

NAM 11/4/612

George Bernard
Dec 5. 6. 1791.

I rejoice in your account of M^r. D.'s improvement in health — pray acquaint him of
of that & the ~~same~~ When I reflect upon my situation, so distant from many whom
I revere, esteem, or love, the first impulse is that of regret, but I correct
this as well as possible, by recollecting that I am not entirely forgotten by
those estimable friends, that in general distance produces indifference first, and
secondly, something very like oblivion — now since I derive so much pleasure
from the communication of friends, how am I to express my thankfulness? In the
only way in my situation possible, that is by setting out on my journey towards
them (by letter) in such a minikin character as shews my wish to have a long talk
with them in expectation of a reply twice as long — and indeed all things duly
considered I have a right to that expectation — My European friends are furnished
with a thousand topics of information, and anecdote which must be interesting to
one so remote from what is called the world, as I am — you my dear cousin for I
will be so unfashionable, but at the same time so vain as to use the antiquated term
which implies something nearer than common acquaintance or even friendship,
you my dear Coz take the familiarity I have well understood how great the pleasure
must be which I derive from so cheerful and pleasant a letter as you have
honoured me with.

However proud you may be for a moment I have that persuasion of your excellent
understanding that better wealth and all other loss with you when set in contrast
with honor, honest pride, severity, generosity, humanity and those less brilliant but
more amiable qualifications of which some of our un... common acquaintances
and friends are possessors — I thank you a thousand times for your flattery in
writing to me (and that your letter was not a short one) — This kindness was the
least expected, as, when I was last in England (however my health might be) my spirits
were by no means able to have usual cheer — Under such circumstances it was but
natural that I should appear indifferent where indifference could not or ought not
to find admittance, I will recollect a certain of manner, and an indifference to
the subjects of conversation which might well wear the appearance of apathy
or insensibility, neither of which were however at bottom — When I went to Bath
at the solicitation of M. I carried with me from London real affection and a wish
to promote the happiness of loving and estimable people, but I was aware that the
inconstancy of my situation joined to the embarrassment of my circumstances laid
so many pounds weight of lead upon a heart naturally light and inconsiderate, and
that a grave look and frequent absence gave me an air of indifference which were
totally foreign to my natural disposition, and that habitual carelessness which my
old friends and acquaintances know to be part of the embroidery of my constitution.

I pray you gentle Cox pardon that apparent coldness, and visiting manner, for
which I frequently scolded myself, while your consciousness and presence invited
me to more frequent and less embarrassed intercourse — I owe to your kindness this
confession and now having sent the letter, I will bid you no longer with pleasure —

If Lady D. Vesey an able flatterer would be pious to pronounce all her
various merits, I must content myself with telling you what I think of her
that the man who is in possession of such a treasure ought to endeavor by
every possible allusion to let her understand, what a value he set upon so
inestimable a prize in the matrimonial lottery — She cannot hide her
talents in a napkin, but her diffidence constantly throws a veil over them.
With a masculine mind and understanding, she is truly feminine and most
delicately so without parade or affectation — She knows too well what
beauty is, to be blind to her own, but not a gesture escapes her that can
betray her consciousness of it. I will believe that the happiness of her
friends is more likely to fill her eyes with tears than any drops of her
own — you may discern a beautiful soul thro a pair of such eyes! I wish
I were dared to consider the lustre of them for fear of offending — If women
were to be placed on seats according to the rate of their perfections she should
undoubtedly hold her place among the highest — This thought reminds me
of the Painter's scale, and on that Model I would frame me for a set of
Females whom I am so happy as to have known in my life and who have

honour me with some tokens of their condiscension or what other term
shall I use, goodwife, will that do? you are of the number so judge —
I protest those men who are looking out for specks on snow, I could use
the seaman's phrase, & be — at their eyes — so much in the way of
answer to M^r. D^r's Quare — now I write to you on a subject that is very
familiar to me, that dear delightful creature myself — I am so happy
that I think I shall go out of the world as Horace says with conviction.
I know you know well enough — yet you write to M^r. D^r on, pray
what does this man mean, is this his politeness, does he take me for a
she Pedant? I can assure you my amiable leg, that the flattering cir-
cumstance of receiving letters from kind absentees makes the chief
gratification and solamen of my present situation, but I will tell you
circumstantially how my time passes and you shall tell me in your next
not to indulge too far the loquacity of my pen — I cannot write long
small letters to a person I do not affectionate — I write employ the
time that comes to hand, tho' I should pass for a puppy, what care I?
However before I come to that part of my scribble, I will congratulate
you both on that delightful independence you so gallantly describe
may you long enjoy it in perfection, and take my sacred word for it, I will
be eyewitness of your happiness, if Lady Fortune ever indulges my wish
to see England again where so many of my dear dear friends are beloved —

The kind terms of your letter engage me to the most unreserved communication.
Miss M^{rs}. Bedford's sister, alias her Mother's daughter profited by the private
Theatricals which were so profitable — is her father yet disgusted with his new
house or his old — — — — — lady — This is so venomously cruel that if I could be a friend
of you I would not suffer such a sentence to appear against me, but it is a
proof that I can entrust you with the black part of my own character — Some-
at Oxford met a little starched cousin, late a fellow of C.C. now Dean of Exeter,
in Ireland, after dinner from his cage I ridiculed some of my old card-playing
wrestling Quarts, and the University man with a very grave face & monstrous
dose of Brim cried Ah Louisa! we should never laugh at our Relations,
whereof I think our relations are as fair game as heart can wish, my
friend is my relation and I bless my stars there are a number in the world
whom I love pretty intimately — indeed I have some relations who are the
best of friends, kind ones, refined in that unerring conceit, the list of all
professions and promises, I mean the parting with their money — I require of
you to tell me what attractions you have made in house — garden or farm, if
the dear M^r. D. has been with you since your setting up for yourself —
have your Neighbours a D. among them? rejoice with me on the marriage
of M^r. Villiers, I am glad at heart for it, there is nothing merrier on the side of
the woman, all I desire of the Man is that he should be a match for her —

you must know my clever cousin, that I am an Irish Patriot, that I am
delighted to hear of improvement in commerce, science, manners, that it is
becoming time, that vanity is becoming pride, ostentation respectability, and
respectability improved from making folk deadly drunk, into making them
sociably reasonably happy — But England is my Father Country, but I
am so much that if during my remainder of life rebellion took place in
Shamrockshire, I should coast paddys boat to learn him better
manners — Lord de S. making love puts me in mind of the Boar in
silence creeping — He is very ill of the Gout, but he will certainly recover —

young M. writes me long letters, how I should love the man whom I would
approve for his help mate, what do you think of her? if I was a young
Catholic, I would kiss the Pope for a dispensation, so will I think of her —
In a conversation where the persons dramatic were Lydia White, Col. Phipps
Mary Procter junior and your humble, it seemed to me that Spinster Mary are in a confusion of Flowers and Verdure all the year thro', almost and
had more salubility with companions de cause, than we other three — it is
with a loving soul, and far from selfish, that is the sort of thing
which ought to have a husband and children, and some of those personals
which give a zest to existence, and make us more devout than Hell and
the Devil, pitiless bar barism, Worms despair & darkness & —

a beautiful Woman, a rose or any sweet, the Sun, the Moon, a
Cathedral, an Organ and Psalm, Mr. Jordan in Viola, Mrs. Milnes the ri-
ple drop, an Orchard in full bearing, forgiveness with tears, the glorious Sun,
these are sparks from the Powerful being whose light we dare not look up to.

These are emanations which our senses qualify us to admire, & thro' which we
communicate adoration without a direct address — what think you —
our Person here, is a stupid fellow, prays for rain — I might just as well
pray for L. de S. or Mrs. P. or any Man of my admirables who are actually
in possession of the rightful owners — This is fine language from a Greybeard.

but as the clock chimes, or some such saw built on experience — you
postage for all this — I wish I could transfer you some of my own and
July flowers, and sweet peas all a blow of sweets, not such northwesterly
putting things, posted like spoiled children as you Derbyshire folk will get
I have a pup at about July, and sent with in September — the Madians
name a pup at about July, and sent with in September — the Madians
if I may judge of myself, that I am losing my hair & have the goat &
am more wrinkled than the most scientific side of the Witch of Endor.
I am as bold as Pickney and putting off the appearance of dread as much
as I can, stagger from time to time and cry out like him who's afraid —

Mr. Dickenson

Taxal

Chapel le Frith

Derbyshire

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