

LETTER OF DR. JOHN MURRAY  
TO HIS SON, JOHN B. MURRAY

—•—  
1774

My Dear and Eldest Son

Probably before this letter is finished, but most certainly before it comes to hand, you will be entered into your 19<sup>th</sup> year; at which time of life, I remember that I felt all the man; therefore I hope you will not be offended, that I should henceforth esteem and treat you as such; which I am glad to find that I have good warrant to do, from the various accounts given of you by your sister and others. Go on my dear Jack! and as you have had greater assistance than your Father, may you excel him in all respects!

for the like reason, it has been my greatest  
ambition to follow the footsteps of, and outlive  
your Grand Fathers, and Great Uncle W. Bennett,  
three men of whom it may be said that you  
more worthy ever lived. The history of their  
lives is well worth your attention, and should  
I live to unfold you once more in my parental  
arms, I shall think it an agreeable task to inform  
you of such particulars concerning them as will  
at the same time excite your ambition, and rouse  
in you an emulation of their virtues, in the  
different spheres of life. You will learn from  
your sister Coll's letters, and one that I wrote  
to you jointly with Ann, that I did myself  
the pleasure of visiting your sister Coll in

London. It was a very short visit, of little more than 24 hours, yet one of the most agreeable I ever made in my life; especially as I had the pleasure of meeting your Uncle the Captain in good health and spirits. I hope this pleasure is still capable of improvement, for from a hint sent me by your aunt Inman our common Parent! I flatter myself with having it in my power, to make you the same compliment in company with your sister Ann. Should your Mother make one of the party, would not your joy be almost complete? I am very happy to find the piece of cloth I sent you for a suit of clothes, was agreeable to you. Having adorned your body I am anxious

to improve your mind and amuse you at the same time; therefore beg your acceptance of a set of Shakespeares plays which I hope you will receive safe with this, and if any other book, which I think equally useful, should fall in my way, I will send it. I had some intention of making you a present of a late publication, but thought it right to peruse it first; the beginning was pleasing and instructive, the middle wicked and detestable, and the conclusion, had it not been for the purity of the language, and an easy agreeable style, would have been stale and tedious. I shall compare it no less than Lord Chatterfields letters to his only son, who by the by, was a natural one. I will attempt a review of it. He begins