*Morris.*

Oh! there is nothing half so sweet in life
 As Love's young dream. —*Moore.*

But ah ! 'tis gone, 'tis gone, and never
 Mine such waking bliss can be ;
 Oh ! I would sleep, would sleep for ever,
 Could I thus but dream of thee !—*Frisbie.*

She bids me hope ! and, in that charming word,
 Has peace and transport to my soul restor'd.
 —*Lord Lyttleton*

One hour of such bliss is a life ere it closes—
 'Tis one drop of fragrance from thousands of roses.
 —*P. M. Wetmore.*

These poor, half kisses kill me quite ;
 Was ever man so served ?
 Amidst an ocean of delight,
 For pleasure to be starv'd !—*Drayton.*

The kiss you take is paid by that you give ;
 The joy is mutual, and I'm still in debt.
 —*Lord Lansdown.*

I know thou dost love me—ay ! frown if thou wilt,
 And curl that beautiful lip,
 Which I never can gaze on without the guilt
 Of burning its dew to sip !—*C. F. Hoffman.*

'Twas thy high purity of soul,
 Thy thought revealing eye,
 That placed me, spell-bound, at your feet,
 Sweet wand'rer from the sky !—*W. G. Clark.*

Take my esteem, if you on that can live ;
 But, frankly, sir, 'tis all that I can give.—*Dryden.*

Oh, that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot,
 Which first Love trac'd ;
 Still it, lingering, haunts the greenest spot
 In memory's waste. —*Moore.*

Oh ! were my love a blossom,
 When summer skies depart,
 I'd plant her in my bosom,
 And wear her near my heart !—

Dear art thou to me now as in that hour,
 When first Love's wave of feeling, spray-like, broke
 Into bright utterance, and we said we lov'd!—*Bailey.*

Like the lone bird that flutters her pinion,
 And warbles in bondage her strain,
 I have struggled to fly thy dominion,
 But find that the struggle is vain.—*George P. Morris.*

So gaze met gaze,
 And heart saw heart, translucent through the rays,
 One same, harmonious, universal law.
 Atom to atom star to star can draw,
 And heart to heart! Swift darts, as from the sun
 The strong attraction, and the charm is done!
 —*The New Timon.*

Love is a star, whose gentle rays
 Beams constant o'er our lonely way;
 Love is a gem, whose pearly light
 Oft charms us in the darkest night.—*Saturday Courier.*

That love is sordid which doth need
 Gold's filthy dust its fires to feed:
 That acts a higher, nobler part,
 Which come, unfetter'd, from the heart.—*J. T. Watson.*

I dare not linger near thee, as a brother,
 I feel my burning heart would still be thine;
 How could I hope my passionate thoughts to smother,
 When yielding all the sweetness to another
 Which should be mine!—*Mrs. Amelia B. Welby.*

Love drew your image on "my heart of hearts,"
 And memory preserves it beautiful.—*Mrs. Osgood.*

Love?—I will tell thee what it is to love:—
 It is to build with human thoughts a shrine,
 Where Hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove—
 Where time seems young, and life a thing divine,
 Yes, *this* is love—the steadfast and the true,
 The immortal glory which hath never set;
 The best, the brightest boon the heart e'er knew—
 Of all life's sweets, the very sweetest yet!
 —*Charles Swain.*

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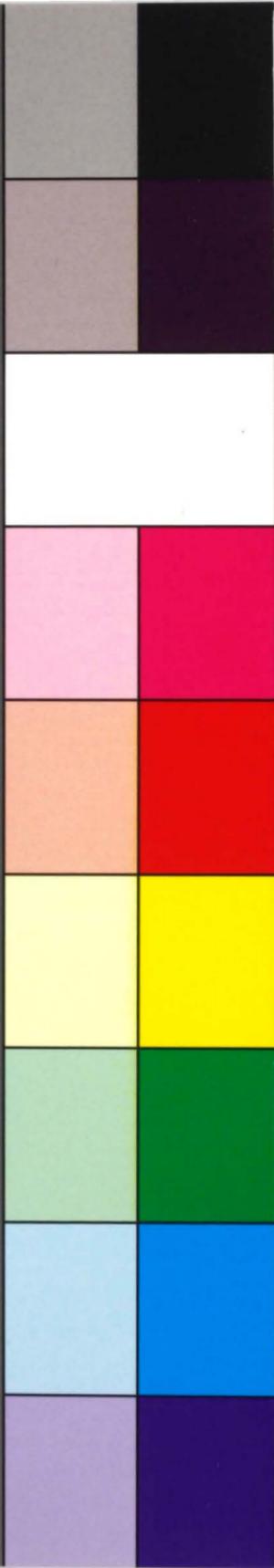
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