

HAND-BOOKS FOR HOME IMPROVEMENT.—No. 1.

HOW TO WRITE:

A POCKET MANUAL

OF

Composition and Letter-Writing;

EMBRACING

HINTS ON PENMANSHIP AND THE CHOICE OF WRITING MATERIALS; PRACTICAL RULES FOR LITERARY COMPOSITION IN GENERAL, AND EPISTOLARY AND NEWSPAPER WRITING AND PROOF-CORRECTING IN PARTICULAR; AND DIRECTIONS FOR WRITING LETTERS OF BUSINESS, RELATIONSHIP, FRIENDSHIP, AND LOVE, ILLUSTRATED BY NUMEROUS EXAMPLES OF GENUINE EPISTLES, FROM THE PENS OF THE BEST WRITERS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

FORMS FOR LETTERS OF INTRODUCTION, NOTES, CARDS,

ETC., AND A

Collection of Poetical Quotations.

Those who began to write themselves men, but thought it no shame to learn.—*Phil.*

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P R E F A C E .

BETTER WRITERS," comprising merely collections of formal, vapid, and puerile epistles, made to measure and intended to be copied or imitated, are, perhaps, well enough in their place; but they are sufficiently numerous, and we have not been ambitious to add to their number. Our aim, in preparing this little book, has been a higher one. We have endeavored to keep in view the wants of a class of young people, of both sexes, who are not satisfied with such helps—who do not desire to be saved from the necessity of study and thought; but who will be grateful for a little guidance in their studies, and for such instructions as will aid them in thinking for themselves and in giving their thoughts expression. If our success, in this en-

deavor, has been equal to the good-will with which we have labored, we are satisfied.

We claim little on the score of originality, having aimed at usefulness rather than novelty; but what we have borrowed from others has, in most cases, been re-written, and so modified as to preclude formal credit. We are, however, happy to acknowledge our indebtedness, for valuable thoughts and hints, to Jardine's "Principles of English Composition," Newman's "Rhetoric," Fowler's "English Grammar," Parker's "Aids to English Composition," "Letter Writing Simplified," Wilson's "Treatise on Punctuation," Mrs. Hale's "Dictionary of Poetical Quotations," "The Treasury of Knowledge," and various other works.

With the hope that it may prove useful to those for whose benefit it has been prepared, and meet with the measure of success it may deserve, the work is now, without further words, submitted to the public.

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HOW TO WRITE.

I.

WRITING MATERIALS.

With a good pen and black ink, write down for us, on clear white paper, your best thoughts and most valuable facts.—*The Editor.*

I.—THE STATIONERY OF THE ANCIENTS.

 HE earliest attempts of men to preserve their knowledge and hand down to posterity a history of their times, may more properly be called engraving than writing, as the materials employed were pillars and tables of stone, and plates of the softer metals. In some countries, pieces of wood, covered with a thin coating of wax, were afterward used, and the letters formed by means of a bodkin of iron, called a *stylus*. Parchments, prepared from the skins of animals, succeeded, and are still used for some purposes, on account of their great durability.

II.—FACTS ABOUT PAPER.

Paper, the most convenient of all materials yet discovered, was first made about five hundred years ago. It takes its name from the *papyrus*, a reed-like plant found

in Egypt, from which it was manufactured by the ancients. A great variety of materials have since been used in its fabrication. It has been made of the interior bark of trees, of the bamboo, of asbestos, of cotton and linen rags, of straw, of various grasses, of the husks of Indian corn, and many other substances. The material most extensively employed at present is cotton rags.

The best paper in our markets has the stamp of European manufacture upon it, though the article thus labeled is, in many cases, made in this country. Some American paper is in no way inferior to the best English and French fabrics; but because the foreign article had acquired a reputation among us before ours had reached its present perfection, some of our manufacturers have resorted to false labels in order to meet the demands of those fastidious people for whom home-made things are never good enough. The name is every thing with them, and the word "London" or "Paris," on the corner of the sheet, causes the pen to run smoothly over paper made, perhaps, at Dalston or Lee.

III.—CHOICE OF MATERIALS.

The selection of your writing materials is a matter of some importance. These, whether of American or of foreign manufacture, should always be of the best quality. It is generally poor economy to use inferior articles, because they can be procured at a lower price. The difference in real value is almost always greater than the difference in cost.

1. *Paper.*

Choose paper of a smooth and somewhat glossy surface. Rough and spongy paper should be avoided, as entirely unfit to be written upon.

In writing for the press, foolscap is generally used, though, when your article is short, and is to be sent by mail, letter paper will be found more convenient. Some writers procure paper ruled less closely than usual, to allow more room for interlineations. Others write only on alternate lines. We prefer to leave a broad margin on the left-hand side of our sheet, on which to note our corrections and alterations.

For letters, use the best white letter paper, either ruled or plain. If you can write straightly, evenly, and uniformly, without lines, the unruled is best. For notes, choose paper made for the purpose, and of the finest quality. Never make use of gilt-edged, embossed, or bordered paper of any kind, for ordinary purposes.

It is desirable, as a matter of convenience as well as economy, to buy paper by the ream; but in case you do so, be careful to try a sample before purchasing.

2. *Envelopes.*

Envelopes should be purchased with your letter paper, and of corresponding size. They should be plain, white, and of a smooth surface, except for business purposes—in which case, brown or buff-colored ones are appropriate. For inclosing manuscript to be sent to publishers, envelopes of a larger and stronger kind may be procured.

3. *Pens.*

In the matter of pens, we can hardly give any directions beyond the general rule, already laid down in reference to other articles—use none but good ones. Quill pens are now nearly obsolete; but there are still some persons who will use no other. If kept well mended, none are better. Many use gold pens exclusively. We prefer, all things considered, a good steel pen.

4. *Ink.*

Use black ink—the best and *blackest* of black ink. All other inks are entirely unfit to be used for ordinary purposes, and should be especially avoided in writing for the press, as they are utter abominations in the eyes of editors, publishers, and printers. Many a good newspaper article has gone under the table *unread* (and very properly, too), because written with diluted, faded, or muddy ink, and half illegible.

Good ink can generally be procured almost anywhere in the country, and few persons probably will care to manufacture it for themselves; still, as this may sometimes be conveniently and economically done, we append an

Ink Recipe.

A good and durable black ink may be made by the following directions: To one quart of water add three ounces of the dark-colored, rough-skinned Aleppo galls, coarsely powdered, and of rasped logwood, green vitriol, and gum-arabic, one ounce each. Put this mixture into

a convenient vessel, and shake it well four or five times a day for ten or twelve days, after which it may be strained off for use; though it will improve by remaining still longer on the ingredients.

5. *Sealing Wax, Paper Cutters, etc.*

Gentlemen ordinarily use red sealing-wax; blue, yellow, amber, flecked with gold, and other pretty varieties, are used by the ladies, and sometimes in writing to them. White is appropriated to wedding occasions, and black is used for sealing letters of condolence, and notes announcing the death of a friend. With the wax you want a seal with an appropriate motto or device. However, with self-sealing envelopes, or a vial of prepared gum, you need use wax only where considerable formality is required. Wafers are now seldom used, and ought to be thrown aside altogether.

Always have a good paper-cutter at hand when writing. The best ones are made of ivory, plain, thin, and perfectly straight, except being rounded at the ends. Paper knives, made of horn and bone, are nearly useless; and those of mother-of-pearl, though very pretty, are scarcely more valuable.

II.

PENMANSHIP AND POSITION.

Scripta manet—Writing endures.

I.—VARIOUS METHODS OF WRITING.

HE Hebrews, Arabians, and Assyrians wrote from right to left. The Phœnicians wrote at one time from right to left, then from left to right, alternately. The Greeks at first adopted the same method, but afterward, finding it more convenient to write from left to right, this became afterward their practice; in which they have been followed by all European nations. The Chinese and Japanese write perpendicularly, from top to bottom.

II.—HAND-WRITING.

Lord Chesterfield says that “every man who has the use of his eyes and his right hand, can write whatever hand he pleases.” This is hardly true. Hand-writing indicates character, and corresponds with it; and, however great our powers of imitation, must always possess more or less strongly marked individual traits. It is no more to be expected or desired that we all shall write alike, than that we all shall look alike or act alike. But it is true that every one, with the use of eyes and hand, may write well—write a free, regular, and graceful hand—write legibly, at all events.

It does not fall within the scope of this little book to teach penmanship. We can only drop a hint or two.

If you write a cramped, irregular, and illegible hand, the sooner you set about reforming it the better. Go to some good teacher of penmanship, if one can be found in your neighborhood, and take a few lessons, with the strong resolution to improve; but if no teacher is at hand, never mind: set about the task without one. All difficulties will vanish before resolute effort. Try it and see. Form your letters clearly, distinctly, symmetrically, and with a uniform slope or angle, and make your lines straight and even; and your manuscript will look well and be easily read. The more graceful the curves and the smoother the lines, the better; but these last qualities are not essential.

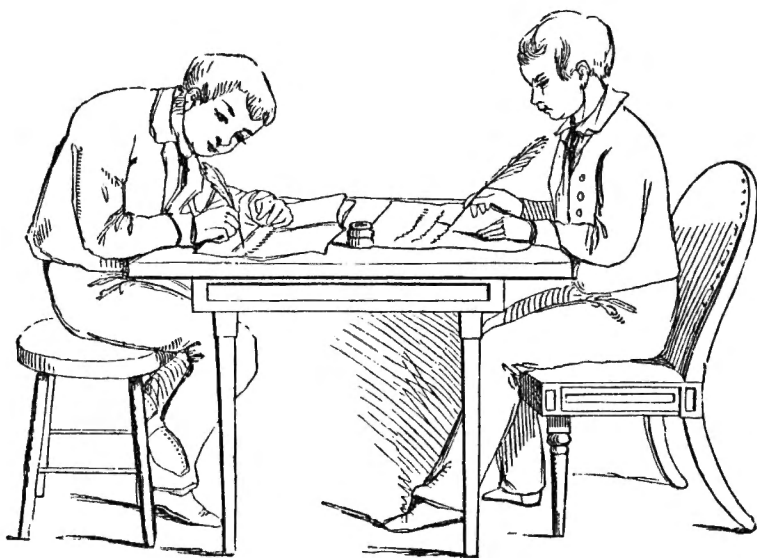
Some great men write most villainous scrawls, but this circumstance certainly does not add to their greatness; much less does it furnish an excuse for those who resemble them in nothing, except in the badness of their handwriting. Horace Greeley, an uncommonly talented man, all agree, writes an uncommonly execrable hand; as the following anecdote will show:

The editor of the Chambersburg (Pa.) *Repository and Whig*, having received a copy, in manuscript, of an agricultural address delivered by Mr. Greeley, thus narrates his experience with it:

“We immediately went to work to decipher the ten pages before us, and with the aid of a magnifying-glass, three dictionaries, several agricultural periodicals, a his-

tory of eminent agriculturists, a standard work on Chemistry, another on Hydraulics, a large street committee, several Know-Nothings, and our compositor on unintelligible copy, we mastered the first three lines in the first half day. We were happy within the first hour to ascertain when we had the manuscript right side up—for it looks about as much like writing one way as another. It is now in the hands of a competent committee, to decide in what language it is written, and if it is ascertained that it is neither Hebrew nor Greek, we must infer that it was intended for English, and shall proceed to decipher it.”

III.—POSITION IN WRITING.



A bad position in writing is as destructive to beauty of form, as it is to health. Persons who write much in the

crooked and ungraceful position so common among the “slaves of the desk,” become permanently bent and round shouldered, and are particularly liable to diseases of the lungs. Bad habits are easily acquired; so are good habits. If you do not acquire the latter, you will the former. Which will you choose?

Sit erect; rest both arms equally on the desk or table; lay your paper on your open portfolio or on the table, slightly to the right, and at right angles with the side at which you sit; dip your pen carefully, so as to make no slovenly blots; carry your hand steadily and firmly, but as lightly as may be, and you will give clear, beautiful, happy thoughts, if you have them, a fitting chirographic expression. Look at the foregoing cut. It tells the story far more satisfactorily than our written words.

III.

LITERARY COMPOSITION IN GENERAL.

The voice flies from the lips to mingle with the winds, to be lost without an echo to the thought which it conveyed. Written down, it may continue sounding on, as from a trumpet tongue, through all time, speaking still to the common heart of man like Homer, or to the conscience like Paul.—W. C. Brieler.

I.—IDEAS.

E will presume that every young man or woman who shall look into this little book for instruction in the art of composition, has thoughts and feelings to express, facts to state, arguments to advance, reasons to urge—in a word, *something to say*. To those who have not, our teachings will be of no use. If you have nothing to say, say nothing. We can not furnish ideas. We aspire simply to aid the young writer in molding into available shape, and clothing in fitting language, those he may already possess.

II.—WORDS.

1. *Spelling*.

Spelling is *word-making*. You learned something of this long ago, from the spelling-book. Perhaps you are a good speller. But there are more than a hundred thousand words in the English language, and you can not reasonably be expected to know the orthography of them all. No man or woman, however well educated, will

venture to claim perfection in this accomplishment. There is always something to learn. If we were at liberty to adopt and apply, at once, the phonetic system, in which every simple single sound is represented by a simple single sign, spelling would be no longer difficult. This is the true system, and will in due time be universally received; meanwhile, we must spell as well as we can in the old way, for bad spelling is rightly considered a great blemish in a piece of writing. Here are some brief but comprehensive rules, which the young writer will do well to commit to memory.

Rules for Spelling.

1. Words of one syllable ending in *f*, *l*, or *s*, preceded by a single vowel, double the final consonant; as, *staff*, *mill*, *pass*; except *if*, *of*, *as*, *gas*, *has*, *was*, *yes*, *is*, *his*, *this*, *us*, *thus*.
2. Words ending in any other consonant except *f*, *l*, and *s*, do not double the final letter; except *add*, *odd*, *ebb*, *egg*, *inn*, *err*, *purr*, *butt*, *buzz*, and some proper names.
3. Words of one syllable, and words accented on the last syllable, when they end with a single consonant, preceded by a single vowel, double the final consonant before an additional syllable beginning with a vowel; as *rob*, *robber*; *permit*, *permitting*; but *e* final, being equivalent to *ks*, is an exception, and is never doubled.
4. A final consonant, when not preceded by a single vowel, or when the accent is not on the last syllable, should remain single before an additional syllable; as *toil*, *tolling*; *visit*, *visited*. *L* and *s* are often doubled, in violation of this rule, when the accent is not on the last syllable; as *travel*, *traveller*; *bias*, *biassed*. It is better to write *traveler* and *biased*.
5. Primitive words ending in *ll* reject one *l* before *less* and *ly*; as *skill*, *skillless*; *full*, *fully*; but words ending in any other double letter, preserve it double before these terminations; as *free*, *freely*; *careless*, *carelessness*; *odd*, *oddly*.
6. The final *e* of a primitive word is generally omitted before an additional termination beginning with a vowel; as *rate*, *ratable*; *force*, *forcible*: but

words ending in *ce* and *ge* retain the *e* before *able* and *ous*; as *peace, peaceable; outrage, outrageous*.

7. The final *e* of a primitive word is generally retained before an additional termination beginning with a consonant; as *pale, paleness*: but when the *e* is preceded by a vowel it is sometimes omitted; as *true, truly*: and sometimes retained; as *shoe, shoeless*.

8. The final *y* of a primitive word, when preceded by a consonant, is changed into *i* before an additional termination; as *merry, merrily*: but before a vowel the *y* is not changed; as *valley, valleys*, and not *vallics*, as frequently written; and before *ing* the *y* is retained to prevent the doubling of the *i*; as *pity, pitying*.

9. Compounds generally retain the orthography of the simple words of which they are composed; as *all-wise, blue-eyed*.

You may make these rules good *helps*; but the orthography of the English language is attended with so much uncertainty and perplexity, that no rules, however carefully framed and well studied, will enable you to dispense with observation, reading (which familiarizes one with the *forms* of words), and frequent reference to the dictionary, which should always lie at your elbow while writing. Webster's "American Dictionary of the English Language," unabridged edition, is the best; but if this is beyond your means, a smaller and cheaper one will serve your purpose. But have it always at hand, and apply to it in all doubtful cases.

2. Capital Letters.

The misuse of capital letters is almost as great a blemish in written or printed words as bad spelling. Fortunately, the rules for their proper use are few and plain, and may be easily remembered. To leave our readers no excuse on this point, we insert them here:

Rules for the Use of Capital Letters.

1. The first word of every distinct sentence must begin with a capital letter.
2. All proper names and titles of office or honor, and all appellations of Deity must begin with capital letters; as *James, Judge Parker, the Supreme Being*.
3. Adjectives derived from proper names must begin with capital letters; as *Grecian, Roman, Newtonian*.
4. The names of the months and of the days of the week must begin with capital letters.
5. The principal words in the titles of books, magazines, and newspapers must begin with capital letters; as *Combe's Constitution of Man, Putnam's Monthly Magazine, Life Illustrated*.
6. The first word of an example, a direct quotation, or a distinct speech must begin with a capital letter; as, Emerson says: "*The mid-world is best*."
7. The name of an object personified, and conveying a strictly individual idea, should begin with a capital letter; as,

"Come, calm Content, serene and sweet."
8. Every line in poetry must begin with a capital letter.
9. The words I and O must always be capital letters.
10. Other words of particular importance, and such as denote the principal subject of discourse, may begin with capital letters.

3. Choice of Words.

Use simple, familiar Anglo-Saxon words, in preference to those of Latin and French origin. The latter may seem finer and more high-sounding, but the former are stronger and more expressive, and you will be able to set forth more clearly in them what you have to say. If your thought is a great one, simple words will well befit it; and if it is trifling or commonplace, your grand phrases will only make it seem ridiculous. *Father, mother, brother, sister, home, happiness, heaven; sun, moon, stars, light, heat; to sit, to stand, to go, to run, to stagger*, are Anglo-Saxon words; as are most of those used to express ha-

bitual actions and designate persons and objects familiar and dear to us. We may say in Latin-English, "Felicity attends virtue," but "Well-being arises from well doing"—Saxon-English, is a far better wording of the same idea. And mark the strength, expressiveness, and majestic movement of the following lines from Byron's "Destruction of Sennacherib," in which nearly all the words are Anglo-Saxon :

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed ;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts beat but once, and forever lay still.

The French and Latin elements of our language of course have their place and use, and can not be left out, but the Anglo-Saxon should furnish the staple of our common writing and talk.

Avoid equivocal and ambiguous words, technical terms, unless absolutely necessary, and, above all, low expressions or vulgarisms. A man is known almost as well by the words he uses as by the company he keeps. Choose both from among the best.

III.—SENTENCES.

Words rightly arranged, form phrases, clauses, and sentences, and become the vehicle of thought. It is important to know how to arrange them rightly. The awkwardest scribbler for a country newspaper uses mainly the same nouns, adjectives, verbs, and connectives of which are composed the charming sketches of Irving and Ik Marvel. How different the result ! Where-

in consists the difference ? Much of it, plainly, lies in *the way they put their words together !*

Sentence-making is taught in works on grammar, rhetoric, and composition. We recommend to those who can afford to purchase them, and have time for their study, "Goold Brown's Grammar," "Newman's Rhetoric," "Parker's Aids to English Composition," "Kames' Elements of Criticism," and last but not least in real usefulness, "How to Talk : A Pocket Manual of Conversation and Debate," which will follow this in the series of "Hand Books for Home Improvement." The last named will come within the reach of all, and its contents can be easily mastered. Our plan in this book embraces only brief rules and hints, but these will, we trust, be found useful.

1. Clearness.

The first requisite of a good sentence is clearness. Aim, then, first of all, to put your words together so that they may truly represent your idea, and nothing more. Make yourself understood, if you do nothing else ; and let there be no vagueness about your statements. Every sentence should not only convey a meaning, but a *distinct* and *definite* meaning. You may fail in this point, either through a bad choice of words or a wrong arrangement of them. Be careful, then, to select words which, used in their proper sense, will express exactly the idea you intend ; and not to use the same word in different senses in the same connection.

In reference to arrangement, the good Dr. Blair has the following capital rule, of which you can make yourself master in three minutes, and which will be of service to you as long as you live and write English:

RULE.—Words and members of a sentence, closely related to each other, should be placed as near each other as possible, that their mutual relation may clearly appear.

This rule is frequently violated, particularly in the use of pronouns and adverbs, which are prone to get astray in badly managed sentences; but which are never misplaced without involving the idea intended to be conveyed in more or less obscurity. See "How to Talk," and "Parker's Aids," for illustrations.

2. *Strength.*

Next in importance to clearness is strength. It is not enough that we are understood. We wish to make an impression—to influence—to move the reader. So we must make our sentences not only clear, but strong.

To make a strong wagon, the wheelwright takes hard, tough-fibred timber and puts it together with firm, well-fitting mortise and tenon. In a like manner strong sentences are made of strong words, strongly put together. We have said something of strong words, in speaking of the Anglo-Saxon element of our language. A strong construction implies *such an arrangement of words as will exhibit the sense to the best advantage*. To be strong, a sentence must be clear, compact, and symmetrical. Unpracticed writers fall into a variety of errors, which tend

to lessen the force of their composition. The following rules, judiciously applied, will enable you to avoid most of them:

Rules of Construction.

1. Place the principal words in your sentence where they will make the most striking impression.
2. Never allow a weaker assertion or argument to follow a stronger one.
3. Avoid the separation of the preposition from the noun which it governs.
4. Avoid concluding your sentence with an adverb, preposition, or other insignificant word.
5. Strike out all words which add nothing to the sense.

The last rule is by no means the least in importance. The young writer's sentences, like young trees, generally admit a good deal of pruning. Words merely are no ornaments of style. If they convey no decisive meaning, they are mere excrescences and incumbrances, and should be unsparingly cut off, in revising, wherever they have unfortunately been permitted to attach themselves.

3. *Unity.*

A sentence, though, like the human body, composed of parts having distinct functions in the general economy, should, like the latter, make upon the mind the impression of a single object.

Lack of unity arises, oftener than otherwise, from crowding together, in a sentence, ideas so slightly connected that they admit being divided into two or more sentences. Shun this fault, even at the risk of making too many short sentences; and use as few parenthetical expressions as possible.

4. *Harmony.*

Sense should never be sacrificed to sound; yet harmony is by no means an unimportant quality in literary composition. To promote it, avoid harsh-sounding words and discordant combinations, blend as far as possible long and short syllables, and pay particular attention to the closing cadence. Whatever is easy to the organs of speech, is pleasant to the ear. Such words as *wrong-headedness*, *unsuccessfulness*, *cursorily*, *summarily*, *peremptoriness*, *holily*, *sillily*, *lowlily*, should be avoided.

IV.—PARAGRAPHS

One or more sentences form a paragraph. Paragraphs are not mere arbitrary divisions of a piece of writing, as some seem to suppose, but, like sentences, mark natural pauses or breaks in the discourse. Still, it is not easy to lay down rules for forming them. Some writers make fewer and longer ones than others. It is safer for the young writer, as a general rule, to make them short.

A quotation of any considerable length, when in the direct form, and following a colon, should be made a distinct paragraph; as should each distinct speech in a dialogue or colloquy.

The first line of each paragraph should begin about an inch farther from the left-hand margin of your paper than the other lines.

V.—SECTIONS AND CHAPTERS.

Books and other long pieces of writing are generally divided into sections and chapters, and sometimes into

“parts;” but letters, short essays, and newspaper and magazine articles, only occasionally have these divisions formally marked. This book is an example of close and somewhat methodical division. We have hoped, by making the subject of each chapter and section a distinct head, to enable the reader to readily find any rule, direction, or remark he may seek, without reference to an index.

VI.—METHOD

“Method overcomes all difficulties.”

But, whether formally stated or not, every essay, discourse, story, letter, or other piece of writing, of any considerable length, has its natural divisions or heads—its distinct but related parts, a proper arrangement of which is in the highest degree important. The mere ability to construct clear, strong, compact, harmonious sentences does not constitute one a good writer.

Having a subject—one about which you *know something* of course, the next thing is, *to think it into shape*. Until you have acquired clear ideas, not only of its parts taken separately, but of their relation and consequent arrangement, it is vain to expect to write clearly, or in any way satisfactorily upon it.

We will suppose you are to write an article for a newspaper. You have several facts to state, or several arguments to present. Consider what these distinct points are, and unless you are sure that you can retain them all, in their proper order, in your memory, proceed to set them down on a slip of paper, as they occur to you. A single

word will often be sufficient to indicate to your mind the point for which it stands. Now determine the natural or logical order of these divisions and number them accordingly, and you have a plan, in outline, of your composition, and can set yourself understandingly about writing it.

In planning or laying out your work, you will of course exercise your own taste and judgment. The same diversity exists in method as in style. The following general directions may, however, be profitably borne in mind :

1. Each division should have a direct and obvious bearing upon the general purpose of the piece.
2. Each division should be independent of all the others, not including any thing included in another.
3. All the divisions, taken together, should include the whole subject—or the whole idea of your piece.

We can hardly lay too much stress upon the foregoing directions. The best facts and thoughts fail to make their proper impression if presented in a jumble ; and the difficulty you will experience in presenting them will be in proportion to the confusion in which they exist in your own mind. Adopt the course we have indicated, and you will be surprised at the ease and effectiveness with which you will write. Next to a lack of ideas, want of method is the greatest difficulty with which the young writer has to contend. Remember that

“Order is Heaven’s first law ;”

and that it makes all the difference between chaos and a beautiful creation.

VII.—PUNCTUATION.

Correct punctuation, though very rare, is very important. The omission or misuse of points, in writing, as clearly involves grammatical error, as the false collocation of words does ; and as inevitably involves the writer’s ideas in obscurity.

In punctuation, as in spelling, there is some diversity in the practice of writers and printers. The following rules have been condensed, with a few slight modifications, from Wilson’s excellent work on English Punctuation.* We have endeavored to exemplify them in the pointing of this book.

Rules of Punctuation.

1. *The Comma.* [.]

1. Two words, of the same part of speech and in the same construction, if used without a conjunction between them, are separated from each other by a comma ; as, “We are *fearfully, wonderfully* made.”

2. In a series of words, all of the same part of speech, a comma is inserted between each particular and that which follows it ; as, “*Industry, honesty, and temperance* are essential to happiness.”

3. Words and phrases in apposition, unless closely connected, should generally be separated from each other, and from what follows, by a comma ; as, “*The twin sisters, Piety and Poetry*, are wont to dwell together.”

4. Contrasted words and phrases must be separated by commas ; as, “False delicacy is *affectation, not politeness.*”

5. No point is admissible between the subject or nominative and the predicate ; except in cases where perspicuity, or the intervention of some other rule absolutely requires one.

6. A comma should be put before a relative clause, when it is explanatory

* A Treatise on English Punctuation. By John Wilson. Boston : Crosby, Nichols & Company. For sale by Fowler & Wells, New York.

of the antecedent, or presents an additional thought; as, "Study nature, *whose laws and phenomena are all deeply interesting.*"

7. Parenthetical phrases and clauses should be separated from the context by commas; as, "Books, *regarded merely as a gratification*, are worth more than all the luxuries of earth."

8. Expressions in direct address are separated from the rest of the sentence by commas; as, "*My sister*, a brother's love is thine still."

9. Adjectival, participial, adverbial, and absolute phrases must be separated from the rest of the sentence by commas; as, "*Cradled in the camp*, Napoleon was the darling of the army." "*On the other hand*, let not the imagination be ungovernable."

10. A transposed or inverted phrase should be set off by a comma from the rest of the sentence; as, "*Of all our senses*, sight is the most perfect and delightful."

11. Two clauses, one depending on the other, are separated by a comma; as, "*Wealth is of no real use, unless it be well employed.*"

12. Two or more phrases or clauses, in the same construction, are separated by commas from the rest of the sentence; as, "*Regret for the past, grief at the present, and anxiety respecting the future*, are plagues which affect the generality of men."

13. Where a verb is understood, its place should generally be supplied by a comma; as, "A wise man seeks to shine in himself; a fool, [*seeks*] to outshine others."

14. A short quotation, not in the direct form, should be separated by a comma from the clause which precedes it; as, "There is much in the proverb, '*Without pains, no gains.*'"

2. The Semicolon. [;]

1. When two clauses, the one perfect in itself and the other added as a matter of inference, are united by *for*, *but*, *and*, or an equivalent word, they are separated by a semicolon; as, "Economy is no disgrace; *for* it is better to live on a little than to outlive a great deal."

2. A series of expressions, having a common dependence, if they are either laid down as distinct propositions, or are of a compound nature, should generally be separated from each other by a semicolon; as, "*Philosophers assert* that Nature is unlimited in her operations; that she has inexhaustible treasures in reserve; that knowledge will always be progressive; and that all future generations will continue to make discoveries, of which we have not the slightest idea."

3. When several short sentences, slightly connected in sense, follow one

another, they should be separated by a semicolon; as, "*Stones grow; vegetables grow and live; animals grow, live, and feel.*"

4. A semicolon should generally be placed between two or more parts of a sentence, when these parts, or any of them, are divided by commas into smaller portions; as, "The noblest prophets and apostles have been children once; lisping the speech, laughing the laugh, thinking the thought, of boyhood."

5. A semicolon is put before *as*, *viz.*, *namely*, or *that is*, when they precede an example, or an enumeration of particulars; as, "Many words are differently spelled in English; as, *inquire, enquire.*"

3. The Colon. [:]

1. The colon should be put after a clause which is complete in itself, but is followed *without a conjunction*, by some remarks, inference, or illustration; as, "Virtue is too lovely and useful to be immersed in a cell: the world is her sphere of action."

2. When a sentence consists of two members which are united by a conjunction or adverb, and either of them is divided into clauses by semicolons, a colon should be used before the connecting word; as, "As we perceive the shadow to have moved along the dial, but did not see it moving; and it appears that the grass has grown, though nobody ever saw it grow: so the advances we make in knowledge, as they consist of such minute steps, are perceivable only by the distance."

3. A colon should be placed before a quotation, a speech, a course of reasoning, or a specification of particulars, when formally introduced; as, "The words, literally translated, were these: '*The winds roared and the rains fell, when the poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree.*'"

4. The Period. [.]

1. When a sentence is complete in itself, and is neither connected with what follows, nor of an interrogatory or exclamatory nature, its termination is marked with a period; as, Truth is the basis of every virtue.

2. A period must be used after every abbreviated word; as "Geo. Marsh, M.D."

5. Interrogation and Exclamation. [? !]

1. The mark of interrogation is placed at the termination of every question; as, "Are there not seasons of spring in the moral world? and is not the present one of them?"

2. The mark of exclamation is put after interjections; after expressions in direct address, when emphatic; and after expressions denoting strong emotion; as, "Oh! you are wounded;" "This, O men of Athens! my duty prompted me to represent to you;" "Alas, my noble boy! that thou shouldst die!"

6. *Parentheses and Brackets.* [()]

1. Parentheses should inclose only those words which break the unity of the sentence into which they are thrown, and which may therefore be omitted without injury to its sense or its construction; as, "I have seen charity (if charity it may be called) insult with an air of pity."

2. Brackets are used to inclose words, phrases, or sentences intended to supply an omission, rectify a mistake, or explain something which precedes or follows; as, "The captain had several men died [who died] in the ship."

7. *The Dash.* [—]

1. The dash should be used where the sentence breaks off abruptly, and the subject is changed; as, "Was there ever a bolder captain or a more valiant band? Was there ever—but I scorn to boast."

2. Where a long or significant pause is required, the dash may properly be introduced; as, "The good woman was allowed by everybody, except her husband, to be a very sweet-tempered lady—when not in liquor."

3. The dash should be used before a phrase or clause in which the idea of the clause next preceding it is repeated in a different form, to render it clearer or more emphatic—to impress it upon the mind; and also where merely a word or phrase is repeated or echoed; as, "Our own nature is the first and nearest of all realities—the corner-stone of the entire fabric of truth;" "You speak like a boy—like a boy who thinks that the old, gnarled oak can be twisted as easily as the young sapling."

8. *The Apostrophe; the Hyphen; the Quotation Marks.*

[' - " "]

1. The apostrophe is used to distinguish the possessive case of nouns, and to denote the omission of a letter or letters; as "*Brown's* Grammar;" "*I've* got the letter."

2. The hyphen is used, in writing and printing, where a part of a word is placed in one line and the remainder in the next; and also to join the constituent parts of compound and derivative words; as, "The *incense-breathing* morn."

3. The quotation marks are used to distinguish a word, phrase, or passage taken from another author; as, "Socrates said, 'I believe that the soul is immortal.'"

9. *The Caret; marks of Ellipsis; marks of Reference.*

[^ **** * † ‡]

1. The caret is used, only in writing, to show that a word or letter was accidentally omitted, and has been placed over the line; as, "Disappoint-
are
ments often blessings in disguise."

2. The marks of ellipsis indicate the omission of letters in a word or words in a sentence; as, "E**** returned to her friends a heart-broken girl."

3. The marks of reference direct the reader to notes in the margin; as, "We are indebted to Fowler's Grammar* for many valuable hints."

VIII.—MISCELLANEOUS HINTS.

1. *Naturalness.*

Rules and specific directions are useful in their places, and therefore we have given you a few of them; but, at the best, they but imperfectly interpret Nature's unerring laws of order, and are fallible and subject to perplexing exceptions. If you can make yourself master of the principles which underlie them, you may forget the rules as soon as you please. Till you can do this, you will find them useful, provided you do not allow them to enslave you. Strive to be correct and methodical, but not stiff and formal. All writing, to be satisfactory, must be natural. Do not, therefore, aim at any set or special phraseology. Imitate no model. Study good authors for the improvement of your own style, and not for the acquisition of

* The English Language, in its Elements and Forms. By W. C. Fowler.

theirs. What is natural in them, may be constrained and labored in you. Be yourself—be *natural*.

2. Long Sentences.

Unpracticed writers should avoid long sentences. They are not easily managed, and are apt to get involved or entangled. A violation of this rule is the source of much of the inelegant and ungrammatical writing with which we meet. A writer commences a sentence, without having the whole clearly fixed in his mind, and goes on adding clause after clause, loosely linked together with "buts" and "ands," till, at last, instead of having expressed his thought, he has involved it in utter obscurity.

3. Tautology.

Avoid the repetition of the same sense in different words, as well as the needless repetition of the same words. For instance, do not say, "The nefarious wickedness of his conduct," because that would be the same as saying, "The extremely wicked wickedness," etc.; nor, "We returned back again;" for "we returned," fully expresses your meaning.

4. Adjectives.

Young writers are prone to use adjectives too lavishly and to put too many of them in the superlative degree. These qualifying or describing words lose force by multiplication; and if you make every thing you describe the grandest, sublimest, most beautiful, most lovely, most de-

lightful, most exquisite, or most splendid, you can no longer express the difference, in degree of grandeur, beauty, and so forth, between different objects.

5. Figures of Speech.

Comparisons, metaphors, and other figures of speech, when correctly used, add much to the beauty of a literary composition; but the young writer should use them cautiously and with good judgment. A broken metaphor may disfigure a whole essay.

6. Figures of Arithmetic.

Numbers, except dates and sums of money, should generally be expressed in words. In legal documents, sums of money should be expressed in words, and sometimes in both words and figures. Never write, "I have been in this town 3 days;" nor, "There are 25 pear trees in my father's orchard."

7. Contractions.

Never use the character &, except in the titles of firms; as, *Smith & Jones*, and even there the word *and*, written out in full, looks better. Contractions in general are to be avoided. The economy of time and space secured by their use, hardly compensates for the mutilated appearance of the words and the liability to error involved. Don't, can't, isn't, and other contractions of the same class, are allowable in familiar letters and where familiar conversation is quoted, but not in any graver style.

8. *Reading.*

You may learn much by reading good authors, with particular reference to style. Read slowly and carefully, observing constantly what kind of words are used, and how they are put together. Choose for study writers whose style pleases you. We can hardly advise on this point, because tastes and capacities differ, and the style best adapted to serve the purpose of one might be studied with but little advantage by another. Irving, Cooper, Prescott, Bancroft, Emerson, Poe, Ik Marvel, and the author of "the Potiphar Papers," among American writers, are well worthy of study, for their style; but, we repeat, beware of imitating these authors, or anybody else. Have a style, as well as a coat, of your own.

9. *Last, but not Least.*

But neither our rules, directions, and hints, nor the study of grammar and rhetoric, nor the reading of good authors, nor all these together, will make you a good writer without *persevering practice*. Writing is a great and noble art, and, like all other arts, requires time and labor for its acquisition. It is cheaply purchased at the expense of years of study and practice. But you may write all your lifetime, and continue to improve to the last; though your style, like your hand-writing, is liable to grow worse, instead of better, if you allow yourself to fall into negligent and careless habits. Study, *read*, and, above all, *WRITE*.

IV.

EPISTOLARY WRITING.

Letters lay open one's breeding, culture, taste, and ability.—*Anon.*
A letter, timely writ, is a rivet to the chain of affection.—*Tupper.*

I.—A QUESTION.

 YOU purpose to write a letter. Why? Because you have something which it is necessary to communicate to an absent person, you would doubtless reply, were you at our elbow; for, if this were not the case, you would have no occasion to write. The question, however, is not an idle one, since persons do often write letters when they have really nothing to communicate. The result very naturally is, that they communicate nothing; but having something to say, you need only to be instructed how to say it.

II.—MATTER AND MANNER.

If you have carefully read our remarks on Literary Composition in General, you are prepared to profit by the few additional hints we are about to offer. If you have not, you will do well to turn to the preceding chapter at once.

Letters should of course vary in style with the subjects on which they treat, and the circumstances under which they are written. Ease, grace, freedom, vivacity, sim-

plicity, and naturalness, however, are important, if not essential, qualities, in every species of epistolary writing. Letter writing is *talking on paper*; but we must talk on paper more carefully and elegantly than most of us are accustomed to talk with the voice. In common conversation, redundancies, ungrammatical constructions, and and inelegant expressions, if they do not pass unobserved and uncriticised, may at least be excused and soon forgotten; but in a letter they remain permanent witnesses against us. So, while laboring to cultivate a free, easy, and lively style, be careful to shun every approach to colloquial vulgarity. If spoken vulgarisms are bad, what shall we say of such expressions deliberately put upon paper and sent to one's friend? Think of the letter you are writing, as a record which may be preserved by your friends long after you have ceased to be among them; and commit nothing to the permanence of ink and paper which can possibly throw a shade upon your memory.

The ease, freedom, and sprightliness we inculcate do not exclude method, or encourage negligence. True freedom is always consistent with law and order. Do not allow your ease to degenerate into carelessness, nor your simplicity into nonsense.

When your head is clear and your heart warm, and your feelings are enlisted in the cause which your pen is advocating or defending, your first thoughts and first words are generally the best. Put them down as they rise, lest while you question them, they vanish. The letters of women are generally more agreeable than those

of men, because more frank, artless, and unstudied—in a word, more *natural*.

The greatest charm of a letter is its *individuality*. The best letters—the dearest, the most cherished by the receiver, are the most natural ones—those in which the writer truly pours out his soul upon his paper—writes himself down just as he is in the mood of the hour. We ask of our friend not only his own thoughts and feelings, but his own style—his own proper expression of them. We rightly expect from him *such a letter as no one else could possibly write*, because no one else has just the same mental organization, or stands in precisely the same relation to us. Do not, therefore, construe any thing we have said, or may say, in a way to make it inculcate such a slavish adherence to arbitrary rules and forms as shall suppress or impede one's natural manner of utterance.

Write yourself down in the mood of the hour; but it is best, generally, to refrain from writing when in a gloomy or desponding state of mind. Strive to throw a spirit of cheerfulness over all your correspondence. Do not allow a morbid craving for sympathy, to induce you to inflict upon your friend a long history of petty troubles or vexations. A letter should be a storehouse of bright and happy thoughts, and not the ward of a hospital, filled with pain and complainings. There are occasions, however, on which we may freely throw ourselves upon the bosom of a near and dear friend, sob out the deep sorrow which swells our hearts, and ask and receive, by letter,

all the sympathy and consolation that mere written words are capable of conveying.

As a general rule, short letters are better than long ones; though we have often received letters filling several sheets, and wished them longer. Say all that requires to be said, but nothing more.

III.—FORMS.

An ordinary, correctly written letter, in the first person, embraces the following particulars: 1. The date. 2. The complimentary address. 3. The body of the letter. 4. The complimentary closing. 5. The signature. 6. The address. The different parts generally stand as in the following example:

[D. etc.]
777 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK,
July 29th, 1856.

[Complimentary Address.]

SIR:

[Body of the Letter.]

Your favor of the 21st inst. was placed in my hands yesterday by our common friend Mr. Wm. Beechwood, and I take the earliest opportunity to reply.

From what Mr. Beechwood says of you and your amiable family, I am sure that nothing could be pleasanter to myself and wife, than to become your neighbors, in the event of our removal to the country; and I shall take advantage of the first day or two of leisure I can command, to accept your kind invitation, and look at the estate which your friend offers for sale. In the mean time, should you visit the city, please do me the favor to become my guest.

[Complimentary closing.]

With great respect,

Yours truly,

[Signature.]

HENRY WILLIAMS.

[Address.]

MR. WILLIAM APPLEGATE,
Maiseville, N. J.

The date is a matter of no little importance, particularly in business letters, and you can not be too careful to state it correctly and fully. If you write in a city, you should generally mention the street and number, as in the foregoing example. In writing from any place except a large city, like New York, Philadelphia, Boston, or New Orleans, you should always mention the State, and generally the county, as there are, unfortunately, many post-offices of the same name in the United States.

English letter writers generally put the day before the month, in dating a letter; as *27th July*, instead of *July 27th*. The former is the natural arrangement, and preferable, but custom, in this country, favors the latter.

The complimentary address should be placed a little lower than the date, and near the right-hand side of the sheet. In writing to a gentleman with whom you are slightly or not at all acquainted, address him simply as "Sir." "Respected Sir," is obsolete. "Dear Sir," is used in addressing one with whom you are on familiar terms. "My dear Sir," implies a still higher degree of intimacy or friendship. A married lady, not a relative, is addressed as "Madam," or "Dear Madam," according to the degree of intimacy; and an unmarried lady as "Miss," "Dear Miss," "Dear Ellen," and so forth. In writing to a mercantile firm, or any number of persons associated in a committee, board of trustees, or other body, the address is, "Gentlemen."

Having written "Sir," or "Madam," as the case may be, at the head of your letter, do not repeat it, and espe-

cially avoid commencing the body of your letter with the same term; but come at once to the subject in hand. We have heard an anecdote of a speaker who always wished "to make a few remarks before speaking." His example is not commended. Do not, we pray you, say, "I take my pen in hand," or "I take up my pen to inform you," and so forth, as this piece of information is entirely gratuitous and uncalled for. Begin at once to say what you have to say.

The phrases, "Your humble servant," and "Your most obedient servant," do not flow with a good grace from a republican pen. They are meaningless forms to us, whatever they may have been to those who originated them, centuries ago, and may as well be altogether rejected. "Respectfully yours," and "Yours with great respect," are better phrases, and imply all that need be said.

The address is sometimes placed at the head of the letter, instead of the foot; as,

MR. WILLIAM APPLGATE,
Maiseville, N. J.

SIR :

In letters of business this is the preferable form. Some business men have lately adopted the plan of putting the name of the writer, as well as of the person addressed, at the head of the letter; as,

HENRY WILLIAMS,
To WM. APPLGATE,
Maiseville, N. J.

SIR :

This form has advantages which the man of business will readily appreciate.

The date is often placed at the close of the letter. Except in business letters, this is quite allowable. Notes and formal letters are generally thus dated.

Fold your letters in the simplest way, and *always inclose them in an envelope*. All fanciful folding is in bad taste.

The superscription should be written in a plain, distinct hand, so that there shall be no liability to mistake in reference to the person or place for which it is designed. Commence a trifle to the left of the center of the envelope, thus :

MR BROWN SMITH,
NEWARK,
Licking County,
Ohio.

If you seal with wax, do it neatly and handsomely, properly melting your wax, dropping it in the right place, and making a clear impression upon it with your seal. But self-sealing envelopes, or a little prepared gum, are more convenient, and it is only on formal letters that wax is supposed to be required. A handsome seal, however, gives a beauty and a security to a letter which nothing else can, and, while it remains unbroken, seems to throw an air of superior sanctity over the contents. Letters which are to be sent to very warm climates can not, however be safely sealed with wax, as it is liable to be melted

by the heat of the atmosphere, especially if it be not of the best quality.

IV.—ETIQUETTE OF LETTER WRITING.

As a general rule, every letter, unless considered disrespectful or insulting, and returned accordingly, requires a reply. It is as necessary to answer, when written to, as when spoken to. Negligence, in this respect, is incivility. Letters of business and courtesy, and letters from ladies, unless in a regular correspondence, and there is an understanding in reference to the matter, should be answered immediately.

In replying to a letter you have received, first acknowledge its reception, and then take up, in their order, all the points which require attention, before making any additional remarks that may seem to be required.

Two persons should never write in the same letter, unless both are very intimate with the correspondent. Indeed, it is better to avoid the practice in all cases.

Where ceremony is required, commence your letter a little above the middle of the first page, and if you can not close it on that page without crowding the lines, or placing the signature too near the bottom, carry it over to the next; but to look well, there should be two or three lines, at least, preceding the complimentary closing, on the next page.

If you have found it necessary, in writing a letter, to disfigure it with numerous interlineations and erasures, you should always make a fair copy to send, as the original would inevitably make an unfavorable impression

upon the receiver, besides being difficult to read and liable to be misunderstood.

"Let every expression in your letter," says Peyre-Ferrey, "have an air of civility. This will render affected compliments unnecessary. Too many persons are *polite*, in order to avoid being civil."

It is thought impolite, and it certainly looks slovenly and mean, to write on a single leaf of paper. Use a whole sheet, even though you write but three lines. Paper is made of various sizes to meet all requirements. In writing business letters, however, considerations of economy may excuse a departure from this rule.

French and other foreign phrases should be used only when it is known, or may fairly be presumed, that the person to whom you are writing is familiar with the language; and the thought can be more briefly and strikingly presented by their use. When used, they should be underlined.

Letters filled with apologies for delay in writing, for writing hastily or badly, or for negligence of any kind, are not very interesting. If you must make apologies, do it briefly and frankly, and have done with it, but it is better to avoid the occasion for them.

As far as possible, avoid postscripts. They generally embrace, simply, some information which you have carelessly omitted to insert in its proper place.

A letter of introduction or recommendation should never be sealed, when given or sent to the person who is to be the bearer, as he ought to know the contents.

V.—TITLES.

Titles are not recognized by law in this country, and are rather out of keeping with our plain republicanism ; nevertheless, we use them, and quite lavishly too. They should be used in the superscription of a letter where courtesy or customary usage requires it, and, particularly, where their omission would be likely to give offense. The title Esquire, however, has become so common that it has ceased to be a mark of particular respect, and it is better, generally, to use plain Mr. instead, except when writing to persons of the legal profession. By all means, avoid putting a handle on both ends of a name, by writing *Mr. John Smith, Esq.* We prefer, in writing to intimate friends and to those who we know do not esteem titles, to omit even the Mr., and allow the simple name to stand by itself.

The title Honorable is generally given, by courtesy, to the Vice President of the United States ; to the Lieutenant Governor of a State ; to Senators and Representatives of the United States ; to State Senators ; to judges of all the courts ; to the mayor of a city ; to the heads of the various executive departments of the General Government, etc. His Excellency is the title generally applied to the President of the United States, the Governor of a State, and to an Ambassador of the United States.

It is considered more respectful, and certainly looks better, to write any title made use of in full ; not contracting, as is often done, Honorable into Hon., and Commdore into Com.

V.

BUSINESS LETTERS.

The first thing necessary in writing letters of business is extreme perspicuity. Every paragraph should be so clear and unambiguous that the dullest fellow in the world may not be able to mistake it, nor be obliged to read it twice in order to understand it.—*Chesterfield.*

I.—STYLE.

N letters of business, unless you write so as to be understood, you write to no purpose ; and it is not enough that repeated perusals and close attention, on the part of your correspondent, shall at last give him a clew to your meaning. It should be perceived at a glance. Aim, then, first of all, to make your words express clearly the idea you intend, and nothing more. The one important thing is the fact or thought you wish to state ; and nothing should be allowed to interfere with its clear expression. Figures of speech are out of place, and figures of arithmetic alone allowable. A kind of simple elegance, the highest beauty attainable in a business style, will result from the very plainness and severity we recommend.

Brevity, in the highest degree consistent with clearness, is an essential quality in a good business letter. Nothing that is necessary to a full understanding of the transaction about which you are writing, should be omitted ; but the particulars should be concisely stated, and not a syllable added that is foreign to the matter in hand.

Waste of words here is also a waste of your time and that of your correspondent. It is a very common fault to say much that is entirely irrelevant. We have before us a letter of business, covering nearly two large folios, the only essential particular in which is comprised in the last paragraph, consisting of only six lines. An extensive correspondence generally cures one of this fault, and compels economy of words and time alike.

II.—GENERAL HINTS.

All letters of business should be promptly answered. Punctuality is a cardinal virtue in a business man. If, from the nature of the case, a full reply can not be given at once, still acknowledge the receipt of your correspondent's favor, and promise the complete statement in due time.

In answering business letters, you should be careful to name the date, and, in as few words as possible, the subject of the letter to which yours is a reply.

D. BROWN,
Boston,
Rec'd Dec. 5, '56.
Ans. " 5, '56.

All business letters received should be carefully folded and indorsed with the name of the writer, and the date of their reception and of their answer, and placed at once on file. Tape will do to tie up your packages of folded letters with, but the India-rubber bands manufactured for the purpose are better.

Your own business letters, when important, should always be copied, either by hand or by means of a copying press and thus preserved for future reference.

By a strict attention to these few brief directions, commonplace as they may seem, you will avoid the many vexatious errors and delays which their neglect will inevitably entail.

III.—EXAMPLES AND REMARKS.

1. *Orders.*

Orders should be in the highest degree explicit. Specify exactly what you desire, on what terms, and especially how you wish it sent; and if the execution of your order depend upon any contingency, give your correspondent full directions how to act under any change of circumstances that may be contemplated.

2. *Orders for Books.*

In ordering books, it is necessary to give correctly the title of the work desired, generally including the author's name. It is not enough to say, "1 Voyage Round the World," for your bookseller may have on his shelves three or four works with this leading title; but if you write, "1 A Lady's Voyage Round the World, by Madame Ida Pfeiffer," there will be no liability to mistake. The name of the author alone may sometimes be used, in place of the title of his work; as "Shakspeare," "Byron," but generally this is not sufficiently explicit. If, for instance, you write, "Send me Mr. Fowler's work on Education," there is a possibility, at least, that you will not get the book you want, since there may be more than one Mr. Fowler who has written on Education; but if you

designate the work as, "Education Complete, by O. S. Fowler," the ambiguity vanishes. In case there are several editions of the same work, differing in matter or in form, be careful to state which you prefer. Sometimes it is necessary to specify the binding also, as the book ordered may be put up in various styles; as, "paper covers," "muslin," "muslin gilt," etc.

The following examples will serve to illustrate our remarks, and give the reader a clearer idea than could be otherwise conveyed, of the ordinary forms of the documents of which we have been speaking:

CLEVELAND, OHIO, Dec. 7, 1856.

MESSES. D. APPLETON & Co.,

New York.

GENTLEMEN:

I inclose \$10, (ten dollars) Broadway Bank, New York, for which please forward me—

1 Arnold's Hist. of Rome	\$3 00
1 Youmans' Class-Book of Chemistry	75
1 Hist. of Civilization, by M. Guizot	1 00
1 Surenne's French Dictionary (abridged ed.)	1 00
1 Le Nouveau Testament par J. F. Ostervald	25
2 Marshall's Book of Oratory	2 00
1 Literature and Art, by M. Fuller (Fowler & Wells) ..	1 00
1 Hiawatha	1 00
	\$10 00

Send by the United States Express, directed to me, care of James Wilson & Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

Respectfully yours,

CHARLES CASH.

FOWLER & WELLS.

BOSTON, Dec. 10th, 1856.

GENTLEMEN:

Please send us, by Adams and Co.'s Express, 100 copies of "How to Write," and charge to our account. We shall want 200 copies of "How to Talk," which please send us as soon as issued.

Respectfully yours,

DONE BROWN & Co.

It will be observed that the term *Messrs.* is omitted, in this example, before Fowler and Wells. It is objected that the usual form involves an unnecessary repetition of equivalent terms as, *Messrs.*—an abbreviation of the French word *Messieurs*, signifies gentlemen. We are inclined to favor the foregoing innovation, but give also the old form.

PRINCETON, N. J., Sept. 27th, 1856.

MESSES. DERBY & JACKSON,

New York

GENTLEMEN:

The inclosed two dollars will pay, I think, for 1 copy of Massey's Poems, and 1 copy Roget's Thesaurus of English Words, (Boston edition,) which please send by express, and oblige,

Yours with much respect,

WILLIAM ALLEN.

ROSELAND, MARQUETTE Co., WIS.,

FOWLER & WELLS,

August 15th, 1856.

308 Broadway, New York.

GENTLEMEN:

I inclose 63 cts. in postage stamps, for which please send me by mail, prepaid, a copy of

"Aims and Aids for Girls and Young Women," by Rev. G. S. Weaver, in paper covers.

Very respectfully yours,

JULIA KEENE.

Commend us to Miss Julia Keene and to all the young ladies who write such epistles as the last. There it is, all in five lines, and yet not an essential particular is omitted. Any thing beyond this would have been superfluous. Messrs. Fowler and Wells know where Miss Julia Keene resides, what she desires, and how to send it; and having received the price of the book, will forward it by the first mail. If Miss Julia had desired to tell the publishers that she had read Mr. Weaver's previous work, "Hopes and Helps for the Young of Both Sexes," and had been much pleased with its earnest appeals and wise counsels; that she believes such works are exerting a great and elevating influence upon American youth; and that she is very grateful to them for publishing and circulating such excellent books, there would certainly have been no harm in doing so; but she would, in that case, have taken another leaf of her paper for the purpose, not mixing up such irrelevant matter with the legitimate purpose of her letter.

3. *Orders for Newspapers and Magazines.*

Everybody has occasion to write to editors and publishers, inclosing subscriptions for newspapers and magazines. It seems a very simple matter, and, in fact, really is so; but in no other department of business correspond

ence is so much carelessness exhibited and so many blunders committed. The consequences are less disastrous than they would be in larger commercial transactions, but the delays and vexations of which they are the source, are neither few nor small. They may all be easily avoided, and we are about to tell you, in a few words, how.

When you sit down to order a newspaper or magazine, consider:

1. What is the name of the publication you desire. It is not sufficient, in every case, to say, "Please send me your paper," for several papers may be issued from the same office. *What paper?*

2. When you wish your subscription to commence. Do you want the paper from the commencement of the current volume, from the present time, or from—when?

3. For what length of time you purpose to subscribe. The amount of money inclosed should, it is true, determine this; but it should also be stated, to show that you fully understand the terms.

4. Where you wish it sent. What is your address? You write "Greenville," perhaps, at the head of your letter. Everybody, of course, knows where Greenville is, for there are nearly as many Greenvilles as there are States in the Union; but the publisher may wish to know to which particular Greenville you desire your paper sent. Always mention the State, and, except in the case of large cities and important towns, the county also; as, "Greenville, Greene Co., Tenn." That tells the whole

story. This last particular may be embraced in the date; but if you do not give it fully and distinctly there, be careful to do so in the body of your letter.

5. Your own name. Strange as it may seem, some correspondents actually neglect to sign their letters; Mr. Jones, for instance, expecting, perhaps, that the publisher will recognize his *handwriting*, which very possibly he may not do; leaving Mr. Jones to wonder why his paper does not come.

6. The inclosure. The cash should in all cases accompany the order for a newspaper or magazine. Publishers do business on no other terms nowadays. Do not forget to put the money in your letter.

With these simple directions before you, or in your memory, you certainly will not write such a letter as the following:

ROCKVILLE (no State), Nov. 6, 1856.

MR. EDITOR:

I write for you to send me your valuable and interesting paper, to this place, and inclose two dollars, to pay for it. Send immediately. [No name.]

Now all that "Mr. Editor" can do is to lay the letter carefully aside and wait till he hears again from the writer, who in the mean time will go every day to the post-office and inquire for his expected paper, and finally get vexed, and perhaps angry, and write a very indignant letter to "Mr. Editor," demanding why he has neglected to send the publication ordered. Perhaps he will put his name at the bottom of his letter, and his full address at

the top this time. The order might quite as easily have been correctly written at first, in something like the following terms:

ROCKVILLE, ADAMS Co., OHIO,

FOWLER & WELLS.

Nov. 6th, 1856.

GENTLEMEN:

I inclose two dollars, for which please send me *Life Illustrated* one year, commencing with this week's issue. Address me as above, and oblige,

Respectfully yours,

JAMES CLARK.

A few more examples under this head may be useful. We do not insist upon any arbitrary forms, but simply that the essential particulars be briefly expressed.

ZANESVILLE, MUSKINGUM Co., OHIO,

December 14th 1856.

MESSES. FOWLER & WELLS.

GENTLEMEN:

Inclosed you will find \$5 (five dollars), for which please send (according to your published terms) three copies of *Life Illustrated*, for one year, commencing with Jan. 1st, 1857. Address them as follows:

James Walters, Zanesville, Ohio, 1 copy.

Paul Harland, Putnam, " "

Miss Clara Wilson, Maysville, Ky., "

Hoping to be able to send you a larger list, in the course of a few days, I remain,

Respectfully yours,

ANDREW WALKER.

ATHENS, CLARKE CO., GA.,
Sept. 9th, 1856.

MESSRS. DIX & EDWARDS,

New York.

GENTLEMEN :

Please send the *Schoolfellow*, commencing with the first number of Vol. VIII. (for 1856), to Miss Virginia Holmes, at this place. I inclose one year's subscription (\$1).

Very respectfully,

MARY HOLMES.

PORTLAND, OREGON, Dec. 1st, 1856.

FOWLER & WELLS.

GENTLEMEN :

Inclosed is one gold dollar to renew my subscription to the *Phrenological Journal*, which expires with the present month. Yours truly,

PETER PIONEER.

Subscribers sometimes change their residence, and wish the direction of their papers changed accordingly. Mr. Smith having taken up his residence in Richland, Rush Co., Ind., writes to the publisher of the *Ohio Farmer* : "Sir—Having removed to this place, I wish the *Farmer* sent here for the future." He signs his letter in due form, with his name in full, "William Smith," and thinks the matter settled in a business-like way. But the *Farmer* does not come to Richland. He neglected to state where he had removed from, and therefore wrote to no purpose : for the publisher of the *Farmer* has, we venture to say, half-a-dozen subscribers bearing the name of William

Smith, and residing in as many different places. How is he to know which William Smith has removed to Richland, Rush Co., Ind.? It is as necessary to mention your former residence as your present one. Mr. Smith should have written thus :

RICHLAND, RUSH CO., IND.,
Nov. 27th, 1856.

THOMAS BROWN,

Publisher of the Ohio Farmer.

SIR :

Having removed from Fairview, Guernsey Co., Ohio, to this place, please be kind enough to change the direction of the *Farmer* accordingly, and oblige

Yours respectfully,

WILLIAM SMITH

4. Orders for Merchandise.

The general principles we have illustrated, in their bearing upon the book and periodical business, may be readily applied to any other branch. We need not restate them. A few examples of orders for merchandise in general will suffice.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Aug. 10, 1856.

CASH CUSTOMER, JR.,

TO JAMES WILSON & Co.,

New York.

GENTLEMEN :

My friends Williams & Andrews speak so highly of your honorable and liberal manner of doing business, that I am induced to send you an order for such goods as I require in your line.

I buy for cash, and shall expect good articles and your lowest prices.

You will oblige me by sending samples of your goods, with the prices marked, that I may be able to order understandingly. With great respect,

Yours truly,

CASH CUSTOMER, JR.

NEW YORK, *August 12th*, 1856.

MR. CASH CUSTOMER, JR.

SIR :

In reply to your favor of the 10th inst., we have to inform you that samples of our goods, with the price marked on each, will be forwarded by Adams & Co.'s Express to-morrow. The figures are the lowest at which the goods can be furnished. We hope that both the quality of the articles and the price will prove satisfactory.

Should you favor us with your orders, you may rely on being promptly and faithfully served.

Respectfully yours,

JAMES WILSON & Co.

KEYPORT, N. J., *Sept. 1st*, 1856.

STEELE, MERCER & Co.,

New York.

GENTLEMEN :

Herewith you should find an order for an assortment of goods in your line. Should you see fit to fill it, please ship per steamer Keyport, from the foot of Murray Street, North River, and draw upon me at 6 months

Messrs. Hope & Co., or Washburn & Cook, of your city, can give you any information you may require in reference to my character and standing as a merchant. It is through the representations of Mr. Washburn, of the latter firm, that I have been induced to offer you my correspondence.

Should you decline to fill the order, please advise me immediately, that I may send it elsewhere; as I am in pressing want of the goods.

Very respectfully,

J. O. B. JENKS.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., *Oct. 8th*, 1856.

WM. DUNSMURE & Co.,

New York.

GENTLEMEN :

The samples of sugar, which you kindly sent me, are entirely satisfactory, and also the prices named in your note. Please forward to me one barrel of the first quality and two barrels of second quality. I will forward my check for the amount on receipt of the invoice.

With much respect,

Yours truly,

MARK MANLY.

5. Consignments.

The farmer and manufacturer often have occasion to send the products of their industry and skill to an agent or commission merchant to be sold. The article or articles sent at a given time form a consignment. An invoice or

specification of the goods sent should either accompany or precede. Every one should know how to make out this paper in proper form. We give examples :

PHALANX, N. J., *Aug. 1st, 1856.*

DREW & FRENCH,

85 Barclay Street, New York.

GENTLEMEN :

We have shipped to you this day,
per steamer Ocean Wave,

6	bbls.	Potatoes,	1st	quality	(marked	D. & F.,	N. Y.).
2	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"
1	"	Butter	Squashes,	"	"	"	"
2	"	Ruta	Baga	Turneps,	"	"	"
4	crates	Tomatoes,	"	"	"	"	"
10	baskets	Apples,	"	"	"	"	"

The potatoes, you will perceive, are of a better quality than our last shipment, and will, doubtless, command higher prices. The turneps are not first quality, the drouth having injured them, but owing to the scarcity will, we hope, bring a fair price. The drouth continues here, and the crop of early potatoes is very light. We shall send no more, at present, unless prices advance.

Very respectfully yours,

BROWN & JONES.

You should not fail to keep your agents well informed in reference to the state of the crops in your vicinity, and other circumstances within your knowledge, which are likely to affect the market; they, in return, will ad-

wise you of the fluctuations of prices, and, in advance, as far as possible, of important changes.

HERKIMER, N. Y., *Aug. 10, 1856.*

WILLIAMS & SON,

50 Broad Street, New York

GENTLEMEN :

We have this day shipped to you by railway to Albany, thence by People's Line of Steamboats, 100 (one hundred) boxes Cheese, marked W. & S., N. Y., which we wish you to sell for us on your usual terms.

We have been induced to make this consignment, by the representations made to us of the prompt and honorable manner in which your business transactions are conducted.

Hoping that your account sales will be such as to warrant us in making further shipments to you, we remain,

Very truly yours,

CASEINE & Co.

No. 50 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK,

CASEINE & Co.,

August 15th, 1856.

Herkimer, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN :

Inclosed please find account sales of the 100 boxes Cheese received from you on the 12th inst., which we trust will prove entirely satisfactory. You may draw on us at the customary date for the amount due you.

Hoping to receive further consignments, we remain,

With great respect, yours truly,

WILLIAMS & SON.

6. *Accounts.*

A single example of the class of letters (semi-annually so abundant) inclosing accounts current, with the reply, will suffice :

BOSTON, MASS., *July 10, 1856.*

MR. JAMES GREY.

SIR :

Your attention is respectfully called to the inclosed statement of account, showing a balance in our favor of seventy-five dollars and sixty-three cents (\$75 63).

By the terms of sale, this account is now past due. It will, we trust, receive early attention.

Respectfully yours,

WM. H. COOK & SON.

NASHUA, N. H., *July 12, 1856.*

WM. H. COOK & SON,

Boston.

GENTLEMEN :

Your favor of the 10th inst., covering statement of account, is before me. On examination, I find the account correct, and have the pleasure to inclose a check for the amount, for which please send a receipt, and oblige,

Yours truly,

JAMES GREY.

7. *Requesting a Favor.*

If you have occasion to ask a friend in the city to execute any little commissions, in the way of making pur-

chases or otherwise, be careful to arrange the business in such a way as to give him as little trouble as possible, and, above all, inclose a sufficient amount to cover every possible expense. It is quite enough to command your friend's time, without taxing his pocket.

HAVERSTRAW, N. Y., *Oct. 7, 1856.*

FRIEND CARTER :

I trust that your friendship will excuse the liberty I take in asking you to make two or three purchases for me, not in the line of your legitimate business. I annex a list of articles of which I am in immediate need, and which I shall not be able to procure in time unless you assist me, my business being such at present that I can not leave home. Will you attend to the matter for me ? I need hardly assure you that I shall be ready and happy to reciprocate the favor whenever an opportunity offers. I inclose a check to cover the amount of the purchases required. With the kindest regards to your family, believe me,

As ever,

Your friend,

J. H. DAMON.

8. *Introduction.*

LONDON, *4th August, 1856.*

MESSRS. NAPIER & SON,

New York.

GENTLEMEN :

Our highly and respectable friends, Messrs. Roquet & Favell, of this city, having requested an introduction to a New York House, to which they are

desirous of intrusting the settlement of some affairs of considerable delicacy and importance, we beg leave to refer them to you, well convinced that we can not more effectually serve them, than by soliciting your best influence and exertions in their behalf. We are, etc.,
 REID & CURTIS.

9. *A Letter of Credit.*

NEW YORK, *June 6th*, 1856.

MESSRS. ASHTON & CLARKE,
London.

GENTLEMEN:

I take the liberty of opening a credit with you in favor of the bearer, Mr. William Tracy. Be pleased to advance him any sum he may require to the extent of five hundred pounds sterling, either against his receipt, or his draft on me to your order, as may be most agreeable to yourselves. I remain,

With much respect,

Truly yours,

JAMES POPE.

10. *Recommendation.*

BROOKLYN, *May 4th*, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR:

Permit me respectfully to recommend to your favorable notice the bearer of this, Mr. Henry Dupont. He has been in my employment for three years, and has proved himself an industrious, honest, and honorable young man. Should you be in need

of another workman, I am sure you will not readily find one more competent or faithful.

With sincere esteem,

Your friend,

HUGH CARPENTER.

To Mr. PAUL RANDALL, *Philadelphia, Pa.*

11. *An Answer to an Advertisement.*

NEW YORK, *September 9th*, 1856.

SIR:

I observe in the *Times* of this morning your advertisement for a clerk; and desiring a situation in that capacity, take the liberty to reply.

I have been engaged in business in this city for two years, and trust I possess the experience as well as the other qualifications you require.

I beg to refer you to Messrs. Vellours, Satin & Co., Pine Street, for any information you may require in reference to my character and business qualifications. These gentlemen have been long and intimately acquainted with me, and can speak from personal knowledge.

Should you desire an interview, a line addressed to me at Mrs. Thimble's, 99 Cottage Place, will receive prompt attention.

Very respectfully yours,

CHARLES HOWELL.

Mr. "E. B. M.," *Times Office, New York.*

12. *Requesting a Loan.*

Sincerely hoping that the reader may never have occasion to know how much pain it costs to write an epistle

like the following ; and that if, unfortunately, he should, he will receive a kind and favorable reply, and finally repay promptly, and with fitting thanks, the sum borrowed, we therewith close the chapter :

BROOKLYN, *June 2d*, 1856.

FRIEND BENSON :

I have the misfortune at this time to be in great need of a small amount of money, which I find it difficult to raise, and have, with great reluctance, concluded to presume so far on your friendship as to ask of you the loan of fifty dollars, if you can, without inconvenience, spare that amount for a month.

Do not, as I fear your kind and generous heart may prompt you to do, incommode yourself to oblige me ; for whatever may be the result of this application, I shall not doubt your willingness to serve me as far as is consistent with other duties and obligations. Be kind enough to let me hear from you soon, and believe me,

Very truly yours,

H. B. NORTH

VI.

FAMILY LETTERS.

" A letter ! A letter, Willie ! A letter from home ! "

I.—AWAY FROM HOME.

 F you are far from the hallowed hearthstone, where your heart's best treasures are garnered, your thoughts and feelings naturally turn thitherward. Let them flow freely from your pen. Give all your warm affections their natural expression in words. Perhaps you are in the midst of new and interesting scenes. Enable your friends at home to participate in the pleasure they give you, by describing in a simple, straightforward, and lively manner what you see, hear, and feel. Tell your story much as you would orally, were your correspondent at your side, making, as it were, a word-picture of the scenes before you, and putting into it the squirrel as well as the mountain—little things as well as great.

II.—TO THE ABSENT.

In writing from home to an absent member of the family, you naturally relate the little incidents of your domestic life—the boyish feats of Charlie, the winning ways and wonderful performances of baby Nelly, and even, perhaps, the achievements of the dog Rover, as well as discuss family affairs of graver import. These little touches are

what give life to the home-picture. The farther we are removed from them, the higher these little things rise in importance. To the absent, nothing that relates to home and home scenes and friends is trivial or uninteresting.

III.—STYLE.

In family letters we also give expression to our sympathy in the joys and sorrows of our relatives, ask and give counsel, admonish, entreat, encourage. How out of place and chilling, then, are the cold formality and ceremonious preciseness sometimes observed in such epistles! The free, easy, unconstrained manner which we have recommended for letters in general is particularly desirable here. Write carefully and correctly always, and if gracefully and elegantly, all the better; but avoid a stiff, pedantic, and affected style, and a too ambitious phraseology.

IV.—EXAMPLES.

We will now lay before you a few genuine family letters, most of which are from the pens of persons distinguished alike for greatness of intellect and goodness of heart. We can not give set rules or forms here. The hints already thrown out will enable you to study with pleasure and profit the admirable examples which follow:

1. *Lord Collingwood to his Daughter.*

We can not do better than to commence with the following affectionate and instructive letter from Lord

Collingwood to his daughter. The hints on letter-writing, which it contains, are admirable. Read it as if it came from your own dear father, and heed its admonitions accordingly. Its style, though a little quaint, and not remarkable for brilliancy or liveliness, is clear, simple, and chaste.

OCEAN, AT MALTA, *February 5, 1809.*

I received your letter, my dearest child, and it made me very happy to find that you and dear Mary were well, and taking pains with your education. The greatest pleasure I have, amid my toils and troubles, is in the expectation of finding you improved in knowledge, and that the understanding which it has pleased God to give you both has been cultivated with care and assiduity.

* * * * *

No sportsman ever hits a partridge without aiming at it, and skill is acquired by repeated attempts. It is the same thing in every art; unless you aim at perfection, you will never attain it; but frequent attempts will make it easy. Never, therefore, do anything with indifference. Whether it be to mend a rent in your garment, or finish the most delicate piece of art, endeavor to do it as perfectly as it is possible.

When you write a letter, give it your greatest care, that it may be as perfect in all its parts as you can make it. Let the subject be sense, expressed in the most plain, intelligible, and elegant manner of which you are capable. If, in a familiar epistle, you should be playful

and jocular, guard carefully that your wit be not sharp, so as to give pain to any person; and before you write a sentence, examine it, even the words of which it is composed, that there be nothing vulgar or inelegant in them. Remember, my dear, that your letter is the picture of your mind, and those whose minds are a compound of folly, nonsense, and impertinence, are to blame to exhibit them to the contempt of the world, or the pity of their friends. To write a letter with negligence, without proper stops, with crooked lines, and great flourishing dashes, is inelegant. It argues either great ignorance of what is proper, or great impudence toward the person to whom it is addressed, and is consequently disrespectful. It makes no amends to add an apology for having scrawled a sheet of paper, of bad pens, for you should mend them; or want of time, for nothing is more important to you, or to which your time can more properly be devoted.

I think I can know the character of a lady pretty nearly by her handwriting. The dashers are all impudent, however they may conceal it from themselves or others, and the scribblers flatter themselves with a vain hope, that, as their letter can not be read, it may be mistaken for sense.

I am very anxious to come to England, for I have lately been unwell. The greatest happiness which I expect there, is to find that my dear girls have been assiduous in their learning.

May God Almighty bless you, my beloved little Sarah, and sweet Mary too.

2. *Lord Chesterfield to his Son.*

This letter, from the pen of the elegant and accomplished Lord Chesterfield, is on the same topic as the foregoing; but "line upon line and precept upon precept" may be profitably given, especially when enforced by examples like these:

DEAR BOY:

Your letters, except when upon a given subject, are exceedingly laconic, and neither answer my desires, nor the purpose of letters; which should be familiar conversations between absent friends. As I desire to live with you upon the footing of an intimate friend, and not of a parent, I could wish that your letters gave me more particular account of yourself, and of your lesser transactions. When you write to me, suppose yourself conversing freely with me, by the fireside. In that case, you would naturally mention the incidents of the day, as where you had been, whom you had seen, what you thought of them, etc. Do this in your letters: acquaint me sometimes with your studies, sometimes with your diversions; tell me of any new persons and characters that you meet with in company, and add your own observations upon them; in short, let me see more of you in your letters. How do you go on with Lord Pulteney; and how does he go on at Leipzig? Has he learning, has he parts, has he application? Is he good or ill-natured? In short, what is he; at least, what do you think of him? You may tell me without reserve, for I promise secrecy. You are now of an age that I am de-

sirous of beginning a confidential correspondence with you ; and, as I shall, on my part, write you very freely my opinion upon men and things, which I should often be very unwilling that anybody but you or Mr. Harte should see ; so, on your part, if you write me without reserve, you may depend upon my inviolable secrecy. If you have ever looked into the letters of Madame de Sévigné, to her daughter, Madame de Grignan, you must have observed the ease, freedom, and friendship of that correspondence ; and yet I hope, and believe, that they did not love one another better than we do. Tell me what books you are now reading, either by way of study or amusement ; how you pass your evenings, when at home, and where you pass them when abroad.

* * * * *

3. *John Randolph, of Roanoke, to his Nephew.*

MY DEAR THEODORE :

BIZARRE, Sept. 11, 1806.

I thank you for your letter which I received post before last. Present my respects to Dr. Haller, and tell him I will be obliged to him to procure you shirts, handkerchiefs, and such other things as you may stand in need of.

We do not say “scarcely *nothing*,” but *any thing*. Give my love to Buona, and tell him that I shall forward his letter to his brother immediately ; but tell him, also, that a “*tolerable* long letter” is *intolerable* English. He should have used the adverb (*tolerably*) instead of the adjective. I wish that, instead of a fictitious correspondent,

you would address your letters—I mean those which Dr. Haller requires you to write weekly—to some one of your friends or acquaintance. It would take off from them the air of stiffness which now characterizes them. If Buona had been describing Richmond to his mother or myself, he would never have introduced it with, “I beg leave to wait upon you ;” an awkward exordium, which even Mr. Expectation, of Norfolk, would not approve. You see, my sons, that I make very free with your performances ; but do not let this discourage you. Write your letters just as you *think them*, and they will be easy ; and any inaccuracy which creeps in may be afterward corrected.

The partridges are so forward that we have begun to shoot nearly a month earlier than usual. Carlo is an excellent dog for bringing birds after they are shot, but not so good for finding game. I wish you were with me, my sons, to enjoy the sport. Your skill, my dear Theodore, would make amends for my clumsiness, and dear Buona would hold Miniken, who now runs away from uncle whenever she has an opportunity. But, thank God, my children, you are more profitably engaged. This alone reconciles me to the loss of your society. I hope to see you both about the last of this month.

Mother has had an agüe, and Sally very sore fingers.

Your friend and kinsman,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

P. S. Do not make a flourish under my name in the superscription of your letters. It is not customary to do so.

I got a letter to-night from Mr. Byran; he and my little godson are well, but Mrs. B. has the fever.

My dear Buona, this is your birthday; you are now entering on your twelfth year. May you see many happy returns of this anniversary. The success of my wish will materially depend, my child, on the use which you make of the present time.

4. *Herbert, at College, to his Mother.*

The following is a charming specimen of family correspondence. You will see, at a glance, that it was not "made to measure," but is a real letter from a young man with a clear head and a warm heart.

— COLLEGE, *Tuesday Evening.*

MY DEAR MOTHER:

Though I am now sitting with my back toward you, yet I love you none the less; and what is quite as strange, I can see you just as plainly as if I stood peeping in upon you. I can see you all just as you sit around the table. Tell me if I do not see you?

There is mother on the right of the table with her knitting, and a book open before her; and anon she glances her eye from the work on the paper to that on her needles; now counts the stitches, and then puts her eye on the book and starts off for another round. There is Mary, looking wise and sewing with all her might; now and then stopping to give Sarah and Louise a lift in their lessons—trying to initiate them in the mysteries of geog-

raphy. She is on the left side of the table. There, in the background, is silent Joseph, with his slate, now making a mark, and then biting his lip, or scratching his head to see if the algebraic expression may not have hidden in either of those places. George is in the kitchen tinkering his skates, or contriving a trap for that old offender, the rat, whose cunning has so long brought mortification upon all his boastings. I can now hear his hammer and his whistle—that peculiar sucking sort of whistle which indicates a puzzled state of brain. Little William and Henry are in bed, and if you will step to the bedroom door, you will barely hear them breathe. And now mother has stopped, and is absent and thoughtful, and my heart tells me she is thinking of her only absent child.

You have been even kinder than I expected or you promised. I did not expect to hear from you till to-morrow, at earliest; but as I was walking to-day, one of my classmates cried, "A bundle for you at the stage-office!" I was soon in my room with it. Out came my knife, and, forgetting all your good advice about "strings and fragments," the bundle soon opened its very heart to me; and it proved a warm heart too, for there were the stockings (they are on my feet now—that is, one pair of them), and there were the flannels, and the bosoms, and the gloves, and the pincushion from Louise, and the needle-book from Sarah, and the paper from Mary, and the letters and love from all of you. Thanks to you all for the bundle, letters and love. One corner of my eye is now moistened,

while I say, "Thanks to ye all, gude folks." I must not forget to mention the apples—"the six apples, one from each," and the beautiful little loaf of cake. The apples I have smelled of, and the cake nibbled a little, and pronounced it to be in the finest taste.

Now a word about your letters. I can not say much, for I have only read mother's three times, and Mary's twice. I am glad the spectacles fitted mother's eyes so well. You wonder how I hit it. Why, have I not been told from babyhood that I have my mother's eyes? Now, if I have mother's eyes, what is plainer than that I can pick out glasses that will suit them? I am glad, too, that the new book is a favorite.

I suppose the pond is all frozen over, and the skating good. I know it is foolish; but if mother and Mary had skated as many "moony" nights as I have, they would sigh, not at the *thought*, but at the *fact* that my skating days are over.

I am warm, well, and comfortable; we all study, and dull fellows, like myself, have to confess that they study hard. We have no genius to help us. My chum is a good fellow. He now sits in yonder corner, his feet poised upon the stove in such a way that the dullness seems to have all run out of his heels into his head, for he is fast asleep.

I have got it framed, and there it hangs—the picture of my father! I never look up without seeing it, and I never see it without thinking that my mother is a widow and that I am her eldest son. What more I think I will not

be fool enough to say—you will imagine better than I can say it.

I need not say write, for I know that you will. Love to you all, and much too. Your affectionate son,

HERBERT.

5. *Glen C. Haven, M.D., to his Son.*

MY SON:

To-day, you, like those before you, pass from the quiet and security of home into the world—the great world, the wicked world—the struggling, striving, chaffering, trafficking world—whose godliness is gain, and with whom success is virtue.

You go forth into the mart of life alone. Your parents, your brother and sister, are left behind, and you carry nothing with you but a good education, good principles, extraordinary purity of personal habits, and excellent abilities, conjoined with and fortified by good health. Thus you go, my son.

Do you think your case a hard one? Do you compare yourself with others, whose parents being rich have given to them splendid outfits in cash or credit, in bank stock or broad acres? On reflection, it will be found that fields cleared by one's own axe-blows are the places where grain grows and grass ripens for him. Houses whose timbers one has helped to score are his surest shelter. Wool grown in his own sheepfold, and woven under the click of his own shuttle, makes the warmest covering for his back, as surely as they give forth signs of his own

independence. In fine, my dear boy, whatever is yours as the result or product of the labor of your body or brain, is yours by a higher and nobler law than that of *inheritance*.

Let no nervous energy be wasted in regrets that you do not commence life rich. Riches, like intellectual or heart culture, are divinely ordained to those who work for them. When otherwise possessed, they generally are foolishly used. Be willing to have wealth, like all else which you possess under God, come to you as the growth of honest industry, good judgment, and prudent economy.

GLEN C. HAVEN.

6. *Josephine to Hortense.*

MANTUA, March 6, 1797.

I am very well, my dear Hortense. For six days I have had no fever. I was a little sick at Bologna; moreover, I am weary of Italy, notwithstanding all the fêtes they give me, and the flattering welcome which I receive from the inhabitants of this beautiful country. I can not accustom myself to be separated for so long a time from my beloved children. I feel the need of pressing them to my heart. I have, however, reason to hope that that moment is not far distant, and that thought contributes much to restore me from my recent sickness.

At the first favorable opportunity I will send you a charming necklace, after the antique, with corresponding earrings and bracelets.

Apply yourself, I pray you, to drawing. I will bring

you some beautiful patterns, and from the most celebrated masters. Send me, from time to time, specimens of your work. I hope that Madam Campan is well pleased with you. Regard her as a second mother, and pay the closest attention to every thing she may say to you. Embrace her tenderly for me, my beloved child.

Write to me often. It is a long time since I have heard from you. Love your mother as she loves you; you will adore her. Adieu, my dear little Hortense. Your mother 'embraces you, and loves you with her whole heart.

JOSEPHINE BONAPARTE.

P. S. I embrace Emilie. Love her always tenderly.

7. *Henry Bartlett to his Mother.*

Here is a manly and cheerful epistle from a son at school, followed by his mother's reply, and a very pretty letter from his sister.

CLINTON, N. Y., June 15, 1856.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

Knowing that you will be anxious to hear from me, I avail myself of the earliest opportunity to relieve your loving, motherly heart of any little anxieties which may disturb it on my account.

I arrived here safely; and, as I was obliged to commence my studies at once, I have been too busy to be homesick or sad. I am now getting accustomed to my school duties, and find my tasks easier than they seemed at first.

I like my teachers, and particularly Professor Belton

who is very kind to me. I think I may boast of being already a favorite of his. I have also found some pleasant companions among my classmates. Am I not fortunate? But I have not forgotten your advice about the choice of my friends.

I shall soon begin to feel quite at home here, though I sadly miss my dear father, mother, brother, and sisters. How are you all? I hope Jamie is going to school regularly, and beginning to love his books. If he would study, he might soon outstrip me; but he loves play, and thinks the school-room a prison; and I believe he is more than half right, too. Here we study in our own rooms, and have our own way about it, provided, of course, we master our lessons faithfully.

Has Mary commenced her music lessons? Is Mildred as great a romp as ever? and little Winnie as playful and amusing? How I wish I could see you all, if it were but for a single hour! but you shall see how bravely I can bear this absence till vacation. You will write often, will you not? and father, and Mary, and Jamie? Love to all, and a large share for yourself, my dear, good mother, from

Your affectionate son,

HENRY.

8. *Mrs. Bartlett to her Son.*

AT HOME, June 19th, 1856.

MY DEAR BOY:

It was kind and thoughtful in you to write so soon, for you were right in supposing that we should feel a little anxious about you. We are so glad to

know that you are contented and happy. You may well be proud of Professor Belton's friendship. I am proud in believing that my dear boy will prove himself worthy of it.

I need not exhort you, my dear Henry, to diligence in your studies. You are naturally studious and ambitious, and therefore more likely to err in the opposite direction. Do not forget that you have a body as well as a mind to develop and cultivate, and that the finest intellect and the best education will avail little without health of body and vital force to give them efficiency. Study, then, my dear boy, but also *play*. Neglect not the games proper to youth. It was their noble athletic games which gave the youth of ancient Greece the strength, grace, and manly beauty for which they were distinguished.

Be careful of your health. Do not allow any thing to interfere with your daily bath, and, above all, acquire no irregular habits of eating, or drinking, or sleeping. But I did not intend to read you a lecture; I trust you do not need one. Forgive my anxious solicitude; but do take care of yourself.

Jamie goes to school regularly, but loves his sports better than his books. He learns a great deal, however, in spite of his aversion to continuous application. He will do well, but requires a different training from that which suffices in your case.

Mildred misses you in her outdoor romplings, and often wishes brother Harry would come home. We all miss you more than I can tell. Mary will write soon, and will

give an account of herself. Your father is very busy, as usual, but will also write soon. All send their love.

Your affectionate mother,

CLARA HANSON-BARTLETT.

9. *Mary Bartlett to her Brother.*

CLOVERFIELD, N. J., June 29th, 1856.

MY DEAR BROTHER HARRY:

I am afraid that you are a little vexed with me for not writing sooner; but my music lessons and my sewing take so much of my time that I have leisure for scarcely any thing else. I take two lessons a week, and am obliged to practice a great deal. I like music, but find my "exercises" very tiresome.

Cousin Callie was here last week. She has grown to be a tall, elegant girl; you would hardly know her. She has a fine education, too. Roger Perham has returned from college, and, they say, is to enter Dr. Henderson's office as a student. Only think of Roger as Doctor Perham!

Jamie and I are to go to the singing-school at the village, which commences next week. How I wish you were here to go with us! Little Sis grows prettier and more *winning* every day. It was a bright thought to call her Winnie. She can not understand why they keep brother Harry away so long. James is making a desperate effort to speak for himself, and I will only say that he likes to play with the girls as well as ever, and don't

like grammar or the multiplication-table a whit better than of old. Mildred sends the inclosed book-mark, which she has made with great labor and wonderful patience, and hopes you will think it pretty.

Do not fail to write soon. With much love, in which all join, I am, as ever, Your affectionate sister,

MARY.

10. *Honorable William Wirt to his Daughter.*

William Wirt was a learned, talented, and distinguished man, but see how simply, unaffectedly, yet charmingly, he writes to his daughter Laura:

BALTIMORE, April 18, 1822.

MY DEAR CHILD:

You wrote me a dutiful letter, equally honorable to your head and heart, for which I thank you; and when I grow to be a light-hearted, light-headed, happy, thoughtless young girl, I will give you a *quid pro quo*. As it is, you must take such a letter as a man of sense can write, although it has been remarked, that the more sensible the man, the more dull his letter. Don't ask me by whom remarked, or I shall refer you, with Jenkinson, in the Vicar of Wakefield, to Sanconia-thon, Manetho, and Berosus.

This puts me in mind of the card of impressions from the pencil seals, which I intended to inclose last mail, for you, to your mother, but forgot. Lo! here they are; these are the best I can find in Baltimore. I have marked them according to my taste; but exercise your

own *exclusively*, and choose for yourself, if either of them please you.

Shall I bring you a Spanish guitar of Giles' choosing? Can you be certain that you will stick to it? And some music for the Spanish guitar? What say you?

There are three necklaces that tempt me—a beautiful mock emerald, a still *more* beautiful mock ruby with pearl, and a still *most* beautiful of real topaz—what say you?

Will you have either of the scarfs described to your mother, and which—the blue or black? They are very fashionable and beautiful. Any of those wreaths and flowers? Consult your dear mother; always consult her, always respect her. This is the only way to make yourself respectable and lovely. God bless you, and make you happy.

Your affectionate father,

WM. WIRT.

11. *Matilda Dawson to her Father.*

BRIGHTON, 4th Oct., 1839.

MY DEAR FATHER:

How shall I express to you my thanks for your generous remembrance of me on my birthday? The gift itself was scarcely more valuable than the kind and delicate manner of its conveyance. To possess a portrait of my beloved and lamented mother has long been an object of desire. Be assured I shall value it as a great treasure.

I can not hope to fill the vacant place in our once complete domestic circle; but I do trust that the valuable instructions I am receiving here will in some measure

qualify me to take the superintendence of your household, and the charge of my little brothers. It will afford me great delight to repay in offices of love and duty the affectionate and devoted kindness with which you have watched over me. My kind and considerate governess has appeared especially to adapt her advice to me in reference to the responsible position I am shortly to occupy.

You will, I know, bear with much that is deficient in me; let me assure you my earnest endeavors shall not be wanting to manifest, by attention to your comforts, my sense of your paternal care.

Your affectionate daughter,

MATILDA DAWSON.

12. *Honorable William Wirt to his Wife.**

BALTIMORE, December 27th, 1824.

* * * * *

The image of your pensive face is on my heart, and continually before my eyes. May the Father of Mercies support you, and pour into your bosom the rich consolations of his grace, and preserve and strengthen you for your family! What can we do, if you suffer yourself to sink under the sorrow that afflicts you? Let us bear up, and endeavor to fulfill our duty to our surviving children; let us not overcast the morning of their lives with unavailing gloom, by exhibiting to them, continually, the picture of despair. Trouble comes soon enough, whatever we do to avert it;

* Written on the death of their eldest son Robert, who died at Havre, France, in September, 1824.

and the somber side of life will early enough show itself to them without any haste on our part to draw aside the curtain. Let them be unusually gay and happy as long as they can; and let us rather promote than dissipate the pleasing illusions of hope and fancy. Let us endeavor to show religion to them in a cheering light; the hopes and promises it sets before us; the patience and resignation which it inspires under affliction; the peace and serenity which it spreads around us; the joyful assurance with which it gilds even the night of death.

* * * * *

May God bless you, and breathe into your bosom peace and cheerful resignation.

W. W.

13. *Sir Thomas Munro to his Wife.*

GUINDY, INDIA., April, 1826.

We came here last night for the first time since you went away; Colonel Carpac and I drove out together. We alighted at the old place, near the well. It was nearly dark, and we passed through the garden without finding you. We had nobody in the evening but Captain Watson, which I was glad of. He has got the floor covered with new mats, which smell like hay; but they are of no use, when those for whom they were intended are gone. The cause which occasions the desertion of this house gives every thing about it a melancholy appearance. I dislike to enter Kamen's room. I never pass it without thinking of that sad night when I saw him lying in Rosa's lap, with leeches on his head, the tears stream-

ing down his face, crying with fear and pain, and his life uncertain. His image, in that situation, is always present to me, whenever I think of this house. I walked out this morning at daylight. I followed Captain Watson's new road, which is now made hard with gravel as far as the place where it divides; but on reaching this point, instead of turning to the left, as we used to do, I continued along the main branch to the little tank, and there halted a few moments to admire the view of the distant hills. I turned toward the garden, where I always found you, and Kamen trotting before you, except when he stayed behind to examine some ant-hole. How delightful it was to see him walking, or running, or stopping, to endeavor to explain something with his hands to help his language! How easy, and artless, and beautiful are all the motions of a child! Every thing that he does is graceful. All his little ways are endearing, and they are the arms which Nature has given him for his protection, because they make everybody feel an attachment for him. I have lost his society just at the time when it most interesting. It was his tottering walk, his helplessness, and unconsciousness, that I liked. By the time I see him again he will have lost all these qualities; he will know how to behave himself; he will have acquired some knowledge of the world, and will not be half so engaging as he is now. I almost wish that he would never change.

14. *Margaret Fuller Ossoli to her Sister.*

ROME, June 19th, 1849.

As Eve was at first, I suppose every mother is delighted by the birth of a man-child. There is hope that he will conquer more evil and effect more good than is expected from girls. This prejudice in favor of man does not seem to be destroyed by his short-comings for ages. Still, each mother hopes to find in hers an Emanuel. I should like very much to see your children, but hardly realize I ever shall; the journey home seems so long, so difficult, and so expensive. I should really like to lie down here and sleep my way into another sphere of existence, if I could take with me one or two that love and need me, and was sure of a good haven for them on the other side.

* * * * *

15. *Sir Humphrey Davy to his Mother.*

HOT WELLS, November 19, 1800.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

Had I believed that my silence of six weeks would have given you a moment's uneasiness, I should have written long ago; but I have been much engaged in my favorite pursuit of experimenting, and in endeavoring to amuse two of my friends who have spent some days at the institute. One of them is your quondam lodger, Gregory Watt, who desired to be kindly remembered to you and the family; the other you have heard me speak of: his name is Thompson, and he is

one of the few to whom God has given a spirit carrying them above the common things of this world.

Accept my affectionate thanks for your presents. I have received them all, and have made good use of them all. Several times has a supper on the marinaded pilchards made me recollect former times, when I sat opposite to you, my dear mother, eating of the same delicious food, and talking of future unknown things. Little did I then think of my present situation, or of the mode in which I am, and am to be connected with the world. Little did I then think that I should ever be so long absent from the place of my birth as to feel such longings as I now feel for visiting it again.

I shall see, with heartfelt pleasure, the time approaching when I shall again behold my first home; when I shall endeavor to repay some of the debts of gratitude I owe to you, to the doctor, and to my aunts. My next visit shall not be so short a one as my last. I will stay with you at least two or three months. You have let half your house; have you a bedroom reserved for me, and a little room for a laboratory? Which part have you let?

When I come to Penzance, I will settle all about John; till then I should like for him to learn French and Latin with Mr. Dugart. The expense of this, or any other part of his education, I shall be glad to defray. Do not, by any means, put him with Mr. Coryton. The paints I have long procured; and if there is no vessel in the course of a week, they shall be sent off by the wagon.

I will write to Kitty in the course of next month. I am glad to hear that Grace is better. Remember me with affection to her. I have not yet seen Mr. Griffin. Any one who has lately seen my friends, I shall be glad to see.

All in the way of progress goes on nobly. My health was never better than since I left Cornwall last. I shall be very glad to hear from you soon. You have a hundred subjects to write about interesting to me; I can only write of myself. Remember me with affection to all my friends (particularly the doctor), my aunts and uncles. Love to Kitty, Grace, Betsy, and John. Farewell, my dear mother.

I am your affectionate son,

H. DAVY.

16. *Dr. Franklin to his Wife.*

EASTON, Nov. 13th, 1760.

MY DEAR CHILD:

I wrote to you, a few days since, by a special messenger, and inclosed letters for all our wives and sweethearts, expecting to hear from you by his return, and to have the northern newspapers and English letters per the packet; but he is just now returned without a scrap for poor us; so I had a good mind not to write to you by this opportunity; but I never can be ill-natured enough, even when there is the most occasion. The messenger says he left the letters at your house, and saw you afterward at Mr. Duche's, and told you when he would go, and that he lodged at Honey's, next door to you, and yet you did not write; so let Goody Smith give one more just

judgment, and say what should be done to you. I think I won't tell you that we are all well, nor that we expect to return about the middle of the week, nor will I send you a word of news—that's poz.

My duty to mother, love to children, and to Miss Betsy, and Gracey, etc., etc. I am your loving husband,

B. FRANKLIN.

P. S. I have *scratched out the loving words*, being writ in haste by mistake, when I forgot I was angry.

17. *Margaret Fuller Ossoli's last Letter.*

FLORENCE, May 14, 1850.

DEAR MOTHER:

I will believe I shall be welcome with my treasures—my husband and child. For me, I long so much to see you! Should any thing hinder our meeting upon earth, think of your daughter as one who always wished, at least, to do her duty, and who always cherished you, according as her mind opened to discover excellence.

Give dear love, too, to my brothers; and first, to my eldest, faithful friend, Eugene; a sister's love to Ellen; love to all my kind, good aunts, and to my dear cousin E. God bless them!

I hope we shall be able to pass some time together, yet, in this world. But if God decrees otherwise—HERE and HEREAFTER, my dearest mother,

Your loving child,

MARGARET.

VII.

LETTERS OF FRIENDSHIP.

One of the most innocent and exquisite pleasures of this life is that of hearing from an absent friend.—Montgomery.

I.—SENTIMENT AND STYLE.

FRRIENDSHIP implies confidence. Open your heart to your friend in your letters. Have no concealments. Trust him as you expect to be trusted. You have common friends and congenial tastes, read the same books, and enjoy similar pleasures, and therefore have a thousand topics of interest on which to write to each other. You are interested in his plans, hopes, fears, successes, failures. You sympathize in his joys and in his sorrows. No wonder that letters of friendship, when written in the true spirit of friendship—when frank, sincere, and full of heart, are so charming!

The style of letters of friendship should be similar to that of family letters—free, easy, and unconstrained, but as correct, graceful, and elegant as may be.

II.—EXAMPLES.

1. Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale.

DEAR MADAM:

Since you have written with the attention and tenderness of ancient time, your letters give me a great part of the pleasure which a life of solitude

admits. You will never bestow any share of your good will on one who deserves better. *Those that have loved longest, love best.* A sudden blaze of kindness may, by a single blast of coldness, be extinguished; but that fondness, which length of time has connected with many circumstances and occasions, though it may for a while be suppressed by disgust or resentment, with or without a cause, is hourly revived by accidental recollections. To those that have lived long together, every thing heard and every thing seen recalls some pleasure communicated or some benefit conferred; some petty quarrel, or some slight endearment. Esteem of great powers, or amiable qualities newly discovered, may embroider a day or a week, but a friendship of twenty years is interwoven with the texture of life. A friend may be often found and lost, but an *old friend* never can be found, and nature has provided that he can not easily be lost.

I have not forgotten the Davenants, though they seem to have forgotten me. I began very early to tell them what they have commonly found to be true. I am sorry to hear of their building. I have always warned those whom I loved against that mode of ostentatious waste.

You seem to mention Lord Kilmurry as a stranger. We were at his house in Cheshire, and he one day dined with Sir Lynch. What he tells of the epigram is not true, but perhaps he does not know it to be false. Do not you remember how he rejoiced in having no park? he could not disoblige his neighbors by sending them *no venison*.

The frequency of death, to those who look upon it in the leisure of Arcadia, is very dreadful. We all know what it should teach us; let us all be diligent to learn. Lucy Porter has lost her brother. But whom I have lost—let me not now remember.

Let not your loss be added to the mournful catalogue.

Write soon again to,

Madam, your, etc.,

SAM'L JOHNSON

2. "L. E. L.," to Marie.

MY DEAREST MARIE:

I can not but write to you a brief account how I enact the part of a feminine Robinson Crusoe. I must say, in itself, the place is infinitely superior to all I ever dreamed of. The castle is a fine building, the rooms excellent. I do not suffer from heat; insects there are few or none, and I am in excellent health. The solitude, except an occasional dinner, is absolute; from seven in the morning till seven, when we dine, I never see Mr. Maclean, and rarely any one else. We were welcomed by a series of dinners, which I am glad are over, for it is very awkward to be the only lady. Still, the great kindness with which I have been treated and the very pleasant manners of many of the gentlemen, make me feel it as little as possible. Last week we had a visit from Captain Castle, of the old Pylades. His story is very melancholy. He was married, six months before he left England, to one of the beautiful Misses Hill, Sir John Hill's daughter, and she

died just as he received orders to return home. We also had a visit from Colonel Bosch, the Dutch governor, a most gentlemanlike man. I have not yet felt the want of society the least. I do not wish to form new friends, and never does a day pass without thinking most affectionately of my old ones. On three sides we are surrounded by the sea. I like the perpetual dash on the rocks; one wave after another comes up, and is forever dashed in pieces, like human hopes, that can only swell to be disappointed; as we advance, up spring the shining froth of love or hope, "a moment white, and gone forever." The land view, with its cocoa and palm trees, is very striking; it is like a scene in the *Arabian Nights*. Of a night, the beauty is very remarkable; the sea is of a silvery purple, and the moon deserves all that has been said in her favor. I have only once been out of the fort by daylight, and then was delighted. The salt lakes were first dyed a deep crimson by the setting sun, and as we returned they seemed a faint violet in the twilight, just broken by a thousand stars, while before us was the red beacon light. The chance of sending this letter is a very sudden one, and I should have ventured to write to General Fazen, to whom I beg the very kindest regards. Dearest, do not forget me. Pray write to me, "Mrs. George Maclean, Cape Coast Castle, care of Messrs. Forster & Smith, 5 New City Chambers, Bishopsgate Street." Write about yourself; nothing else half so much interests me.

Your affectionate,

L. E. MACLEAN.

3. *Robert Burns to Mrs. Dunlop.*

MADAM:

I read your letter with watery eyes. A little, very little while ago, I had scarce a friend but the stubborn pride of my own bosom; now I am distinguished, patronized, befriended by you. Your friendly advice—I will not give it the cold name of criticism—I receive with reverence. I have made some small alteration in what I before had printed. I have the advice of some very judicious friends among the literati here; but with them I sometimes find it necessary to claim the privilege of thinking for myself. The noble Earl of Glencairn, to whom I owe more than to any man, does me the honor of giving me his strictures; his hints, with respect to impropriety or indelicacy, I follow implicitly.

You kindly interest yourself in my future views and prospects; there I can give you no light. It is all

Dark as was chaos, ere the infant sun
Was rolled together, or had tried his beams
Athwart the gloom profound.

The appellation of a Scottish bard is by far my highest pride; to continue to deserve it, is my most exalted ambition. Scottish themes and Scottish story are the themes I could wish to sing. I have no dearer aim than to have it in my power, unplagued with the routine of business, for which, Heaven knows, I am unfit enough, to make leisurely pilgrimages through Caledonia; to sit on the fields of her battles; to wander on the banks of her rivers

and to muse by the stately towers or venerable ruins, once the honored abodes of her heroes. But these are all Utopian thoughts. I have dallied long enough with life; 'tis time to be in earnest. I have a fond, aged mother to care for, and some other bosom ties perhaps equally tender. Where the individual only suffers by the consequences of his own thoughtlessness, indolence, or folly, he may be excusable; nay, shining abilities and some of the nobler virtues may half sanctify a heedless character; but where God and nature have intrusted the happiness of others to his care—where the trust is sacred and the ties are dear, that man must be far gone in selfishness, or strangely lost to reflection, whom these connections will not rouse to exertion.

I guess that I shall clear two or three hundred pounds by my authorship; with that sum I intend, so far as I may be said to have any intention, to return to my old acquaintance, the plow; and if I can meet with a lease by which I can live, to commence farmer. I do not intend to give up poetry; being bred to labor secures me independence, and the Muses are my chief, have sometimes been my only, enjoyment. If my practice second my resolution, I shall have principally at heart the serious business of life; but while following my plow, or building up my shocks, I shall cast a leisurely glance to that dear—that only feature of my character, which gave me the notice of my country, and the patronage of a Wallace.

Thus, honored Madam, I have given you the bard, his

situation, and his views, native as they are in his own bosom.

R. B.

4. *Albert Parkes to his Teacher.*

NEW YORK, Sept. 10, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR:

Knowing that you will be glad to hear of any good fortune that befalls me, I hasten to tell you that I have at last got an excellent situation, to learn the machinist's trade.

You always told me that I have good mechanical talent. Soon after I came to the city, I had my head examined by Mr. Fowler, the phrenologist, who, though he had never seen me before, told me the same thing. Is it not wonderful how these phrenologists can tell so much about one by just putting their hands on his head! Mr. Fowler seemed to know me better than I know myself; and, besides, he gave me a great deal of good advice. But I was going to tell you about my situation.

Well, I have as good a "boss" as I could wish for, and work in a large shop where there are a great many young men and boys employed. I like the work, and learn very easily, they tell me.

I have admittance to the Apprentices' Library, and can take out any book I please; and Mr. Borden—that's the name of my "boss"—has given me tickets to several lectures. I think often of your kind advice, as well as your patient labors as my teacher. I hope I shall be able to show you that I am not wholly unworthy of your care and

of your friendship. I know that your time is precious, and always well employed, but I hope you will find time to write occasionally to

Your grateful friend, and former pupil,

ALBERT H. PARKER.

MR. SILAS M. WILLIS, *Eatonton, N. J.*

5. *Ernest Singleman to a Friend.*

WILLOW DALE, June 14th, 1854.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Your letter of the 21st ult. found me too busy to reply at once, as I felt a strong impulse to do, but not too busy to enjoy and appreciate its contents.

Marriage has improved *you*, I acknowledge—you who were good enough already. Will it do the same for me—me, an obdurate old bachelor, confirmed in my habits—not always good ones—and, I fear, a little soured in temper? You think so. You propose it as the cure for "all the ills that flesh is heir to." Well, I am but too willing to believe that you are right.

I am hard to please, you say; and you very pertinently demand what right I have, who am confessedly far from perfection, to ask for all that is good and beautiful in the woman who shall become my wife. I might reply, I seek in *her* what is lacking in myself; but I do *not* look for *perfection*. My "Ideal" is only a *woman*, after all. Shall I describe her, as I see her now, in my mind's eye?

In the first place, as the foundation of whatever else is good and lovely, my Ideal Woman has a well-developed physical system, perfect in all its parts, and symmetrical

in all its proportions; and she is not ashamed, because she has also intellect and affections, to be told or to remember that she has a body—a body, which, though but a tabernacle of clay, is the *temple of the ever-living soul*, and far too holy to be polluted or abused. She realizes, too, that the true destiny of woman is to be *wife* and *mother*, and governs herself, in her physical training, accordingly. She never attempts to improve her shape or complexion by means of any of the fashionable arts. She dresses with taste and with regard to health, but does not affect unnecessary singularity.

She has a sound intellect, cultivated, like her body, in harmony with nature. She knows much that is learned from books, and *much that is not in books*; but she never dreams that she has “finished her education” because she has left school, or that she shall *ever* finish it, for that matter. She is learned in all the mysteries of the kitchen and the laundry, and has the whole abstruse science of housekeeping at her fingers’ ends; and all this does not vulgarize or degrade her in her own estimation, and should not in that of others. She is as proud of her skill in cooking as in music or botany. She brings none of the dust of the kitchen into the parlor. She is at home there as well as below stairs, and is not less polite, refined, and polished in her manners because she knows how to work, and is not ashamed to make practical application of her knowledge. She loves Nature with all a child’s enthusiasm, and Art with all a woman’s feeling. Birds, flowers, music, poetry, painting, are her delight. She is

very free in thought and feeling, but uses her freedom as not abusing it. She does not throw pearls before swine, but keeps for those who can understand and appreciate them, her freest and deepest thoughts and holiest feelings.

Her religion, what shall I say of it? She is like a good deacon, of whom I have read, who, when asked by one who did not know him—one of the hypocritical zealots who abound in some communities—if he had “got religion,” replied, “None to speak of!” She has none to *speak* of, only to *live*—to adorn and make holy all her works and ways.

My Ideal is truly a woman in *heart* and *soul* as well as in *form*, and not a semi-masculine Amazon. She knows that woman has no need to push and elbow her way,

“When through all crowds
She melts like quicksilver.”

She has a warm, true heart, which she will not *barter* for *wealth* or *position*, and will give only in exchange for one *as* warm and true as her own. He who shall win her love shall never lack the sunny smile, the sweet kiss, the warm caress to welcome his return from his labors. *Home*, where *she* is the *ministering spirit*, will be (at least it will not be her fault if it is not) very near to HEAVEN.

Have I, my dear friend, described an angel or a human impossibility? If I have, who is me! But such a woman is something *better* than an angel—at least for human uses.

Am I worthy to call such a being wife? I dare not answer. But * * * * *

With the kindest regards to your lovely and loving wife,
I remain,
Truly your friend,

ERNEST.

6. *Mabel to Ellen.*

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 10, 1856.

MY DEAR ELLEN:

I am "engaged!" I have been trying for half an hour to hit upon some delicate and indirect way of telling you what I have at last so bluntly and abruptly expressed. It is just as well so, is it not? You know the fact; and, as I have concealed nothing from you, my dear friend, you can readily guess who is the daring man who has undertaken to make me happy for life? Well, Willie is intelligent, well educated, honorable, manly, and kind-hearted, and *loves me*. I love him. He is poor, and so am I. A mercenary mamma would shake her head, if nothing more, at such a match; but my mother, dear, good soul, when I told her of Willie's proposal, looked up from her sewing and said, in a serious tone,

"Do you *love* him, Mabel?"

"Yes, mother," I replied, "I love him."

"And are you sure that he loves you?"

"Yes," I replied again, "very sure, dear mother."

"That is enough," said she; love each other *always* the same, and God bless you both!"

Was not that good in her? His poverty is no objection in her eyes. He is industrious and energetic, and can easily secure a comfortable living. Isn't that enough? You shall see in what style we can live, on a small income. But I *anticipate*.

I know that you will rejoice in my good fortune (I shall persist in thinking it such) and my happiness. I want you to see my dear Willie, and love him him, *too*—yes, I will not erase the word—love him, but *not just as I do!*

We are to be married about Christmas. You will come to the wedding, of course, though it will be quite a private affair, with no unnecessary display about it.

I am *very* busy, as you can easily conceive; so pardon me if I write briefly and rather hurriedly. Mother and Fanny send their love. Write soon to

Your affectionate friend,

MABEL CLARE.

MISS ELLEN HOLMES,

Brooklyn, L. I.

7. *Lord Byron to the Countess of * * * **

ALBANY, October 5, 1814.

DEAR LADY * * * *:

Your recollection and invitation do me great honor; but I am going to "be married, and can't come." My intended is two hundred miles off, and the moment my business here is arranged, I must set off in a great hurry to be happy. Miss Milbanke is the good-natured person who has undertaken me, and of course I am very much in love, and as silly as all single gentlemen

must be in that sentimental situation. I have been accepted these three weeks, but when the event will take place, I don't exactly know. It depends partly upon lawyers, who are never in a hurry. One can be sure of nothing; but at present there seems to be no other interruption to this intention, which seems as mutual as possible, and now no secret, though I did not tell first, and all our relations are congratulating away to right and left, in the most fatiguing manner.

You, perhaps, know the lady. She is niece to Lady Melbourne, and cousin to Lady Cowper, and others of your acquaintance, and has no fault, except being a great deal too good for me, and that I must pardon, if nobody else should. It might have been two years ago, and, if it had, would have saved me a world of trouble. She has employed the interval in refusing about half-a-dozen of my particular friends (as she did me once, by the way), and has taken me at last; for which I am very much obliged to her. I wish it was all well over, for I hate bustle, and there is no marrying without some; and then, I must not marry in a black coat, they tell me, and I can't bear a blue one.

Pray forgive me for scribbling all this nonsense. You know I must be serious all the rest of my life, and this is a parting piece of buffoonery, which I write with tears in my eyes, expecting to be agitated.

Believe me most seriously and sincerely your obliged
servant,

BYRON.

8. *Honorable Wm. Wirt to Judge Carr.*

BEDFORD, PA., August 10, 1822.

I plead guilty, my dear Chevalier; but, "*bonus aliquando dormitat Homerus*,"* you know.

* * * * *

My wife stood the fatigue of moving like a good Christian and an affectionate and devoted helpmate, for which may the Lord bless her both here and hereafter! She missed you most sensibly, when you had to leave us, and felt, as she should, the kindness of your coming. But enough of this. We rejoice that you are safe at home—your happy, happy home. May God bless you all.

We have been here a fortnight yesterday, and, as at present advised, propose to strike our tents on Wednesday next. I think we shall go by the Shannondale Springs; would that we could meet you there! There is, in my opinion—and judging by its effects on myself—little if any difference between that water and this; and the difference, if there be any in favor of this place, would be more than counterbalanced, even in the article of health, by the superior enjoyment of the heart and mind, and the consequent edulcoration of the spirits, which I should derive from spending a fortnight with you. Pray, can you not run down and meet us, and spare me a few days? I think we shall get to Shannondale about this day week. Meet us, at all events, with a letter; and meet us in person, if you can; for as I advance toward old age, and

* Sometimes even the good Homer nods.

the time of my final separation from Virginia draws nigh, my affections cling with more anxious and jealous tenacity to everybody and every thing that have been endeared to me in that State. There are persons, and things, and scenes, in old Virginia, of whom and which I can not think, in connection with the thought of a final separation, without feelings that overcome my manhood. I feel as if the game of life were up with me—as if every thing like the joy of the heart had perished. I feel a cold chill at the thought of going among comparative strangers. There are few, I fear, there that love me out of my own family; but there is, at least, one—H. T., a native of England, who came to this country in early youth, and was intimate with Colonel Gamble's family from that time to this. He is a warm-hearted, amiable, most excellent man, and is, I believe, sincerely attached to me. But even he is not a lawyer; never attended the courts of Fluvanna with me; could never recite Gray's bard; did not grow up in the communication of the same professional hopes, fears, triumphs, and disappointments; in short, had not intermingled and intertwined all the shoots, vines, tendrils of reciprocal affection for more than a quarter of a century, until we were, in a measure, almost incorporated and identified, and a separation becomes not merely a disengagement of branches, but the riving of the trunk, and a splitting open of the heart.

Now, on the reverse (for what is the use of brooding only over melancholy views), I go to Baltimore—devote myself to my profession, study law and eloquence over

again, try experiments, get fame, establish my family in independence, visit my friends in Virginia once a year, and, in the mean time, correspond with them continually; and, in due time, distinguished, respected, and sincerely mourned by a few—perhaps find time to leave something that may survive, so as to be able to say, with Horace, "*Non omnis moriar.*"

This is cheering; and with this, I take my leave, begging my love to your wife and children, to which Mrs. Wirt asks leave to add hers, and to include yourself.

"I am well; so I'll keep," if I can.

If this should find Coalter with you, give my love to him; and give it, at all events, to Henry Tucker. Where and how is poor Holmes? Pray remember me kindly to him. God bless you!

Your friend ever,

WM. WIRT.

VIII.

LOVE LETTERS.

'Twas Love, no doubt, who knows all arts,
By which to reach and conquer hearts,
That first the art of writing taught,
To captives in his meshes caught.

From the French.

I.—THE HEART AND THE PEN.

LET the heart speak !” Permit Love to use the pen, and he will find his own words and forms. In the beloved presence you may blush, and stammer, and finally become dumb ; but having found the courage to write, you will be able to say all that demands to be said—to tell your love, your hopes, your fears, with fluency and eloquence. Having found the courage, we say ; for it requires, we opine, a higher degree of this quality to write, or reply to, a declaration of love, than to send or accept a challenge to mortal combat. But “a faint heart never won a fair lady ;” and

“He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To win or lose it all.”

“Let the heart speak !” Be sure that it is the *heart*, and not a mere fancy or whim of the head. For the rest, writing with sincerity and earnestness, and without flattery or verbal extravagance, you can hardly go far wrong ;

but “nauseous notes of compliment,” as Miss. Edgeworth truly says, “are epistles degrading to those who write them, and equally degrading to those to whom they are written.”

II.—EXAMPLES.

And where shall we find examples ? Our plan embraces none but genuine letters ; and genuine love-letters seldom meet the public eye. There is something in them too sacredly private to be exposed to the gaze of the unsympathizing world ; still, we find a few of them on the pages of epistolary literature. We have not been able to select so great a variety as we could have desired, and those presented may not be models for you, dear reader ; but they are hearty and earnest, and will serve, at least, to show how others have thought, felt, and written under the inspiration of the ennobling and beautifying sentiment of love.

1. *Robert Burns to Clarinda.*

Tuesday Evening.

That you have faults, my Clarinda, I never doubted ; but I knew not where they existed ; and Saturday night made me more in the dark than ever. O Clarinda ! why would you wound my soul by hinting that last night must have lessened my opinion of you ? True, I was behind the scenes with you ; but what did I see ? A bosom glowing with honor and benevolence, a mind ennobled by genius, informed and refined by education and reflection, and exalted by native religion, genuine as in the climes

of heaven; a heart formed for all the glorious meltings of friendship, love, and pity. These I saw. I saw the noblest immortal soul creation ever showed me.

I looked long, my dear Clarinda, for your letter; and am vexed that you are complaining. I have not caught you so far wrong, as in your idea that the intercourse you may have with one friend hurts you, because you can not tell every tittle of it to another. Why have so injurious a suspicion of a good God, Clarinda, as to think that friendship and love, on the sacred principles of truth, honor, and religion, can be any thing else than objects of his divine approbation?

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

SYLVANDER.

2. *Clarinda to Robert Burns.*

Wednesday Morning.

Sylvander, I fancy you and Vulcan are intimates. He has lent you a key which opens Clarinda's heart at pleasure, shows you what is there, and enables you to adapt yourself to every feeling. I believe I shall give

over writing to you. Your letters are too much! My way, alas! is bedged in; but had I, like Sylvander, "the world before me," I should bid him, if he had a friend that loved me, tell him to write as he does, and "that would woo me." Seriously, you are the first letter writer I ever knew.

Either to-morrow or Friday I shall be happy to see you. On Saturday I am not sure of being alone, or at home. Say which you'll come. Come to tea, if you choose; but eight will be an hour less liable to intrusions.

You are a consummate flatterer; really my cheeks glow while I read your flights of fancy. I think you see I like it. If I grow affected or conceited, you alone are to blame.

Sylvander, some most interesting parts of yours I can not enter upon at present. I dare not think on the *parting*—on the interval; but I am sure both are ordered for our good.

"Lasting impressions!" Your key might have shown you better. Say, my lover-poet and my friend, what day, next month, the eternity will end. When you use your key, don't rummage too much, lest you find I am half as great a fool in the "tender" as yourself. Farewell! Sylvander. I may sign, for I am already sealed,

Your friend,

CLARINDA.

3. *Miss Carpenter to Sir Walter Scott.*

December 10.

If I could really believe that my letters give you only half the pleasure you express, I should almost think, my dearest Scott, that I should get very fond of writing merely to *indulge* you—that is saying a good deal. I hope you are sensible of the compliment I pay you, and don't expect I shall always be so pretty behaved.

You may depend on me, my dearest friend, for fixing as early a day as I possibly can; and if it happens not to be quite so soon as you wish, you must not be angry with me.

It is very unlucky you are such a bad housekeeper, as I am no better. I shall try.

I hope to have very soon the pleasure of seeing you, and of telling you how much I love you; but I wish the first fortnight was over. With all my love, and that sort of pretty things, adieu.

CHARLOTTE.

4. *Sir Richard Steele to Miss Scurlock.*

MADAM:

September 25th, 1761.

It is the hardest thing in the world to be in love, and yet attend business. As for me, all that speak to me find me out; and I must lock myself up, or other people will do it for me. A gentleman asked me this morning, "What news from Holland?" and I answered, "She is exquisitely handsome." Another desired to know when I had been last at Windsor. I replied

"She designs to go with me." Prythee, allow me at least to kiss your hand before the appointed day, that my mind may be in some composure. Methinks I could write a volume to you, but all the language on the earth would fail in saying how much, and with what disinterested passion,

I am ever yours, etc.

5. *Henry Rosswell to Fanny Hartley.*

New York, May 15, 1854.

MY DEAR FANNY:

I left you, two days ago, with the shadow of doubt and sadness which had fallen upon my spirit from your sweet, sad face still resting upon me; but Hope whispered that your promised letter would dispel it, and bring the sunshine back to my heart. The letter came, at last, only to deepen the shadow. But this is not your fault. Feeling as you did, you could not, in justice to yourself, have written otherwise; and from the bottom of my heart, I thank you for the frankly spoken words which have given me so much pain.

I have read your letter many times. It seems a little confused and contradictory; but I think I comprehend the feelings which dictated it.

You have learned a sad lesson, Fanny, in learning "to distrust all men;" and the sooner you unlearn it, the better. You shall yet trust *me*, though you may not *love* me; and believe me when I tell you that, bad as the world is—deceitful as *some* men are (and, alas! some *women*, too), there yet exist many true, sincere, and loyal hearts

Must *I* suffer, Fanny, because some men have proved false?

I thought the question of difference of age was settled between us; but since there is still a doubt on your mind, I am glad you refer to it.

It is *not* true that "the husband and wife should be of the same age." All physiologists, so far as I am aware, agree in saying that the husband should be several years years the elder; and all physiologists know that the number of years one has lived is no true measure of age or maturity of development, one person being really older at twenty than another at thirty. I do not believe it is often, if ever, proper for an old man to marry a young woman, or *vice versa*, because, as a general rule, at least, they can not love each other as husband and wife should love. If I am an old man (which, though thirty-five, I have not yet begun to realize), I do not believe you *can* love me; for you are by no means an "old woman." But in one thing, Fanny, your *heart* is older than mine: it has learned to *distrust*, which mine has not. I have not lost my faith in *love* or in *woman*, though perhaps neither may ever bless me.

You "see and hear of so many unequal and unhappy matches." Yes, as who does not? God save you and me from adding to the number! The inequality in the cases referred to is such that it precludes *love*, and without love there can be no happiness in the marriage relation. Is not this the whole matter, in the compass of a nutshell?

You fear that I would "grow weary of you, as a child of a pretty toy." If you were *only a doll*, I undoubtedly should; but you are something more. You have intellect and affections, both of which will continue to expand in beauty, affording a perpetual charm.

"I care not," you add, "so long as I am sure of your love." What does this mean? Is the real doubt, after all, whether I love you? and that, too, after I have told you that I do, in plain words? I can not bear to be *distrusted*, my dear Fanny. Your doubts *wrong* me and give me pain. My simple word has never been questioned, that I am aware of, in all my intercourse with the world. You must not doubt it. When I say, as I do now, without reservation or doubt, Fanny, *I love you!* these simple words mean all that my rich heart can give or yours can ask; and I can not do myself the injustice to reiterate professions and asseverations. No oath could add force to those words.

I must love with my whole heart, or not at all; and I can accept, in return, nothing short of the complete love and trust of a woman's heart. If you can not love me wholly and unreservedly, pray tell me so with that noble frankness which I so much admire in you, and I will go my way. If I have made a mistake in loving you, that is no reason why you should confirm it, and thus make it fatal to us both.

Is not the whole matter summed up in this single question, which I now put to you in all sincerity and earnestness: Fanny, *do you love me?* Do not puzzle your brain

with anybody's theories or experience—not even with your own ; but try to solve this one problem. This solved, all will be clear before you. You say that you “do not know your own heart.” Then study it. I can give you little assistance in that study ; besides, I think you will hardly need a teacher.

If you love me not—if your heart returns that answer to your questionings, tell me so ; and if you love me *only a little*, learn, as soon as possible, to love me none at all ; but whether you love me or not, write to me once more, and that soon—*very soon*.

Still believing, dear Fanny, that when we truly understand each other, all will be right, I remain,

In love and hope,

Your devoted,

HENRY ROSSWELL.

MISS FANNY HARTLEY,

Maplefield, Mass.

6. Fanny Hartley to Henry Rosswell.

MAPLEFIELD, May 17th, 1854.

MY DEAR HENRY :

Your letter was received only two hours ago, but I can not rest till I have replied to it. It has made me sad, but happy (though perhaps that's a little paradoxical), for it has shown me two things which affect deeply my feelings—that I have given you pain, and that you do truly *love* me. Pardon me, dear Henry, for the first ; for the last, how shall I find words to thank and bless you ?

The foolish doubts which so wronged you did, at the same time, cruel injustice to my own heart ; for they were mostly the doubts of *others*, infused into my mind, rather than my own. But they are all gone now.

I do not wonder that you think my letter somewhat confused and contradictory. In that, it truly represented the state of mind under which it was written. How could I put clearly on paper what was all confusion in my own mind ?

But my head is clear now, and my heart is free from doubt, distrust, or fear (save a fear that I am not worthy of the wealth of love you have given me), and what I now write is as truthful and earnest as your own heart.

I am afraid that you will think me *naturally* distrustful, but I do not think I am. Circumstances (which you shall know some time) have taught my unwilling heart the lesson which it will gladly unlearn.

I have made my heart a study since I last wrote. I have read it through and through, and I find it written all over with love for you. Yes, Henry, *I love you* with all the strength and devotion of the *first love* of a woman's heart ; and I trust you as unreservedly as you can desire. Is your heart satisfied ? My heart was really yours long ago, but they had succeeded in perplexing it with doubts and fears, which would otherwise never have found a place in it. It needed but your last letter, so evidently truthful and earnest, to put them forever to rest.

O how I wish I could see you to-night, with no shadow

on your brow! Look into my eyes! There is no shadow there—

"Nothing but the skies and thee."

I must say *good-night*. Write *very soon*, and, in the mean time, let thy heart rest in the full assurance that I am

Thine own

FANNY.

7. *Napoleon to Josephine.*

MARMIROLO, July 17, 1796, 9 o'clock P. M.

I have received your letter, my adorable friend. It has filled my heart with joy. I am grateful to you for the trouble you have taken to send me the news. I hope that you are better to-day. I am sure that you have recovered. I earnestly desire that you should ride on horse-back; it can not fail to benefit you.

Since I left you I have been constantly depressed. My happiness is to be near you. Incessantly I live over in my memory your caresses, your tears, your affectionate solicitude. The charms of the incomparable Josephine kindle continually a burning and a glowing flame in my heart. When, free from all solicitude, all harassing care, shall I be able to pass all my time with you, having only to love you, and to think only of the happiness of so saying, and of proving it to you?

I will send you your horse, but I hope you will soon join me. I thought that I loved you months ago, but since my separation from you I feel that I love you a thousand-fold more. Each day since I knew you have I

adored you yet more and more. This proves the maxim of Bruyère, that "love comes all of a sudden," to be false. Every thing in nature has its own course, and different degrees of growth.

Ah! I entreat you to permit me to see some of your faults. Be less beautiful, less gracious, less affectionate, less good; especially be not over-anxious, and never weep. Your tears rob me of reason, and inflame my blood. Believe me, it is not in my power to have a single thought which is not of thee, or a wish I could not reveal to thee.

Seek repose. Quickly re-establish your health. Come and join me, that at least, before death, we may be able to say, "We were many days happy." A thousand kisses, and one even to Fortuna, notwithstanding his spitefulness.

BONAPARTE.

VERONA, November 9th, 1796.

I arrived at Verona day before yesterday, my dearest love. Though fatigued, I am very well, much prospered, and love you always passionately. I mount my horse. I embrace you a thousand times.

BONAPARTE.

VERONA, November 24, 1796.

I hope very soon, my sweet love, to be in your arms. I love you most passionately. I write to Paris by this courier. All goes well. Wurmser was beaten yesterday

under Mantua. There is nothing wanted by your husband but the love of Josephine in order to be happy.

BONAPARTE.

8. *Edgar to Winnifred.*

BROOKLYN, May 28, 1854.

Where are you, at this hour, dearest Winnie? What doing? what thinking? Are you out in the woods, with the songs of birds in your ear, and loving thoughts of me in your heart?

I want you here just now, my beautiful one, O how much! With my head upon your bosom, how quietly happy I would be! Well, this joy the future reserves for me. I can wait; for your love blesses me, even now, though so many weary miles stretch between us.

Yes, dear girl, my love *shall* have power for good over your life, as yours has over mine. We need not mourn over "Ideals" not quite realized in each other, since we have power to *make each other what we wish*. Do you not know, Winnie, that Love is almost omnipotent? He makes his true votaries young and brave and lovely evermore! Beneath his genial influence soul and body alike expand. Those who do not feel these influences, do not love, though they may think they do. You, my own dear love, shall develop, expand, blossom like the rose—grow in beauty of face, and form, and soul, beneath my loving eyes! Do you not already feel new powers within you—undeveloped capabilities, higher aspirations, better hopes of life? I have long been conscious of germs of

power hidden in the depths of my being which no influence, save the warm rays of the sun of love, could cause to spring into life. You shall see that I am right in this. You are "proud of me," as I am, you say, in one of your dear letters. You shall yet see what I *am*, lost in the light of what I *shall be*. If you bid me win the laurel wreath to bind upon my brow, it shall be done; though I care little for the world's applause, and would give more for one smile of proud approval, or one warm kiss of love from the lips of her I love, than for the highest niche in the temple of Fame.

Can we find the place on the woodland hill-side where I first said, "I love thee?" Certainly we can. I can go directly to it with my eyes blindfolded! I can find again any and every place where I have once been with you. Do you not think there is some love-magic in that? O those dear old woodlands! those hill-pastures! those flowery meadows! those dear brooklets! how I love them, and all for your sake!

I have a thousand things to talk about, with you, dearest, but I see plainly that I must postpone them till another day. Shall I get that long letter from you on Tuesday? Do not fail me. Good angels keep you, my own Winnie, and bring me in due time to your arms.

Ever thine,

EDGAR.

P. S. A pretty little ring, with settings of garnet and pearl, tempted me just now in a shop window, and I inclose it. Will my dear little Winnie accept it?

Bettina Brentano to Goethe.

CASSEL, May 15th, 1807.

"Dear, dear daughter! call me for all days, for all whole future time, by that one name, which embraces my happiness. My son is thy friend, thy brother, who surely loves thee."

Such words does Goethe's mother write to me! What rights do they give me? A dam within my heart has, as it were, broken up—a child of man, alone on a rock, surrounded by rushing storms, uncertain of itself, wavering here and there like the thorns and thistles around it—such am I—such I was before I knew my master. Now I turn like the sunflower to him, and can prove to him, by the countenance glowing with his beams, that he has pierced me. O God! dare I? and am I not all too bold?

And what shall I then? relate how the glorious friendliness with which you met me now exuberates my heart—all other life at once repressed? how I must ever yearn toward that time when I first felt myself *well*? All this avails nothing—the words of your mother. I am far from making claims on that which her goodness destines for me; but these words have dazzled me, and I must at least satisfy the longing to let you know with what a mighty power love turns me, at every moment, toward you.

Nor dare I hesitate to resign myself to a feeling which bursts from my heart like a young seed in spring. *It was to be so*, and the seed was hid in me. It is not my

purposed will that often, from the conversation of the moment, I am borne away to your feet, then seat myself on the ground and lay my head in your lap, or press your hand to my lips, or stand by your side and throw my arms about your neck; and it is long before I find a position in which I remain. Then I chatter at my ease; but the answer which I make myself in your name I pronounce deliberately: "My child! my dear, good girl! sweet heart!" Yes, thus does it sound to me from out *that mysterious hour* in which I believed myself conveyed by spirits to another world; and when I think that even so it might sound from your lips, if I really stood before you, then I tremble with joy and longing. O how many hundred times do we dream, and our dreams foretell better than will ever happen to us! Sometimes, too, I am petulant and wanton, and prize that man as happy who is so beloved; then you smile and assent to it with friendly generosity.

I wish I could finish my letter with a look into your eyes; there would I quickly draw out a pardon for my boldness, and inclose it. I should then not be anxious about my childish prattle, which is yet for me so much in earnest. It is carried to its destination many miles in quick haste; the postman trumpets its arrival with full enthusiasm in the air, as if he triumphantly asked, "What do I bring?" And now Goethe breaks open his letter, and finds the infantine prattle of a silly, unimportant child. Shall I still ask forgiveness? O you well know how overjoyed, how full of sweet feeling the heart often is, though

childish lips can not find the word, scarcely the tone, to give it birth.

BETTINE BRENTANO.

10. *Louis to Nelly.*

AT HOME, November 14, 1856.

* * * * *

Only two Sundays more, dear Nelly, and one of them I hope to spend with you! I *hope*, but don't feel *sure* of any thing in this matter, except that I shall *be there at the wedding!*

I long for the happy day! No regret, or fear, or mis-giving mingles with my joy, in view of our marriage; but, O Nelly! how much of my future happiness depends upon you—how much of yours upon me! Help me, dearest one, to be in all things worthy of you. Let not a thought of the future sadden you, but let us both think seriously of the untried life before us; let us see how truly and heartily we can devote ourselves to each other, and to the cause of human progress. We will study to make each other better and happier, day by day, as we grow up into more perfect manhood and womanhood lovingly together. We are neither of us perfect (*I am far from it, I assure you!*), and shall doubtless have occasion to bear and forbear. We will kindly and patiently strive to correct the faults of each other, and—but I did not intend to lecture you!

* * * * *

Dearest love, good-night. Dream of me! Dream that

I fold you in my arms and kiss you again and again, as I say once more *good-night, sweet wife!*

LOUIS.

11. *Rev. John Newton to his Wife.*

CLAPHAM, 2 July, 1772.

If it were not to my dearest M., I could not write so soon after dinner. But though my belly is full and my head empty, I must tell you that I had very quiet, agreeable company in the coach, and a pleasant ride to Deptford, where I mounted a horse my dear Mr. T—— had sent for me, which brought me safely hither.

I am always a little awkward without you, and every room where you are not present looks unfurnished. It is not a "humble servant" who says this, but a husband, and he says it not in what is called the honeymoon, but *in the twenty-third year after marriage*. Nor do I speak it to my own praise, but to the praise of our good Lord, who, by his blessing, has endeared us to each other. He has united our hearts, and I trust the union will subsist to eternity.

12. *Bertrand to Mildred.*

GLENWOOD, Sept. 17th, 1856.

DEAR MILDRED:

You will hardly be surprised at the contents of this note, since you must have long been aware (though I have never before dared to put the thought into words) that *I love you!* I have sometimes ventured to hope that your own heart has confessed, in

secret, a kindred feeling. But fear has mingled with hope. In your goodness and beauty, you seem so far above me that I hardly dare to do more than love you secretly and in silence.

We have spent many happy hours together, Mildred, as dear, familiar friends; meanwhile my feelings toward you have grown to be something more than friendship, and I feel that it would be wrong to conceal them longer under friendship's guise.

You know my character, my life, my prospects, my love. What says your own warm, pure heart to the earnest questionings of mine? May I hope?

I wait, O how impatiently! your answer. Let your heart speak, and mine shall abide by its decision. In mingled hope and fear,

BERTRAND.

13. Mildred to Bertrand.

OAKDALE COTTAGE,
Monday Night, Sept. 19th.

MY DEAR BERTRAND:

I have indeed long known that your feelings toward me were something more than mere sentiments of friendship. Your actions had revealed what your lips had not dared to utter. *L'amour et la fumée ne peuvent se cacher.** Were you blind, that you could not read in my eyes the response you sought? Come, dear Bertrand, and look into them again, and tell me what you find written there.

* Love and smoke are two things which can not be hidden.

Yes, I know you; and knowing, how could I help loving you? Can I make myself worthy of your love, my noble Bertrand? I have cherished your friendship as my dearest social privilege; how shall I estimate, dearest, the value of your love?

Come to me soon. I long to tell you, in some better way than by mere written words, how truly and lovingly I am

Thine own

MILDRED.

14. Ellen Travis to James Carson.

Tuesday Evening.

SIR:

In reply to your polite note of yesterday morning, I hasten to assure you that I am highly sensible of the honor you have done me, in the proposals you have so handsomely made, and that I appreciate the frank and manly tone in which you have spoken of yourself. Believing that you are sincere in the sentiments which you express toward me, having great respect for you as a man and a gentleman, and esteeming you as a friend, it is with regret that I am compelled to give you pain, by declining your addresses, and informing you that circumstances render it impossible for me ever to be more to you than, as I am now,

Truly your friend,

ELLEN TRAVIS.

MR. JAMES CARSON.

IX.

LETTERS OF INTRODUCTION.

"The bearer is my friend; let him be yours."

I.—WORDS OF CAUTION.

LETTERS of introduction should not be too freely given. Consider, first, whether you have any claims, either of friendship, or for civilities rendered, upon the person you purpose to address, or whether it will be for his interest to become acquainted with the person to be introduced; and, second, whether the latter is such a one as you are willing should claim to be your friend, and for whose conduct in the society to which you introduce him you are willing to be held responsible.

II.—ETIQUETTE.

You may deliver a letter of introduction in person, which seems to us the best and most manly way; but when it is to a gentleman, it is allowable to send it to him inclosed in a sealed envelope with your card (containing your address in full), and thus give him an opportunity to call on you. If you do not receive an answer within three days, either by visit or an invitation to visit him, you may safely conclude that the writer of the letter had no claims upon the person addressed.

Letters of introduction, as we have said before, should

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never be sealed, when given to the person by whom they are to be presented.

III.—EXAMPLES.

1. *John P. Curran to Mr. Perry.*

11th Oct., 1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

You know how squeamish I am of introducing. I do not make any attempt of that kind, for the bearer is Charles Phillips, whom you know already; and I am paying a compliment to my own vanity by giving him this, as it tells two things of which I am proud: one that I know him; the second, that you are so good as to know

JOHN P. CURRAN.

2. *Mr. Hartwell to Mr. Wentworth.*

NEW YORK, Nov. 1st, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR:

This will introduce to your acquaintance my friend Mr. C. M. Roberts, for whom I have great esteem, and whom I am sure you will be happy to know. Any attention you may have it in your power to bestow during his visit to Cincinnati, will be gratefully reciprocated by

Your friend,

R. E. HARTWELL.

MR. JAMES WENTWORTH.

3. *Honorable John Randolph to Mr. T. B. Dudley*

February 9th, 1813.

MY DEAR THEODORE:

Lieutenant Colonel Scott (the friend of Mr. Watkins Leigh) will hand you this letter. It is written exclusively for the purpose of giving you the

pleasure of his acquaintance; for which you must consider yourself my debtor. Yours truly,

JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.
MR. T. BLAND DUDLEY.

4. *Mr. Henderson to Mr. Clift.*

Letters of introduction are sometimes written in the third person, as in the following example :

Mr. Henderson presents his compliments to Mr. Clift, and feels great pleasure in introducing to his notice the bearer, Mr. Charles Shepcott. From the number of years Mr. Shepcott has been in the employ of Mr. Henderson, and from the invariably steady and honorable conduct which has marked his progress, Mr. Henderson recommends him with great confidence, feeling persuaded that he will study very closely and sedulously the interest of his employer.

COLNEY HATCH, *July 2d, 1855.*

X.

NOTES AND CARDS.

Even so small a thing as the wording of a formal note is not beneath the attention of a lady or a gentleman.—Anon.

I.—EXAMPLES AND REMARKS.



LL formal notes are written in the third person; but notes need not always be formal. In addressing intimate friends, we use the first person, as better expressing the familiarity existing between us.

1. *Invitations.*

Invitations to a party should be sent out several days before the time appointed for the party to take place, and should be answered as soon as possible after their reception. They are always sent in the name of the lady of the house. Here is an example of a formal note of invitation :

Mrs. Grey presents her compliments to Mr. and Mrs. White, and begs the favor of their company to dinner, on Saturday next, at four o'clock.

25 MYRTLE AVENUE, *Monday.*

The answer might run as follows :

Mr. and Mrs. White present their compliments to Mrs. Grey, and take great pleasure in accepting her kind invitation.

COLUMBIA STREET, *Tuesday Morning.*

This is a more simple form :

Mrs. Harrison requests the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Truman's company on Thursday evening, the 7th inst., at seven o'clock.

No. 16 LIVINGSTON STREET, Dec. 1st.

The reply should be equally simple :

Mr. and Mrs. Truman accept with pleasure Mrs. Harrison's kind invitation for Thursday evening, the 7th inst.

No. 195 HIGH STREET, Dec. 2.

Or thus :

Mr. and Mrs. Truman regret that it will not be in their power to accept Mrs. Harrison's kind invitation for Thursday evening, the 7th inst.

125 HIGH STREET, Dec. 2.

Mrs. Harrison may write to her intimate friend Miss Healey, familiarly thus :

MY DEAR CARRIE:

We are to have a little social party on Thursday evening next, which will be very incomplete without you. Pray come, and bring your brother with you. He will not, I trust, require a more formal invitation, as he knows he is always welcome.

Truly your friend,

Monday Morning.

NELLY FORD-HARRISON.

When an invitation is sent to a family where there are

sons or daughters, or visitors, they, if invited, should receive separate notes.

The letters R. S. V. P. are sometimes put at the end of a note. They stand for the French phrase, *Response, si'l vous plait*—an answer, if you please. It is better, however, when an answer is particularly requested, to say, "An answer will oblige."

2. Congratulations.

Mr. and Mrs. Robertson desire to offer to Mr. and Mrs. Barnwell their heartfelt congratulations on the convalescence of Miss Barnwell, and to express the hope that she will speedily regain her usual good health.

14 MORTON STREET, July 9.

3. Thanks.

Mr. Walpole is extremely obliged to Mr. Gough for his magnificent present, and very glad to have had an opportunity of contributing to so valuable a work. Mr. Walpole would have thanked Mr. Gough sooner, but he did not know where to direct, till he sent Mr. Nicholls.

STRAWBERRY HILL, July 5, 1788.

4. Acknowledgment of a Call.

Mr. Parker regrets that he was absent when Mr. Martin called, and hopes that Mr. Martin will name some time when it will be convenient to meet him.

OAK GROVE FARM, July 25.

5. *Wedding Cards.*

In reference to wedding cards, or cards preceding the wedding, some contend that they should bear the names of both the lady and the gentleman, while others express the opinion, in which we coincide, that the name of the lady alone belongs on them; as,

Miss WINNIE ELLENWOOD,
At Home,
Tuesday Evening, at 8 o'clock,
73 Sumner Street.

The cards issued after the wedding may read thus :

Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES WARREN,
48 Grove Street.
WINNIE ELLENWOOD.

XI.

MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS.

Letters, such as are written by wise men, are, of all the words of men, in my judgment, the best.—Bacon.

I.—REMARKS.

THE following letters have been selected with great care, and mostly from original sources; and are believed to be unexceptionable, both in style and sentiment. They may be read and re-read, with great profit, by the young aspirant after excellence in the noble art of epistolary writing.

II.—EXAMPLES.

1. *Lady Mary Wortley Montague to a Friend.*

PERA, March 16, O. S., 1717.

I am extremely pleased, my dear lady, that you have at length found a commission for me that I can answer without disappointing your expectations; though I must tell you that it is not so easy as perhaps you think it; and that if my curiosity had not been more diligent than any other stranger's has ever yet been, I must have answered you with an excuse, as I was forced to do when you desired me to buy you a Greek slave. I have got for you, as you desire, a Turkish love-letter, which I have put into a little box, and ordered the captain of the Smyr-

note to deliver it to you with this letter. The translation of it is literally as follows: the first piece you should pull out of the purse is a little pearl, which is in Turkish called *Ingi*, and must be understood in this manner:

PEARL.	Fairest of the young.
CLOVE.	You are as slender as the clove! You are an unblown rose! I have long loved you, and you have not known it.
JONQUIL.	Have pity on my passion!
PAPER.	I faint every hour!
PEAR.	Give me some hope.
SOAP.	I am sick with love.
COAL.	May I die, and all my years be yours!
A ROSE.	May you be pleased, and your sorrows mine!
A STRAW.	Suffer me to be your slave.
CLOTH.	Your price is not to be found.
CINNAMON.	But my fortune is yours.
A MATCH.	I burn! I burn! my flame consumes me!
GOLD THREAD.	Don't turn away your face from me.
HAIR.	Crown of my head!
GRATE.	My two eyes!
GOLD WIRE.	I die—come quickly.

And, by way of postscript:

PEPPER. Send me an answer.

You see this letter is all in verse, and I can assure you there is as much fancy shown in the choice of them as in the most studied expressions of our letters; there being, I believe, a million of verses designed for this use. There is no color, no flower, no weed, no fruit, herb, petal, or feather that has not a verse belonging to it; and you may quarrel, reprove, or send letters of passion, friendship, or civility, or even of news, without ever inking your fingers.

I fancy you now are wondering at my profound learning; but, alas! dear madam, I am almost fallen into the misfortune so common to the ambitious; while they are employed on distant, insignificant conquests abroad, a rebellion starts up at home: I am in great danger of losing my English. I find it is not half so easy to me to write in it as it was a twelvemonth ago. I am forced to study for expressions, and must leave off all other languages, and try to learn my mother-tongue. Human understanding is as much limited as human power or human strength. The memory can retain but a certain number of images; and 'tis as impossible for one human creature to be perfect master of ten different languages as to have in perfect subjection ten different kingdoms, or to fight against ten men at a time. I am afraid I shall at last know none as I should do. I live in a place that very well represents the tower of Babel; in Pera they speak Turkish, Greek, Hebrew, Armenian, Arabic, Persian, Russian, Sclavonian, Wallachian, German, Dutch, French, English, Italian, Hungarian; and, what is worse, there are ten of these languages spoken in my own family. My grooms are Arabs; my footmen, French, English, and Germans; my nurse, an Armenian; my housemaids, Russians; half-a-dozen other servants, Greeks; my steward, an Italian; my janizaries, Turks; so that I live in the perpetual hearing of this medley of sounds, which produces a very extraordinary effect upon the people that are born here; for they learn all these languages at the same time, and without knowing any of them well enough

to write or read in it. There are very few men, women, or even children, here, that have not the same compass of words in five or six of them. I know myself of several infants of three or four years old that speak Italian, French, Greek, Turkish, and Russian, which last they learn of their nurses, who are generally of that country. This seems almost incredible to you, and is, in my mind, one of the most curious things in this country, and takes off very much, very much from the merit of our ladies who set up for such extraordinary geniuses, upon the credit of some superficial knowledge of French and Italian.

As I prefer English to all the rest, I am extremely mortified at the daily decay of it in my head, where, I'll assure you (with grief of heart), it is reduced to such a small number of words I can not recollect any tolerable phrase to conclude this letter with, and am forced to tell your ladyship, very bluntly, that I am yours, etc.

2. Dr. Franklin to Mrs. Thomas.

PARIS, February 8, 1777.

You are too early, *hussy*, as well as too saucy, in calling me *rebel*; you should wait for the event which will determine whether it is a *rebellion*, or only a *revolution*. Here the ladies are more civil; they call us *les insurgents*, a character that usually pleases them; and methinks all other women who smart, or have smarted, under the tyranny of a bad husband, ought to be fixed in *revolution* principles, and act accordingly.

In my way to Canada, last spring, I saw dear Mrs.

Barrow at New York. Mr. Barrow had been from her two or three months, to keep Governor Tryon and other Tories company on board the *Asia*, one of the king's ships, which lay in the harbor; and in all that time that naughty man had not ventured once on shore to see her. Our troops were then pouring into the town, and she was packing up to leave it, fearing, as she had a large house, they would incommode her by quartering officers in it. As she appeared in great perplexity, scarce knowing where to go, I persuaded her to stay; and I went to the general officers then commanding there, and recommended her to their protection, which they promised and performed. On my return from Canada, where I was a piece of a governor (and I think a very good none) for a fortnight, and might have been so till this time, if your wicked army, enemies to all good government, had not come and driven me out, I found her still in quiet possession of her house. I inquired how our people had behaved to her; she spoke in high terms of the respectful attention they had paid her, and the quiet and security they had procured her. I said I was glad of it; and that, if they had used her ill, I would have turned Tory. Then, said she (with that pleasing gayety so natural to her), *I wish they had*; for you must know she is a *Toryess* as well as you, and can as flipantly call *rebel*. I drank tea with her; we talked affectionately of you and our other friends, the Wilkeses, of whom she had received no intelligence.

* * * * *

I fancy you have hit upon the right reason of your

being weary of St. Omer's; namely, that you are out of temper, which is the effect of full living and idleness. A month in Bridewell, beating hemp, upon bread and water, would give you health and spirits, and subsequent cheerfulness and contentment with every other situation. I prescribe that regimen for you, my dear, in pure goodwill, without a fee. And let me tell you, if you do not get into temper, neither Brussels nor Lisle will suit you.

* * * * *

Adieu, mad-cap! and believe me ever your affectionate friend and humble servant.

B. FRANKLIN.

P. S. Don't be proud of this long letter. A fit of the gout, which has confined me five days, and made me refuse to see company, has given me a little time to trifle; otherwise it would have been very short. Visitors and business would have interrupted; and, perhaps, with Mrs. Barrow, you wish they had.

3. *Bettina Brentano to Goethe's Mother.*

* * * * *

I have told you already that we passed through the armies in male dresses. Just before the gate my brother-in-law made us get out; he wanted to see how our clothes fitted. Lullu looked very well, for she is splendidly formed, and the clothes were admirably made; as for me, all was too loose and too long, as if I had bought them at Rag Fair. My brother-in-law laughed at me, and said I looked like a Savoyard. The postillion had driven

us off the road through a wood, and, coming to a cross-way, was quite at a loss. Although only the commencement of our four weeks' journey, I was anxious lest we should miss our way, and thus come too late to Weimar. I clambered up the highest fir, and soon saw where the main road lay.

I made the whole journey upon the box; I had a fox-skin cap, the brush hanging down behind. When we arrived at a stage, I unharnessed the horses, and helped to put the fresh ones to. I spoke broken German with the postillions, as if I had been a Frenchman. At first it was beautiful weather, as if spring were commencing, but soon became complete winter. We passed through a wood of gigantic pines and firs; all was hoary, spotless; not a soul had been before us; it was perfectly white. Besides, the moon shone on this desolate paradise of silver—a deathlike stillness! only the wheels creaking from the frost. I sat on the box, but was not at all cold; winter's frost strikes sparks out of me!

As midnight approached, we heard a whistling in the wood; my brother-in-law reached me a pistol out of the carriage, and asked whether I had courage to fire, if robbers came? I said, "Yes." "Only," said he, "don't fire too soon." Lullu was in great trouble inside the carriage, but I, in the open air, with "pistol cocked and saber girt," numberless sparkling stars above, and glittering trees around, which threw their giant shadows across the moonlit way—all this made me bold on my exalted seat. Then I thought on *him*—whether if *he* had met me thus in his

young days, it would not have made a poetical impression upon him, so that he would have written sonnets upon me, and never have forgotten me? He may now think otherwise—he will be elevated above a magical impression: higher qualities—how shall I attain them—will maintain a right over him—if constancy—eternal, fixed on his threshold, do not at last make him mine.

Thus was I disposed in that clear, cold, winter night, during which I found no opportunity of firing off my piece—when the day broke I first received permission. The carriage stopped—I ran into the wood, and enthusiastically fired into the dense wilderness, in honor of your son. In the mean time the axletree was broken. We felled a tree with the hatchet which we had with us, and bound it fast with ropes; my brother then found that I was very handy, and praised me. Thus we proceeded to Madgeburg.

At seven o'clock precisely the fortress is shut; we came a minute or two later, and were obliged to wait till seven the next morning! It was not very cold, and the two in the carriage fell asleep. In the night it began to snow. I threw my cloak over my head, and remained quietly sitting on my exposed seat. In the morning they peeped out of the chaise, and there I was, changed into a snow-hermit! but before they had time to be thoroughly frightened, I threw off my cloak, under cover of which I had sat quite warm. In Berlin I was as one blind among many men; I was also absent in mind; I could take part in nothing. I longed always for darkness, that, undis-

turbed, I might think on the future, which now approached no near.

* * * * *

4. *Margaret Fuller Ossoli to her Brother.*

Rome, January 19, 1840.

MY DEAR RICHARD:

With my window open, looking out upon St. Peter's, and the glorious Italian sun pouring in, I was just thinking of you; I was just thinking how I wished you were here, that we might walk forth and talk together under the influence of these magnificent objects. I was thinking of the proclamation of the Constitutional Assembly here, a measure carried by courageous youth in the face of age, sustained by the prejudices of many years, the ignorance of the people, and the wealth of the country; yet courageous youth faces not only these, but the most threatening aspect of foreign powers, and dares a future of blood and exile to achieve privileges which are our American common birthright. I thought of the great interests which may in our country be sustained without obstacle by every able man—interests of humanity—interests of God.

I thought of the new prospects of wealth opened to our countrymen by the acquisition of New Mexico and California; the vast prospects of our country every way, so that it is of itself a vast blessing to be born an American; and I thought how impossible it is that one like you, of so strong and generous a nature, should, if he can

but patiently persevere, be defrauded of a rich, manifold, powerful life.

5. *Lydia Maria Child to a Friend.*

NEW YORK, Jan. 1st, 1848.

* * * * *

New York welcomes the new year in much the same style that she does every thing else. She is not prone, as the Quakers say, "to get into the stillness," to express any of her emotions. Such a hubbub as was kept up on the night of the 31st, I never heard. Such a firing out of the old year, and such a firing in of the new! Fourth of July in Boston is nothing compared to it. The continual discharge of guns and pistols prevented my reading or writing in peace, and I took refuge in bed; but every five minutes a lurid flash darted athwart the walls, followed by the hateful crash of firearms. If any good thing is expressed by that sharp voice, it lies beyond the power of my imagination to discover it; why men should choose it for the utterance of joy, is more than I can tell.

The racket of these powder-devilkins kept me awake till two o'clock. At five, I was roused by a stout Hibernian voice, almost under my window, shouting "Pa-ther!" "Pa-ther!" Peter did not answer, and — off went a pistol. Upon this, Peter was fain to put his head out of the window, and inquire what was wanted. "A bright New Year to ye, Pa-ther. Get up and open the door."

* * * * *

Though no great observer of times and seasons, I do like the universal custom of ushering in the new year

with gifts and gladsome wishes. I will not call these returning seasons notches cut in a stick, to count our prison hours, but rather a garlanding of milestones on the way to our Father's mansion.

In New York they observe this festival after the old Dutch fashion; and the Dutch, you know, were famous lovers of good eating. No lady that *is* a lady will be out in the streets on the first of January. Every woman that *is* "anybody," stays at home, dressed in her best, and by her side is a table covered with cakes, preserves, wines, oysters, hot coffee, etc.; and as every gentleman is in honor bound to call on every lady whose acquaintance he does not intend to cut, the amount of eating and drinking done by some fashionable beaux must of course be very considerable. The number of calls is a matter of pride and boasting among ladies, and there is, of course, considerable rivalry in the magnificence and variety of the eating tables. This custom is eminently Dutch in its character, and will pass away before a higher civilization.

6. *Josephine to Madame Campan.*

MY DEAR MADAME CAMPAN:

With my niece, whom I return to your charge, receive also my thanks and my reproof. The former are due for the great care and brilliant education which you have bestowed upon the child; the latter for the faults which your sagacity must have discovered, but which your indulgence has tolerated. The girl is gentle, but shy; well informed, but haughty;

talented, but thoughtless; she does not please, and takes no pains to render herself agreeable. She conceives that the reputation of her uncle and the bravery of her father are every thing. Teach her, and that by the severest means, how absolutely unavailing are those qualities which are not personal. We live in an age where each is the author of his own fortunes; and if those who serve the State in the first ranks ought to have some advantages and enjoy some privileges, they should on that account strive only to render themselves more beloved and more useful. It is solely by acting thus that they can have some chance of excusing their good fortune in the eyes of envy. Of these things, my dear Madame Campan, you must not allow my niece to remain ignorant, and such are the instructions which in my name you should repeat to her constantly. It is my pleasure that she treat as equals every one of her companions, most of whom are better or as good as herself, their only inferiority consisting in not having relations so able or so fortunate.

JOSEPHINE.

7. E. J. to his Friend M. E. P.

NEW YORK, July 25th, 1860.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I am sorry to learn, as I do from your last letter, that you are "not quite well, and suffer from certain unmistakable symptoms of dyspepsia." This is unpleasant news; but I trust you will not allow your ailments to become chronic. Let it be your first care, my friend, to get well; and then see to it that you keep well!

You ask me to prescribe for you. I am not a physician, and am no more familiar with the laws of health than you are, or *ought to be*. They are plainly written on the vital organism, and if we are ignorant of them, we are willfully so. But, alas! we know more of the mechanism of the stellar universe than of the structure of our own bodies! How little heed do we give to that old and wise injunction: "Know thyself!"

Health is the natural state of the human system. If disease invades the vital domain, there is a constant effort on the part of the system to expel it. In this, if we do not unwisely interfere, it generally succeeds. But disease generally enters the fortress of life through some act of treason on the part of its garrison. In other words, we are the authors of our own misfortunes in this as in other respects.

Whence come, in your case, the stomachic disorders of which you complain? You have a good constitution. There is no hereditary predisposition to dyspepsia, as there is in many persons. In what way or ways are you accustomed to sin against your own body? Do you sleep in an ill-ventilated chamber, and neglect your morning bath? Do you rush down stairs and bolt, in haste, a breakfast of hot biscuits, or buckwheat cakes, saturated with butter, and washed down with three cups of strong coffee? Do you take a cigar? but I beg your pardon, I know you have not *this* sin to answer for. Do you eat roast beef, with plenty of greasy gravy, and other condiments, for dinner, and finish off with plum-pudding, covered with

wine sauce, and smoking hot? Do you eat hot biscuits or muffins, and drink a cup or two of strong green tea for supper? Do you exercise the brain too much, and the body too little? I need not go on with the enumeration. Of which of these, or of what other transgression are you guilty? Disease, like every thing else, has its cause.

Ascertain the causes of your illness, and remove them at once; this is the first step toward a cure, and will, perhaps, be sufficient. Nature will do the rest, if not too much fettered by unfavorable conditions already induced. It may, however, be necessary to abstain almost entirely from eating for a time; to drink plenty of soft water; to bathe and rub yourself frequently; to take a good deal of moderate exercise in the open air, and to let your brain as well as your stomach rest.

You know my opinion of drugs; avoid them, by all means. Trust to the recuperative powers of your own system, aided by abstinence, exercise, and bathing, and you will soon be well. When your stomach has regained its healthy tone, begin to eat moderately of plain, wholesome food, and, unless you would invite another attack, carefully avoid the causes which have led to the present.

You have my prescription. Dr. Pillsbury will give you a very different one, no doubt, if you apply to him. Choose between us. In one thing, at least, mine has the advantage: it costs nothing.

Hoping to hear of your speedy recovery and continued prosperity, I remain,
Very truly your friend,

M. E. P., *New Orleans.*

E. J.

8. *Marmontel to the Duke de Choiseul.*

MY LORD:

I have been informed that you lend an ear to an accusing voice that solicits my destruction. You are powerful, but just; I am unfortunate, but innocent. I pray you hear me, and be my judge.

I am, with profound respect, etc.

9. *M. De La Bruyere to the Count de Bussi.*

If you did not conceal your benefits, sir, you would receive my thanks sooner. I do not mean to pay a bare compliment when I say that the manner in which you conferred your recent favor, demands and receives my warmest acknowledgments. You will hardly be able to close my lips, for I can not be silent respecting so generous an action. I am,

With all possible respect and gratitude, etc.

10. *Dr. Franklin to Mr. Strahan.*

PHILADELPHIA, July 5th, 1775.

MR. STRAHAN:

You are a member of Parliament, and one of that majority which has doomed my country to destruction. You have begun to burn our towns and murder our people. Look upon your hands! they are stained with the blood of your relations! You and I have long been friends. You are now my enemy, and I am

Yours,

B. FRANKLIN.

XII.

WRITING FOR THE PRESS.

Small bullets often do great execution. A paragraph, pithily expressed, is often quoted from one end of the land to the other.—*New York Evangelist*.

I.—THOUGHT AND STYLE.

NEVER write for a newspaper or magazine simply for the sake of seeing yourself in print, or for the gratification of any merely personal feeling. The object of these publications is to amuse, instruct, and enlighten the public, and not to pander to, or gratify, individual vanity, resentment, or malice; though, it must be confessed, they are sometimes perverted to these ends.

Feeling quite sure that you have something to say that it will be worth while for the public to read, set yourself about putting it upon paper as clearly, compactly, and pointedly as possible. Waste no time and space in making apologies for your lack of education, experience, or literary skill, in flattering the editor, or in praising his "interesting and valuable paper." If you feel that the apologies or the praise are really called for, put them, by all means, into a separate note, addressed to the editor.

Do not assume that because you have something important to communicate, it is necessary to write a long article. A tremendous thought may be packed into a

small compass—made as solid as a cannon-ball, and, like that projectile, cut down all before it. Short articles are generally more effective, find more readers, and are more widely copied than long ones. *Pack your thoughts close together*, and though your article may be brief, it will have weight, and be more likely to make an impression.

"Ye who write for this busy age," says a late writer, "speak quick; use short sentences; never stop the reader with a long or ambiguous word; but let the stream of thought flow right on, and men will drink it like water."

II.—SOME GENERAL HINTS.

When you have said all that it is *necessary* to say, stop at once. Every sentence that you add will detract from the effectiveness of your article, and from its chances of getting into print.

Now go carefully over your piece and cut out, unsparingly, every word and sentence that does not add to the sense, or is irrelevant to the subject. Having done this, and made such corrections and improvements, in phraseology and construction, as may suggest themselves to you, proceed to make a fair copy for the press. Very few persons, not writers by profession (and such we do not address), can write well enough for publication without going over the article twice, at least.

In making your copy for the press, write only on one side of your paper. An exception to this rule may be made in favor of short articles, to be sent by mail, which by writing on both sides, can be comprised on a single

sheet, and thus double postage avoided. But there should be no crowding of lines or of words in order to get upon a single page what should fill two. Legibility should not be sacrificed to economy of space or time. Write a good, plain hand, whatever illustrious examples of a contrary practice may be quoted, and you will escape, in a great measure at least, from the mortification of seeing your articles misprinted. *Be particularly careful in writing proper names and foreign or technical terms.*

An article for a newspaper or magazine should be commenced by writing the title or caption some distance below the top of the first page, and in larger letters than the body of the article. Under this place your name, or *nom de plume*, if either is to appear with the article. If your initials only are to be inserted, it is better to place them at the end of the communication. Commence the first line of each paragraph sufficiently far from the left-hand margin of your page to indicate clearly your intention. If in revising your manuscript you desire to make a paragraph where no division was originally intended, mark the place plainly with the proper sign (§).

When you find it necessary to expunge a word or sentence, be careful to do it *effectually* with the *pen*. If you have occasion to supply an omitted word, or to change one word for another, write it carefully just above the line to which it belongs, and place a caret (^) below.

The *letters* of the same syllable must always be written in the same line; and when a word is divided, by placing one or more syllables in one line, and the re-

mainder in the next, a hyphen (-) must always be placed at the end of the former line.

In reading over your composition, after it has been copied for the press, observe carefully whether the *i*'s are all dotted, and the *l*'s all crossed; whether the words are correctly spelled; whether the capital letters are rightly used; and whether it is properly punctuated.

Letters relating to subscriptions, compensation for writing, and all other business matters, should be addressed to the publishers, and not to the editor. If you have occasion to send any thing which you wish published, or any note or query for the editor, at the same time that you write to the publishers on business, never put both on the same leaf of your paper.

Editors can not undertake to return articles which they decline publishing. They do this in special cases, but a request to that effect must accompany the manuscript.

III.—PROOF READING.

Few of our readers may have occasion to read proof-sheets, yet it is well for every one to know how to write his corrections, should the necessity occur, so as to be understood by the compositor. The specimen pages which we insert should be studied by carefully comparing the one on which the errors are marked, line by line and word by word, with the same page in its corrected form. By this means, the meaning and use of all the characters and marks made use of will be readily understood.

¹ a/ Though a variety of opinions exist as to
 the individual by whom the art of printing was ² 9
 first discovered; yet all authorities concur in
 admitting Peter Schoeffer to be the person ³ Caps
 who invented *cast metal types*, having learned
⁴ 8 the art of *cutting* the letters from the Gut-
⁵ ③ tembergs; he is also supposed to have been
⁶ # the first who engraved on copper plates. The ⁷ H/
 following testimony is preserved in the family, ⁸ r/
 by Jo. Fred. Faustus, of Ascheffenburg: <# 6
¹⁰ [] 'Peter Schoeffer, of Gernsheim, perceiving ¹¹ S. Caps
¹¹ V his master Faust's design, and being himself
¹² tr desirous ardently to improve the art, found
 out (by the good providence of God) the
 method of cutting (*incidendi*) the characters ¹³ stat.
 in a *matrix*, that the letters might easily be
⁵ / singly *cast*, instead of *being cut*. He pri- ¹² ei/
¹⁴ | vately *cut matrices* for the whole alphabet: ¹⁵ 15
 Faust was so pleased with the contrivance,
 that he promised Peter to give him his only ¹⁷ w/
¹⁶ / daughter *Christina* in marriage a promise ¹⁸ Ital.
 which he soon after performed.
¹⁹ as/ But there were many difficulties at first ¹⁸ no ¶
 with these *letters*, as there had been before ²⁰ Rom.
²⁰ + with *wooden ones*, the metal being too soft ²¹ Ital.
 to support the force of the impression: but
 this defect was soon remedied, by mixing ²² 2/
 a substance with the metal which sufficiently ²³ tr. 12
⁵ ① hardened it,
 and when he showed his master the
 letters cast from these matrices,

Though a variety of opinions exist as to
 the individual by whom the art of printing was
 first discovered; yet all authorities concur in
 admitting PETER SCHOEFFER to be the
 person who invented *cast metal types*, having
 learned the art of *cutting* the letters from the
 Guttembergs: he is also supposed to have been
 the first who engraved on copper-plates. The
 following testimony is preserved in the family,
 by Jo. Fred. Faustus, of Ascheffenburg:

'PETER SCHOEFFER, of Gernsheim, perceiv-
 ing his master Faust's design, and being him-
 self ardently desirous to improve the art, found
 out (by the good providence of God) the
 method of cutting (*incidendi*) the characters in
 a *matrix*, that the letters might easily be singly
cast, instead of *being cut*. He privately *cut*
matrices for the whole alphabet: and when he
 showed his master the letters cast from these
 matrices, Faust was so pleased with the con-
 trivance, that he promised Peter to give him
 his only daughter *Christina* in marriage, a
 promise which he soon after performed. But
 there were as many difficulties at first with
 these letters, as there had been before with
wooden ones, the metal being too soft to sup-
 port the force of the impression: but this defect
 was soon remedied, by mixing the metal with
 a substance which sufficiently hardened it.'

XIII.

POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

To point a moral or adorn a tale.—*Johnson.*

UOTATIONS should be sparingly used; but a happy allusion, or a line or two from some well-known poet, aptly introduced, is an elegance in style. The best dictionary of poetical quotations is Mrs. Hale's,* to which we refer those who desire a complete collection of quotable passages from all the English and American poets, from Spenser to Stoddard. We fill two or three spare pages with a few choice ones.

BLUSHING.

From every blush that kindles in thy cheeks
Ten thousand little loves and graces spring,
To revel in those roses.

Rosa.

AFFECTION.

Ah, could you look into my heart,
And watch your image there!
You would own the sunny loveliness
Affection makes it wear.

Mrs. Osgood.

BEAUTY.

Beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

Shakespeare.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.

Keats.

* A Complete Dictionary of Poetical Quotations. Edited by Sarah Josepha Hale. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co., 1850. For sale by Fowler and Wells, New York.

FIDELITY.

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torments, through glory and shame?

Moore.

WIFE.

Dearer than all things else thou art,
Light of my home, joy of my heart,
Sweet partner of my life;
Thou art of me the better part,
My own sweet wife.

D. H. Jacques.

CHILDHOOD.

Heaven lies about in our infancy.

Wordsworth.

Look at me, my darling boy!
No sad, naughty child could ever
Be so loved and lovely—never;
You may wish for one as fine,
But, good folks, you can't have mine.

From the German.

CONSTANCY.

I am constant as the northern star.

Shakespeare.

ABSENCE.

The flowers will droop in *absence* of the sun
That waked their sweets.

Dryden.

BIGOTRY.

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
His can't be wrong whose *life* is in the right.

Pope.

BIRTH.

Look up, my young American!
Stand firmly on the earth,
Where noble deed and mental power
Give titles over birth.

Mrs. Gilman.

BREVITY.

Since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief.

Shakespeare.

HOW TO WRITE.

THE COQUETTE.

Can I again that look recall,
That once could make me die for thee?
No, no! the eye that beams on all,
Shall never more be prized by me.

Moore.

COURAGE.

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

Shakespeare.

COURTSHIP.

By Love's religion, I must here confess it,
The most I love when I the least express it.

Herrick.

Learn to win a lady's faith
Nobly, as the thing is high,
Bravely, as for life and death,
With a loyal gravity.
Lead her from the festive boards;
Point her to the starry skies;
Guard her, by your truthful words,
Pure from courtship's flatteries.

Mrs. Browning

CUSTOM.

It is a custom
More honored in the breach than the observance.

Shakespeare.

DREAMS.

But dreams full oft are found of real events
The forms and shadows.

Joanna Baillie.

EVENING

It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whispered word.

Byron.

LOVE.

Nay, let the silence of my womanhood
Commend my woman-love to thy belief.

Mrs. Browning.

Love me, sweet, with all thou art
Feeling, thinking, seeing;
Love me in the lightest part;
Love me in full being.

Mrs. Browning.

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