

**SYLVANDER AND
CLARINDA: THE LOVE
LETTERS OF ROBERT BURNS
AND AGNES M'LEHOSE**

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Sylvander and Clarinda: the love letters of Robert Burns and Agnes M'Lehose by Robert Burns & Agnes M'Lehose & Amelia Josephine Burr

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ROBERT BURNS & AGNES M'LEHOSE & AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

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AND AGNES M'LEHOSE**

*Yoni's
Glorinda*

*The Glorinda presented by Yoni's to
Glorinda with the saying "Gloria"*

*From the English of the Ballad
And Verse of Peasblossom
Glorinda takes the little hair. She
The humble maid of glori-
And fill them high with perfume, and
A perfume in your hand,
And 'twould be as the perfume that
The whole of heaven's hand!
To those who love us, - cannot fall
But see to those who love us,
Let us love those who love us,
Of which, - in it is a love.*

F. Glorinda, Ltd. 1887

*Syvander
and
Clarinda*

*The Love Letters of
Robert Burns
and
Agnes M'Lehose*

*Edited by
Amelia Josephine Burr*

*New York
George H. Doran Company*

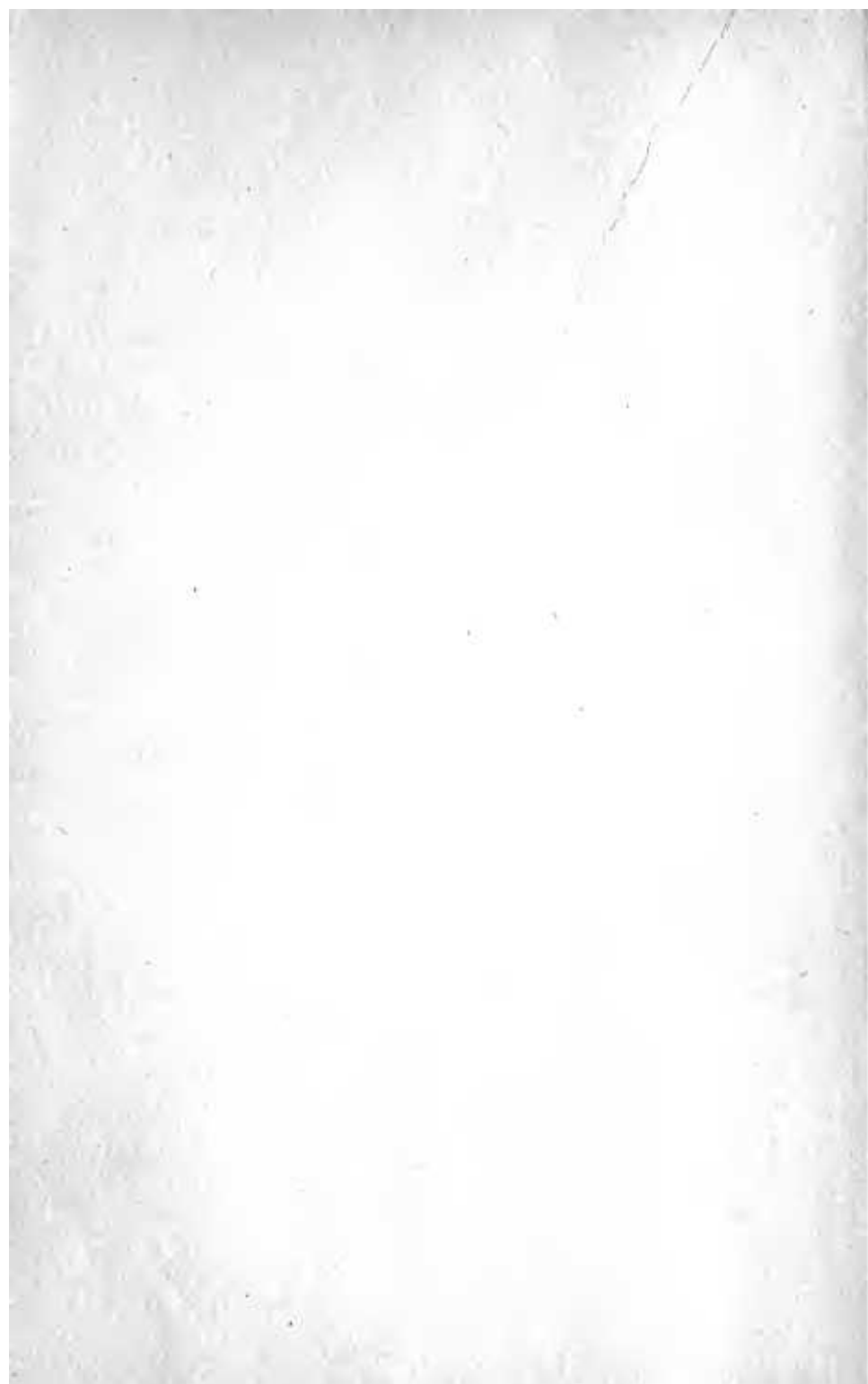
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1917

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"The sight of human affairs deserves admiration and pity. They are worthy of respect, too. And he is not insensible who pays them the undemonstrative tribute of a sigh which is not a sob, and of a smile which is not a grin."

JOSEPH CONRAD.



INTRODUCTION

IN the most forbidding tragic mask one finds lines of mirth, and the loudest laughter has its origin in the pain of somebody—it may be, the laugher's own; for Comedy and Tragedy are like the Siamese Twins, inseparably united and sharing the same springs of life. The representation of them as two distinctly individual sisters is one of the pretty inventions with which we have tried to soften and embellish the stark face of nature. This book is for those who are not afraid to look in that face as it is, and beyond it to the spirit that underlies its beauty and its ugliness, its laughter and its tears. Here is a story on an old theme—"infinite passion and the pain of finite hearts that yearn." You may pity the people who enact it, you may despise them,—you may laugh at them, and probably will, at the moments when they take themselves most seriously, for this is a crude draught of reality, not strained through the prejudices of an interpreter. It is for each reader to understand the man and the woman who spread more or less of their hearts

INTRODUCTION

on paper in the letters that follow, as one conjectures about a similar happening among one's acquaintance. Did she have all of him that she cared to take, considering the cost of more? Or was the old resident of Edinburgh right when he said "The puir auld donnert leddy body spoke o' her love for the poet just like a bit hellicat lassie in her teens, an' while exhibitin' to her cronies the faded letters from her Robbie, she would just greet like a bairn. Puir auld creature, she never till the moment of her death jaloused or dooted Robbie's love for her; but sir, you ken he was just makin' a fule o' her, as his letters amply show." Do they show it so amply? or do they show the man whose wooings usually strode so swift and heavy-footed toward one simple brutal goal, for once offering reverently the worship of his mind and spirit, while the body he had so pitifully squandered stands humbly aside, all but silent in its hopeless desire? Do not be discouraged by the grotesqueries of stilted language in Dick Swiveller's vein—remember that these are not puppets of a writer's imagination, veined with verses and with adjectives for blood, but a real man and woman of the eighteenth century, creatures of high-running passion for all the pompous phrases of their time, who lived far