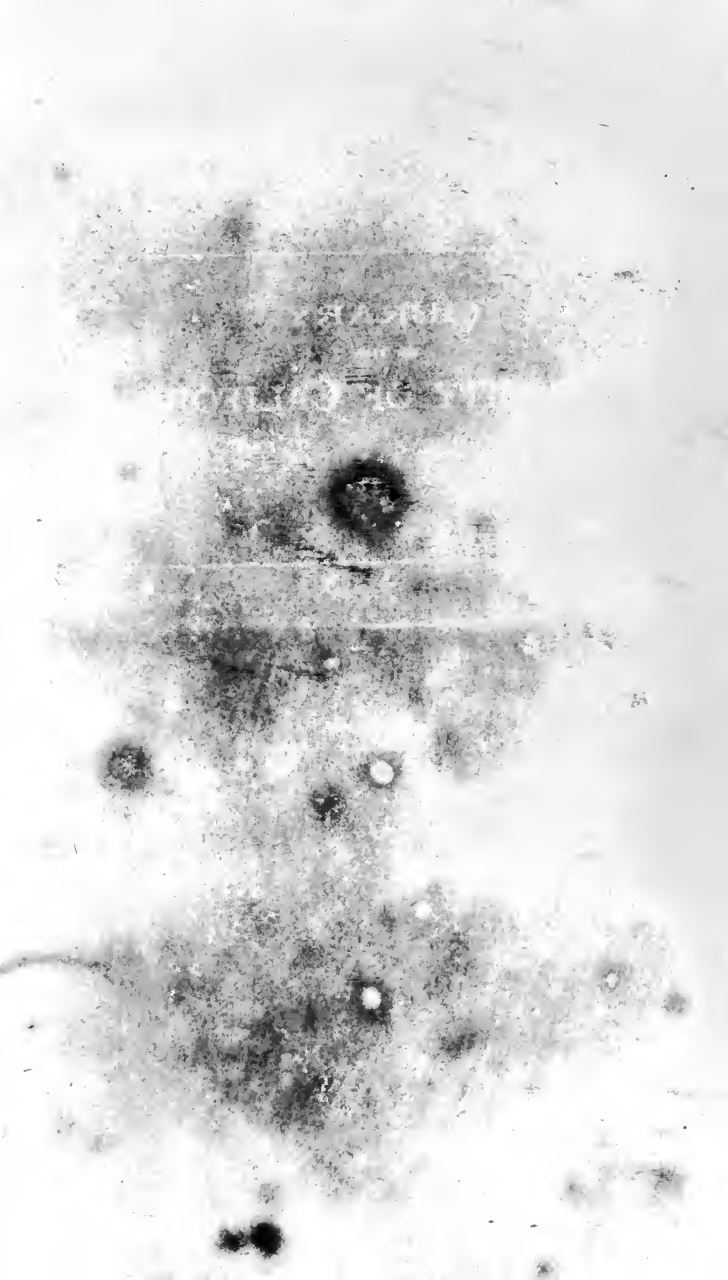




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THE  
LITERARY LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE  
OF THE  
COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON

BY  
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AUTHOR OF

“TRAVELS IN THE EAST,” “INFIRMITIES OF GENIUS,” “THE MUSSULMAN,”  
“SHRINES AND SEPULCHRES,” “THE LIFE OF SAVONAROLA,” ETC.

“L’homme marche vers le tombeau, traînant après lui, la chaîne de ses  
esperances trompées.”

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CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

---

|   | PAGE |
|---|------|
| CHAPTER I.  |      |
| The Countess Guicciola.—Correspondence with Lady Blessington . . . . .  | 3    |
| CHAPTER II.   |      |
| Miss Landor . . . . .   | 39   |
| CHAPTER III.  |      |
| Miss Landon.—Correspondence with Lady Blessington . . . . .   | 55   |
| CHAPTER IV.   |      |
| The Countess America Vespucci.—Mrs. Sigourney.—Miss Louisa Sheridan.—Mrs. Abell.—Miss Emma Roberts.—Mrs. Isabella Romer . . . . . | 77   |
| CHAPTER V.  |      |
| Walter Savage Landor.—Letters from Lady Blessington . . . . .   | 99   |
| CHAPTER VI.   |      |
| Letters of Walter Savage Landor to Lady Blessington . . . . .   | 117  |
| CHAPTER VII.  |      |
| John Forster.—Letters from Lady Blessington . . . . .   | 142  |
| CHAPTER VIII.   |      |
| Marquess Wellesley.—Letters to Lady Blessington . . . . .   | 149  |
| CHAPTER IX.   |      |
| The Duke of Wellington.—Letters to Lady Blessington.—The second Duke of Wellington . . . . .                                      | 158  |
| CHAPTER X.  |      |
| Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.—Letters to Lady Blessington.—Sir Henry Bulwer.—Correspondence with Lady Blessington . . . . .           | 168  |
| CHAPTER XI.   |      |
| Isaac D'Israeli. — Benjamin D'Israeli. — Charles Dickens. — Letters to Lady Blessington . . . . .                                 | 204  |

## CONTENTS.

## CHAPTER XII.

|  | PAGE |
|--|------|
| Lord Abinger.—Letters from Lord Durham.—Lord Brougham.—Various Letters.—Lord Stangford.—Letters from F. B., etc..... | 230  |

## CHAPTER XIII.

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| Dr. Parr.—Sir Thomas Lawrence.—Thomas Moore.—Thomas Campbell.—Barry Cornwall..... | 257 |
|---|-----|

## CHAPTER XIV.

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| Joseph Jekyll.—Jack Fuller.—Hon. W. R. Spencer.—Henry Luttrell.—George Colman.—Theodore Hook.—James Smith..... | 277 |
|--|-----|

## CHAPTER XV.

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| Captain Marryatt.—Albany Fonblanque.—John Galt.—N. P. Willis.—F. M. Reynolds..... | 310 |
|---|-----|

## CHAPTER XVI.

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| Dr. Beattie.—Correspondence with Lady Blessington and Dr. Madden . | 340 |
|--|-----|

## CHAPTER XVII.

|                               |     |
|-------------------------------|-----|
| B. Simmonds.—John Kenyon..... | 366 |
|-------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER XVIII.

|                             |     |
|-----------------------------|-----|
| Miscellaneous Letters ..... | 377 |
|-----------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER XIX.

|                             |     |
|-----------------------------|-----|
| Epistolary Curiosities..... | 396 |
|-----------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER XX.

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| Correspondence with the Mathewses ..... | 406 |
|---|-----|

## APPENDIX.

## No. I.

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| Correspondence of Count D'Orsay.—Letters to Landor, Forster, Mathews, and others..... | 429 |
|---|-----|

## No. II.

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| Correspondence of Count D'Orsay.—Letters to Dr. Quin..... | 456 |
|---|-----|



CONTENTS.

v

No. III.

Correspondence of Count D'Orsay.—Letters to Dr. Madden ..... PAGE 459

No. IV

Letters from Dr. Madden to Count D'Orsay ..... 462

No. V.

Works of Art of Count D'Orsay ..... 463

No. VI.

Dedicatory Letter of Sir E. B. Lytton to Count D'Orsay ..... 465

No. VII.

Memorandum of Lady Blessington respecting the expected Appointment  
of Count D'Orsay ..... 465

No. VIII.

Count D'Orsay and Richard J. Lane ..... 467

No. IX.

Count D'Orsay's first Visit to London ..... 471

No. X.

The Duke de Grammont ..... 472

No. XI.

The present Duke de Grammont ..... 472

No. XII.

Marshal Sebastiani ..... 473

No. XIII.

Lord Mountjoy and Lord Edward Fitzgerald ..... 474

No. XIV.

Letters to and from Lord Blessington ..... 480

No. XV.

Letters of Sir William Gell to Dr. Quin ..... 488

No. XVI.

Lines to Lady Blessington by Walter Savage Landor ..... 497

No. XVII.

Rev. Thomas Stewart ..... 498

|   | PAGE |
|---|------|
| No. XVIII.  |      |
| Statuary, etc., of Count D'Orsay, confiscated in 1793, and claimed by<br>Count Alfred D'Orsay in 1844 ..... | 498  |
| No. XIX.  |      |
| Count D'Orsay's Gore House Picture .....  | 501  |
| No. XX.   |      |
| Lord Byron's Yacht, subsequently the property of Lord Blessington ...                                       | 501  |
| No. XXI.  |      |
| Notices of Lords Holland, Grey, Lansdowne, Erskine, and Mr. Perry..   | 503  |
| No. XXII.   |      |
| Madame Du Deffand and Madame Geoffrin .....   | 504  |
| No. XXIII.  |      |
| Edward Rushton, of Liverpool.....   | 507  |
| No. XXIV.   |      |
| Notice of Eugene Sue's Wandering Jew .....  | 510  |
| No. XXV.  |      |
| Notices of Friends and Correspondents of Lady Blessington.....  | 511  |
| No. XXVI.   |      |
| Thomas Moore .....  | 565  |
| No. XXVII.  |      |
| Miss Landon.....  | 568  |

A M E M O I R  
OF THE  
L I T E R A R Y L I F E A N D C O R R E S P O N D E N C E  
OF THE  
C O U N T E S S O F B L E S S I N G T O N.

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CHAPTER I.

LA CONTESSA GUICCIOLI, NOW MADAME LA MARQUISE DE BOISSY.

THIS lady is the daughter of the Comte Gamba, descended from one of the first families of Ravenna.\*

Teresa Gamba was born at Ravenna in 1802. She was educated at a convent, and was removed from one by her father, to be married, at the age of sixteen, to an old nobleman of considerable wealth and very extensive landed property on the borders of Ancona and Bologna—the Comte Guiccioli, a friend in early life of Alfieri. The comte was not only old enough to be the father of this young lady (who was his third wife), but was even some years older than her father.

Youth, beauty, and intellect, united with age, ugliness, and mindlessness, proved an incongruous combination of jarring elements: antipathies, aversion, discords, and separation were the result of this ill-starred, ill-assorted union.

\* The Countess Guiccioli descends from a long line of illustrious ancestors. Her grandmother, a celebrated beauty in her time, was daughter to the Marquis di Bagno, of Mantua; and her mother, who died in childbirth only a year or so after the young countess's marriage, was a very handsome lady, and daughter of the Contessa Macherelli, one of whose sisters married the Count Cobentzel, of Vienna, and by another sister the family became allied to the noble houses of Erdeddi, Nadasti, and Esterhazy.—*Diary in Italy*, vol. ii., p. 53.

Byron first beheld Madame Guiccioli at Venice, at the house of the Countess Albrizzi, in the autumn of 1818, two days after her marriage with the old noble of large possessions and small worth, then bordering on his grand climacteric. It was not, however, till the spring of 1819 that he became acquainted with the fair lady, at an evening party in the same city, and from that time daily meetings—"the despotism of a strong passion" on the part of one, "a profound impression" on the heart of the other, an attachment that endured during the life of Byron, and that subsists to this hour in the guise of a sort of *culte* for the memory of a man of transcendent talents in the breast of the surviving lady—were the result.

About this period, in June, 1819, Lord Byron, after a residence of upward of two years at Venice, began to grow weary of the gloomy aspect of a great city falling into decay and dilapidation: "To see a city die daily, as Venice does, is a sad contemplation," said his lordship. He accordingly abandoned Venice, and betook himself to Ravenna, where he renewed his acquaintance with the Countess Guiccioli.

The countess had been obliged to quit Venice for Ravenna, with her husband, about the middle of the preceding April. Soon after her arrival, her mother died in giving birth to her fourteenth child.

In July, 1819, Byron wrote from Ravenna to Mr. Hoppner, saying, "I greatly fear the Guiccioli is going into a consumption, to which her constitution leads. Thus it is with every thing and every body for whom I feel any thing like a real attachment—'War, Death, or Discord doth lay siege to them.' I never even could keep alive a dog that I liked, or that liked me."

Four years previously, Byron had met with some loss, which he made the subject of lines of much beauty and pathos, that are not to be found in his collected published works. These lines throw some light on the apparent indifference which Byron was in the habit of exhibiting on occasions of separation by death, or other causes, from those he loved, and especially on the occasion of his parting with Madame Guiccioli at the period of his embarkation for Greece.

LA CONTESSA GUICCIOLI.

3

STANZAS,

BY LORD BYRON.

1.

I heard thy fate without a tear,  
Thy loss with scarce a sigh ;  
And yet thou wert surpassing dear,  
Too loved of all to die.  
I know not what hath seared mine eye ;  
The tears refuse to start ;  
But every drop its lids deny  
Falls dreary on my heart

2.

Yes, deep and heavy, one by one,  
They sink and turn to care ;  
As caverned waters wear the stone,  
Yet dropping, harden there ;  
They can not petrify more fast  
Than feelings sunk remain,  
Which, coldly fixed, regard the past,  
But never melt again.\*

The Guiccioli Palace at Ravenna, in which Byron resided for several months, is a large building, with spacious apartments, and a grand staircase. Like the majority of old Italian palaces in towns and cities of secondary importance, it has a dilapidated, gloomy appearance. Here, however, a canto of Don Juan was written, and also his finest drama, Sardanapalus.

The rooms which were occupied by Byron had been decorated by him, and one of the salons had been painted in fresco from pictures by one of the old masters.

The Guicciolis proceeded to Bologna in August, and were soon followed by Byron.

The latter end of that month Count Guiccioli, accompanied by his lady, left Bologna for his Romagnese estates. Byron fell

\* The above lines were obtained from the late Mr. R. A. Davenport, compiler of a Dictionary of Biography, and author of several works, who had the kindness to communicate them to my publisher, with a note, wherein he said,

“These lines are in Lord Byron’s own hand-writing. I received them from him, along with another poem, in 1815. I add the seal and post-mark in confirmation of my statement.

R. A. DAVENPORT.”

into a state of melancholy, became reserved and exceedingly dejected, and solaced himself, in the absence of the countess, by going daily to her house at the former usual hour of visiting her, entering her apartments, turning over her books, and writing in them. In one of those visits he fell into a profound reverie, and was found weeping bitterly, brooding over the idea that had taken possession of his mind—that it was fatal to be loved by him.

In a copy of the countess's "Corinne," on the 25th of August, 1819, he wrote some lines in the last pages, the concluding passages of which evince plainly enough the violence of his unhappy passion: "My destiny rests with you, and you are a woman seventeen years of age, and two out of a convent. I wish that you had stayed there, with all my heart, or, at least, that I had never met you in your married state. But all this is too late. I love you, and you love me—at least you say so, and act as if you did so, which last is a great consolation, at all events. But I more than love you, and can not cease to love you. Think of me sometimes when the Alps and the ocean divide us; but they never will, unless you wish it."\*

In September the Countess and Lord Byron were for some time in the free enjoyment of each other's society at Bologna (the count being on business elsewhere); they proceeded together to Venice, and there, at his lordship's villa of La Mira, they passed the autumn, and were visited by Moore.

In his Journal (vol. iii., page 971), Moore speaks of having met Byron at Venice in October, 1819. He makes mention of the Count Guiccioli applying to Lord Byron for the loan of £1000 at five per cent.; "that is, to give it to him, though he talks of giving security, and says in any other way it would be an *avilimento* to him."

Lady Blessington describes the personal appearance of the Countess Guiccioli as highly prepossessing, her manners distinguished, and her conversation spirituelle and interesting. "Her face," observes Lady B., "is decidedly handsome—the features regular and well proportioned—her teeth very fine, and her hair

\* Life of Byron, ed. 8vo, p. 407.

of that rich golden tint which is peculiar to the female pictures by Titian and Giorgione. Her countenance is very pleasing; its general character is pensive, but it can be lit up with animation and gayety, when its expression is very agreeable. Her bust and arms are exquisitely beautiful, and her whole appearance reminds one very strikingly of the best portraits in the Venetian school."

This account, in several particulars, corresponds with Mr. Hunt's earlier representation of her appearance; but in one respect it is entirely at variance with the latter; and, from my own observation, though at a later period than that of either Lady Blessington's or Mr. Hunt's acquaintance with Madame Guiccioli, I am fully persuaded the description of her appearance as that of "a kind of buxom parlor boarder" is very far from being correct.

"Her appearance," says Mr. Hunt, "might have reminded an English spectator of Chaucer's heroine :

"Yclothed was she, fresh for to devise;  
Her yellow hair was braided in a tress  
Behind her back, a yard long I guess,  
And in the garden (as the same uprist)  
She walketh up and down, where as her list."

"And then, as Dryden has it,

"At every turn she made a little stand,  
And thrust among the thorns her lily hand."

"Her hair," observes Mr. Hunt, "was what the poet has described as rather *blonde*, with an inclination to yellow—a very fair and delicate yellow, at all events, and within the limits of the poetical. She had regular features, of the order properly called handsome, in distinction to prettiness or piquancy, being well proportioned to one another—large rather than otherwise, but without coarseness, and more harmonious than interesting. Her nose was the handsomest of the kind I ever saw; and I have known her both smile very sweetly and look intelligently when Lord Byron has said something kind to her. I should not say, however, that she was a very intelligent person. Both her wisdom and her want of wisdom were on the side of her

feelings, in which there was doubtless mingled a good deal of the self-love natural to a flattered beauty. \* \* \* In a word, Madame Guiccioli was a kind of buxom parlor-boarder, compressing herself artificially into dignity and elegance, and fancying she walked, in the eyes of the whole world, a heroine by the side of a poet. When I saw her at Monte Nero, near Leghorn, she was in a state of excitement and exultation, and had really something of this look. At that time, also, she looked no older than she was; in which respect, a rapid and very singular change took place, to the surprise of every body—in the course of a few months she seemed to have lived so many years.”

I have seen Madame Guiccioli thirty-three years after the period at which Mr. Hunt says this “rapid and very singular change” had taken place, and most assuredly, even at this day, there is nothing in the appearance of this fascinating person that would indicate that early change, or indeed any subsequent one, more than the hand of time, most leniently laid on that beautiful face and form, might have been expected, in his most sparing mood, to have made.

The Guiccioli’s loveliness was of a kind to which Byron’s lines on the Venus de Medicis, in the Florentine Gallery, might be well applied :

“ We gaze and turn away, and know not where,  
Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart  
Reels with its fullness.”\*

As to the maudlin affectation ascribed to her by Mr. Hunt, and anxiety to parade her attractions, and the influence of a heroine of romance, the account is wholly at variance with the notices of other writers of her habits and tastes at different periods, not only during the lifetime of Byron, but since that event.

With respect to the deficiency of intelligence, rather hinted at by Mr. Hunt than asserted, it may be observed, in decrying this lady, Lord Byron’s taste and judgment were to be depreciated (morality was not taken into account), and altogether an unfavorable impression of the person who was most favorably looked on by the offending poet was to be effected.

\* Childe Harold, c. iv., st. 59.



Lord Byron says the education of Madame Guiccioli had been carefully attended to, and her reading had been extensive. "Her conversation is lively without being frivolous; without being learned, she has read all the best authors of her own and the French language. She often conceals what she knows, from the fear of being thought to know too much; possibly because she knows I am not fond of blues. To use an expression of Jeffrey's, 'If she has blue stockings, she contrives that her petticoats shall hide them.'"

The disinterestedness of the Countess Guiccioli is fully established by the testimony of Hobhouse and of Mr. Barry, the friend and banker of Lord Byron, and the statements of Moore, in the preface to the second volume of the first edition of his "Life, Letters, and Journals of Lord Byron." When Byron went to Greece, he gave Mr. Barry orders to advance money to Madame Guiccioli; "but that lady would never consent to receive any." He had also stated to Mr. Barry that he intended to bequeath £10,000 to her. "He mentioned this circumstance also to Lord Blessington; but his intention had not been carried into effect, and it was fully ascertained that Madame Guiccioli had discountenanced the intention, and dissuaded his lordship from fulfilling it."\*

In Moore's diary of July, 1824, we find, in an account of a conversation with Mrs. Shelley regarding Lord Byron and his affairs, these words: "The Guiccioli has refused a settlement from him (ten thousand pounds, I think)."

The 2d of April, 1823, Byron wrote from Genoa that he had just made the acquaintance of the Blessingtons; and on the 2d of June following, he wrote a farewell letter to Lady Blessington, who was then on the eve of departing from Naples, and on the 13th of the next month he embarked for Greece. Lady Blessington's intimacy with Byron was only for a period of two months, and during those two months, I am informed by the Countess of Guiccioli (now Marquise de Boissy) that the interviews between Lady Blessington and Byron did not exceed five or six: and that the feelings of friendship entertained by his

\* Moore's Life, &c., of Byron. Pref. to vol. ii., first edit., p. xix.

lordship were not of that very ardent nature which would have prevented him from indulging in his favorite propensity of bewildering his *entourage* by giving expression to satirical observations, even on a friend on whom he had written such eulogistic verses as he had composed for the Countess of Blessington.

Madame Guiccioli at different periods visited England, and on each occasion found at Gore House a hospitable mansion, where she was occasionally domiciled or entertained. There was great intimacy between Lady Blessington and Madame Guiccioli, and a demonstration of affection in their correspondence that might have denoted friendship of a very cordial kind; but I doubt if a very sincere, ardent, and disinterested attachment existed between them. Madame Guiccioli seemed to feel that she was lionized by Lady Blessington, and Lady Blessington appeared to remember that the Guiccioli claimed a property in the memory of Lord Byron which was not altogether compatible with the feelings of the author of "Conversations with Lord Byron." Lady Blessington courted the society of Madame Guiccioli, it is true, showed her great civility, and made a great deal of her in the salons; but any little peculiarities of the Italian lady were seized hold of eagerly, and made the most of in society, and laughed at in it.

Like most Italian women, Madame Guiccioli has very little comprehension of badinage or irony in conversation. The Guiccioli could not understand any thing like a joke; she could bear with any neglect, or even a slight, provided it extended not to Byron's memory. Lady Blessington, who delighted in certain kinds of mystification in a sportive humor, mischief making of a playful sort, used sometimes to take advantage of Madame Guiccioli's simplicity and amusing peculiarities, her exaggerated ideas of Italian superiority in all matters of refinement, her invincible persuasion that Italians exceeded all other Europeans in genius, virtue, and patriotism, to enter into arguments at variance with her notions, and to propound strong opinions unfavorable to the people, culture, and climate of Italy.

At the commencement of 1820, Count Guiccioli having arrived in Venice, after some negotiations, menaces of legal proceedings

with a view to a divorce, and a formal agreement, by which it was covenanted that all communication with Lord Byron should cease on the part of the countess, the lady consented to accompany her lord to Ravenna. The covenant was not long kept; letters soon passed between the countess and Byron, with complaints of coldness on one side, protestations on the other, and intimation of intended departure from Italy, and farewells forever.

The intended departure was soon relinquished. Early in January, Byron was again established at Ravenna; and in July of the same year (1820), a formal separation was pronounced in Rome between the Count and Countess Guiccioli, the lady and her friends having demanded it. The countess was ordered to go back to her father's house, and a maintenance was decreed from her husband's property.

The allowance made to her was 22,000 crowns a year, her husband's income being 120,000 crowns a year.

Byron says on this occasion he offered any settlement, but it was refused. The "dama" went to reside at a villa of Count Gamba, fifteen miles distant from Ravenna; and there she was occasionally visited by Byron.

In July, 1821, the old Count Gamba, and his son, Count Pietro Gamba, the father and brother of Madame Guiccioli, as suspected chiefs of the Carbonari, were ordered to quit Ravenna, where the countess was then residing. The two Gambas proceeded to Florence, and there were joined by the countess. In the following month of August she was established at Pisa, in the Casa Lanfranchi, an ancient palace which had been just taken by Byron. In the latter part of September, 1822, Lord Byron and the countess removed to Genoa, and took the Villa Saluzzi at Albaro, one of the suburbs of the city.

On the 13th of July, 1823, his lordship embarked for Greece. On the morning of that day Madame Guiccioli parted with him, never more to behold him.

Of that parting no particulars are to be found in the "Memoirs," by Moore, the "Conversations," by Lady Blessington, or, indeed, in any other account of Byron and his affairs in Italy.

Byron had lashed his imagination into a sort of romantic phrensy and enthusiasm on the subject of the struggle of the Greeks for their liberation from Turkish tyranny. He had a generous feeling of devotion to the interests of liberty in all lands. But at this particular juncture he was becoming tired of Italy, and had just witnessed the hopelessness of an attempt there for freedom, and the ruin which that unsuccessful attempt had brought on many of his Italian acquaintances and allies of his political opinions. A few months before, he had spoken of quitting Italy for England, and bidding farewell forever to one who had been the delight of his existence there ; but then, when the time for departure came, his courage failed, he could not separate from "*La dame de ses pensées.*" It was the same, in some respects, on this occasion ; he talked for a long time to her of this romantic expedition, he descanted on its pleasure, its perils and excitement, and sometimes half seriously, half ironically, of its glories. He persuaded her to allow her brother, Count Gamba, to accompany him to Greece ; he told her he was resolved, in a few months, to return to Italy, *ritornaire a l'Italia* (to her, as it was interpreted, for what was Italy then to Byron without her?); but Madame Guiccioli says, "Notwithstanding all this, every person who was near him at the time can bear witness to the struggle which his mind underwent (however much he endeavored to hide it) as the period fixed for his departure approached."\*

In the evening of the 13th of July, when all the preparations were made, and the persons of his suite who were at the Saluzzi, and were to accompany him, had been sent on, Byron, who had been busily engaged in superintending those preparations, with manifest effort endeavoring to appear composed, indifferent, wholly rapt up in Greece and liberty, and affecting to be jaunty in his air and lively in his conversation, took his last leave of the person who for him had abandoned every thing in this life that should be held dear to woman.

His lordship embarked the evening before the intended departure ; he and his whole party slept on board the *Hercules*, the vessel chartered for the expedition. Byron's latest dream

\* Moore's Life of Byron, p. 590.

of love had been dreamed out; and that last vision of his life's romance past and gone, nothing now remained for him but a vague, undefined object, looked at through a refracting medium that tinged its imperfect outlines with bright hues, and invested them with glorious shapes and classical poetic illusions.

In that work, which Byron told Mr. Murray, in July, 1821, "at the particular request of the Contessa G——, he had promised not to continue"—Don Juan, there are some farewell lines of the Donna Julia which might have been appropriately addressed to the author of that poem by the Donna Teresa Guiccioli, on the occasion of his departure from Genoa :

"My breast has been all weakness, is so yet,  
But still I think I can collect my mind :  
My blood still rushes where my spirits set,  
As roll the waves before the settled wind.  
My heart is feminine, nor can forget—  
To all except one image madly blind ;  
So shakes the needle, and so stands the pole,  
As vibrates my fond heart to my fix'd soul."\*

Byron, at the time of his departure from Genoa, was in his thirty-sixth, and Madame Guiccioli in her twenty-second year.

The Hercules cleared the port at daybreak on the 14th of July, but the vessel lay becalmed all day in sight of Genoa. At nightfall a storm set in, and after encountering considerable danger, the captain had to put back to port, and anchored there about six o'clock in the morning of the 15th.

Lord Byron came on shore dejected, and *appearing* thoughtful. On relanding, he set off for Albaro, expecting to find the Guiccioli still at Saluzzi. On the way he said to his companion, "*Where shall we be in a year?*" He arrived in the chill gray morning, at an early hour, at his former residence, but there was no light step of one rushing forth to meet him as he approached.

"He entered the house his home no more,  
For without hearts there is no home, and felt  
The solitude of passing his own door  
Without a welcome : there he long had dwelt,  
There his few peaceful days Time had swept o'er."

\* Don Juan, canto i., st. 197.

All was still and silent in the Saluzzi ; a caretaker of the deserted house met his lordship at the threshold, and said, "La senora è partita."

Madame Guiccioli had taken her departure that morning. A painter should have been there, ensconced in some nook—one of a divining spirit as well as of a skillful hand. Byron wandered for some time through the desolate-looking apartments, the rooms she inhabited, the grounds that were her customary walks ; and, like that Lambro of whom he had written five years previously—"a man of a strange temperament"—he felt there was in the aspect of a place that had recently been an abode that had enjoyments and joyous loving inmates, and all at once had become a solitude,

"A thing to human feeling the most trying,  
And harder for the heart to overcome,  
Than even the mental agony of dying."

Byron returned early in the day to Genoa, and there he passed some hours with his friend Mr. Barry, walking about some gardens near the city, and conversing in a way that showed his thoughts had taken a gloomy turn.

In the evening of that day he embarked, and finally lost sight of Genoa, and soon of Italy.

During Byron's life, it was "la nobile e bellissima sua fisionomia, il suono della sua voce, le sue maniere, i mille incanti, che lo circondavano che lo rendevano un essere così differente così superiore a tutti quelli che ella aveva sino allora veduti," which had nourished the passion of the Countess Guiccioli. But the fidelity of her attachment to the memory of that highly-gifted being, at the expiration of thirty years even, still survives. It has assumed a settled aspect of veneration, that with a pale but steady light shines not ineffectually over the remains of the greatly loved and honored dead.

This kind of *culte* reminds one of the sepulchral lamps of the ancients that are said to have burned continually in charnels, giving out a faint, unfading light, without receiving aliment or support from without the precincts of the tomb.

“The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame  
 Over his living head, like heaven, is bent,  
 An early but enduring monument,  
 Came veiling all the lightning of his song in sorrow,”\*

on the 18th of April, 1824, was drawing to the end of life at Missolonghi. In the latter part of that day few of his words could be distinguished, and these were names—“Ada,” “Hobhouse,” “Kinnaird.” Later, in an interval of reason, he was heard to say, “Poor Greece!” “Poor town!” “My poor servants!” “My hour is come; I do not care for death, but why did I not go home before I came here?” At another time he said, “There are things which make this world dear to me; for the rest, I am content to die.” He spoke again of Greece, saying, “I have given her my time, my means, my health, and now I have given her my life: what could I do more?” It was about six o’clock on the evening of Thursday when he said, “Now I shall go to sleep;” and then turning round, fell into that slumber from which he never awoke.†

At half past six the following day, the 19th, after lying nearly twenty-four hours almost bereft of sense or motion, he breathed his last. A great intelligence passed away into the world of spirits.

It remained for a clerical corporation to determine—that world into which his spirit had passed was one of wrath and woe. They would not suffer the place in which the ashes of Castle-reagh—of hundreds of impious, profane, and many unprincipled persons, many mercenary, some sanguinary, and several very vile and worthless minions of power, were laid, to be contaminated with the remains of Byron; but then Byron was a Liberal, and for the punishment of adverse politics, hypocrisy put on a garb of piety on this as well as many other occasions, and party had its revenge, while religion had the name of a vindication of her cause.

Johnson speaks of a Dean of Westminster whose abhorrence of Milton was so intensely orthodox, that the name of the bard,

\* Elegy on the death of Keats, by Shelley.

† Moore’s Notices, &c., vol. vi., p. 212.

in his opinion, was too detestable to be read on the walls of a building dedicated to devotion.\*

On the arrival in England of the remains of Byron from Greece, application was made by the executors, in their individual capacity, to the dean and chapter of Westminster, for permission to have his remains interred in the Abbey; "but such an answer was received as left little doubt of any more regular application."†

It was then decided on having *his remains* interred in the family vault at Hucknall, near Newstead. But some of "the nearest friends" of the deceased poet were not content that *his imperfections* should be buried with his ashes.

The remains of Byron were removed from the house of Sir George Knatchbull, in Great George Street, on the 12th of July, 1824, and on the 16th the last duties were paid to them in the small village church of Hucknall. They were laid in the family vault, close to those of his mother.

On a tablet of white marble, in the chancel of the church, there is the following inscription :

In the vault beneath,  
where many of his ancestors, and his mother, are buried,  
lie the remains of  
GEORGE GORDON NOEL BYRON,  
Lord Byron of Rochdale,  
in the County of Lancaster,  
the Author of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage."  
He was born in London, on the  
22d of JANUARY, 1788,  
and died at Missolonghi, in Western Greece, on the  
19th of APRIL, 1824,  
engaged in the glorious attempt to restore that country to her  
ancient freedom and renown.  
His sister, the Honorable Augusta Maria Leigh, placed this  
tribute to his memory.

About eight years ago Madame Guiccioli married an elderly French noble, the Marquis de Boissy. One would have thought the first experiment of this kind might have sufficed.

\* Life of Milton.

† Notices of Life of Lord Byron, vol. vi., p. 222.



Wycherly, the comedian, married a girl of eighteen when he was verging on eighty. Shortly after, Providence was pleased, in its mercy to the young woman, to call the old man to another and a better world. But, ere he took his final departure from this, he summoned his young wife to his bedside, and announced to her that he was dying; whereupon she wept bitterly. Wycherly lifted himself up in the bed, and gazing with tender emotions on his young, weeping wife, said, "My dearest love, I have a solemn promise to exact from you before I quit you forever here below. Will you assure me my wishes will be attended to by you, however great the sacrifice you may be called on to make?" Horrid ideas of Suttees, of poor Indian widows being called on to expire on funereal pyres, with the bodies of their deceased lords and masters, flashed across the brain of the poor woman.

With a convulsive effort and desperate resolution, old Wycherly's young wife gasped out an assurance that his commands, however dreadful they might be, should be obeyed. Then Wycherly, with a ghastly smile, said, in a low and solemn voice, "My beloved wife, the parting request I have to make of you is—that when I am gone—(here the poor young woman sobbed and cried most vehemently)—when I am in my cold grave—(Mrs. Wycherly tore her hair)—when I am laid low—(the disconsolate wife roared with grief)—when I am no longer a heavy burden and a tie on you— ('Oh, for Heaven's sake!' exclaimed Mrs. Wycherly, 'what am I to do?')—I command you, my dear young wife—(said the old, dying comedian)—on pain of incurring my malediction, never to marry an old man again." Mrs. Wycherly dried her eyes, and, in the most fervent manner, promised that she never would; and that faithful woman kept her word for life.

The Marquis de Boissy (Hilaire E. O. Rouillé) is one of the new nobility of France, who owe their coronets to their own merits and successes in military, political, stock-jobbing, or mercantile speculations. The marquis is a large landed proprietor, who recommended himself to the notice of the late Marshal Soult by his industrial efforts, and long-continued endeavors to improve the condition of the humbler classes in the district of

Viezzon à Lignières, in which his property is situated—the chateau and territory of Castelnau, near Charost, six leagues from Bourges.

The marquis *se montre assez souvent à la tribune de la chambre de Paris*. He was wont to appear there a little—*trop souvent*, for the tranquillity of his friend and patron, Marshal Soult.

His merits have been fortunate enough to be appreciated by the present ruler of France ; he has been honored with the title and functions of a senator.

Madame la Marquise is still a most fascinating woman, conscious of her power to please, and calculated to succeed in her efforts, as well as by the external *attraits* of appearance and deportment. Brilliant talents she has no claim to ; but she has considerable conversational talents, and a large share of keen observation and insight into character, and of cleverness and *naïveté*, mingled with simplicity. She is well versed in Italian and French literature, has read much, and to some purpose. She writes fluently, and though not very correctly in English and French, expresses herself fully and forcibly, gracefully, and with facility.

When reference is made to Byron, and her intimate relations with him, she seems half proud, half ashamed of her liaison, and the conflicting feelings come strangely into contact in her conversation. But one feeling predominates over every other in relation to her former friend and admirer—one of unalterable fidelity and unchangeable constancy in her attachment to him, and devotion to his memory.

LETTERS FROM LADY BLESSINGTON TO LA CONTESSA GUICCIOLI.

To Madame Guiccioli, in Italy :

“ Seamore Place, London, Aug. 19, 1833.

“ MY DEAR MADAME GUICCIOLI,—I have learned with deep regret the affliction that has fallen on your domestic circle—an affliction which few are so calculated to feel in all its bitterness as yourself. While I was accusing you of forgetting your friends in England, which would be indeed ungrateful, as they do not cease to remember you with affection, you were in grief, and absorbed too much by the recollection of what you had lost to be blamed for forgetting the friends who still remain. Alas ! *chère amie*, it is not until we have lost those we loved that we feel all their value. Memory feeds on grief, and

calls up looks and voices that we can see or hear no more on earth, but that, brought back by memory, have power to make us forget for a few moments the painful present in the happier past.

"I do not seek to offer you vain consolation because I too well know its inefficiency, and you have been too highly tried in affliction not to have learned its bitter lesson—submission.

"I hope we shall see you in England next year; you have left behind you too agreeable an impression for those who have had the pleasure of knowing you not to desire to see you here again; and among your friends, no one more anxiously desires it than myself. London has been very full, but not very gay this season. Our Opera has been brilliant, and offered a galaxy of talent such as we never had before. Pasta, Malibran, Tamburini, Rubini, Donzelli, and a host of minor stars, with a corps de ballet, with Taglioni at their head, who more than redeemed their want of excellency. I did not miss a single night, and was amply repaid by the pleasure I received.

"You are so kind as to wish me to tell you of myself, and therefore I must play the egotist. My health has been good, and I have written a political novel, which appeared in June, with the reception of which I have had every reason to be satisfied, and for which I got a good sum.

"I am now coming forth with a very beautiful work, called 'The Book of Beauty;' I say beautiful, as it is to be embellished with fine engravings from beautiful female portraits, illustrated by tales in prose and verse, to which many of my literary friends have kindly contributed. You see, my dear countess, that I have not been idle since I saw you; but the truth is, I like occupation, and find it the best cure for banishing painful retrospections.

"Mr. Bulwer set off yesterday for Italy, and will visit Rome and Naples. I saw Mr. Moore three days ago, and he inquired very kindly for you; and I saw Campbell lately, who does not forget you. I wish you would send me a little Italian tale, in prose or verse, for my book. I know you could if you would, but I fear you are too idle. I trust you go on with the Memoirs you promised to write. It would amuse and instruct you, and would be highly gratifying to the world. Pray write to me often, and your letters shall be punctually answered.

"Believe me, my dear Countess Guiccioli, your sincere and affectionate friend,  
M. BLESSINGTON."

To Madame Guiccioli, in London :

Seamore Place, July —, 1835.

"As I have neither seen nor heard from you since Wednesday, I conclude that you have abandoned the project of accompanying me to Anglesea Villa. I regret this very much, as you would have liked the country, which is very beautiful, and the air and sea breezes would have prepared you for the longer journey you intend taking.  
M. BLESSINGTON."

To Madame Guiccioli, in London :

“October —, 1835.

“I shall grow superstitious, my dearest friend, for I really had a presentiment that you were either in sickness or in sorrow, and, alas ! I find that you are in both. I wish I was near you, for I understand your heart as well as I do my own, and I think I could lighten your sufferings by sharing them. I have great faith in the power of sympathy, and it is in moments of affliction that the presence of a true friend can be of use. I shall be more *triste*, knowing that you are unhappy and alone, than if I was near you. Be assured that I feel for you a friendship as warm as it is sincere, and that few people can love you as well, because few can appreciate you as truly as I do.

“My carriage shall be at your door to-morrow at seven o'clock, to bring you to dine with me ; but if you wish to take the air, or have any visits to pay, it shall be at your service at any hour you like. We felt so solitary after you left us, and missed so much your fair face and sweet voice, that we were not sorry that letters of business recalled us to London.

“Count D'Orsay charges me with mille amitiés de sa part. Adieu until to-morrow, chère et belle amie. God bless you, prays your affectionate and devoted friend,  
M. BLESSINGTON.”

To Madame Guiccioli, in London :

“November, 1835.

“Well can I share your feelings at the fatal event that has taken place. I too lost *two* brothers, dear to me as the life-blood that warms my heart, and though years, long years, have passed since then, I remember the blow as if it only yesterday fell on me.

“When such an affliction befalls us, we are apt to forget that those we mourn have only preceded us to the tomb by at most a few years. We shall soon follow them, and be united never more to part, and this thought should console us. Think how quickly passes even the longest life, and be comforted with the certainty of our reunion where there are no more partings and no more tears. Heaven bless you, my dearest friend. M. BLESSINGTON.”

To Madame Guiccioli, in Paris :

“October 9, 1835.

“I am truly grieved, my dearest friend, to hear that you have been so ill. I thought that your silence boded no good, but I tried to think it proceeded from the occupation and consequent fatigue of sight-seeing, which, to a person with so much imagination, and so impressionable as you are, never fails to be as exhausting as it is exciting. How fortunate that you found a skillful doctor ! I shall henceforth venerate his name and laud his practice, though I trust you will no more have occasion to try its efficacy.

“Your tour has been a very interesting one, and you had need of such an excitement to lessen the *tristesse* that had taken possession of you since the melancholy intelligence from Italy. There is but one source of consolation,

my dear friend, under such afflictions, and I have been often, during the last six years, compelled to seek its aid, and this is the recollection that the friends torn from us by death (that ruthless destroyer of the dearest ties) only precede us at most by a few fleeting years to that only sure rendezvous where we shall all meet. Alas! such is our weakness, that we mourn as if they only were condemned to die, and that we were not to follow them. The brevity of life proves the best consolation for the pains that fall to ourselves while in it. But why dwell on the subject to you, who, like myself, have tasted deeply of the cup of affliction, and who are accustomed to its bitterness?

I hope to see you again very soon after your arrival, with the roses of health again blooming on your cheeks. Count D'Orsay charges me with his kindest regards for you. We often think and talk of the pleasant hours passed in your society at Anglesey, when your charming voice and agreeable conversation gave wings to them. I have delivered your message, in a most triumphant tone, as to 'The Life of Napoleon,' by Lockhart. It is delightful to conquer an opponent so obstinate as our friend, and the victory is yours.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

#### To Madame Guiccioli, in London :

"Gore House, July 4th, 1836.

"It gave me great pleasure to hear from you again, for I had begun to think you had forgotten me, a supposition calculated to give pain to one who feels, as I do, a lively affection for you.

"The papers will have informed you of the result of a singular trial. The evidence, though enough to show imprudence, could not satisfy any jury of actual guilt; but the proceedings were of a nature to inflict great pain on any delicate-minded woman's feelings, and to furnish a theme of scandal to the censorious. Nothing can be more calculated to strike at the root of morals than the vile system in England of bringing forward discharged servants, often of bad character, to give evidence against their mistresses. Such should be, in nine cases out of ten, refused belief, and in this case it was so; but the misfortune is, that though the good and virtuous part of society *disbelieve*, the bad and vicious *do not*, and as they are the largest party, a poor woman's honor never comes purely out of such trials or from such commentators.

"I see a good deal of your friend, Mr. Trelawney, and like him very much; he is original, clever, and brave; and of how few men can one say so much! Comte D'Orsay charges me with his very kindest regards to you.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

#### To Madame Guiccioli, in Paris :

"Gore House, October 24th, 1837.

"It gave me very great pleasure, my dear friend, to see your writing again. It appeared a long, long time since you left me, and I anxiously looked for the assurance that you had got through your voyage and journey safely, and

with as little inconvenience as might be hoped. I have missed you continually, and thought of you often. You are so warm-hearted and affectionate, that, were you less *aimable* by many degrees than you are, it would be very difficult, after having enjoyed your society for a few weeks, to resign it without deep regret. But I console myself with the hope that you will come to me next year again, when we shall renew our sober conversations by the fire-side like two philosophers who have acquired wisdom by the only true road to that science—*suffering*.

“You ask me about my health, but, alas! I can give you no satisfactory account of it. I went to Margate the Tuesday after you left me, and remained there eight days, when, finding the sea air too cold for me, I returned home, and, though not better in health, find it less irksome to be ill at home than at an inn.

“I send you the ring engraved. It has your cipher on the centre, and a Marguerite and a pensé on the sides, to remind you of one who thinks often and affectionately of you. Comte D’Orsay charges me with *mille choses aimables* to you; you have, *malgré all discussions*, secured a very warm and sincere friend in him.

M. BLESSINGTON.”

To Madame Guiccioli, in Paris :

“Gore House, January 1st, 1838.

“I can not allow the first day of the new year to pass over without offering you my best wishes that it may bring you health and happiness, and without thanking you for both your kind letters. Be assured that, although I have not sooner thanked you for them, my silence has not proceeded from want of regard, but has been compelled by the pressure of literary labor, joined to a delicacy of health that still renders me a sad invalid. It gave me great pleasure to learn that you were looking so well, and are so comfortably settled in your new abode. My little Isabella was enchanted with your sweet cadeau, and has done great honor to it; how *aimable* and how like you it was to have thought of her.

“I want you to do me a little service at Venice, if you have any correspondent there. It is to have inquiries made, or a few lines inserted in the newspapers there, stating that if any one will deliver up the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague to Signor Algarotti, written many years ago, they will be bought at a reasonable price. My publisher has asked me to do him this service, and you are the only friend I could think of likely to assist me in the affair. The letters were, some years ago, in the possession of an inn-keeper at Venice.

“My niece and her family have been staying with me during the last month. She is kind and gentle, and you would, I am sure, like her. Comte D’Orsay charges me with his kindest regards to you; we often think of you, and always with sincere affection.

“I have no faith in the predictions of Madame le Norman, but if only half

the good fortune she foretells you arrives, I will be ready to become one of her most zealous converts. If the good and estimable were favorites of Fortune, you would possess every advantage.

“Adieu, ma chère amie.

M. BLESSINGTON.”

To Madame Guiccioli, in Paris :

“Gore House, June 26th, 1838.

“It gave me very great pleasure indeed to hear from you again, but pain to learn that you were going southward, instead of, as I hoped, turning your steps toward England, where I should have been so delighted to see you. I regret to find that your excellent father is not well, and shall be glad to hear better accounts of him. The poor Duchess D’Abrantes! Her death, and the circumstances that preceded it, were very melancholy. You have not told me whether you heard from Venice relative to Lady M. Wortley Montague’s letters, or if there is any chance of their being recovered.

“London is at present insupportable. The streets and Park crowded to suffocation, and all the people gone mad. Pray let me hear from you from Aix, and do not forget that you have friends in England who think often and fondly of you. It was only to-day that Lord Fitzharris sent me your letter, and I am so hurried that I can scarcely find time to write you these few lines.

“M. BLESSINGTON.”

To Madame Guiccioli, in Boulogne :

“Gore House, August 15th, 1839.

“I am obliged to accompany my niece, who is in very delicate health, to the seaside for a month, and this contretemps will deprive me of the pleasure of receiving you before the 20th of September. I am more annoyed at this necessity of leaving home than I can express, as it prevents me from seeing you as soon as I could wish; but I trust that it is only a pleasure delayed, and that you will come to me as soon after the 20th of September as you can, and remain with me as long as you can make it convenient. I can not express to you with what pleasure I anticipate your visit. I had been ordered sea-bathing for my own health, but did not intend to adopt the measure, as I would willingly give up any plan that only concerned myself to have the gratification of seeing you a month sooner; but the health of my niece requires my presence and care, and I can not refuse accompanying her.

“Your friend Alfred charges me with his kindest regards to you. He is now an inmate at Gore House, having sold his own residence; and this is not only a great protection, but a great addition to my comfort.

“M. BLESSINGTON.”

To Madame Guiccioli, in Paris :

“Gore House, December 16th, 1839.

“MY DEAREST FRIEND,—I have not yet been able to reconcile myself to

your absence, or to forget our sad farewell. Parting is not to me what Shakspeare calls it, 'a sweet sorrow,' but a bitter one; for I look on every one, which has not a definite period fixed for its termination, as partaking, in some sort, of the bitterness of death; and taking leave of those I love afflicts me beyond the power of controlling my emotions. I wept your departure until sleep weighed my heavy eyelids down, and the first thought on waking was the painful one that the sea divided us. No one can live for weeks under the same roof with you, without feeling the loss of your presence as one regrets the last fine days of autumn; and this regret I experience every day. You have so much of the warmth and sunshine of your own bright land, that dear Italy which I so much love, that I miss you as much as I did it when I returned to England.

"I inclose you Marguerite's verses on you. She is a young poetess, but truly feels what she writes, so that her lines have the merit of truth, if they have no other, and this is more than can be said of better poets. She begs of me to thank you for remembering her, and bids me say that she needed no flowers to remind her of one who possesses all the brightness and sweetness that belong to them.

"Alfred charges me with his affectionate and cordial regards to you. He is not given to make professions, even when he most feels; but I do assure you that you have in him a true friend. Have you heard that the Parisian papers announced his arrival at Paris? And did you read the article on him in the Charivari? It was very droll. The Prince N—— requested me to offer you his kindest wishes, and Mons. Thessily never comes to Gore House without asking for you, and praying to be recalled to your memory.

"Mr. Reeve, too, and Mr. Chorley, speak of you with enthusiasm. In short, no day passes in which you are not fondly remembered. You have not told me if the Mr. —— is at Paris. I hope he is, for it will be some consolation for your absence to know that you have near you those who can truly appreciate you.

"The Viscount de F—— must have been charmed at your return, for I am sure he envied me the happiness of your society here. I feel disposed to like all who love you, and although this will lead to an extensive friendship, I nevertheless can not feel indifferent toward your friends. Remember me most kindly to my friend Henry Bulwer, and let me hear from you soon. Alfred and Marguerite desire their most affectionate regards to you.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

"Gore House, May 15, 1840.

"MA TRES CHÈRE AMIE,—I fear that this letter will not find you at Paris, and I wish so much that before you set out for Italy you should receive the renewed impression of my unimpaired affection, and my vows that, ultimately, the late event in Italy may tend to lead to that happiness, which no one merits more than you do. I had seen the account in the newspaper, and since



I read it I have not ceased to think of you, and the influence it may have on your happiness.

“Let me hear from you, ma chère chère amie, as soon as you reach Ravenna, for I shall be most anxious to be assured that all is going on as you wish. I will send this letter under cover to Mr. Henry Bulwer, with a request to forward it to Ravenna in case you should have left Paris. Remember me most kindly to your brother, and tell your good father that, though we have never met, I have learned to esteem him.

“Votre ami Alfred, et croyez moi, il est véritable ami pour vous, begs me to offer you his affectionate regards, as does Marguerite, and praying heaven to guard and bless you, votre dévouée,  
M. BLESSINGTON.

“P. S.—I do not believe that there is the least likelihood of Prince Montfort’s daughter managing Prince Louis; about the other person I know not, but will inquire.

“Monsieur Kinliff has left London, and is now attached to the embassy at Paris, where he will be greatly disappointed not to find you. We regret him very much, for he is good as well as agreeable, and has many good qualities, among which is a due appreciation of you. Adieu, encore adieu.”

To Madame Guiccioli, in Paris :

“Gore House, April 14, 1841.

“MA CHÈRE, BONNE ET BELLE AMIE,—Mr. Hamilton Brown sent me your letter about a month ago, and long as it had been retarded, its receipt afforded me great pleasure.

“I know you so well, and love you so truly, that I never could doubt your affection, even though months passed without your giving me any assurance of it by letter; for I judge your heart by my own, and that tells me I may safely confide in the stability of your attachment. I have thought of you often and fondly during the winter, and pictured you to my mind’s eye surrounded by a family circle who must love you dearly, because they know how you deserve to be loved.

“I keep your little box of *cagea* always on my table next my chair in the library, and its odor breathes of your dear country and dearer self, and brings back to me our long *causeries* by the fireside. I trembled on reading the danger to which you were exposed during the terrible voyage to France. Little did I imagine that the storm which I heard raging with such fury menaced the safety of one so dear to me. Absence and distance from those we love, always so painful and difficult to be borne, becomes doubly so when we reflect on the dangers to which they may be exposed. It grieves me to think that you will return to Italy without our meeting. How glad would it make me if you could pay me a visit before you depart.

“I have suffered so heavily from the old malady in the trachea during the winter and spring, that even my doctors do not think it would be prudent for me to remain in England another winter. I should like to take up my abode

somewhere near you, if you were likely to remain in Italy; but I fear you will settle in Paris.

“You were wise not to waste years in a lawsuit, for well has it been said that he who commences a suit resembles him who plants a palm-tree which he will not live to see flourish. Your friend Alfred, and you have not a truer friend, charges me with a thousand kind regards to you. Marguerite sends her affectionate wishes.  
M. BLESSINGTON.”

To Madame Guiccioli, in Paris :

“Gore House, June 7, 1841.

“How I grieve to find that you are leaving France without being able to pay me even a short visit. I write now merely to request you will keep me *au courant* of your movements, that in case I should be able to leave England I may know where you are. May all happiness attend you. If only half what you merit falls to your share, you will be happier than most people.

“Marguerite desires to be affectionately remembered to you, and so does Alfred, who entertains for you a sincere and warm attachment. Heaven bless you, *ma chère et belle amie*, and be assured you have not a more affectionate or devoted friend than  
M. BLESSINGTON.”

To Madame Guiccioli, in Paris :

“Gore House, January 8, 1845.

“As I see by the newspapers that you are returned to Paris, I write to scold you for your long silence, and for leaving me to learn your movements only by the journalists! I have also a piece of intelligence to convey, which I am sure will give you pleasure. You have, I dare say, heard that your friend Count D’Orsay has within the last two years taken to painting, and such has been the rapidity of his progress, that he has left many competitors, who have been for fifteen years painters, far behind.

“Dissatisfied with all the portraits that have been painted of Lord Byron, none of which render justice to the intellectual beauty of his noble head, Count D’Orsay, at my request, has made a portrait of our great poet, and it has been pronounced by Sir John Cam Hobhouse, and all who remember Lord Byron, to be the best likeness of him ever painted! The picture possesses all the noble intelligence and fine character of the poet’s face, and will, I am sure, delight you when you see it. We have had it engraved, and when the plate is finished, a print will be sent to you. It will be interesting, *chère et aimable amie*, to have a portrait of our great poet from a painting by one who so truly esteems you; for you have not a truer friend than Count D’Orsay, unless it be me. How I wish you were here to see the picture! It is an age since we met, and I assure you we all feel this long separation as a great privation. I shall be greatly disappointed if you are not as delighted with the engraving as I am, for to me it seems the very image of Byron.

“M. BLESSINGTON.”

To Madame Guiccioli, in Paris :

"Gore House, July 16th, 1845.

"MA CHÈRE ET AIMABLE AMIE,—Your approval of the engraving has given us all the greatest pleasure ; I only wish you could see the picture, for that is infinitely more like than the engraving.\* The portrait has all the refined and intellectual look of our great poet ; color does so much for likeness. I really think you would be delighted to see the oil picture, which is a half-length, as large as life.

"And so you are again returning to Italy, without finding time to come to England to see the friends so anxious once more to embrace you. Think how long a time it is since we met, and how delighted I should be again to welcome you beneath my roof. You know, or ought to know, chère amie, that your presence will always be welcome here, and whenever you have any time to spare, you should devote it to me.

"I saw your Italian friend only once, but the fault was not mine. I invited him to return, but have not seen him since, nor has he left his address.

"Pray let me hear from you often, and tell me all that concerns you and those dear to you. I hope you will find your father better. Comte D'Orsay sends his most cordial regards, Marguerite her tender amitiés. Heaven bless you, chère, belle et aimable amie, prays  
M. BLESSINGTON."

LETTERS FROM LA CONTESSA GUICCIOLI TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

(No date.)

"MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—I am just coming back from Harrow, where I have enjoyed many melancholy pleasures, and dined with Mrs. Drury's† family, and spent all the day, from one o'clock in the morning till ten in the evening, amid them.

"Indeed, it has been a fatiguing, melancholy, but very interesting day for me.

"My dear Lady Blessington, believe me always, yours very affectionately,  
" T. GUICCIOLI.

"Wednesday night."

"Saturday.

"I send you back the lines of Mr. Barry, which I have read with great pleasure.

"Fletcher's letter to Mr. Hobhouse is a very curious thing, and it has amused me a great deal.

"You ask me for some documents, for some extracts of Lord Byron, and letters to me from Greece, to prove how his *dévouement* to me continued to be the same till his death.

"But what shall I answer you on this subject ? Perhaps you will blame

\* The portrait of Lord Byron, by Count D'Orsay.

† The family of the Rev. H. Drury, of Harrow, the tutor of Lord Byron.—R. R. M.

me, but I can not conceal from you that I have the greatest dislike to publish *now* any of Lord Byron's letters to me. One day or other they will be published, but the moment is not come yet. And also, don't you think, my dear Lady Blessington, that if I were to give you extracts and names, don't you think that the malicious part, at least, of your readers would say you were influenced by your friendship toward me, or by my entreaties to speak in honorable terms of Lord Byron's affection for me? This is so much my own opinion, that I am convinced the world would give much more credit to every thing honorable you will say about Lord Byron, not only without my own extracts, &c., but still more, also, had you published it when you had no acquaintance with or friendship for me. But upon all that I will speak about with you the first time I shall have the pleasure to see you. And if you like to see all Lord Byron's letters to me, at every part of our acquaintance, I will show them to you with pleasure.

"Good evening, my dear Lady Blessington, and many thanks for all your kindness toward me.

"Believe me always your friend,

T. GUICCIOLI."

"Thursday.

"I am just returned from Mrs. Leigh, Lord Byron's sister. We passed three hours together, always speaking of him. You may then imagine, my dear Lady Blessington, in what way my feelings must be in this moment. Mrs. Leigh is the most good-natured, amiable person in the world; and, besides, poor Lord Byron was so fond of her, that she is a very interesting person for me.

"I am quite well, though not able to accustom myself to the dreadful noise of Picadilly, and to the English songs, so that I have taken the resolution to go next week to an hotel.

T. GUICCIOLI."

(No date.)

" . . . . . Je vous renvoie le Romance de Mr. Bulwer, et les deux numero du Monthly. Je trouve des idées si *justes* et si bien *exprimés* dans les extraits de votre Journal que je n'aurais pas désiré mieux. Seulement les passages relatifs à cette dame, et vos reflexions sur elle peuvent inspirer une sympathie pour elle qu'elle ne mérite pas, vu qu'elle a été la cause volontaire et obstinée de tous les malheurs de Lord B—.

"Je trouve aussi que quelque une de vos reflexions sur le genre de vie que B— menait à Venise sont un peu trop severe et exagèrent la verité. Comme il aimait à se calomnier, il étoit bien lui la cause principale des fausses opinions qu'on entretenait de lui.

T. GUICCIOLI."

"Brighton, August 27th, 1832.

"I received a note from you before my departure from London, which, being a reply to the last of mine to you, I did not answer. I found your re-

marks on my critique true and reasonable, and for some of them, at least, I could have scarce any other thing to reply but that you are right. Yes, you are right, my dear Lady Blessington, when you say that, on account of my sensitiveness toward Lord Byron (which has its source not only in my exalted sense of his perfections, but in all the results of my experience of the world), I can not be satisfied with any of his biographers. But if I ever shall give my own impressions of him to the public (which I look upon as a duty it remains for me to perform toward his memory one day or other), I fear, my dear Lady Blessington, that instead of being received by the public with the interest you say, they would find I have seen Lord Byron through a medium of affection, and would laugh, perhaps, at what I feel so deeply in my heart. . . . .

"I am now living quite an English life, a quiet, serious life, speaking all day the language of English people ; but I must confess, for an Italian, this kind of life is a little too formal, too cold, has too much of restraint in it on the feelings, and makes me feel a kind of oppression upon my breast. I feel as if I could not breathe freely, and yet I have before my eyes the calm, wide, sublime ocean ! I don't find here the beauties of the Mediterranean shores, the Bay of Naples, with its smiling islands and its brilliant sky, but perhaps there is in this unlimited ocean a degree more of sublimity. It appears to me that it is calculated to inspire one with Ariosto's musings—that other Byron's poetry. . . .

"Believe me always, my dear Lady Blessington, your affectionate and obliged friend,  
T. GUICCIOLI."

"Wednesday morning.

"I have tickets sent me for the House of Lords to-morrow, so I pray you not to take any more trouble about it. But if you, *instead, find me one for my brother*, I should be very much obliged to you.

"Perhaps, by the means of Sir Francis Burdett, you could obtain me this favor.

"I read, in the ticket, that ladies must go in *full dress*. Will you have the goodness to explain to me what means precisely this full dress, short or long sleeves ? and if, on entering, the *bonnet* is worn on the head, or a simple morning hat.

"Excuse, with your usual kindness, my importunity, and believe me, with the most sincere affection, yours affectionately,  
T. GUICCIOLI."

"Ravenne, ce 4 Juillet, 1833.

"Je me suis arrivée à Genes et à Florence, ou j'ai passé les derniers jours du Carnival. Je me suis ensuite rendu à Ravenne, mais en remettant le pied dans ma maison paternelle ou je me promettais tout de joie en revoyant mes parens après une si long absence, je les ai trouvés dans le plus grande consternation. Ma plus petite sœur, une jeune fille de 13 ans, était à ses der-

niers moments. Elle était tombé malade quelque mois auparavant dans le couvent où elle était en pension ; on l'avait soignée de toute manière, on l'avait fait transporter à Ravenna, esperant dans le changement de l'air ; mais tout a été inutile. Elle est morte de consumption après un longue agonie quelques jours après mon arrive. Elle était une jeune fille charmante, remplis de talens, douce, d'une beauté non commune et je l'aimais tendrement. Vous pouvez donc vous imaginer, ma chère Lady Blessington, comme sa perte a du m'affliger. Pour elle je ne devrais pas m'affliger pourtant, car les epreuves de la vie lui ont été épargnées. Mes autres sœurs seront toutes mariées dans le courant de l'année. Le mariage de la première a en lieu dans le commencement de mai. Après les cérémonies du mariage, qui était heureux sous tous les rapports, et nous avaient tous rejouis, elle est parti de Ravenne pour se rendre à la résidence de son epoux. La fatigue du voyage, l'emotion d'une cérémonie si imposante, ont ébranlé son ame et son corps, au point qu'elle est tombée malade, et nous, et son epoux, qui l'adorent, nous l'avons eu deux mois entre la vie et la mort à 18 ans. Ce n'est que depuis trois jours que le médecins ont déclarés sa vie hors de danger. Mes autres sœurs se marieront dans le courant de l'année. Mes parens voudraient que je fusse presente à tous ces mariages. C'est à cause de cela particulièrement que je me trouve forcée à remettre á une epoque plus éloigné la realisation de mes plus chers esperances de visiter une fois encore l'Angleterre. Je me porte très bien, et entourée de l'affection de mes parens je ne m'apperçois pas des ennuis en ce sejour. Je vous remercie bien de la lettre que vous m'avez envoyé.

“Veuillez je vous prie me rappeler à madame votre sœur et au Comte D'Orsay : m'écrivez quelquefois, et me gardez une place dans votre affection.

“Votre devouée et sincere amie,

T. GUICCIOLI.”

“London, June 11th, 1834.

“Mr. Campbell can not go to Richmond on Monday, so we will defer the party : he is always very amiable, very kind with me, and he is almost decided to be my cicerone while I am in London. Good morning, my dear Lady Blessington.

T. GUICCIOLI.”

“Hotel Jaunay, Leicester Square, Londres, Mai 31, 1835.

“Mon frère donc me quitte Jeudi prochain, et vous pouvez vous imaginer ma chère Lady Blessington, comme je dois être sensible à une separation faite dans de telles circonstances.

“Je n'ajouterai pas davantage pour ne pas vous ennuyer avec les details des tourmens que je souffre : mais j'ai voulu pourtant vous faire connaitre ma position, afin que vous m'excuserez de n'être pas venu encore chercher de vos nouvelles, que j'espere bonnes sous tous les rapports.

“Adieu, ma chère Lady Blessington,

T. GUICCIOLI.”

“ July 5, 1835.

“ MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—My brother told me that the count wished me to send the little miniature of L—— B—— ; that I can not do, having sent this miniature, together with some papers very valuable to me, to Paris a week ago, by a good opportunity. But if that was not the case, I would not have given him the miniature (and I am sure he will not be angry with me for that) unless you would have given the permission, as you wished me not to give it to any body to take a copy.

“ Pray present my compliments and my adieus to the count for me ; preserve me a place in your remembrance and affection, and give me your commissions for Italy, if you have any. Once more, God bless you, my dear Blessington, and believe me, very sincerely, your obedient and affectionate

“ T. GUICCIOLI.”

“ 106 Rue St. Lazare, Paris, Juin 21, 1836.

“ Il y'a un age que vous ne disiez plus rien par escrit, et cependant de mon coté au moins je suis bien souvent avec vous, en idée, et avec mon cœur. Je m'imagine parfois de vous voir toute contente vous promener dans le jardin de votre charmante maison, ou vous recevez tant d'amis et des personnes distinguées dont vous faisez delice, et y mediter plus tranquillement que dans l'autre, trop au centre du grand bruit, du grand monde, des ouvrages nouveaux que le public doit toujours attendre avec impatience, et accueillir avec enthousiasme.

“ J'en suis reellement curieuse. Le cholera m'empeche de me rendre en Italie, et un peu aussi la crainte qu'on ne veuille pas me laisser partir. J'y irais doucement l'année prochaine. Ma sœur est mariée, et tres heureuse, et tout va bien dans ma famille : mais j'ai perdu toute espoir de faire passer les Alpes à mon frère, car mon père depuis notre malheur, il ne peut plus souffrir qu'il s'eloigne de lui pour un jour. Adieu, ma chère Lady Blessington, écrivez moi et veuillez croire à mon amitié sincere et inalterable.

“ T. GUICCIOLI.”

“ Boulogne sur Mer, ce 17 Août, 1837.

“ Je viens de recevoir votre lettre si bonne et si aimable, et j'ai beau me dire qu'en acceptant l'hospitalité que vous m'offrez de si bon cœur, j'abuse de votre bonté, que peut-etre il me serait possible de trouver tout près de vous un logement qui me permettrait de jouir souvent de votre compagnie, sans cependant vous être à charge. Tous ces efforts de ma raison sont etouffé par le souvenir des jours heureux que j'ai passé à Anglesea villa auprès de vous, et par le desir d'en passer encore de pareils.

“ En acceptant donc comme je fais votre offre, je fais cependant un petit traité avec ma discrétion ; je placerais ma femme de chambre (que j'amène avec moi étant sous tous les rapports le phénix de son état) ; dans un logement tout près de votre hotel : où elle pourra encore très bien s'occuper de moi.

“Une passage de votre lettre me fait aussi de la peine et augmente mes incertitudes. Vous me dites, ‘faites moi connaître si vous viendrez chez moi, afin que je puisse renoncer à tout autre engagement pour vous recevoir.’

“Ma chère Lady Blessington, je désire bien de passer quelques jours avec vous, et très vivement, car j’ai pour vous les sentiments de la plus sincère amitié, et votre esprit, et votre âme élevée et sensible, donnent à votre société un charme au delà de toute expression pour moi, mais si pour me laisser jouir de ces avantages, vous voulez renoncer à d’autres engagements, alors je ne pourrai plus accepter votre offre. Ce serait de ma part de l’égoïsme.

“Je crois partir d’ici avec le paquebôt à vapeur de Dimanche nuit. Il part d’ici à minuit, et il arrive Lundi d’onze heure à midi à Londres.

“T. GUICCIOLI.”

“Paris, 7th August, 1839.—44 Rue Basse des Rempart.

“MA CHÈRE AMIE,—Votre Journal de Voyage en Italie est délicieux. Je l’ai lu d’un bout à l’autre sans presque quitter mon fauteuil. La modestie du titre de ce charmant ouvrage doit confondre tous ceux qui se font une occupation d’écrire leurs impressions de voyage, ne savent y mettre une centième partie de la finesse, de la grâce, de la profondeur d’observation que vous grande dame ————\* vous avez su y mettre.

“Quant à ce qui me regarde personnellement je dois vous remercier, ma chère amie, car vous m’avez donné la une page que je me sens loin de mériter.

“Je n’irais pas en Italie cette année; l’objet principal de mon voyage aurait été d’aller tenir compagnie à mon père, et soulager un peu la douleur de mon frère qui se trouve à la veille de perdre sa jeune épouse, car lui même m’écrit qu’il a perdu toute espérance, et toute illusion, et qu’elle ne peut plus survivre que quelques semaines encore.

“Adieu, ma chère Lady Blessington. Mille choses au cher comte, et croyez moi comme je vous aime. Votre amie sincère, T. GUICCIOLI.”

“Paris, ce 22 Mars, 1839.

“C’est avec un bien grand plaisir que je profite du retour de Mr. Moore à Londres, pour venir vous rapporter les expressions de mon amitié. Il y a bien longtemps que je suis sans lettres de vous, je ne pense pas dire que je sois privée de vos nouvelles, car vous êtes en possession d’une place sociale trop remarquable pour qu’on puisse se passer de vous mettre à contribution, pour donner de l’intérêt aux conversations, et aux écrits de tous les pays civilisés. Je sais donc très bien de vos nouvelles; assez de ces manifestations de vie extérieure que vous abandonnez au public, mais cela ne peut pas contenter ceux qui vous aiment, et qui ont été admis dans le sanctuaire de votre vie intime. Ce qui me manque et que je voudrais, c’est le mot adressé à moi qui m’assure de votre bien être, et me répète ce dont je ne doute pas, mais qui fait tout le bien à s’entendre dire encore et encore, le mot *amitié*. Vous de-

\* Four words illegible.



vriez donc vous imposer la tâche de m'écrire ; sure toutefois que je ne vous garderais pas *rancune* si vous ne le faites pas, ni même pour ne m'avoir pas accusé réception de la lettre que je vous ai écrite de la compagne de mon père dans le mois de Septembre dernier.

“Je vous informais dans cette lettre des recherches jusqu' alors inutiles faites à Venise pour trouver la correspondance de Lady M. W. Montague avec le Comte Algarotti, mais pour ne pas augmenter le volume de ma lettre je ne vous envoyais pas le Journal de Venise qui contenait l'annonce. Je le fais pourtant aujourd'hui, non pas que je pense que vous puissiez avoir besoin de cette preuve pour être persuadée qu'on s'est occupé de cette recherche, mais parceque je désire que vous en ayez un témoignage de plus pour vous justifier auprès de la personne qui s'était adressé à vous pour cette recherche.

“J'ajouterai encore que l'article corrigé ensuite et augmenté par moi est resté pendant tout un mois dans le journal, et que rien n'a été opposé à Mr. Brunetti, secrétaire du Comte Guiccioli.

“Veillez donc, ma chère Lady Blessington, me charger en dédommagement de cette infructueuse recherche d'une commission où je puisse être plus heureuse. Je n'ai pas non plus oublié Bianca Capello, mais le succès a oublié me porte. J'en suis encore même pour cette recherche au désir et au regret.

“Je ne vous donne pas des nouvelles de Paris. Que pourrais-je ajouter que vous ne sachiez déjà sur ce dramme politique qui se développe, et tient en haleine tout le monde, présentant à l'entre des scenes étranges et grosse d'avenir et des turpitudes. Ce qui se passe à cette heure, est plutôt le triomphe des mauvais principes, sur les bons, triomphe qui s'appui plutôt sur des passions que sur des convictions.

“Cependant il faut attendre pour juger acteurs et drame. On dit qu'à cause de ces préoccupations politiques, l'hiver a été moins brillant pour la partie de la société très active au plaisir. Mais pour moi, je ne m'en suis guère aperçue, la part que j'en demande pour moi est si modérée, qu'elle ne me manque jamais.

“Et vous, ma chère Lady Blessington, comment gouvernez vous votre santé. Comment plutôt pouvez vous bien la gouverner, lâchant la bride comme vous faites à toutes les exigences, à toute l'activité de votre intelligence. Les beaux fruits que le monde recueille avec tout d'avidité et de plaisir ne substrairont ils pas trop la substance de la vie ?

“Quand vous verrais-je donc ? Il me semble déjà toute une vie d'absence qui me separe de ce plaisir, et sans la nécessité ou pour un nouveau malheur je vais me retrouver peut-être retourner cet été en Italie—je crois bien que je serais venue vous voir. Helàs ma chère Lady Blessington, ce malheur qui menace ma famille est bien grand, c'est la perte de ma jeune belle sœur, qui se meurt de la même terrible maladie qu'a déjà mis le deuil tout de fois dans ma famille, la consommation. Au commencement de l'hiver à l'occasion de mon départ, elle m'a accompagnée jusqu'à Boulogne, et là une toux sans aucune caractère grave s'est déclarée. On l'a traitée comme un rhume ordi-

naire, et maintenant elle est aux portes du tombeau, à 19 ans. Mon frère est désolé, car il l'aimait tendrement, et elle le méritait sous tous les rapports. C'est lorsque cet événement si lugubre aura lieu que j'irais rejoindre de nouveau mes parents, pour tâcher de mettre un peu de *baume* sur leurs douleurs.

“Veuillez bien je vous prie me rappeler au bon souvenir du cher Comte D'Orsay, et dites lui aussi que je serais bien heureuse de nos luttes, et de croiser d'encore nos lances, ne fut-ce que pour la beauté du fait et pour accomplir des belles entreprises, comme dit le dilettanti de la chevalerie. Et vous, ma chère Lady Blessington, veuillez croire à l'amitié la plus dévouée,

“T. GUICCIOLI.”

“Ravenna, 18 Octobre, 1840.

“Comme vous voyez, ma chère amie, par la date de cette lettre je me trouve au milieu de ma famille à la campagne. J'y suis depuis presque deux mois mais j'en partirai bientôt et après avoir passé deux autres mois entre Florence et Rome j'ai le projet de me rendre à Paris pour y finir mon hiver. C'est là où j'espère du moins recevoir de vos nouvelles. Si Florence ou Rome ou quel'ue autre partie de l'Italie pouvait produire quelque chose qui vous fut agréable je n'ai pas besoin de vous dire comme je serais heureuse de recevoir vos ordres et si vous vouliez me procurer le plaisir d'une de vos lettres mon adresse est également Rome, Florence, mais Ravenne plus sûrement encore *poste-restante* car mes parens sauraient où me la faire parvenir.

“Adieu, ma très chère amie, milles amitiés au Comte D'Orsay, et à vos charmantes nièces, et croyez à tout mon dévouement. T. GUICCIOLI.”

LETTER FROM MADAME LA MARQUISE DE BOISSY (LATE COUNTESS GUICCIOLI).

“23 Rue d'Anjou, Paris, ce 20 Juin, 1848.\*

“MA CHÈRE AMIE,—Votre lettre et les nouvelles que m'ont apporté de vous mes amies les Sampieri, m'ont fait un bien grand plaisir. Vous les avez comblés de ces politesses dont personne ne connaît autant que vous le secret enchanteur, car personne ne possède plus que vous tant ce qui en fait le charme, le cœur, la grace, l'esprit. Enfin ils emportent avec eux votre souvenir, et le souvenir de *tout ce, et de tous ceux* qui vous entourent, comme la réalisation de ce qu'ils ne croyaient peut-être qu'un idéal. Agréez mes remerciements pour toutes vos bontés pour eux.

Vous recevrez en meme temps que cette lettre un numero d'un journal qui a un grand succès pour son courage, et son bon sens. Dans ce journal vous y trouverez une lettre de Mr. de Boissy, qui vous expliquera comment, et pourquoi nous n'irons pas en Italie avec la mission diplomatique qu'il avait acceptée. Je suis certaine que l'esprit de la lettre et la noble franchise de la

\* This letter was written within a few days of *les grandes journées de Juin*.—R. R. M.

rédação vous plairont, et obtiendront aussi l'approbation du cher comte, auquel vous direz 1000 choses affectueuses de ma part. Quelque grand que fut le désir d'aller remplir cette mission en Italie pour s'éloigner de ce terrain volcanique où des explosions terribles nous menacent tous les jours ; il était cependant impossible à un homme d'honneur de l'accepter dans les conditions actuelles, lorsque on voit évidemment que c'est une *propagande républicaine* qu'on impose à la diplomatie. Pour le moment nous resterons donc en France, et même à Paris, à attendre les évènements qui ne peuvent manquer d'arriver, et bien graves hélas je le crains, car l'horizon est bien chargé, bien troublé ! L'état actuel, le gouvernement, et le ministère (si de ce nom regulier on peut appeler cette agglomération d'hommes, d'elements discordants, hétérogeneux, incroyables, anarchiques, qui sont à la tête des affaires de la France dans ce moment), tout cela n'a aucune condition de vie. Si pourtant on laisse vivre cet embryon monstrueux c'est par crainte de pire, c'est parceque les partis son nombreux, point organisés, point dessinés, c'est parceque l'assemblée n'a pas le courage de sa mission, c'est parceque le spectre hideux de Blanqui et Compagnie est là, toujours devant leurs yeux pour les empêcher de monter à la tribune, ou pour refouler leurs paroles dans leurs gosiers lorsque leur conscience porterait la vérité à leurs levres. C'est qu'une assemblée qui a besoin d'une armée permanente pour se défendre, et qui ressemble (moins la forme) à une forteresse prise d'assaut et ne peut pas être indépendante. Ajoutez à celà que les chefs des Socialistes, Communistes, les Prudhons, les Leroux, les Louis Blancs (qui devraient trouver leur places dans des maisons de Santé, car évidemment leur esprit est malade), siègent pourtant à l'assemblée, et que le Socialisme en germe, en tendance est la même, dans le pouvoir exécutif, et dans les ministères ; de sorte que, on a tout lieu de craindre que à tout acte de courage de l'assemblée, on crie à la réactions, et on lâche l'armée Socialiste en blouse dans les rues. Pensez à tout celà ma chère amie et des lors ne vous étonnez pasque cela dure encore. Mais cependant, la crise ne peut pas être bien éloignée. La nomination du Prince Louis Bonaparte,\* à l'Assemblée a été pour le gouvernement une surprise dont il est furieux. Il n'y a pas d'effort qu'il ne ferà, pour la faire échouer de nouveau, mais je ne pense pas qu'il y réussira. Je puis vous assurer que le parti du Prince Louis est tres fort et il le serait bien plus, si les honnêtes gens qui voudraient l'ordre partout ne s'en défiaient pas un peu, le voyant porté par le parti qu'on appelle la *république rouge*, et même par les communistes. Mais toutefois son parti est très fort, et dans les provinces, et les campagnes surtout, ce nom de Bonaparte et d'empire exerce un *prestige immense*. La constitution a été lu hier à l'Assemblée pour la discuter et voter. On propose un président, et déjà on nomme le Prince Louis.

“ Si le Prince Louis peut sauver cette pauvre France sous quelque nom que ce soit, il sera le bien venu. Lamartine a eù un moment la destinée de la France dans ses mains, mais son association avec Ledru Rollin et Louis Blanc

\* Illegible.

l'a perdu ; il espère cependant de ressaisir la popularité. Je vous raconte des faits, mais quant à faire des présages, je n'en ai pas la témérité, après ce que nous avons vu, et ce que nous verrons *peut-être*.

“Heurez vous autres qui savez et pouvez avec une poignée de constables éloigner tous les dangers, et jouir d'une prospérité qui s'accroît encore avec les débris de notre naufrage.

“Heureuse aussi ma belle patrie jusqu'à présent ! Son héroïsme l'a vengée en forçant le respect de ceux qui voulaient bien l'aimer sans la respecter. A Rome, on a ouvert les Chambres, mon frère Hyppolite a été élu député à l'unanimité par sa province. Il m'écrit de Rome où il est avec sa famille. Le Marquis Guiccioli est dans la Chambre haute ainsi que beaucoup d'autres de mes parents et amis dans l'une ou l'autre chambre. Jusqu'à présent tout s'y passe bien : mais comme je vous l'ai d'ici on organise une puissante propagande armée et non armée qui pourra si on réussit à la jeter sur notre chère Italie, *la ruiner ! !*

“On me dit que Londres est bien brillante, bien magnifique cette année. Pauvre France !

“J'aurais été bien heureuse de passer l'hiver en Italie avec vous ; mais qui sait !

“Mille amitiés au cher comte, de la part aussi *de mon mari* : et mon souvenir affectueux à votre niece charmante, Mlle. Marguerite.

“Aimez moi comme je vous aime.

“Votre amie dévouée,

MISE. DE BOISSY.”

In the letter of Madame la Marquise de Boissy, where reference is made to the expected employment of the marquis in a diplomatic position in Italy, there are passages which it would be impossible to comprehend without noticing some portions of rather a remarkable letter of the marquis, published in “L'Assemblée Nationale,” du Mardi, Juin 20, 1848.

À M. BASTIDE, MINISTRE DES AFFAIRES ÉTRANGÈRES.

“Paris, le Juin 10, 1848.

“MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE,—Voici quelles sont les paroles, que Monsieur Lamartine m'a eu adressé, il y a de hier Samedi 8 jours. ‘Vous avez été sur le tapis à la séance du gouvernement ; je vous en préviens, Bastide ne veut pas de vous ; il vous trouve trop aristocrate, pas assez republicain, il croit que vous voulez la régence. J'ai répondu : ‘Réellement ! Est-ce qu'il m'a jamais cru démocrate à la façon de quelques uns de nos démocrates de ruisseaux, et republicain dit de la ville ? Il a raison, et qu'avez-vous répondu ?’ J'ai répondu, me dit M. de Lamartine, quand j'ai nommé Boissy, j'ai cru nommer un homme de cœur et d'intelligence ; je l'ai connu et le maintiens pour tel. Quant à être republicain, il l'était autant que nous avant la république.

Au reste, comme c'est sur vous que pèse la responsabilité du choix ou du maintien des agents diplomatiques, je ne vous impose point Boissy, mais je vous déclare que je considérerai comme une injure personnelle sa révocation.

“ M. le Ministre, puisque je cite textuellement les paroles de M. de Lamartine, permettez-moi de rapporter textuellement aussi, moins trois, celles que je prononçai. Je lui dis : Je vous remercie beaucoup, monsieur ; si je ne leur conviens pas, qu'ils aillent. . . . Par des relations anciennes et nouvelles, en un mot, par une réunion de circonstances que j'appellai exceptionnelles, je puis plus que, qui que ce soit, être utile en ce moment. Eh bien, me dit M. de Lamartine, vous avez Rome d'où vous venez, voilà qui est dit, c'est chose faite.

“ Plus tard les idées de M. de Lamartine se modifièrent, quant au lieu ; il me dit. Il faut que vous alliez à Florence ; c'est petit de nom, petit en apparence, mais c'est pour le moment le point important ; il nous faut la près du théâtre de la guerre, près des légations, à cheval entre Rome et Turin, sur les lieux où se prépareront et ce décideront les grands événemens, un homme actif comme vous l'êtes, qui connaisse bien le pays, qui y soit connu, qui y soit aimé ; allez à Florence pour deux ou trois mois, puis je vous donnerai Rome ou Naples ou Turin.

“ Soit, dis-je, parce que vous me le demandez, et parce que c'est vous qui resterez encore quelque temps ministre des affaires étrangères. J'ajoutai : on dit que . . . va à Madrid, vous feriez bien mieux de l'envoyer à Rome ; lui et moi avons toujours été d'accord en politique ; tous deux placés en Italie, l'un près de l'autre, nous marcherions ensemble, et évidemment nous servirions mieux. M. de Lamartine trouva mon avis juste et bon, l'ambassade fut à l'instant même destinée . . . . ., toujours avec promesse que je l'y remplacerais quand il la quitterait, que s'il ne l'acceptait pas j'irais certainement trois mois après si je voulais. La différence radicale qui existe entre la politique d'alors de M. de Lamartine et celle suivie aujourd'hui, politique se révèle tout entière dans l'esprit qui préside au choix de certains agens diplomatiques. Qu'il me suffise de dire en peu de mots, Monsieur le Ministre, que quand j'acceptai une mission en Italie, il ne s'agissait nullement d'aller y faire de la propagande, de vouloir républicaniser de force l'Italie entière, mais au contraire, de la laisser maîtresse d'elle même, en lui conseillant toutefois la fédération après qu'elle serait parvenue, seule si elle le pouvait, avec notre secours, si elle en avait besoin et le réclamait, à s'affranchir de l'étranger.

“ Soyez-en certain, l'Italie vraie (j'appelle ainsi l'immense majorité de ces hommes dont le patriotisme éclairé, la haute intelligence ont préparé l'affranchissement et la régénération de l'Italie), l'Italie vraie ne rêve point un remaniement général de territoires ; elle veut des changemens importans, des réformes profondes et non pas comme le disait M. Guizot, et comme le disent aujourd'hui certains de vos agens, perturbateurs par état, par habitude, par nécessité, elle ne veut pas passer à l'état de république unique à l'état de républiques diverses. Ce qu'elle veut, ce qu'elle a raison de vouloir, ce qu'elle aura,

c'est la fédération des divers états. Ce que doit vouloir la France, ce que sa politique doit favoriser, c'est la fédération des divers états de l'Italie et non leur fusion en un seul, quelle que soit d'ailleurs sa forme de gouvernement.

“La commission exécutive est-elle dans le vrai, n'est-elle pas, au contraire, dans une erreur qui pourrait devenir fatale à la république Française, quand elle croit qu'une condition essentielle de vie pour la république est de n'avoir pour voisins que des états à gouvernement républicain? Vaut-il mieux pour la république de n'avoir pour voisins que des états en république, ou des états à gouvernements de formes différentes? Si tous les états voisins de la France étaient républicains, n'auraient-ils pas à redouter au moins, la guerre des principes? n'auraient-ils pas alors à calculer, pour être nos alliés ou nos ennemis, uniquement les chances de la victoire par les armes? Des états monarchiques n'auraient-ils pas au contraire à se préoccuper vivement, en outre, de la puissance des armes, qui est la même dans l'un et l'autre cas, de ce qu'ajoutera à la puissance des armes le secours de la guerre de principes?”

“Peu de jours après le 24 Février, M. de Lamartine me demanda si je voulais servir la république, si j'accepterais une mission à l'étranger. Je lui répondis que oui, à la condition que la mission qu'il me donnerait ne serait point une sinecure, qu'y aurait des services réels à y rendre, que cette mission ne serait que temporaire, conservant l'opinion constamment soutenue par moi à la tribune sur les incompatibilités. M. de Lamartine me demanda de lui indiquer quel pays je préférerais, quelle mission je voudrais. Je répondis : Rome, Turin, ou Naples, car c'est en Italie que par l'étude que j'ai faite en Italie même de sa situation politique, de ses besoins, de ses hommes, de leurs idées, que par les sympathies, que je m'y suis acquises dans toutes les classes, je puis être utile.

M. DE BOISSY, Ancien Pair de France.”

In the preceding letter there are some observations well deserving of attention on the impracticability of all attempts to combine the several states of Italy in one great Italian sovereignty or republic, and on the practicability and desirableness of the confederation of the several principal Italian states in separate federal republics, and not the fusion of so many heterogeneous elements, each with its separate nationality, peculiar interests, particular circumstances, and distinct character and traditions.

## CHAPTER II.

L. E. L.

“When the lamp is shattered,  
 The light in the dust lies dead ;  
 When the cloud is scattered,  
 The rainbow’s glory is shed.  
 When the lute is broken,  
 Sweet tones are remembered not ;  
 When the lips have spoken,  
 Loved accents are soon forgot.

“As music and splendor  
 Survive not the lamp and the lute,  
 The heart’s echoes render  
 No song, when the spirit is mute.  
 No song ; but sad dirges,  
 Like the wind through a ruined cell,  
 Or the mournful surges  
 That ring the dead mariner’s knell.”

SHELLEY.

PECULIAR circumstances enable me to give some details respecting the brief career and death of Miss Landon, at Cape Coast Castle, perhaps more to be relied on than any previous accounts that have been given to the public by the friends of Mr. Maclean, or those who have been influenced by them.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon was born at Chelsea in 1802. Domestic occurrences had unfortunately led to a separation of L. E. L. from her family at an early period, and her residence with comparative strangers, who eventually, however, became her warmest friends. Miss Landon possessed qualities eminently calculated to gain esteem and affectionate regard—great warmth of feeling ; a peculiar charm of manner and address ; an affectionate, loving nature ; a simplicity of mind, wholly free from affectation ; a guileless character, childlike in many of its traits ; devoid of all suspicion of evil intentions and designs, and yet not free from impulsive tendencies and some degree of willful-

ness. These very qualities, united with an intensely acute sensitiveness and almost morbid sensibility, which made her keenly alive to injuries, and slights, and misrepresentations, were made instrumental to the designs of malevolent people, who inflicted wrongs and insults on her, and persecuted her for years with calumnies and slanders, rendering a great part of her brief but most unhappy career one continued scene of unmerited annoyances and sufferings.

The extent to which these vexations went would almost seem incredible; but facts have come to my own immediate knowledge which leave the matter beyond all possibility of doubt. Her anonymous and mysterious tormentors for years together, before her unhappy marriage, worried her almost continually with anonymous letters, filled with accusations, menaces, and invective.

Her peace of mind was more than disturbed by these diabolical efforts to annoy her—it was destroyed by them; and when laboring under recent inflictions of outrages of this sort, all her energies, bodily and mental, were disordered and impaired by them: the first paroxysms of suffering were usually followed by syncope, spasms, tremors, and convulsive attacks, approaching to epileptic seizures; and when the violence of this nervous agitation would cease, then would come intervals of the most profound dejection of spirits. If the wretch or wretches whose wicked machinations produced those melancholy results had only witnessed them, on a single occasion of the infliction of these torments, nothing could be wanting to the triumph of their artifices save the unhappy marriage to which this poor lady was driven by despair, and the catastrophe that might be expected for the sequel of such a union.

Many traces of that deep-seated melancholy and dreariness of mind, and weariness of life too, are to be found in the writings of Miss Landon, and even in some of the earliest as well as in the latest of them.

In 1838, "Flowers of Loveliness," with poetical illustrations, were edited by L. E. L.; and one of the most exquisite of her small poems, full of poetic feeling, but indicative of profound



melancholy, appeared in that volume. In this poem, entitled "The Clematis," there are some stanzas well worthy of being recalled :

- " Around the cross the flower is winding,  
 Around the old and ruined wall ;  
 And with its fragile flowers binding  
 The arch with which it soon must fall.
- " Saint Mary's shrine is now laid lowly,  
 Shiver'd its wondrous rainbow panes,  
 Silent its hymns—that pale flower solely  
 Of all its former pride remains.
- " Hush'd is the ancient anthem, keeping  
 The vigil of the silent night ;  
 Gone is the censer's silver sweeping,  
 Dim is the sacred taper's light.
- " True, the rapt soul's divine emotion  
 The desert's wind to heaven may bear ;  
 'Tis not the shrine that makes devotion—  
 The place that sanctifies the prayer.
- " But yet I grieve that, thus departed,  
 The faith has left the fallen cell ;  
 How many born and broken-hearted  
 Were thankful in their shades to dwell !
- " Still is the quiet cloister wanted  
 For those who look with weary eye  
 On life, hath long been disenchanted,  
 Who have one only wish, to die.
- " How oft the heart of woman, yearning  
 For love it dreams but never meets,  
 From the world worn and weary turning,  
 Could shelter in these dim retreats !
- " Then were that solemn quiet given,  
 That life's harsh, feverish dreams deny ;  
 Then might the last prayer rise to heaven—  
 My God ! I prithee let me die !"

The Annual from which these lines are extracted was for the year 1839 ; but it was published in December, 1838. It is to be borne in mind that her death took place on the 15th of October, 1838.

Miss Landon had the necessity forced on her, at a very early age, of pursuing literature for a livelihood (and for the support too, for many years, of an aged mother)—a necessity, for a woman, which it is impossible to exaggerate the miseries of. No amount of emolument acquired, or fame achieved by a young literary woman, ever compensated for the penalties of the struggle of female talent, modest worth, and feminine gifts and graces of intellect, of the strife in the arena of “the trade,” in the press, in the public gaze, in literary circles, in cliques of critics, and coteries of patronizing people of fashion.

The popularity of Miss Landon suffered no abatement by the frequency of her appearance before the public. It appeared rather to augment than to decline in the latest years of her literary career in London. And this is the more surprising, as no extensive poem approaching to an epic character, nor any detached pieces of hers of any sort, in verse, of considerable length, have appeared. Still, she had the power of seizing hold of the public esteem; an affectionate interest was felt in her; her very name inspired kindly feelings and expectations of meeting amiable sentiments associated with beautiful imagery in her productions.

The chief characteristics of the poetry of L. E. L. consist in imaginative power, tenderness, and geniality of feeling, and harmony of versification.

The principal productions of Miss Landon before her departure for England, besides her poetical contributions to the leading periodicals of the day under the signature of L. E. L., were the following:

A volume of poetry, the first published by Miss Landon, appeared in 1820, entitled “The Fate of Adelaide, a Swiss romantic tale;” and “The Improvisatrice, and other poems,” was published in 1824; “The Troubadour,” to which were added poetical and historical sketches, in 1825; “The Golden Violet, and other poems,” in 1826; “The Venetian Bracelet,” “The Lost Pleiad,” &c., in 1829; her first novel, “Romance and Reality,” in 1830; “Francesca Carrara,” in three vols., followed in 1834; “The Vow of the Peacock, and other poems,” in 1835.

A volume of sketches, entitled "Traits and Trials of Early Life," in 1836; "Ethel Churchill," a novel in three vols., in 1837; "Duty and Inclination," a novel in three vols., in 1838.

After her death in 1842, a novel appeared with her name, entitled "Lady Anne Granard," but the very early part only of the work was written by her.

A few months before her most ill-assorted union with Captain Maclean, I was in her company at the house of Colonel Stanhope, in London. She was there "the admired of all admirers," the great object of attraction, surrounded by many of the most eminent literary men and artists of the day.

Few persons, with so few pretensions to beauty as she had at that period, could inspire the same warm interest, and make one feel there was such a power of fascination about her that was irresistible, in spite of plainness of looks and diminutiveness of form. Her features, when not lit up by conversation, had a pensive cast of expression in them. They were not sombre, but there were dark illuminations in them, like the effects, rich and beautiful, of the lights transmitted through stained-glass windows—tints of thought, that showed

"'Twixt light and shade the transitory strife."

Mr. J. S. Heraud must have had some such impressions of her appearance when the following most appropriate and beautiful lines were written, which appeared in "The English Bijou Almanac" for 1838:

"Sappho of a polished age,  
Loves and graces sweetly sing,  
Chasten'd splendors o'er thy page,  
Like moonlight on a fairy's wing.

"Feelings soft as morning's dews,  
Breathings gentle as the May's,  
Verses soft as violet's hues,  
Once sported in thy happy days.

"Sad is now thy plaintive strain,  
Melancholy is thy mood;  
Bring us back thy youth again,  
For cheerfulness befits the good.

“ Yet, if thou be sad, 'tis well ;  
If we weep, 'tis not in vain !  
Sighs attuned to Sappho's shell  
Allure us into love with pain.”

Sad, indeed, had been the plaintive strain, and melancholy had been the mood of poor L. E. L. at the period when those lines were written, and even for some years previous to that time.

Her unknown tormentors had been already too successful for real cheerfulness and gayety ever more to come back to her bosom. They had prevented her union with one of the most eminent of living sculptors.

Proposals of marriage, too, had been made to her by one whom she could have loved, who was worthy of her—a man of exalted intellect and honor, as well as of a kindly nature ; who was capable of appreciating her genius and warm-hearted kindness of disposition ; but the terrors of the persecution she had been long subject to, and feelings of extreme sensitiveness on a subject that she imagined might possibly admit of the shadow of a doubt in the mind of one by whom she was held dear, as to her entire frankness in dealing with that matter at any future time, led her to break off the proposed marriage, though one in every respect most desired and desirable.

In the mean time, her annoyances continued ; the difficulties of her literary position augmented ; her health and spirits had begun to suffer from the arduous mental occupation she had long been engaged in ; and at this juncture, about October, 1836, a gentleman from the west coast of Africa—styled the Governor of Cape Coast Castle, Captain Maclean—was frequently met by her in London society, and the result of that acquaintance was an offer of marriage, which was accepted by her in an evil hour, and in a frame of mind that rendered any resolution, however desperate, in regard to change of scene and country, a course rather to be adopted than considered.

When the time came for fulfilling his engagement, in the summer of 1837, Captain Maclean manifested no anxiety or impatience for its accomplishment. He had proceeded to the Gold

Coast, remained there for some time, but he returned at length ; his business habits and peculiar turn of mind admitted of no waste of time or words in nonsensical dalliance ; preparations for the wedding were made with all convenient dispatch.

The marriage of Mr. Maclean with the ill-fated L. E. L. took place on the 7th of June, 1838, and on the 15th of October following she was laid in her dismal grave in the court-yard of Cape Coast Castle.

Every one is aware that this gifted creature died by poison ; that she had been in the habit of taking prussic acid for the relief of spasms ; that she had taken an undue quantity of that drug on the morning of her decease, but whether intentionally or accidentally there was no evidence given on the coroner's inquest to enable *an English public* to determine.

In February, 1841, I visited Cape Coast Castle, the grave of Letitia Elizabeth Landon, or, if that name must be uttered which she had the misfortune to bear for a few miserable months, Mrs. Maclean. I sojourned for some weeks at the castle in the discharge of the duties of my office of "Commissioner of Inquiry on the Western Coast of Africa." Mr. Maclean was then President of the Council of Government of Cape Coast Castle, the senior magistrate of the settlement.

The wretched town of Cape Coast, to the eastward of the fort, contains some 4000 inhabitants, natives of the country, a few European traders, and a tolerable proportion of half-cast people, among whom many specimens of the genus "Betsy Austin," neither Crab nor Creole, but true "Barbadian born," are to be found.

Cape Coast Castle is a large, ill-constructed, dismal-looking fort, with a few rooms, of a barrack-looking fashion, for the residence of the chief magistrate, now Governor of the Gold Coast.

Mr. Maclean, in early life, having joined the Royal African Corps after the peace, and attained the rank of lieutenant at the termination of the Ashantee war, when it was determined to retain the Gold Coast settlements, was appointed President of the Council of Government of those dependencies, and for some years displayed a great deal of activity—on some occasions, a

little too much energy; on one occasion, at Accra, in particular—in dealing with the native tribes of the Gold Coast. The salary of his office was £500 a year, an amount utterly inadequate to the expenditure which his position necessitated, for he *virtually* exercised the functions of a governor, and was expected to entertain the naval officers of the cruisers on that coast, the merchants of the place, and the travelers who came there. The expenditure for his yacht alone must have amounted to a third part, at the very least, of his official income.

Mr. Maclean was a good mathematician; all his tastes were for the cultivation of the exact sciences. His favorite pursuits were geometrical and algebraic calculations, barometrical and thermometrical observations.

He was in the habit of speaking contemptuously of light literature, and yet he had occasional fits of novel reading; he affected scorn, and even loathing, for poetry and poets, but I think he did not feel as much contempt for the former as he expressed.

He had become, by long privation of the humanizing influence of the society of educated women previously to his marriage, selfish, coarse-minded, cynical—a colonial sybarite, with an impaired liver, a bad digestion, and all the unpleasing peculiarities of a valetudinarian.

Yet he could be a very agreeable man in male convivial society, and periodical bouts of revelry, not of hours, but even of days' continuance, were by no means uncongenial to him in his days of single blessedness.

But with them passed away all enjoyments, except with the-odolites, quadrants, sextants, barometers, and thermometers.

Mrs. Maclean's husband had unfortunately no sympathy with her poetic tastes and literary pursuits. He did not conceal from her his contempt for verse-making. On one occasion in particular, he expressed his opinion on the loss of time, and the supposed neglect of household duties they occasioned, in a manner which gave her very great pain, and of which she complained to the only person at Cape Coast Castle whom she thought entitled to her confidence.

Mr. Maclean had some opinions in common with Monk Lewis. That gentleman was a very ascetic critic when dealing with the literary productions of female writers. In one of his letters, published in the "Diary and Times of George the Fourth," alluding to a rumor that Miss F——r wrote novels, he says, "I wish she would let such idle nonsense alone; for, however great a respect I may entertain for her talents (which I do), I tremble lest she should fail in this book-making; and, as a rule, I have an aversion, a pity and contempt for all female scribblers. The needle, not the pen, is the instrument they should handle, and the only one they ever use dexterously. I must except, however, the love-letters, which are full of pleasing conceits; but this is the only subject they should ever attempt to write about. Madame de Staël, even, I will not except from this general rule: she has done a plaguy deal of mischief, and no good, by meddling in literary matters, and I wish to heaven she would renounce pen, ink, and paper for evermore."\*

Proclus makes mention of the gifts of one in whom was "the very form, substance, and image of poetry in all its brightness;"† and the felicity of that gifted being was consummated "when, feeling the mighty influence of enthusiasm, and fully subdued by the power of the Muses, he called forth into action all the primal, original, and divine energies of poetry."

What was the condition of poor L. E. L. when she felt those poetic influences within her, those divine energies and powers of enthusiasm, without the privilege of communicating them to others, or calling them into action and committing to paper the inspirations of her genius, or when she had to dread the coldness of contempt, or the hasty expression of reproof for those pursuits which had gained her honor and renown at home, and a high place in the literary world—pursuits which alone could be the solace of her weary life in a dismal fort on the coast of Africa?

The account of the inquest, sent home by the friends of Mr. Maclean, that was published in the newspapers in this country

\* Diary and Times of George the Fourth, vol. iv., p. 117.

† Procli Comment. in Platonis, p. 403. Edit. fol., Basil, 1534.

shortly after the arrival of the intelligence of that lamentable event, states the circumstances of most importance that were brought to light on the inquest, and all the essential particulars are given in the following report of Mrs. Bailey's evidence :

“ At an inquisition held at Cape Coast Castle, the 15th day of October, 1838, before me, James Swansey, Esq., one of her majesty's justices of the peace, and others, upon view of the body of Letitia Elizabeth Maclean, Emily Bailey, being duly sworn, deposeth and saith, That between the hours of eight and nine of the morning of the 15th instant, the deponent, having received a note addressed to Mrs. Maclean from Mr. Swansey, went to her room for the purpose of delivering the same to her, and found some difficulty in opening the door, in consequence of Mrs. Maclean having fallen against it.

“ That deponent, on entering the room, discovered Mrs. Maclean lying on the floor with an empty bottle in her hand (which bottle being produced, was labeled ‘ Acid. hydrocyanicum delatum, pharm. Lond., 1836 ; medium dose five minims’), and quite senseless ; that, on seeing this, deponent went for her husband to call Mr. Maclean. She believed that Mrs. Maclean must have been attempting to open the door to call for assistance when she fell ; that her mistress was subject to be attacked by spasms, and was in the habit of taking occasionally a drop or two of the medicine in the bottle in water, but had not herself seen her do so more than two or three times. She (Mrs. Maclean) had the spasms rather badly the previous evening, and wished to take a little of the medicine contained in the bottle to give her relief.

“ She did not complain much this morning. Deponent was not present when her mistress was taken ill, but had seen her about half an hour before, when she appeared well, and made her a present, as the deponent was about leaving the Coast for England. That Mrs. Maclean then told deponent to retire, and she would send for her when she wished to dress. Deponent had not seen her write this morning, but she was so employed the previous evening, when she delivered to deponent two letters for friends in England, and was affected at the thought of



deponent leaving her; that when deponent saw her last she was in her usual spirits. The bottle found in Mrs. Maclean's hand was uncorked, and she (deponent) afterward corked it and put it aside. She could state nothing more which could throw any light upon the subject." (Some other witnesses were examined, but nothing of any importance was elicited; no post mortem examination was made.)

"The verdict was, that the death of Mrs. Maclean was caused by her having incautiously taken an over-dose of prussic acid, which, it appeared, she had been in the habit of using as a remedy."

Mr. Cruickshank, a merchant of Cape Coast, and a friend of Mr. Maclean, has recently published some information, purporting to be more reliable than any that has yet been given to the public, on the subject of the sudden and mysterious death of Mrs. Maclean. As an account given by a friend of Mr. Maclean, this statement is worthy of attention; but as to the opinions of Mr. Cruickshank of Mrs. Maclean's felicity and content, they are of very little value.

Mr. Cruickshank says, "As one who had the happiness of seeing a good deal of this accomplished lady upon the Coast; who enjoyed, and keenly felt, the fascinations of her society; who, only ten hours before her death, had sat and listened with rapt attention to her brilliant sallies of wit and feeling; who was present at the investigations consequent upon her sudden death; whose eyes were the last to rest upon those rigid features so recently beaming with all the animating glow of a fine intelligence; and who, with a sorrowing heart, saw her consigned to her narrow resting-place, \* \* I will endeavor to place in its true light a short account of her too brief sojourn in Africa."

When Mrs. Maclean arrived at Cape Coast, there was no European lady then at the settlement, and her husband was in very bad health. Mr. Cruickshank was also ill. An invitation to visit the governor and his wife found him in bed, and it was some days before he could venture out to the castle:

"I sent in my name by the servant, and immediately after-

ward Mrs. Maclean came to the hall and welcomed me. I was hurried away to his bed-room, Mrs. Maclean saying, as she tripped through the long gallery, 'You are a privileged person, Mr. Cruickshank, for I can assure you it is not every one that is admitted here.' I took a seat by the side of his bed, upon which Mrs. Maclean sat down, arranging the clothes about her husband in the most affectionate manner, and receiving ample compensation for her attentions by a very sweet and expressive smile of thankfulness. We thus sat and chatted together for some hours, Mrs. Maclean laughingly recounting her experiences of roughing it in Africa, and commenting, with the greatest good humor and delight, upon what struck her as oddities in such a state of society. She pointed to a temporary bed, which had been made for her upon the floor, and said Mr. Maclean's sufferings had been so great for some nights, that the little sleep which she had got had been taken there. I declined to occupy an apartment in the castle, but promised to call daily during my stay in Cape Coast to pass a few hours with them.

"As the day drew near for my departure, she occupied herself more and more in writing to her friends in England. It had been arranged that the vessel should sail on the forenoon of the 16th of October, and I agreed to dine and spend the evening of the 15th with the governor and his lady. It was in every respect a night to be remembered. \* \* \* At eleven o'clock I rose to leave. It was a fine and clear night, and she strolled into the gallery, where we walked for half an hour. Mr. Maclean joined us for a few minutes, but, not liking the night-air in his weak state, he returned to the parlor. She was much struck with the beauty of the heavens in those latitudes at night, and said it was when looking at the moon and the stars that her thoughts oftenest reverted to home. She pleased herself with thinking that the eyes of some beloved friend might be turned in the same direction, and that she had thus established a medium of communication for all that her heart wished to express. 'But you must not,' she said, 'think me a foolish, moon-struck lady. I sometimes think of these things oftener than I should, and your departure for England has called up a

world of delightful associations. You will tell Mr. F——, however, that I am not tired yet. He told me I should return by the vessel that brought me out; but I knew he would be mistaken.' We joined the governor in the parlor. I bade them good-night, promising to call in the morning to bid them adieu. I never saw her in life again."

At breakfast next day Mr. Cruickshank was alarmed by a summons, "You are wanted at the castle; *Mr. Maclean* is dead," said the messenger. Hurrying to the castle, he found that it was not Mr., but *Mrs. Maclean*—whom he had left the previous night so well—who was no more. "Never," he says, "shall I forget the horror-stricken expression of Mr. Maclean's countenance."

"We entered the room where all that was mortal of poor L. E. L. was stretched upon the bed. Dr. Cobbold rose up from a close examination of her face, and told us all was over; she was beyond recovery. My heart would not believe it; it seemed impossible that she from whom I had parted not many hours ago, so full of life and energy, could be so suddenly struck down. I seized her hand, and gazed upon her face. The expression was calm and meaningless. Her eyes were open, fixed, and protruding.

"All that could be elicited, upon the strictest investigation, was simply this: It appeared that she had risen and left her husband's bed-room about seven o'clock in the morning, and proceeded to her own dressing-room, which was up a short flight of stairs, and entered by a separate door from that leading to the bed-room. Before proceeding to dress, she had occupied herself an hour and a half in writing letters. She then called her servant, Mrs. Bailey, and sent her to a store-room to fetch some pomatum. Mrs. Bailey was absent only a few minutes. When she returned she found difficulty in opening the door, on account of a weight which appeared to be pressing against it. This she discovered to be the body of her mistress. She pushed it aside, and found that she was senseless. She immediately called Mr. Maclean. Dr. Cobbold was sent for; but from the first moment of the discovery of the body on the floor there had

not appeared any symptom of life. Mrs. Bailey farther asserted that she found a small phial in the hand of the deceased, which she removed and placed upon the toilet-table. Mrs. Maclean had appeared well when she sent her to fetch the pomatum. She had observed in her no appearance of unhappiness. Mr. Maclean stated that his wife had left him about seven o'clock in the morning, and that he had never seen her again in life. When he was called to her dressing-room, he found her dead upon the floor. After some time, he observed a small phial upon the toilet-table, and asked Mrs. Bailey where it had come from. She told him that she found it in Mrs. Maclean's hand. This phial had contained Scheele's preparation of prussic acid. His wife had been in the habit of using it for severe fits or spasms, to which she was subject. She had made use of it once on the passage from England to his knowledge. He was greatly averse to her having such a dangerous medicine, and wished to throw it overboard. She entreated him not to do so, as she must die without it. There had been no quarrel nor unkindness between him and his wife. Dr. Cobbold, who had been requested to make a *post mortem* examination, did not consider it at all necessary to do so, as he felt persuaded she had died by prussic acid. He was led to this conclusion from the appearance of the eyes of the deceased; and he believed he could detect the smell of the prussic acid about her person. My own evidence proved that I had parted with Mr. and Mrs. Maclean at a very late hour on the evening before, and that they appeared then on the happiest terms with each other. There was found upon her writing-desk a letter not yet folded, which she had written that morning, the ink of which was scarcely dry at the time of the discovery of her death. This letter was read at the inquest. It was for Mrs. Fagan, upon whom she had wished me to call. It was written in a cheerful spirit, and gave no indication of unhappiness. In the postscript—the last words she ever wrote—she recommended me to the kind attentions of her friend. With the evidence before them, it was impossible for the jury to entertain for one instant the idea that the unfortunate lady had willfully destroyed herself. On the

other hand, considering the evidence respecting the phial, her habit of making use of this dangerous medicine, and the decided opinion of the doctor that her death was caused by it, it seemed equally clear that they must attribute her death to this cause. The verdict, therefore, was, that she died from an overdose of Scheele's preparation of prussic acid, taken inadvertently.

"In those warm latitudes interment follows death with a haste which often cruelly shocks the feelings. Mrs. Maclean was buried the same evening, within the precincts of the castle. Mr. Topp read the funeral service, and the whole of the residents assisted at the solemn ceremony. The grave was lined with walls of brick and mortar, with an arch over the coffin. Soon after the conclusion of the service, one of those heavy showers only known in tropical climates suddenly came on. All departed for their houses. I remained to see the arch completed. The bricklayers were obliged to get a covering to protect them and their work from the rain. Night had come on before the paving-stones were all put down over the grave, and the workmen finished their business by torchlight. How sadly yet does that night of gloom return to my remembrance! How sad were then my thoughts, as, wrapped up in my cloak, I stood beside the grave of L. E. L. under that pitiless torrent of rain! I fancied what would be the thoughts of thousands in England if they could see and know the meaning of that flickering light, of those busy workmen, and of that silent watcher! I thought of yesterday, when at the same time I was taking my seat beside her at dinner, and now—oh, how very, very sad the change!"

Mr. Cruickshank further observes: "It was also afterward proved that Mrs. Bailey, upon her return to England, with the view of attracting attention to herself and gaining notoriety, had made some flagrantly false statements in reference to this event, and that she was altogether a person undeserving of credit. I then remembered that she had made no mention of the phial having been in Mrs. Maclean's hand until some time after she had found her mistress on the floor, and only then in answer to a question from Mr. Maclean; and it occurred to me that such a suspicious circumstance as a phial being found in the hand

of a person suddenly deceased could not fail to be immediately noticed and mentioned without any inquiry. These considerations induced me to discredit Mrs. Bailey's testimony altogether, and to believe that the phial had not been found in Mrs. Maclean's hand at all."\*

In regard to the preceding account, there are some matters to be observed.

There is a great discrepancy in the accounts given by Mrs. Bailey and Mr. Cruickshank as to the interval between Mrs. Bailey leaving her mistress writing and her (Mrs. Bailey's) return to Mrs. Maclean's room. There is a discrepancy, also, in the reasons given for Mrs. Bailey's leaving the room after her first entrance that morning. Mr. Cruickshank says, "Mrs. Bailey was absent only a few minutes;" she had been called by Mrs. Maclean, "and sent to a store-room to fetch some pomatum." Mrs. Bailey, on the other hand, deposed at the inquest that "she had seen her mistress about half an hour before (the catastrophe); that Mrs. Maclean told her to retire, and she would send for her when she wanted to dress."

Mrs. Bailey deposed that, "on again entering the room, she found an empty bottle in her (Mrs. Maclean's) hand, labeled 'acid. hydrocyanicum;'" and Mr. Cruickshank says circumstances induced him "to believe the phial had not been found in Mrs. Maclean's hand at all."

Now Mr. Cobbold, the surgeon of the castle, deposed at the inquest that, on being called to attend Mrs. Maclean, "he found her perfectly insensible, with the pupils of both eyes much dilated, and fancied he could detect a slight pulsation of the heart, but very feeble, and which ceased a very short time after his arrival." . . . . He was of opinion "that death was caused by the improper use of the medicine, *the bottle of which was found in her hand.* . . . . The body, after death, was perfectly natural. . . . was so fully convinced that the medicine was the cause of her death, he did not think it necessary to open the body."

\* Eighteen Years in the Gold Coast of Africa, including an Account of the Native Tribes and their Intercourse with Europeans. By Brodie Cruickshank 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

Mr. Cruickshank says, "Dr. Cobbold was sent for, but from the first moment of the discovery of the body on the floor, there had not appeared any symptom of life." "Dr. Cobbold," he tells us, "who had been asked to make a post mortem examination, did not think it at all necessary to do so, as he felt persuaded that she had died by prussic acid. He was led to this conclusion from the appearance of the eyes of the deceased, and he believed he could detect the smell of the prussic acid about her person."

The phial, it is to be observed, contained none of the drug when found. Mrs. Bailey says she found it uncorked in the hand of her mistress, and put it aside.

Then Mr. Cobbold must have declined to make a post mortem examination mainly because "he believed he could detect the smell of the prussic acid about her person." How far the principles of medical jurisprudence are consonant with the practice at Cape Coast Castle in a case like this, of a lady alive and well between the hours of eight and nine in the morning, suddenly carried off by poison—a corpse before noon—the subject of a coroner's inquest, without a post mortem examination, coffined before sunset, and buried in the court-yard of a house she had been a living, healthful inmate of within less than twelve hours of that burial, is a question which must be determined wholly and solely on its own merits.

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### CHAPTER III.

L. E. L.

I HAVE given elsewhere an account of the death of L. E. L., written by a friend of the deceased lady—the Countess of Blessington, which may be presumed to be, in all important particulars, derived from the best sources of information that were available to her, though I do not vouch for their correctness in all particulars. The friends of the husband of the deceased lady have said their say; it is only fair the friends of L. E. L. should at last be permitted to have theirs.

Shortly before my departure from England, Lady Blessington charged me with a commission, to be executed on my arrival at Cape Coast, namely, to obtain the permission of Mr. Maclean to erect a monument, at her ladyship's expense, over the remains of her deceased friend. I felt some hesitation, for some days after my arrival, in speaking to Mr. Maclean on the subject; but at length I communicated to him Lady Blessington's wishes. Mr. Maclean said it was unnecessary—he had already ordered out from England a mural slab, with an inscription, and it had been lying for some time in a store in the castle, and he would have it put up shortly. In a day or two after this conversation I heard some firing of guns early in the morning; on inquiry, I found the firing was the inauguration of the monumental tablet, which had been set up in the wall opposite the grave of Mrs. Maclean.

There is a spacious court-yard in front of the castle, surrounded by the dungeons (well filled with human pawns by Mr. Maclean) which had formerly been used for slave barracones, and this court-yard is now the place of exercise and parade for the native soldiers who form the garrison of Cape Coast Castle. In the centre of this court the remains of L. E. L. are deposited.

A small white marble tablet, inserted in the castle wall, bears the following inscription :

Hic jacet sepultum  
 omne quod mortale fuit  
 LETITIAE ELIZABETHAE McLEAN,  
 quam, egregià ornatam indole,  
 musis unicè amatam,  
 omniumque amores secum trahentem,  
 in ipso aetatis flore,  
 mors immatura rapuit,  
 Die Octobris xv., A.D., MDCCCXXXVIII.,  
 Ætat. 36.

—  
 Quod spectas viator marmor,  
 Vanum heu doloris monumentum,  
 Conjux moerens erexit.

Words might be added to it, and truth suffer no wrong :



This monument is the only memorial  
 that is left at Cape Coast Castle  
 of the untimely fate  
 of a woman every where else beloved,  
 and honored for her genius :  
 who died here, after a residence of two months,  
 wearied of life, and wanting all  
 sympathy, where Nature itself has nothing  
 that is cheering in its aspect  
 or its influences.

The spot that was chosen for the grave of this accomplished but unhappy lady could not be more inappropriate ; a few common tiles distinguish it from the graves of the various military men who have perished in this stronghold of pestilence. Her grave is daily trampled over by the soldiers of the fort. The morning blast of the bugle and roll of the drum are the sounds that have been thought most in unison with the spirit of the gentle being who sleeps below the few red tiles where the soldiers on parade do congregate.

There is not a plant, nor a blade of grass, nor of any thing green, in that court-yard, on which the burning sun blazes down all day long. And this is the place where they have buried L. E. L.

When I arrived at Cape Coast, though Mr. Maclean was absent from the settlement, I found a room had been prepared for me in the castle, which was then undergoing extensive repairs. The only habitable room then available for me was the one which was called Mrs. Maclean's room : it was the room in which she was found dead. The furniture, bed-hangings, muslin decorations round the frame of the looking-glass, arrangement of prints, every thing, in short, was in the same state as when the room was used by her. On Mr. Maclean's return to the castle, he expressed much gratification at my arrival, and in the course of our first interview on that occasion, he said he trusted I was directed by government to make inquiries into the circumstances of the death of Mrs. Maclean ; that he had been foully slandered and injured by scandalous reports in relation to that event and his conduct to Mrs. Maclean, and he would be rejoiced to

hear it was a part of my duty to make those inquiries; and farther, he told me that he would furnish documents of the most conclusive kind, that would show the vile nature of the reports he referred to. It was evident to me that Mr. Maclean was laboring under some erroneous impression on the subject of his observations. I assured him I was charged with no such inquiry as he referred to; that I was directed to make inquiries solely into the alleged assistance given by English commerce at our Gold Coast settlements to slave-trading pursuits, and generally respecting the trade and condition of the several British factories.

The conversation then dropped; but it was resumed again, and Mr. Maclean insisted on reading some documents—two, I think—in the hand-writing of Mrs. Maclean, in proof of the perfect state of ease and tranquillity of mind in which she was immediately previous to her decease. For Mr. Maclean's satisfaction, I very reluctantly consented to enter on the inquiry he wished; but I told him, having undertaken to do so, that I must be permitted to make my own inquiries of Dr. Cobbold, the medical man who had been examined on the inquest, and such other persons as I might think proper to communicate with, in any way and at any time I chose to apply to them for information. This Mr. Maclean at once readily assented to. I called on Dr. Cobbold, without any previous notice, to give me the requisitions for all medical stores for the use of the establishment that existed in the office of the dispensary, and also all druggists' accounts of medicines furnished for several years—all, in fact, that existed. There was no evidence of prussic acid ever having been ordered or procured from England or elsewhere for the use of the establishment.

I made all the inquiries I deemed it necessary to make about the appearance of the body, and the suddenness of the death that had taken place; and the conviction left on my mind was that Mrs. Maclean had died from the effects of prussic acid.

I was satisfied, from documentary evidence shown to me by Mr. Maclean, that the deceased had been subject in England to violent spasmodic attacks, and had been prescribed certain drops

of a colorless fluid, which she was cautioned to use with the greatest care, inasmuch as they were of a poisonous nature, and would produce death if taken in large quantities.

It was proved to my satisfaction, by the evidence of native servants and native soldiers who were constantly about the castle, that a native woman (a half-sister, I think, of a man of color, of respectability, living in Accra, a Mr. Bannerman), who had been living with Mr. Maclean up to the time of his last departure for England in relations which custom sanctions in those settlements, but which no religious ceremony sanctifies, had continued living in the castle up to the time of the arrival of the vessel with Mr. and Mrs. Maclean at the settlement, but before their landing she had taken her departure from the castle, and never had been in it subsequently to their arrival there. I saw this woman at Accra, and my inquiries at that place confirmed the accounts which had been given to me at Cape Coast.

I made very particular inquiries of parties who were on the inquest, some who were acquainted with Mrs. Maclean at Cape Coast, and intimate with her up to the day of her death, one of whom, I believe, enjoyed the confidence of Mrs. Maclean more than any other English resident at Cape Coast, and the result of all my inquiries was the conviction that Mrs. Maclean met her death by no foul means; that the native woman, whose name has been mixed up with various rumors and suspicions of being at the castle at the time of Mrs. Maclean's death, and animated with deadly feelings of animosity toward her, had neither hand, nor act, nor part in the death of Mrs. Maclean; that every rumor of complicity on the part of Mr. Maclean, in any alleged crime of this kind, was utterly unfounded, as was likewise every rumor of ill treatment of his wife, amounting to actual violence or outrage, even of violent language or gesture, in any sudden ebullition of anger.

Mrs. Maclean, at the time of her death, was employed in writing sketches of Scott's heroines for Lady Blessington's "Book of Beauty."

On the morning of her decease, having risen about seven o'clock, she left her husband's room, and proceeded to her dress-

ing-room, which was a separate apartment, and occasionally her bed-room also. She began writing letters on reaching her dressing-room, and continued doing so till nearly half past eight o'clock, attired simply in a white robe de chambre.

She called for her servant, Mrs. Bailey, who, on making her appearance, was sent by Mrs. Maclean for some article that was in another room. Mrs. Bailey, on her return, in the course of a few minutes, according to Mr. Cruickshank—but according to Mrs. Bailey, of about half an hour—found the door closed and some heavy weight pressing against it. The door was pushed back, and Mrs. Bailey, on entering, found her mistress stretched on the floor, senseless and entirely motionless, with a small empty bottle in her right hand, which had contained prussic acid. The medical gentleman attached to the post, Dr. Cobbold, being called, on examining the pulse, found that life was extinct, and from the appearance of the eyes, and “his belief that he could detect the smell of prussic acid about the person, declared that he considered it was unnecessary to make a *post mortem* examination.”

At the inquest, a few hours after her decease, it was satisfactorily proved by Mr. Maclean that his lady had brought out a bottle of prussic acid with her from England, and had taken it once on the passage out from England for severe spasms, to which she was subject. He stated there was no quarrel or unkindness between him and his wife, and the letter, moreover, addressed to a Mrs. Fagan, was produced, which she had been writing, and left on her desk not yet folded, when she must have risen from the table, either on being seized with spasms, or having taken the prussic acid, and approached the door, probably, as he thought, to call for assistance. In this letter, and another one written the same morning, there were certainly expressions of content with her place of abode and mode of life; there were eulogistic allusions to the beauty of the scenery, the romantic aspect of the place, and richness of vegetation about the castle, which seemed to me extravagant, and utterly at variance with the real appearance of this most desolate, uncheering, and uninteresting place of all the forts along this coast.

The verdict of the jury was in accordance with the evidence of Mr. Maclean and the supposition of the surgeon of the fort.

The same evening—the evening of the day on which she died, the 15th of October, with more haste than I think was necessary, even in that climate—the remains of the ill-fated L. E. L. were buried by torchlight in the court-yard of the castle.

The same night Captain Maclean ordered his yacht to be in readiness to put to sea, embarked, and proceeded to Accra.

Mrs. Maclean's last letters were written in a strain of forced cheerfulness, and an evident disposition of mind that was any thing but healthful or indicative of happiness.

There are states of mind in which people of much sensibility shrink from being suspected of infelicity, even by their nearest and dearest friends—when their pride makes a merit of the concealment of tribulation, and in their efforts to keep up false appearances of contentment, when they exaggerate not only the advantages of surrounding objects, but their own sentiments with regard to them.

The night before her death Mrs. Maclean wrote two letters. In a letter addressed to Mrs. Hall (probably one of the two then written, and only received after her death), she mentions—the vessel she is writing by being just on the point of sailing—she “is as well as possible.” “The castle is a very noble building, and all the rooms large and cool, while some would be pretty even in England.” The room in which she is writing “is painted a deep blue, with some splendid engravings.” “Mr. Maclean's library is fitted up with book-cases of African mahogany and portraits of distinguished authors.”

And she adds, “But I, however, never approach it without due preparation and humility, so crowded is it with scientific instruments, telescopes, &c., &c., none of which may be touched by hands profane.” She expatiates “on the splendid land-views” — “the dense mass of green, varied by some large, handsome white houses;” the cocoa-trees, with their beautiful fan-like leaves; the picturesque appearance of the natives, &c., &c.

But at the end of all the commendation of scenery, dwelling,

mode of life, and native people, comes the admission, "You can not think the complete seclusion in which I live."\* There was another letter of this poor lady, written on the very morning of her decease, dated the 15th of October, and was produced by her husband at the inquest "as showing her state of mind," we are informed, immediately before the fatal catastrophe. That letter had been referred to in confirmation of the declaration "*that an unkind word had never passed between Mrs. Maclean and deponent.*"

In the letter just referred to, addressed to her "dearest Marie," she begins with eulogiums on the castle, "infinitely superior to all she ever dreamed of." The rooms are excellent; the building is fine; she does not suffer from heat. "Insects there are few or none, and," she adds, "I am in excellent health." But then follows the admission of the dreariness of her life: "*The solitude, except an occasional dinner, is absolute. From seven in the morning till seven in the evening, when we dine, I never see Mr. Maclean, and rarely any one else.*" But then she informs her friend she was welcomed to Cape Coast by a series of dinners, which she is glad are over, "for it is very awkward to be the only lady; still, the *great* kindness," she observes, "with which I have been treated, and the very pleasant manners of many of the gentlemen, have made me feel it as little as possible." At the end of the letter she says, "*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 the old ones.*" Once more she eulogizes, after a sorrowful fashion, the sea views from the castle: "On three sides we are surrounded by the sea. I like the perpetual dash on the rocks; one wave comes up after another, and is forever dashed to pieces, like human hopes, that can only swell to be disappointed." We advance—up springs the shining froth of love or hope, "a moment white, and gone forever." And then, as if suddenly reminded of the key in which the tune of all her homeward communications (except to one friend) was to be pitched, she breaks out into the old strain of delight with scenery that really had nothing to make it sub-

\* The letter to Mrs. Hall was published in "The Times" newspaper

lime or beautiful, but the enchantment of poetry, and the power of her brilliant fancy.

“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.”

A wilderness of seared verdure, and tangled shrubs, and stunted bushes—a jungle and a swamp—realizing the beau ideal of desolation: this was the scenery that met the eyes of poor L. E. L., with the exception of a few clumps of trees, from the time she arrived at Cape Coast Castle till she reached the truly dismal swamps in the vicinity, in one of her excursions, which the creative power of imagination, all potent to adorn, embellish, or brighten, clad with beauty, and illumined with a thousand stars.

The silvery purple of the moonlit sea may have existed, but it certainly was not easily discernible from the windows of Cape Coast Castle.

The ink was hardly dry on the paper which contained that last poetic image of the resemblance between the perpetual dashing of the waves on the rocks on the sea-shore, and the dashing in pieces of human hopes, with their shining froth of love and expectation—“a moment white, and gone forever”—when she who gave expression to the thought, the child of song—England’s own dearly loved and gifted daughter, L. E. L., was lying a pale corpse, and strangers only, or those with hearts to her as those of strangers, were gathered round all that remained of so much genius, so much kindness, gentleness, and sweetness of disposition.

The conviction left on my mind by all the inquiries I had made and the knowledge I had gained of the peculiarities of Mr. Maclean was, that the marriage of L. E. L. with him was ill assorted, ill calculated to promote her happiness or to secure

her peace ; and that Mr. Maclean, making no secret of his entire want of sympathy with her tastes, of repugnance for her pursuits, and, eventually, of entire indifference toward her, had rendered her exceedingly unhappy. In such circumstances she might have been suddenly seized with those spasms to which she was subject on the morning of her decease, and have taken unconsciously an undue quantity of the medicine she was in the habit of using for a remedy in such seizures ; but, more probably, at the last moment of her preparations for the dispatch of her letters by the vessel about to sail for England, the idea of losing the services of the English woman who had accompanied her to the settlement, the only English or European woman in Cape Coast, the only person there, probably, intimately acquainted with her real feelings, her occasional profound dejection, and depression of spirits, of bodily as well as mental energies ; the excitement, too, caused by writing those letters which were found on the table she had just left ; the terrible contrast in them of her real feelings, with the masquerade in them of words expressive of cheerfulness and content, may have produced sudden emotions and uncontrollable impulses of passionate grief and despondency that overwhelmed reason, and in a paroxysm of phrensy have led to self-destruction.

The room of poor L. E. L., which was mine while I remained at Cape Coast Castle, I have already observed, as to furniture and decorations was just as it had been at the time of her death. It never had been occupied, I was told, after that event, till it was assigned to me. I was seized with fever, of the genuine African type, which has carried off so many Europeans on this coast, some weeks after my arrival, and the first intimation I had of the attack was the occurrence, one night, after a long day's work at my report, of a frightful dream, or, rather, a half-waking, half-sleeping sort of hallucination, in which I fancied the form of Mrs. Maclean, clad in a white dress, was extended before me lifeless on the floor, on the spot where I had been told her body had been discovered by her servant-woman. This imaginary white object lay between my bed and the window, through which the moon was shining brightly, and every time



I raised myself, and examined closely this spot, on which the moonbeams fell in a slanting direction, the imaginary form would cease to be discernible ; and then, in a few minutes, when I might doze, or feel unable, by any efforts, to keep attention alive, the same appalling figure would present itself to my imagination, till at length, on collecting my thoughts, the conviction came that I was laboring under fever ; and the next morning I was laid up, with all the worst symptoms of that formidable disease fully and violently manifested.

If I had not brought out a servant with me I must have died. Attention it would have been quite in vain to expect from the servants of Mr. Maclean ; and as for that gentleman himself, the only appearance of attention or care of any kind he exhibited during the whole course of my illness, while I was under his roof, and, as it was generally supposed, in the utmost danger, was an occasional call at the door for a few seconds, or at the bedside late in the evening, and a single inquiry how I felt ; after which, with an appearance of unconcern and cold indifference, that was horrifying to me in my weak condition (and with no very agreeable foreboding as to the result of it), he would turn on his heel and walk away, as if it was a matter to him of the smallest possible importance whether I lived or died.

Not one cheering word, in the course of that severe and protracted illness, did he ever address me.

When I began to have some hopes of recovery, my faithful servant—a West Indian mulatto—came to me one afternoon in a state of terror and bewilderment, and told me to take no more drink ; that I should be a dead man if I tasted a drop of any thing that was made by any hands but his. With difficulty I got him to explain matters : he had, on several occasions, words with the native servant who acted as cook, or the cook's assistant, I forget which, about preparing the drink I was in the habit of taking, but on that particular occasion, while engaged in conversation with some person in the kitchen, he observed the cook, or his assistant, approach the fire-place, and empty the contents of a small white paper in the saucepan. My servant immediately rushed forward, and asked him what he had put in the drink

for his master. The man said he had been putting some salt in it. My servant said he ought not have put any thing in it. The man was embarrassed, and my servant came away with the impression that my drink was drugged. It was then late in the afternoon. I told my servant to say nothing more on the subject. I took no more drink that day and throughout the night, except some water in small quantities, and even that with some apprehension. The following morning, at the dawn, I sent for the native sergeant, who was the chief subaltern in charge of the castle, and desired him to prepare quickly some sort of litter to enable me to take a short excursion, for I was still confined to my bed in a state of extreme prostration. I then wrote a letter to an Irish resident merchant in Capetown, telling him I was about to trespass on his hospitality for a few days; and having, with much difficulty, written a letter to Mr. Maclean, informing him that I deemed it necessary to change the air, and thanking him for his hospitality, I was removed from the castle.

I was carried down stairs out of my bed by a number of the native soldiers, placed on the litter more dead than alive, and blessed my stars when I found myself outside the threshold of Cape Coast Castle. I was conveyed in a sorry plight to the house of Captain Stanley; there I was cordially received, kindly treated, and, to the kindness and attention I received from Captain Stanley and his nephew, I feel, under Providence, I am indebted for my life. I have no doubt but that my servant's apprehensions for my safety were well founded.

I have not the remotest idea, however, that Mr. Maclean was cognizant of the danger I incurred at the hands of his servants, neither do I think his interference, had he known it, would have been sufficiently energetic for my safety. His apathy was invincible.

Mr. George Maclean died at Cape Coast, the 28th of May, 1847, holding the office of judicial assessor in that colony at the time of his decease. In the notice of his death which appeared in the Annual Register for 1847, it is erroneously stated "he was formerly governor in chief." Mr Maclean never held

the office of governor, either lieutenant or in chief, of any British colony on the west coast of Africa.

The military title of captain, which is conferred on him in the same notice, was one of colonial acquisition, Mr. Maclean having joined the Royal African Corps after the peace.

The first governor of Cape Coast Castle was Captain Hill, R. N. He was succeeded by Captain Winniet, of the Navy, who was appointed lieutenant governor of her majesty's forts and settlements on the Gold Coast of Africa, October 24th, 1845, and was advanced to the title of governor and commander-in-chief when the settlements were made independent of Sierra Leone, in 1850. He was knighted in 1849, and died at Accra, on the Gold Coast, in 1851.

Mr. Maclean survived his wife thirteen years and a half: his remains were deposited by the side of L. E. L., in the fort yard, with military honors.

Had Mr. Maclean lived only three months longer, he would have been in possession of a fortune exceeding £20,000.

In the month of January, 1848, his uncle, Lieutenant General Sir John Maclean, K.C.B., K.T.S., and K.C., Colonel of the 27th Foot, died.

This distinguished officer entered the army in 1794: promoted to the rank of captain in 1797, he served in Ireland during the Rebellion of 1798, in Holland in 1799, in 1801 in Egypt. He obtained his majority in 1804, and was gazetted lieutenant colonel in 1808, accompanied Sir John Moore in the expedition to Liveden, embarked for the Peninsula the same year, was at the battle of Busaço in 1810, at the siege of Badajos in 1811, the battles of Salamanca, Vittoria, the Pyrenees, and the engagement near Pampeluna in 1813. He was present in the battles of the Nivelle, Bayonne, Orthes, and at Toulouse on the 10th of April, 1814, where for the fifth time he was wounded. He subsequently served in France from July, 1815, to February, 1816, and was promoted to the rank of major general in 1825, and to that of lieutenant general in 1838. Sir John married in 1819, and had issue an only son, who died in infancy. The bulk of his fortune he bequeathed to his nephew, Mr. George Maclean,

of the Gold Coast, the son of an elder brother, the Rev. James Maclean, of Urquhart, in Morayshire.

Among the papers of Lady Blessington I find some remarkable verses, entitled,

A LAMENT FOR L. E. L.

(These beautiful lines bear no signature, but are in the hand-writing of W. S. Landor.)

“The sweet singer departed—the summer bird gone from the garden of his love—it hath waited for him—will he not come again?”

- “A dirge for the departed! bend we low  
 Around the bed of her unawakening rest.  
 Still be the hoarse voice of discordant woe—  
 Still as the heart within her marble breast,  
 Which stirs not at the cry of those she loved the best.
- “A dirge! Oh! weave it of low murmurings,  
 And count the pauses by warm dropping tears.  
 Sweeter, yet sadder than the woodlark sings,  
 Amid the shower of April’s fitful wings,  
 Be the faint melody; the name it bears  
 Shall thrill our England’s heart for many linked years.
- “Our far-off England! oftentimes would she sit,  
 With moist eyes gazing o’er the lustrous deep,  
 Through distance, change, and time beholding it  
 In its green beauty, while the sea did keep  
 A whispering noise, to lull her spirit’s visioned sleep.
- “And fondly would she watch the evening breeze  
 Steal, crushing the smooth ocean’s sultry blue,  
 As ’twere a message from her own tall trees,  
 Waving her back to them, and flowers, and bees,  
 And loving looks, from which her young heart drew  
 Its riches, and all the joys her winged childhood knew.
- “And smiling in their distant loveliness  
 Like phantoms of the desert, till the tide  
 Of passionate yearnings burst in wild excess  
 Over her gentle heart—the home-sick bride,  
 Whelming both lute and life, and the sweet minstrel died.
- “Spring shall return to that beloved shore,  
 With health of leaves, and buds, and wild wood songs,  
 But hers the sweetest, with its tearful lore,  
 Its womanly fond gushes come no more,  
 Breathing the cadenced poesy that throngs  
 To pure and fervid lips unstained by cares and wrongs.

“ Oh ! never more shall her benignant spell  
 Fan those dim embers in a worldly heart,  
 Which once were love and sympathy, nor tell  
 Of griefs borne patiently with such sweet art  
 As wins e'en selfish pain from brooding o'er his smart.

“ Oh ! never more the burden of the strain  
 Be those sad, hopeless words !—then make her bed  
 Near shadowy boughs, that she may dwell again  
 Where her own English violets bloom and fade,  
 The sole sweet records clustered o'er her head  
 In this strange land, to tell where our beloved is laid.”

In February, 1840, an eminent literary man wrote to Lady Blessington on the subject of the unfortunate circumstances of one who had long been dependent on poor L. E. L.'s assistance for support.

“ February 24th, 1840.

“ MY DEAREST FRIEND,—I am going to be a beggar to your kind heart. Poor Mrs. Landon (L. E. L.'s mother) is in most destitute circumstances. With the exception of £20 a year, she has nothing to subsist on. L. E. L. was very anxious about her before leaving England, and after her death, an allowance from Mr. Maclean ceased.

“ We propose to raise this lady, who is old and sickly, a small sum yearly by subscription. Would you give us your name, and one guinea a year by an order on your banker? £50 a year, if we can raise it, which I do not doubt, will, with the other £20, be ample. If you will kindly do this, you will not only gratify your own beautiful nature, but me most sensibly, for I am suffering, and shall be more sleepless than ever till the mother of that unhappy girl, whom I pitied and regarded most tenderly, is above want.

“ I will give you details when I have got more subscribers.”

LETTER FROM LADY BLESSINGTON TO LADY W——.

“ Gore House, January 29th, 1839.

“ MY DEAR MADAM,—Indisposition must plead my excuse for not having sooner given you the sad particulars I promised in my last; when that cause for my silence had subsided, the dangerous illness of Lord Canterbury threw me into such alarm and anxiety, that it is only to-day, when letters from Paris assure me that he is recovering, that I feel equal to the task of writing.

“ Poor dear L. E. L. lost her father, who was a captain in the army, while she was yet a child. He had married the widow of an army agent, a woman not of refined habits, and totally unsuited to him. On his death, his brother, the late Dean of Exeter, interested himself for his nephew and niece, the sole children left by Captain Landon; and deeming it necessary to remove them from their mother, placed the girl (poor L. E. L.) at school, and the boy at

another. At an unusually early age she manifested the genius for which she afterward became so deservedly popular. On leaving school, her uncle placed her under the protection of her grandmother, whose exigence rendered the life of her gifted grandchild any thing but a happy one. Her first practical effusions were published many years ago, and the whole of the sum they produced was appropriated to her grandmother.

“Soon after, L. E. L. became acquainted with Mr. [     ], who, charmed with her talents, encouraged their exertion by inserting her poems in a literary journal, with all the encomiums they merited. This drew the attention of publishers on her, and, alas! drew also the calumny and hatred of the envious, which ceased not to persecute her through her troubled life, but absolutely drove her from her native land. There was no slander too vile, and no assertion too wicked, to heap on the fame of this injured creature. Mr. [     ], a married man, and the father of a large family, many of whom were older than L. E. L., was said to have been her lover, and it was publicly stated that she had become too intimately connected with him. Those who disbelieved the calumny refrained not from repeating it, until it became a general topic of conversation. Her own sex, fearful of censure, had not courage to defend her; and this highly-gifted and sensitive creature, without having committed a single error, found herself a victim to slander. More than one advantageous proposal of marriage was made to her; but no sooner was this known than anonymous letters were sent to the persons who wished to wed her, filled with charges against her honor. Some of her suitors, wholly discrediting these calumnies, but thinking it due to her to refute them, instigated inquiries to trace them to the original source whence they came; not a single proof could be had of even the semblance of guilt, though a thousand were furnished of perfect innocence. Wounded and humiliated, poor L. E. L. refused to wed those who could, however worthy the motive, seem to doubt her honor, or instigate inquiry into her conduct; and from year to year, dragged on a life of mortification and sorrow. Pride led her to conceal what she suffered, but those who best knew her were aware that for many months sleep could only be obtained by the aid of narcotics, and that violent spasms and frequent attacks of the nerves left her seldom free from acute suffering. The effort to force a gayety she was far from feeling increased her sufferings even to the last. The first use she made of the money produced by her writings was to buy an annuity for her grandmother—that grandmother whose acerbity of temper and wearying *exigence* had embittered her home. She then went to reside in Hans Place with some elderly ladies who kept a school, and here again calumny assailed her. Dr. M——, a married man, and father of grown daughters, was now named as her paramour; and though his habits, age, appearance, and attachment to his wife ought to have precluded the possibility of attaching credence to so absurd a piece of scandal, poor L. E. L. was again attacked in a manner that nearly sent her to the grave. This last falsehood was invented a little more than four years ago.

when some of those who disbelieved the other scandal affected to give credit to this, and stung the sensitive mind of poor L. E. L. almost to madness by their hypocritical conduct. About this time Mr. Maclean became acquainted with her, and after some months proposed for her hand. Wrung to the quick by the slanders heaped on her, she accepted his offer; but he deemed it necessary to return to Cape Coast Castle for a year before the nuptials could be solemnized. He returned at the expiration of that term, renewed his offer, and she, poor, dear soul! informed all her friends—and me among the number—of her acceptance of it, and of her intention of soon leaving England with him; soon after this Mr. Maclean went to Scotland, and remained there many months without writing a single line to his betrothed. Her feelings under this treatment you can well imagine. Beset by inquiries from all her friends as to where Mr. Maclean was, when she was to be married, &c., &c., all indicating a strong suspicion that he had heard the reports and would appear no more, a serious illness assailed her, and reduced her to the brink of the grave, when her [ ] wrote and demanded an explanation from him.

“He answered that, fearing the climate of Africa might prove fatal to her, he had abandoned the intention of marrying, and felt embarrassed at writing to say so.

“She, poor soul! mistook his hesitation and silence for generosity, and wrote to him a letter fraught with affection; the ill-starred union was again proposed, but on condition that it should be kept a secret even from the friends she was residing with. From the moment of his return from Scotland to that of their departure, he was moody, mysterious, and ill-humored, continually sneering at literary ladies, speaking slightly of her works, and, in short, showing every symptom of a desire to disgust her. Sir [ ] remonstrated with her on his extraordinary mode of proceeding; so did all her friends; but the die was cast. Her pride shrunk from the notion of again having it said that another marriage was broken off, and she determined not to break with him. Mystery on mystery followed; no friend or relative of his—though an uncle and aunt were in London—sanctioned the marriage; nay, more, it is now known that, two days previous to it, he, on being questioned by his uncle, denied positively the fact of his intention to be married.

“The marriage *was a secret one*, and not avowed until a very few days previous to their sailing for Africa; he refused to permit her own maid, who had long served her, to accompany her, and it was only at the eleventh hour that he could be induced to permit a strange servant to be her attendant. His conduct on board ship was cold and moody, for her broken-hearted [ ], whom I have seen, told me that the captain of the ship said that Mr. Maclean betrayed the utmost indifference toward her. This indifference continued at Cape Castle, and, what was worse, discontent, ill humor, and reproaches at her ignorance of housekeeping met her every day, until, as she writes to her [ ], her nerves became so agitated that the sound of his voice made her tremble. She was required to do the work of a menial; her female servant

was discharged, and was to sail the day that the hapless L. E. L. died. She has come to England. L. E. L. thus writes to her [     ]: ‘There are eleven or twelve chambers here empty, I am told, yet Mr. Maclean refuses to let me have one of them for my use, nor will he permit me to enter the bedroom from the hour I leave it, seven in the morning, until he quits it, at one in the afternoon. He expects me to cook, wash, and iron; in short, to do the work of a servant. I never see him until seven in the evening, when he comes to dinner; and when that is over, he plays the violin until ten o’clock, when I go to bed. He says he will never cease correcting me until he has broken my spirit, and complains of my temper, which you know was never, even under heavy trials, bad.’

“This was the last account Mr. [     ] ever received. Judge, then, of his wretchedness.

“It is now known that Mr. Maclean had formed a *liaison* at Cape Castle with a woman of that country, by whom he has a large family; such *liaisons* are not considered disreputable there, and the women are treated as wives. This person lived in the castle as its mistress until the arrival of Mr. Maclean and poor L. E. L., when she was sent off up the country. This woman was the niece of one of the merchants who sat on the inquest. All the servants, with the exception of the man and his wife brought out by L. E. L., were the creatures of the former mistress; the whole of the female natives detest English women, because the presence of one there banishes them from the society where they are tolerated in their absence.

Mr. Maclean admits that indisposition and mental annoyance must have rendered him far from being a kind or agreeable companion to poor Letitia; but adds that, had she lived a little longer, she would have found him very different, as he was, when not ill and tormented by various circumstances, which he does not explain, easy and good-tempered to a fault. He says that never was there so faultless a being upon earth as that poor, poor girl, as he calls her, and that he never knew her value until he had lost her. In fact, his letter seems an answer to charges preferred against him by the departed, and, what is strange, the packet that brought the fatal news brought no letter of recent date for her [     ], though she never missed an opportunity, and they occur rarely, of writing to him. Her letters, all of which have breathed the fondest affection for him, admit that she had little hope of happiness from her stern, cold, and morose husband. I have now, my dear madam, given you this sad tale. I have perused all her letters to her [     ], as well as Mr. Maclean’s to him. I ought to add that, when they landed in Africa, Mr. Maclean set off, leaving his wife, and proceeded to the castle to dislodge his mistress and children. The natives were angry and offended at seeing their countrywoman driven from her home. Believe me, my dear madam, your ladyship’s very sincerely

M. BLESSINGTON.

“To Lady W——.

“Let me have a line to say you have got this voluminous packet.”



## LETTERS FROM MISS LONDON TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

“28 Upper Berkeley Street West, Connaught Square.

“MY DEAR MADAM,—I will not attempt an apology for the liberty that I am about to take; your own kindness will be my best advocate, and to that I venture to appeal. My request is, do you, in the circle of your acquaintance, know one who could and would give me an introduction to Lord Cottenham? The fact is, there is a living in his gift just become vacant, in Devonshire, where [ ] has been for the last five years, and I have been led to hope that a little recommendation would procure it for him. I am perfectly well aware that I have not the shadow of a claim to make such a petition; but I do think, that if you know the numerous difficulties with which we have had to struggle—left to ourselves, almost children, without a friend but what we could make for ourselves, or a resource but in my exertions—our path through life has been a very hard one. Very probably you may not know, or not like to ask any friend of Lord Cottenham, but I feel assured that you will pardon my intrusion; and will your ladyship allow me to remain your obliged

“L. E. LONDON.”

(No date.) “28 Upper Berkeley Street West, Connaught Square.

“DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—I can not say how grateful I am to you. I could not have believed such kindness had I not received it. My only excuse for troubling you was the almost hopelessness of my position unless I could make for myself friends, though I little hoped to have found such a friend as I have in you.

“I am writing in great haste, for a friend has suggested the possibility of [ ] being appointed secretary to the Literary Fund. Such an appointment would give him time to look round, and save us from the very heavy pressure of our present circumstances. I venture to inclose a list of the influential people at the Fund. If there is only one among them whom your ladyship could interest, it would be a great service. I put a cross against those whom I can reach myself.

“Many, many thanks for the letters. I shall yet further intrude on your kindness. I am writing a letter to Lord Melbourne, which perhaps his nephew would place in his hands. But this is for after-consideration. And I shall entreat you to glance over a few letters, bearing testimony to [ ]’s character and abilities.

“Again let me offer the earnest thanks of

L. E. LONDON.”

(No date.)

“DEAR MADAM,—We have troubled you so often that it seems quite a privilege, but I am only desirous of laying before you the list of [ ]’s testimonials. I now inclose one or two. We find, from the meeting of the council on Wednesday last, that the opposition is even stronger than we anticipa-

ted. We have the whole of the dissenting interest against us and with them. [ ] has two grave faults ; he is a clergyman and a gentleman. Our stronghold is with the presidents. If they can be prevailed on to vote, we are certain of success ; if not, the majority is decidedly against us.

“I fear that there is some mistake about Lord Carrington—hearing that he supports the other candidate ; perhaps he might be neutralized. Lord Ellenborough would be a great object if Count D’Orsay thought he could be induced to vote, for our great difficulty will be, when the day of election comes, to induce them to take the trouble of coming down to vote. Lord Mulgrave’s vote will not avail ; but it would be a great service if he could be induced to write a few lines, expressing his interest in Mr. [ ], and advocating his claims on literary grounds. Nothing but the vital consequences of success to us would excuse my thus troubling you. I fear that you will exclaim that I want you to quote and act Hector’s speech, and say,

“‘That post shall be my care ;  
Not that alone, but all the posts of war.’

Indeed, but for your kindness, our chances of success would have been very small.

“I have inclosed Dr. Taylor’s letter, as it will give you an idea of how the contest stands. The *unfairness* he mentions alludes to a former letter, which we have been obliged to lay before our different friends of the council. Again and again I warmly thank you.

“Your truly obliged

L. E. LANDON.”

(No date.)

“I will not attempt to thank you, but never was there more earnest gratitude than I feel to you. If [ ] obtains the situation, he will owe it to your kindness chiefly—being placed in that respectable and independent position which we have been struggling years to obtain. I inclose some lists of the voters. How much I am obliged to Count D’Orsay. If he could but know the service that he is rendering, it would be the best acknowledgment that I could make. You may well call Mr. Montague a zealous friend ; his kindness is as extraordinary as his talents—and they are of a very uncommon order ; he deserves to be permitted the pleasure of admiring you as enthusiastically as he does.

“Thanks to you. I have received a note from Lord Francis Egerton. Mr. Bulwer has secured Sir John Hobhouse, and Lord John Russell has also promised ; the Marquis of Lansdowne is invaluable—such an old patron of the society.

L. E. LANDON.”

“28 Upper Berkeley Street West, Connaught Square.

“I can not thank you for all your kindness, but how gratefully I do feel it. I never met with any thing like it before. God bless you for it !

“Lord John Russell and Sir John Hobhouse have promised their votes,

and I have just received the kindest letter from Lord Munster. Do, pray, thank Count D'Orsay; but he is always so kind. Will you excuse this scrawl? but I am in a fever of hope and fear.

L. E. LANDON.

"Mr. Montague, who has been the kindest friend in the world, is the bearer of this. He originally proposed to me, suggesting [ ]'s name, and has carried on the project with the zeal and ability he throws into every thing that he undertakes."

"28 Upper Berkeley Street West, Connaught Square.

"Once more, but for, I hope, the last time, I venture to trouble you. According to your advice, I have hazarded a brief note to the various vice-presidents, entreating the performance of their promises on the 12th of April. I do not hope for more than to induce Lord Carrington to be neutral, as the lawyers say, 'to show cause.' I inclose a parallel of the claims of the rival candidates. I also inclose a letter which my brother is under the necessity of circulating.

"This very morning has brought letters from Tavistock, his parish, where he was curate for five years, signed by all the proper authorities, and sixty heads of families, relative to his high character, and another from the Literary Institution, bearing testimony to his exertions and abilities, signed by every leading person in the neighborhood. He also originated three schools in different parishes, supported by his own zealous endeavors. Mr. B—— is quite right in saying that we are poor; I do not know how it could be otherwise—left at a very early age, dependent on our own exertions, with helpless relatives looking to us for support; but it only makes his conduct doubly cruel.

"I have one more favor to ask. Would you write a note to W. H. Harrison, Esq., Crown Office, Bridge Street? He is the editor of the 'Friendship's Offering.'

"I am sure you will excuse this scrawl; but really I am so nervous that I scarcely know what I am doing. A thousand thanks for all your kindness.

"Your most grateful

L. E. L."

"28 Upper Berkeley Street West.—P.M., April, 1836.

"We were 28 to 24—the vice-presidents carried it. The poll was about to close, when Lord John Russell drove into the court, so did Sir Robert Peel, and gave it to us.

"Lord Ellenborough voted against us. I know you will forgive this scrawl—but we owe you so much—I really can not write. God bless you.

"L. E. LANDON."

The situation sought for, in connection with "the Literary Fund," was obtained for the Rev. Mr. [ ] mainly through the influence and untiring exertions of Lady Blessington. This gentleman was a young clergyman of most exemplary life and

amiable disposition. Bad health had compelled him to relinquish a clerical appointment he had obtained in London. In 1842 he had served as curate sixteen years, but at that date the recent death of his uncle, the late Dean of Exeter, had wrecked all his hopes of preferment. But the interest which Lady Blessington took in his welfare still continued, and was still manifested actively and efficiently.

"May 10, 1838.

"A thousand thanks for all your kindness. What can have become of Mr. Damer's note I know not. Unluckily, I left my letter, with one or two others, to be sealed, and fear it was done carelessly. However, it is of little moment, as I dined with Mrs. Damer yesterday, who told me that she was going to give her last sitting to Mr. Lucas next week; and that she and the boy, who are drawn together, can be separated. She will be happy, very, to have the portraits in both works. If they can not be separated, still, she would be happy, if you like, to have them together.

"Yours most truly,

L. E. LANDON."

"I would have sent the illustration, but last night I was fairly tired out. I have an idea for a poem, which, for so brief a space, will, I think, be better than prose.

"Can it be called 'My Lady Love,' or 'Amina?'"

L. E. LANDON."

"I have the pleasure of sending you the story; I have made it as short as possible, and only hope that you will like it. The engraving is singularly beautiful and fanciful, and had it been poetry, I might have ventured on the supernatural; but we are too matter of fact nowadays to venture it in prose: an Oriental sketch, both to suit the character of the engraving, and yet allow reality to the scene. Pray pardon this little explanation; but it is impossible not to wish to do one's best when the judgment I hope to please is at once so distinguished and so kind as that of your ladyship. L. E. LANDON."

"My brother read me your very kind note, which I felt so much obliged by that I declared I should answer it immediately; this, however, has not been in my power till to-day, the first time that I can really say I am better. I never, positively, suffered so much from an illness before; at one time they were afraid that it would turn to typhus, but now that the fever has left me I shall rapidly recover. This is a sad scrawl, but I feel so gratified by a note I saw of yours to-day, that I must write to thank you, whether you can read the thanks or not. It is rather a curious thing that, when I made my agreement with Messrs. Fisher, your name was my sole recommendation, about six weeks ago.

"I can not say how deeply I feel all your kindness. I know nothing to which I refer with more keen gratification than your assistance, your sympathy, your praise. I must indeed be forgetful when I forget.

"Dearest madam, your very grateful

L. E. LANDON."

Lines of L. E. L. inclosed in a note addressed to Lady Blessington.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF MISS COCAGNE, BY L. E. L.

"A dark-eyed beauty, one on whom the South  
 Has lavished loveliness; the red rose, stooping,  
 Has cast its shadow on that small, sweet mouth,  
 Whose lip is with its weight of sweetness drooping,  
 Like the dark hyacinth in the early spring.  
 Those long, soft curls in graceful rings descending,  
 Dark as the feather of the raven's wing,  
 With just one touch of golden sunshine blending.  
 Fair as thou art, a deeper charm is thine;  
 So sweet a face inspires a thousand fancies;  
 The history that we know not we divine,  
 And for thy sake invent such fair romances,  
 And give the fancied names, and say less bright  
 Were they the heroines of chivalric story,  
 When ready spears flung round their silver light,  
 And beauty gave the noblest crown to glory.  
 Such were the eyes that over Surrey cast  
 The deep enchantment of his graceful numbers,  
 What time the early vision by him past  
 Of Geraldine, just called in magic slumbers.  
 So soft, so dark the eyes that governed Spain  
 When Isabella was the worshiped sovereign,  
 The crown of gold and pearl could scarce restrain."

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#### CHAPTER IV.

THE CONTESSA AMERICA VESPUCCI.

IN 1839 I had the pleasure of being made acquainted with this remarkable lady. She was then about thirty years of age, of fine features, symmetrically formed, of the perfect Italian style of beauty, with more of Juno's characteristics than of Venus's peculiarities in its excellency. Her figure was commanding, full, strongly set up, and finely moulded; her eyes were dark and

wonderfully brilliant; her hair black as jet, and of extraordinary length and abundance. She possessed talents of no common order; but the most striking of all her qualities was her indomitable courage, and a rather strong propensity for seeking occasions for the display of it. Public opinion was not so much set at defiance as utterly lost sight of by her throughout her whole career. Yet her *general* conduct was irreproachable; and some who misconstrued her ordinary singularity of manners and mode of life, and the apparent levity of her behavior before the world, have paid very dearly for the mistaken estimate they had made of her virtue, and the insults they had offered to it. Madame Vespucci is of an ancient noble family of Florence, a lineal descendant of the famous explorer who gave his name to the New World. At a very early age she attached herself to an adherent of the elder brother of Prince Louis Napoleon.

In one of the abortive insurrections of Italy, she followed her insurgent friend from place to place, in male attire, exposed to great perils, but quite regardless of them. In the engagement with the Austrian troops at Rimini she was wounded and left for dead on the field. In this state she was found by some peasants, carried to a place of shelter and security, and was finally restored to health. She has traveled extensively in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. In Africa, a friend of mine, Lieutenant Fairholme, an officer in the navy, owed his life to her generous efforts and interference with the commander of a French vessel of war in his behalf; and in the same ship, wrecked on the western coast, a French officer in the navy was severely wounded by her, under circumstances which alone could justify the very extreme proceeding of discharging a pistol at the head of a person quite unprepared for any similar reception.

Madame Vespucci's conversation is original and amusing, full of animation, abounding in incidents of travel, highly interesting and graphic when descriptive of scenes or people of distant lands she is familiar with. She possesses a certain wild, unsteady energy and cleverness. She is naturally restless, unsettled in religious opinions, of a romantic turn, of intense vanity, being tormented with a constant desire to excite attention, and

to be accounted philosophical and heroical. About thirteen years ago she proceeded to America to urge a claim on the United States government for a grant of land, in virtue of her descent from the famous Americus Vespuccius.

The government, however, of the United States declined the application for a grant of land, but signified its readiness to recommend to Congress a grant of money—an offer which was indignantly refused by the lady. The last time her name came before the public was in a report of some police proceedings at Boulogne, the countess being charged with presenting a pistol at the head of a custom-house officer, who had acted on the suspicion of her having contraband articles on her person.

LETTER FROM THE CONTESSA AMERICA VESPUCCI TO LADY  
BLESSINGTON.

“MA CHÈRE MILADY,—Je viens vous écrire sans but ni raison. J’ai un de ces besoins étranges de vous dire une quantité des choses, de vous communiquer des réflexions sans ordre, mais telles qui les sont présentées à mon imagination, et que sais-je ; c’est absolument comme une jeune fille née dans un pays superstitieuse qui a besoin de confesser ses propres pensées, que dans son ignorance elle les appelle pechés, à l’homme qui a su lui inspirer la confiance. Je suis ce matin dans une de ces dispositions d’esprit qu’on éprouve si souvent après que l’âme a passés des moments penibles, et que pour se distraire elle se jette avec ses pensées dans l’espace de l’univers, voyage fort incommode, esperant trouver encore le *beau* et le *grand* que sa nature ambitieuse a besoin dit elle pour fixer son bonheur. Après une de ces nuits fatigant par les forces de l’imagination exaltée, ou le monde, les hommes, et les choses defilent devant vous, comme le fait un regiment des soldats devant son général le jour d’une revue, où vous êtes obligé de convenir que le passé vous a trop appris, que le present n’a pas d’intérêt, et que l’avenir est devenue une *charade* qu’il ne vous interesse plus de deviner, vous vous demandez, que but ai-je à vivre ? ne l’est pas milady que c’est horrible, jeune encore être condamné par l’expérience à convenir de ce que c’est, la realite de la vie ? Souvent je suis tenté de maudire le jour ou j’ai appris l’A. B. C., à quoi bon me dis-je connaître avec les théories ce que c’est l’homme ? à quoi sert il de raisonner sur les follies faiblesses, et souvent les bassesses ? peut il être autrement de ce qu’il est de sa nature ?

“Alors l’imagination qui se sent humilié de ce contact, cherche à s’élever, elle monte jusqu’à Dieu en haut jusqu’à ce grand moteur qui regle la matière et distribue le mouvement à l’immense édifice de l’univers-là, la pensée à champ libre, elle court et parcourt les regions inconnues avec son audace,

elle y établie des mondes, et avec son impuissant orgueil elle s'y apprete à y placer des objets, c'est la cependant qu'elle s'arrete, qu'elle objets la y placera telle? Ceux qu'elle a fabriqué sur les models des hommes? pour elle seul des *êtres parfaites*; pour ses mondes, elle se decourage de la pauvreté de son imagination, et decouragement s'oblige à rentrer dans son cercle. J'en étais là cette nuit, et je parcourais mes deux petits chambres en attendant que ma pensée aura achevé son voyage chimerique. Je me suis mechaquement approché de ma fenêtre. Il faisait une de ces nuits calme ou on dirait que les éléments sont en conseil, quelques étoiles par ci et par là, suivant son ordre était brillante, de gros nuages était suspendues comme des condamnés en attendant que quelque vent veut bien lui donner un direction, une fois que mes yeux étaient tournées au ciel l'orgueil de l'âme cette Athée n'ose par le fixer, car il n'a pas assez de force pour nier ce qu'il voit, et quand il a vu, il ne pu pas dire que cette ordre est *hasard*, cette silence impotent, cette immensité de la nature, l'impuissance de l'homme, contre ses volontés.

“C'est un spectacle qui est bien grand, sublime. Au milieu de cet extase ou j'avais oublié moi-même pour analyser ce que ne je comprenais pas, un petit araignée avait établi sur un coin de ce même fenêtre son atelier, et sans s'occuper nullement de l'immensité comme si le globe fût fait pour lui, c'était emparé d'une simple figure geometrique trianguliere et il y avait fait son royaume, déjà un quantité des victimes, petits moucherons, étaient en son pouvoir, ils avaient bon se debattre peut être ils ont en une manière de s'entendre dans leur melée et demander grace pour la vie, mais l'impitoyable araignée impassible continuait ses executions avec le plus grand calme et perseverance sans s'interesser au sort de ses petits insectes qui probablement se debatent pour l'instant de tout être qui vit de la conservation, n'est il pas bizarre, et ne prouve t'il pas la faiblesse de l'homme qui au milieu des idées elevées dans une espèce d'extase un araignée ait eu le talent de me distraire et faire tourner ma pensée et remuer un espèce de sentiment tendre en faveur de ses victimes? Je regardais cette manœuvre avec amertume. Je contemplais cet insect qui travaillait admirablement, par un mouvement involontaire j'ai déchiré sa toile mais les petits moucherons il y sont resté, et l'araignée s'est sauvé pour aller probablement plus loin à établir une autre echaudoire voila l'ordre de chasser, et que l'homme avec sa volonté, sa raison, et son intelligence ne pouvait jamais empêcher les araignées d'exercer leur atroche pouvoir sur les petits moucherons. J'avoue qu'un sentiment de jalousie c'est élevé dans mon âme, et savez vous ce que j'ai encore le presumption de les petites ames que n'étant pas content de leur situation s'en prennent à Dieu, et s'accable contre sa puissance en lui reprochant qu'il ne s'occupe pas assez d'elle et se plaignent, de manquer de bonheur. Peut être me disiez vous que cela ce n'est pas le faute des petites ames mais bien une des absurdités du systeme religieuse qui ont fait d'un Dieu un être petit et à qui on a attribué tout le petit passion de l'homme. Il n'y a pas de doute que c'est comme cela qu'on a demoralisé le croyance, c'est comme cela qu'on a autorisé le charlatan-



isme et revetue de pouvoir certains hommes qui ont joui le rôle de partager les âmes entre Dieu et le Diable, et ils ont fait cela pour leur propres intérêts le fondement de ce qu'ils appellent religion que plus tard par le force de l'habitude on a soumis à la stupide masse. Et Dieu se trouve l'instrument de sa propre divinité. Mais qu'est ce que cela fait à Dieu? C'est l'homme, toujours l'homme qui ne veut pas adorer l'immensité parce qu'il serait obligé de s'humilier, c'est un pouvoir et un grandeur d'âme qu'il n'a pas. Qu'en dites vous, milady, en résumé, pour une âme de bonne fois le rôle le plus facile, et où il y aura plus de chance de bonheur c'est celui de prendre la vie comme végétation. Si vous connaissez un moyen pour m'y conduire, indiquez le moi. Mon imagination me tire, mes connaissances sont trop faibles pour moi seule, pas assez pour satisfaire mon amour propre. J'ai un esprit qui analyse, qui me poursuit, et m'oblige à tant étudier. Je n'estime pas assez les hommes pour tenir à leur approbation, vous savez que le prospect de mon avenir est peu brillant. Qu'en dites vous?

“Voilà, un volume aurez vous le courage de le lire? Je suis fatigué, brisé et dans un crise de tristesse qui m'oblige de me tenir en compagnie. Mais j'aurai la plaisir de vous voir demain au soir. Mes amitiés à mes jeunes amies qui auront certainement de nuits plus calmes et des rêves plus doux. Mes compliments au comte, à vous mon dévouement.\* AMERICA.”

## MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

“The American Hemans,” when first known to the public as Miss Huntley, authoress of “Moral Pieces, in Prose and Verse,” was at the head of a female school in her native place in Connecticut. She married a gentleman of large fortune; and at her husband's estate, on the banks of the Connecticut, were written many of her poems, of a moral character, most of a religious tone, and all indicative of warm feelings and generous sentiments, and of strong sympathies with every just and righteous cause. This most gifted female writer that America has produced was on very intimate terms of acquaintance with Lady Blessington.

The poetry of Mrs. Sigourney bears much resemblance to that of Mrs. Hemans, whose works were edited and published in America by her, with an excellent memoir of Mrs. Hemans, feelingly and beautifully written. Lady Blessington regarded Mrs. Sigourney as a person of considerable talent and great

\* The profound ignorance, presumptuous folly, and daring impiety displayed in this letter, need no comment.—R. R. M.

worth. She is said, like Mrs. Hemans, to have been acquainted with domestic sorrows, and, like her, even in the midst of many cares and trials, possessed traces of considerable beauty.

The latest production of Mrs. Sigourney was a volume entitled "The Faded Hope," a record of the life and virtues of a beloved son, who died aged nineteen.

Mrs. Sigourney, as her letters will show, was well aware of Lady Blessington's admiration for the writings of Mrs. Hemans. That lady was never spoken of by her except in terms of the highest praise, and her admiration for the poetry of Mrs. Hemans was no less enthusiastic than just and discriminating. In one of her works she says, "The exquisite poems of Mrs. Hemans affect one like sacred music; they never fail to excite solemn feelings of an elevated and spiritual character, and sentiments of a pensive cast, of calm resignation and serenity." The mind of this gifted woman, with all its treasures of innate melody, she compares to an *Æolian* harp, that every sighing wind awakens to music, most sweet but melancholy, the full charm of which can only be appreciated by those who have sorrowed, and who look beyond the earth for the solace of their cares.\*

It is worthy of observation, too, that the genius of Mrs. Hemans was fully appreciated by Lady Blessington at a period when it was underrated by many of her contemporaries.

She was wont to speak of Mrs. Hemans and Miss Landon as two of the most gifted women of our time. She thought the intimate relationship of their genius, the kindred nature of their tastes and pursuits, of their sorrows and the similarity of their destinies, of their claims on the sympathies of all people of literary tastes, naturally associated their names and memories.

In Anne's Church, Dawson Street, Dublin, I recently found a tablet in the wall in commemoration of the genius and the virtues of Mrs. Hemans.

The well-remembered traits of beauty and of talent, and of care and sorrow that clouded their brightness—the sweet traits that belonged to her whose name is on this sepulchral tablet, came full before me while I read the inscription on it; and they

\* The Idler in France, vol. ii., p. 62.

reminded me of those beautiful lines of hers on the loved looks of a departed friend :

“ They haunt me still, those calm, pure, holy eyes ;  
 Their piercing sweetness wanders through my dreams ;  
 The soul of music that within them lies,  
 Comes o'er my soul in soft and sudden gleams.  
 Life—spirit life, immortal and divine,  
 Is there, and yet how dark a death was thine.”

Few things in life are more mournful to reflect than the destiny which links the “ spirit life” of such a being as Felicia Hemans with cares and sorrows that darken life, and even bring additional gloom to death itself. “ How is the laurel shaken” over such a tomb !

INSCRIPTION ON THE MURAL TABLET IN ANNE'S CHURCH, DUBLIN.

In the vault beneath  
 are deposited the mortal remains of  
 FELICIA HEMANS,  
 who died May 16th, 1833,  
 aged 40 years.

Calm in the bosom of thy God,  
 Fair spirit, rest thee now ;  
 E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,  
 His seal was on thy brow.  
 Dust to its narrow house beneath,  
 Soul to its place on high !  
 They that have seen thy look in death,  
 No more may fear to die.

LETTERS FROM MRS. SIGOURNEY TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

“ Hartford, Connecticut, June 10th, 1841.

“ MY DEAR MADAM,—Had it been possible, before my departure from London, I should have done myself the honor again to have paid my respects at Gore House, where my call with our friend, Mrs. Hall, is remembered with much pleasure. Your kindness of manner was most charming to a stranger, and the warmth with which you spoke of my dear Mrs. Hemans quite opened my heart. I may truly say that I love those who love her. I was disappointed at not being able to see, while in Great Britain, Mrs. Hughes, her sister and accomplished biographer. Your ladyship's writings, and some of the splendid works which you have occasionally edited, are known in this country ; still, I should like to have them more so, for the young, green West is

inclined to appreciate genius and taste. Might I ask that if you condescend to reply to this, you will send me, at the same time, a few lines of your poetry? I was delighted with England, the 'Great Fatherland,' and thankful for the privilege of visiting it.

"Remember me with much regard to your nieces, the Misses Power. I should be pleased to hear of the welfare of their talented little sisters, some of whose developments were related to me.

"With gratitude for your attention, believe me, most respectfully, your friend,  
L. H. SIGOURNEY."

"Hartford, Connecticut, August 12th, 1843.

"Last December, being in the city of Boston, where my 'Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands' were in the process of publication, I put on board the steam-ship, then on the verge of sailing, one of the first copies that I obtained from the press, directed to yourself, to the care of John Murray, of Albemarle Street. Was that also unfortunate in its destination? I am inclined to think that ill fortune in such matters pursues me, as I received only by the last steamer an acknowledgment from a friend in England of a similar volume having but just reached her, which was sent eight months since, in the same package as your own. . . . Are you aware how much your novel of 'Meredith' is admired in these United States? I see it ranked in some of our leading periodicals as the 'best work of the noble and talented authoress.' This they mean as high praise, since your other productions have been widely and warmly commended. We are, as you doubtless know, emphatically a reading people.

"Our magazines, and many of the works that they announce, go into the humble dwelling of the manufacturer, into the brown hand of the farmer, into the log hut of the emigrant, who sees around him the dark forms of the remnant of our aboriginal tribes, &c., hears the murmurs of the turbid Missouri, perhaps the breaking billows of the Pacific.

"I have recently become interested, for the present year, in one of those periodicals published for ladies in New York, which announces two thousand subscribers, and assumes to have ten times that number of readers.

"I hope your beautiful nieces are well. I wish to be remembered to them. Have you recently heard from the brilliant one in the far Orient?

"I write this with one of the pens from the tasteful little writing-box you were so good as to send me, and repeat my thanks for that gift, so acceptable in itself, and so valued as from your hand. You had not been quite well when you last wrote. I hope you have long ere this quite recovered, and that you will soon write me so.  
L. H. SIGOURNEY."

"Hartford, Connecticut, May 28th, 1842.

"Your letter was received with much pleasure, though it grieved me to hear of the severe indisposition with which you had been suffering. I trust

that long ere this your health is perfectly restored. How shall I thank you for the sweet poem you were so good as to inclose for me? Still, the very sweetness of its nature has frustrated my hopes. I had desired to adorn a periodical, circulated very widely among American ladies, with some original effusions of yours, but the very flattering manner in which it alludes to me, and which would be considered on this side of the water as exceedingly beyond my deserts, will oblige me to confine the tuneful guest to my own portfolio. I have been reperusing lately, with new interest, some of your new works, especially your 'Conversations with Lord Byron.' Are you well acquainted with his sister? I had hopes of seeing her while in London, but was prevented by her ill health.

"I received from Mr. Murray a gift of his elegant edition of Byron, which, with the beautiful 'Italy' of Rogers, highly valued as a present from the accomplished author, form quite a tasteful range in my plain republican library.

"Do you know that you quite won my heart by the enthusiastic manner in which you spoke of my dear Mrs. Hemans when I was at Gore House. I pray you accept, as a little mark of this gratitude, the last American edition of that beloved author which I have seen, and which is, in its style of execution, more à l'Anglaise than our publishers on this side usually favor us with.

"I should like to be kept apprised of the welfare of your younger niece, now absent from your country, and of the progress of so precocious and original a mind.

"My friend Mr. Goodrich, of Boston,\* will deliver to you the accompanying volumes.

L. H. SIGOURNEY."

"Hartford, Connecticut, October 31st, 1842.

"I very highly value all the marks of your remembrance, and your expressions of interest in the literature and welfare of my country. You can scarcely imagine with what enthusiastic gratitude I think of Lord Ashburton and the results of his embassy. May the amity which has sprung out of the ratification of the treaty be perpetual; for, besides the inexpediency and impolicy of hostility between our nations, it would be to me, since my delightful visit to the glorious mother-land, a deep and sore grief of heart should aught be suffered to embroil our relations, or embitter the blood that flowed from the same old Saxon fountain.

"I have seen, with great admiration, your 'Keepsake' and 'Book of Beauty' for the present year, which are embellishing the centre-tables of some of our aristocracy, for we are not so pure a republic as to have no shadow of aristocracy, and we give too much prominence, perhaps, to that which is based solely on wealth. The beauty of your engravings might almost discourage our attempts at Annuals on this side of the water. I searched, and read first all from your pen which those volumes contained. Is the Miss Power who has written an interesting article in the 'Keepsake' one of those beautiful

\* Peter Parley.—R. R. M.

nieces whom I saw at Gore House? May I ask where Walter Savage Landor is now? He was on the list of distinguished persons whom I desired to see while in Great Britain, but he was not there at that time.

"You are very kind to desire an engraving of me. There is none with which my friends are satisfied; but there is one now in progress, in Philadelphia, from a likeness taken in London, which, should it be more successful, I will have the honor of forwarding to you.

"I am so pleased that you liked my friend, the Hon. Mr. Goodrich. I have not seen him since his return, but he wrote me of your politeness to him. He is a man of original and versatile talents, and uncommon energy of character.

"I recollect your requesting of me, when in England, a lock of hair, which was forgotten to be sent while I was there. Will you now allow it to cross the ocean in the form of a simple bracelet, accompanied by a bottle of the pure otto of rose, which I have recently received from Constantinople? Your acceptance of these trifling mementoes will much oblige me. My best regard to your nieces. When you send to the little distant one in whom your description so much interested me, will you please add, with my love, the purse which my young daughter sends, and which derives its only value from being the work of the poor aborigines of the country? L. H. SIGOURNEY."

"Hartford, Connecticut, September 13th, 1845.

"Your last kind letter was truly welcome. It came opportunely to dispel some dim fears of forgetfulness, which were gathering like chilling mists around your protracted silence.

"Accept my thanks for the elegant copy of Heath's 'Book of Beauty,' which derives its principal interest, in my view, from your supervision.

"I felt quite humble at the tameness and unappropriateness of my own little poem, at the 271st page, and the more so from the circumstance that the omission of one of the lines, at the close of the fifth stanza, deprives it both of rhyme and meaning. I have not been as tardy in acknowledging your gift as it would seem. It did not reach me until July, though your letter was dated in May. I was then on a summer journey with my young daughter, and soon after my return was attacked with severe illness, from which I have only yet sufficiently recovered to take a short drive on a fine day, and to write a little at long intervals. I was grieved to hear of the delicate health of your sister, Lady Canterbury, and hope she has, ere this, perfectly recovered. I was sorry to see in the public papers that our friend, Mr. Willis, had suffered from ill health soon after his arrival in London. I trust, from the *naïveté* of his public letters, that he is quite well again. We consider him as one of our most gifted writers, and of course follow all his movements with interest. It gave me pleasure to be informed by you of the successful enterprise of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. They are excellent people, and I rejoice in their prosperity. Mrs. Hall showed me much friendship when I was in your country, which I shall never forget. L. H. SIGOURNEY."

## FROM MISS THEODOSIA GARROW TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Braddon, Torquay, March 7th.

"MY DEAR MADAM,—I wish I could express to you how deeply I feel your great kindness in offering to assist me in what must be (to me) a very fearful undertaking. Till within the last four months, I never dreamed of the possibility of publishing my verses, and if I venture to do so now (without one shadow of *false humility* be it said), I do not for a moment expect the *world* to pay greater heed to my little volume of poems than to those of a hundred demoiselles, quite as deserving of praise as myself, who every year put forth their small venture of thoughts and feelings upon the stream of the world's favor, to be wished well to by a few, and then forgotten by most, except those nearest to them in life.

"Thinking thus, I can not pretend to much hope of fame; but it were worse than ungrateful could I resist the kind encouragements and solicitations of your ladyship and Mr. Landor.

THEODOSIA GARROW."

"Braddon, November 17th, 1840.

"I have just finished reading the inimitable 'Old Irish Gentleman,' and sure I am that no hands can sketch so gracefully, and with such fervid truth as yours, the thousand-shaded poetry of Irish life and character.

"I also admire greatly Miss Power's American scene, so simple, yet so picture-like and true to nature. Indeed, both Annuals are very rich this year in literary as well as pictorial beauty. I could wish our friend Mr. Landor had given some 'Conversations,' one scene wherein one might see *more of him*. Am I wrong in thinking that, in such miniature poems, the features of his genius are by no means shown to advantage? THEO. GARROW."

## MISS LOUISA SHERIDAN.

Miss Louisa H. Sheridan is known to the public as a popular writer in annuals and magazines. She has written a number of clever and lively pieces in prose and verse, and several detached tales and sketches in one of the annuals that was edited by her. She married Sir Henry Wyatt, rather in advanced life, and died a few years ago.

This accomplished lady was a good musician, an excellent linguist, and, notwithstanding habitual ill health, was fond of society, and generally a favorite, on account of her agreeable qualities and amiable disposition. She was remarkable for her conversational powers, the readiness of her wit, and sprightliness of fancy.

In October, 1841, Louisa Henrietta, wife of Lieutenant Colonel Wyatt, better known as Miss Louisa Sheridan, died in Paris, of consumption. She was the only daughter of Captain W. B. Sheridan, who died in 1836. This lady for many years was well known in periodical literature. Several musical pieces and lyrics, that were popular in their day, were written by her. She edited "The Comic Offering," which was commenced in 1831; and "The Diadem, a Book for the Boudoir," which appeared in 1838. "In society Miss Sheridan appeared to much advantage, combining a handsome person, lady-like manners, and pleasing powers of conversation." A writer in "The Gentleman's Magazine" for October, 1841, has thus truly spoken of this accomplished and most agreeable lady, whom I had the pleasure of knowing and meeting, not long before her death, in London.

## LETTERS FROM MISS L. H. SHERIDAN TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"7 Belgrave Street South, Belgrave Square, July 9th, 1836.

"MADAM,—I have this moment received the accompanying letter, whose external appearance perfectly accords with its contents! and I should not have thought of troubling your ladyship, or any one, respecting such *stupid nonsense*, but this being the *second* I have had on this subject, it is apparently dictated by some motive more than extraordinary. There is a kind of willful pleasure in acting in direct opposition to these *literary daggers*; and as the object of the two communications evidently *is to prevent me from giving my name to the work under your ladyship's direction*, I should much like to counteract their purpose! Although I now write not for any annual but *my own* (relinquished this year, with all other literary compositions, through delicate health), yet I conclude your volume must be nearly filled; but in my portfolio I find two stanzas of eight lines, which, in filling *HALF* a page, will effect *all the mischief desired!* and if your ladyship will insert them in this year's volume, to prove my *bonne volonté*, they are much at your service.

"I have the honor to be, madam, your ladyship's obedient servant,

"LOUISA HENRIETTA SHERIDAN."

"7 Belgrave Street South, Belgrave Square, August 4th, 1836.

"It quite shames me to receive your valuable lengthened contribution before I have sent you my tiny one.

"I need not say how much pleased I am with it. I *do* love a little history, attached plates, instead of odes, to Celia and Delia, in the old-fashioned way.

"I inclose you my lines on the portrait of Lady Fitzharris, exactly twenty;



and not, I hope, Celia-Delias in point of over-civility, which is an awful defect in a printed tribute.

“‘We editors’ shall be very late this year, I fancy. I was hurrying my publisher about the tardiness of the plates, and to console me, he said that three plates for the ‘Book of Beauty’ were in the hands of our engraver, still unworked.

“How I wish publishers could form their decisions and arrangements a little earlier. I have had scarcely a month allowed me between the time of applying to my literary contributors and ‘printing day.’

“Under the ‘high-pressure’ system, dear madam, your interesting and prompt contribution has greatly obliged yours most sincerely,

“LOUISA H. SHERIDAN.

“P.S.—I must risk the vanity of telling you a civil speech, in which you take a conspicuous place. Last week I declined and returned some MSS. which did not suit my work, with an ordinary note of thanks; the poor author wrote again to thank me for my attention, saying it was gratifying, at least, to meet so much courtesy, and adding, that of all the editors he had ever addressed respecting literature, none but Lady Blessington, Lady E. Wortley, and myself seemed to know how to take the trouble *to be well bred in reply*.

“One editress told me, as ‘a clever thing,’ that when an author applied for her answer or his MS., she sent down a drawer full of detached MSS. to him in her hall, desiring he would take what he pleased.

“This vulgarity and bad feeling had not even the advantage of originality, for you remember the same being told of *the manager and the dramatists*.”

From Lady Charlotte Bury to Lady Blessington, on receipt of a presentation copy of “The Elderly Gentleman.”

“3 Connaught Terrace West, 16th October, 1836.

“Lady Charlotte Bury presents her compliments to Lady Blessington; and, in thanking her for her courtesies in sending Lady Charlotte the delightful volume, which she read throughout without being able to lay it down, Lady Charlotte is also desirous to express to Lady Blessington her sense of the distinguished talent and varied charm the work displays throughout.”

MRS. ABELL.

Some letters of this lady, addressed to Lady Blessington, had reference to Napoleon’s captivity in St. Helena, when Napoleon was at Longwood. A child of high spirits, frolicsome and playful, the daughter of an English merchant, “Betsy Balcombe” became a great favorite of his. The ex-emperor, who had been the terror of the world, in his reverse of fortune, fallen to the dust from his high position, found a solace and an amusement in the gayety and innocence of this engaging child. France,

perhaps England, it may be humanity at large, owe something to the being by whom the sorrows and fretfulness of Napoleon's captivity were occasionally soothed and alleviated. "Betsy Balcombe" grew up to womanhood a person of great beauty; became a wife—familiar with cares and troubles of various kinds; is now a widow with one daughter, I fear in indifferent circumstances. A few years ago she published, by subscription, a little volume of her "Reminiscences of Napoleon." The present Emperor of the French might probably be made acquainted with the work, and the writer of it, with advantage.

## LETTER FROM MRS. ABELL TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Lyne Grove, Chertsey, December 8th, 1843.

"MY DEAR MADAM,—I have ventured to trouble you with this note to request that you will permit me the honor of adding your name to my list of friends who have promised to take copies of a book I intend publishing in the spring, entitled 'Recollections of Napoleon during his Captivity at St. Helena,' and which will be illustrated with views of the island, in one volume.

"I trust your ladyship will pardon the liberty I take in making this request; but I am induced to do so from feeling of what use the honor of your name would prove to me. Many friends have interested themselves very much in the success of my undertaking, and which I am most anxious will benefit me; as, from some recent reverses, I am just now, in a great degree, thrown on my own resources. Yours, my dear madam, very truly,

"LUCIA C. ABELL."

## LETTER FROM MRS. E. M. S. TO DR. RICHARDSON.

"Palace Yard, Saturday, 27th June.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I return you the first volume of your friend, Dr. M——'s, book, which has afforded me much pleasure the last two days; and I am sure it will be read with interest by all persons disposed to acquire a knowledge of the manners, customs, and habits of the people of the East—a region which so few English feel disposed to visit, from the great difficulties to be encountered in every way from such a journey.

"Dr. M——'s book is most interesting to me, because I know well he was known to our poor lost friend, Lord B——; and I have heard Lady B—— name him as a most clever and enterprising traveler.

"I have read the first volume with great pleasure, and when I tell you I never could wade through [ ]'s travels from their vulgarity (anxious as I was to know more of Egypt than I do), you may judge what satisfaction it is to me to read Dr. M——'s book, written, as it is, with ease and good taste, without details unfit for the eyes or ears of women.

"Pray spare me the second volume this evening, if you can, as I am alone, invalided, and confined to my sofa.

"[ ] is gone to the fish dinner at Greenwich, and my girls are gone to enjoy this fine day at the horticultural fête.

"I had a letter from poor Lady B—— to-day, dated the 22d. She has not at all recovered her spirits, or forgotten the severe and unexpected blow that has befallen her in the death of her good husband. She goes to Dieppe next month for change of air and scene. I am better, but not quite myself yet.  
Yours most truly,  
E—— M—— S——."

## MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

"Scenes and Characteristics of Hindostan, with Sketches of Anglo-Indian Society," published in three vols. in 1835, is the principal work of Miss Roberts, and the one which made her earliest and best known to the English reading public. Miss Roberts was the first English lady who made a close study, and a well-considered speculation, it may be added, of her countrymen and countrywomen in India, in society, in the government-house circles of Calcutta, Bengal, and Madras, in distant stations, in camp, at courts of native princes, in palanquins, in tiger hunts, in voyages of discovery of adventurous young English damsels in search of old, yellow, wan, bilious, and wealthy nawaubs. Her descriptions of Anglo-Indian life are full of life and spirit; her vivacity never flags for an instant; but sometimes a vein of sarcasm enters into the mine of keen observation and sprightliness of fancy, without adding to the value of her delineations.

Her "East Indian Voyager," in one vol. post 8vo, was not very successful. Her work, "Memoirs of the House of York and Lancaster" (in two vols. 8vo), attracted far less attention than her "Scenes and Characteristics of Hindostan." Her "Oriental Scenes, Sketches, and Tales" (in two vols. post 8vo) was hardly less popular than her "Scenes and Characteristics."

Miss Emma Roberts died at Poonah, on the 16th of September, 1840, when about to return to England *via* Egypt.

## LETTERS FROM MISS ROBERTS TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Parell (India), December 26th, 1839.

"MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—You will be glad, I am sure, to hear that

I am spending my Christmas at Government House with Sir James and Lady Carnac, and that, if amusement was my sole object in this country, I should pass my time delightfully, for we have a most agreeable family party, and see the best society that the place affords. My residence at Parell, however, will, I hope, be productive of something more important, in enabling me to gather the information of which I am in pursuit. Unfortunately, I am obliged to restrict myself in my pecuniary arrangements. I entertained an apprehension before I left England that my funds would not be adequate to the carrying out of the plans which I had formed. I entertained an expectation of adding to them by writing for the Indian press, but do not find it in a sufficiently flourishing state to offer a fair remuneration; and even were it otherwise, I could scarcely devote my time to literary labors, which would cause me to neglect the object I have in view. I am most anxiously desirous to seek opportunities of making myself thoroughly acquainted with the state of the country, in order that I may write a book that will be useful at home. I feel persuaded that the failure of many well-intentioned endeavors for the improvement of the people of India is attributable to ignorance concerning the character, manners, wants, and resources of the numerous races who have become British subjects. The attempt, therefore, to afford a clearer view of the actual state of British India, easily attainable by society at large, deserves encouragement. I flatter myself that if I had more ample funds at my disposal, I should be able to render a statistical work entertaining, by illustrating the drier details with characteristic anecdotes. To accomplish this, I must travel through the country; my unwillingness to force myself into notice while in England prevented me from making an attempt to interest rich and influential people in my undertaking. I often wished to procure a commission from the Duke of Devonshire, or other wealthy patron, for the collection of horticultural or zoological specimens, which would have assisted to defray the enormous expenses of traveling. Were I to remain at Bombay, I could limit my expenditure within very reasonable bounds; but in this case I should acquire a very small quantity of information; I have, therefore, determined upon making a journey into the provinces, and should you have an opportunity of recommending me as a useful agent to some liberal person at home, I feel assured you would do your utmost to forward my plans. Amid many other objects of interest for a nobleman's park, the yak or yew of Thibet is the most desirable; it will not live in India on the plains, but might in the cold season be carried up the Red Sea; and I should be most happy to go myself into the Himalaya to procure specimens. The kind interest which you have shown in my welfare has encouraged me to trouble you with these details. I feel that I have some claim upon patronage, since my patriotic feelings have induced me to prefer traveling in the British dependencies for the purpose of making them better known, instead of going to America, notwithstanding the offers made to me by publishers at home, who would have made very liberal advances for the expenses of my journey. I do not

expect to be repaid by any book or books which I may write for the £600 that I must inevitably spend before I reach home ; but I hope, by the devotion of my time and money to the purpose I have undertaken, to effect some good. I am going out in the governor's carriage like the queen, with an escort of cavalry, and all sorts of salutes, guards turning out, drums beating, &c.

“ Sir J. Carnac is one of the most delightful persons imaginable, a perfect gentleman of the old school ; I am much pleased also with the ladies, who are lively, unaffected, and most kind and friendly to me. Lord Jocelyn is expected to join the party to-morrow, for a few days, which will make us very gay.

“ Believe me, dear Lady Blessington, sincerely and faithfully yours,

“ EMMA ROBERTS.”

“ Portland Cottage, Portland Road.

“ Will you permit me to introduce to your notice a very learned friend of mine, Dr. Loewè, who is distinguished for his acquaintance with all the dead and living languages, and whose researches have thrown light upon many interesting remains of ancient times, which were previously involved in obscurity ? Dr. Loewè is honored with the acquaintance of all the savans of the day, both in Germany, of which he is a native, France, and England, but unfortunately the course of his studies does not lead to emolument. There is little pecuniary encouragement for the pursuit of abstruse branches of learning ; and while Dr. Loewè is courted in society, he is left entirely to his own resources. He is anxious, therefore, in order to enable him to prosecute a great design—that of producing a lexicon of all languages—to procure some pupils in German, which, of course, he can teach with the greatest facility. It would be a great advantage to any one desirous to acquire a perfect knowledge of German, to learn of a master who is not only perhaps the most erudite person in the ranks of literature, but who takes pleasure in imparting the knowledge he has gained, and who, in explaining the roots of old languages, would, in the course of his lessons, teach more than any master, however skilled in his native tongue, could possibly do.

“ Always sincerely and gratefully yours,

EMMA ROBERTS.”\*

\* Dr. Loewè, LL.D., the gentleman referred to by Miss Roberts, is truly described by her as a very learned man, distinguished for his acquaintance with all the dead and living languages, and his antiquarian researches. In October, 1840, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Dr. Loewè, and becoming his fellow-traveler to the East, when proceeding with Sir Moses Montefiore on his benevolent mission to Syria, to stay the persecution then raging against the Jews of Damascus. Dr. Loewè accompanied the mission in the capacity of secretary and interpreter. So vast an amount of erudition accompanied with so much modesty I have seldom met associated in an individual as are united in this learned and amiable person. He possessed and deserved the highest confidence and esteem of Sir Moses Montefiore and his excellent lady, the companion in that arduous expedition of her truly good and noble-minded husband, the recollection of

## MRS. ISABELLA ROMER.

Mrs. Romer's career was a checkered one of cloud and sunshine, with more of the shadows of the former in it than readers of her lively, entertaining works could easily imagine. Her maiden name was Romer; she was the daughter of a general, and was married to Major, afterward Colonel, Hamerton. The union was not a happy one, nor of long duration. A separation took place about 1825. She died about two years ago, in Paris.

In 1843 Mrs. Romer published, in two volumes, a book of Continental travels, entitled "The Rhone, the Darro, and the Guadalquivir." In the summer of 1842 Mrs. Romer set out from Paris on those travels, of which the above-named account was, I believe, her earliest production in a separate form. She was previously known to the public as a contributor to magazines and annuals. A shrewd, lively, mystery-loving, and "a leetle conceited," occasional authoress, prone to expatiate rather extensively on themes merely personal, and regarding her own feelings, but always redeeming slight defects of that nature by vivid delineations, and smart, interesting, and entertaining descriptions.

In 1846, Mrs. Romer, having rambled in the East, produced "A Pilgrimage to the Tombs of Egypt, Nubia, and Palestine," in two volumes, abounding more in sprightliness than spirituality, and containing a great deal of entertaining description of bazars, harems, Almeh, Circassian slaves, Turkish wives, Levantine women in wide garments spangled to the feet, Arab divinities with blue chins and kohol-painted eyebrows and eyelids, and khennè-dyed tips of fingers.

In noticing the "Pilgrimage," one of the reviews of the time, not in general very complimentary to Mrs. Romer, said: "She appears to have made the most of her opportunities for studying life in Cairo under all its aspects." . . . "The lady has some of the arts and graces of a writer for effect, our consciousness of which in some degree qualifies the value of her testimony,

whose world-wide benevolence and perfectly unsectarian charitableness of heart and mind can never be effaced from my memory.

though it does not destroy the pleasantness of her book for summer reading.”\*

In 1849, “The Bird of Passage,” in three volumes, made its appearance; a rechauffé of scenes and impressions of Oriental and Continental travel previously described.

Traces of a tendency to mysticism, which are slightly obvious in all the preceding works of Mrs. Romer, were very manifestly displayed in a work of fiction, in three volumes, entitled “Sturmer, or the Mesmerist.”

In 1852, the last work bearing the name of Mrs. Romer on the title-page appeared, “Filia Dolorosa: Memoirs of Marie Therese Charlotte, Duchess of Angoulême.” This, we are informed in the preface, was commenced by her, and completed by Dr. Doran.

## LETTERS FROM MRS. ISABELLA ROMER TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

“20 Boulevard Poissonnière, Paris, 14th October, 1839.

“DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—You see that you can not be amiable with impunity, and that I have not forgotten your kind request that I would write to you, for I avail myself of the first leisure moment that has occurred since my return home to devote it to so pleasant an occupation.

“The date of my letter will doubtless surprise you; it almost surprised myself after the vast project which absorbed me when I took leave of you—meditating upon mummies—prating of pyramids—dreaming hieroglyphically, having interviews with Mr. [ ], and seriously turning over in my own mind his suggestions that I should read up other travelers’ observations, and note down my own upon the wonders I was going to contemplate—and all to end upon the Boulevard of Paris!! I can only compare myself to Bouffé, in I forget what vaudeville, who, after pompously exclaiming, ‘C’était l’année de mon voyage en Russie!’ and being replied to by ‘Comment, vous avez été en Russie?’ quickly rejoins, ‘Non je suis allé jusqu’à Bondy;’ for my grand projects have had the same puny results, and all *malgré moi*. In fact, we had determined to take a peep at Spain, *chemin faisant* to Egypt, and therefore journeyed along the coast of Brighton to Falmouth, in order to embark in the peninsular steamer for Lisbon, Cadiz, &c., but at Falmouth we were detained fifteen days in such a stress of weather as it would have been madness to put to sea in. The bay was crowded with yachts, all bound (or, rather, windbound) for the same place with ourselves. Grosvenor Square was assembled at the Land’s End. Lord Yarborough, Lord and Lady Wilton, Lord and Lady Godolphin, Mr. and Lady C. Talbot, Mr. and Mrs. Villiers, formed

\* The Athenæum, August 29th, 1846, p. 879.

part of the aristocratic little squadron. There were also two or three yachts belonging to the Irish Yacht Club, but they seemed to be looked upon as *aliens* by the others—as distinct from them as Bloomsbury is from May Fair. I suppose there are nautical as well as hunting ‘snobs,’ and that these latter, being of that sort, would have contaminated the others had they ‘come between the wind and their nobility!’

“But to return to ourselves: we lost patience, and determined to set out and start for Marseilles, there to embark by the Mediterranean instead of the dreadful Bay of Biscay, when I received intelligence which necessitated my giving up the idea of the whole thing for this year. My sole remaining trustee had died, and I was left to the mercy of whoever his executors might be, and obliged to exert myself personally to nominate new trustees, &c., which affair is not yet terminated, and therefore the Egyptian tour is put off until next year. I have been betrayed into this most egotistical detail in order to account for what would otherwise have appeared to you a puerile caprice. My only consolation in this disappointment, caused by ‘hope deferred,’ is, that I shall be enabled to read your next work as soon as it appears in print, and to retrace my recollections of the dear Clonmel Quakers through the medium of your clever and graceful pen. Apropos to writing, I must tell you that Mr. C—— called upon me, and discoursed at great length upon the subject of publishing for me; we, however (and, as matters turned out, I consider it a fortunate circumstance), came to no understanding beyond that of Mr. C—— being offered the refusal of my first production. He wished me to furnish him with articles *à fin et mesure* for his magazine, but, having already declined Mr. F——’s very liberal offers to me because I do not wish to write for magazines, I also declined Mr. C——’s proposal to that effect.

“If it is not asking too much of you, might I request that you would let Mr. C—— know of my postponed journey? for I believe that he now expects to receive a volume from me upon Egypt in the spring. During the fortnight that has elapsed since my return here, I have been so occupied by business as to leave me no opportunity of learning *le on dits*. There appear to be few English, comparatively to other autumns, now in Paris. The French embassy to Persia has departed, and caused great despair among the Bayaderes of the Opera: one of the *calembourgs* of the day is that “dans les coulisses on n’entend pas que des cris perçans”—Persans.

“But my papa warns me to conclude. I can not, however, do so without assuring you that, if so very a recluse as I am can be of any use to you here, my services are at your command, and shall ever be most cheerfully exerted on your behalf. Pray, therefore, do not scruple to employ me in any way that I can be useful.

“Mr. B—— charges me to *mettre ses hommages à vos pieds, de sa part, à l’homme aimable par excellence le Comte D’Orsay*.

“And now, dear Lady Blessington, farewell.

“Perhaps it is too much to ask that, in the multitude of your occupations.



you should devote half an hour to writing to me. I will only say that your doing so would make me very happy, and that a letter from you would be the next best substitute for the delightful moments I have passed in your society.

“Believe me to be, with every sentiment of esteem, your ladyship’s sincerely obliged  
ISABELLA F. ROMER.”

“31 Chester Square, Monday, 18th.

“I would not thank you *in form*, my dear Lady Blessington, for the ‘Book of Beauty’ until I had read every word of it. I have just finished it, and to my thanks I must add the expression of my sincere admiration for its contents, more especially those portions that have emanated from Gore House.

“It is no new thing to tell you that *you do every thing well* that you undertake; but I must, nevertheless, repeat the oft-told tale, and offer my humble meed of praise to your ‘Historical Sketches,’ as I have so often done to your works of imagination. How ably you have been seconded by your fair young coadjutrix! Pray congratulate Miss Power, in my name, upon the ability and grace she has evinced in her share of the undertaking. Her style is charming, at once showing extensive reading and deep research, without the alloy of stiffness or pedantry.  
ISABELLA F. ROMER.”

“Cairo, November 9th, 1845.

“As you kindly expressed a wish to hear from me in the course of my peregrinations, I seize upon the first opportunity of sending letters to England which has occurred since my arrival in the City of the Califs, to recall myself to your remembrance, and to tell you that thus far we have journeyed most prosperously, *par mer et par terre*. A fortnight passed at Malta Sound served to increase my delight in that loveliest of all places, Valetta, and certainly tended to make me fastidious about the spots afterward to be visited. However, after making this declaration, I am bound to admit that traveling in Egypt is far less uncomfortable than I had previously been led to imagine, and that the pleasures so far overbalance the pains of the undertaking that I now begin to wonder at their being dwelt upon so much as they have been.

“We have been only a week in Cairo, and have therefore not yet seen one half of its lions; but as the prevailing winds are now favorable for the navigation of the Nile, we intend to profit by them to make an excursion to Upper Egypt, and on our return to Thebes we shall see Cairo in detail at our leisure. I shall therefore abstain from inflicting upon you any half finished description of the place, but merely say that, in point of local coloring, Cairo is far more interesting than Constantinople, inasmuch as that it is purely an Arabian city, and perfectly Oriental, both as regards men and things, customs and manners. The picturesque *façades* of the houses; the narrow streets, crowded with camels, dromedaries, and those most delightful of all animals, Egyptian asses; the thronging, noisy population in their graceful costumes; the strange garb of the women, muffled to the eyes in voluminous black man-

bles, and mounted astride upon what is here termed 'the high ass'—all is so totally dissimilar to any thing one has seen elsewhere, that one could almost fancy one's self carried back to the days of the great Saladin or Tagloon.

"The present ruler of Egypt is a fine, healthy old man, likely to live a dozen years longer, and, for the sake of the country, it is to be hoped he may do so. He is now much occupied with the marriage of his youngest daughter with Kiamil Pasha, which is to take place next month, when there will be extraordinary rejoicings in Cairo. He has given her £280,000 worth of diamonds, and also the Defterdar's Palace (the house where Kleber was assassinated), newly furnished, in the most sumptuous manner, partly in the Oriental, partly in the European style. I never saw mirrors of such magnitude and beauty as those in the princess's *salaamlük*. As the waters of the Nile have not yet subsided sufficiently to admit of a visit to the great pyramids of Ghizeh with any comfort, I have postponed going there until our return from the upper country, when, in descending the river, we shall take all the pyramids in detail, ending by the finest of them all, that of Cheops. And now, dear Lady Blessington, will you not exclaim at the egotism of this letter? I blush for myself when I perceive that I have filled three pages without telling you of the deep concern with which we read in the papers at Malta of the painful accident Count D'Orsay had met with. I trust in Heaven that the injury has only been temporary, and I assure you that it would afford the greatest satisfaction both to Mr. B—— and to myself to hear that the wounded hand is restored to its healthy state.

"Pray let me have the happiness of hearing that you are all as well as I wish you to be, and if you will write to me on the receipt of this, and direct your letter to J. B——, Esq., care of Messrs. Briggs, Alexandria, Egypt, it will be forwarded to me here, and I shall have the pleasure of receiving news from Gore House on my return from the head-quarters of hieroglyphics. I dined yesterday at our consul general's, Colonel Barnett, where we met the French consul general, Monsieur Barrot (brother of Odillon Barrot), and his pretty English wife. There had been, on the previous day, a presentation to the Pasha of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, which Louis Philippe sent out to him, in acknowledgment of the *bon accueil* which the Duc de Montpensier received in this country. Queen Victoria has also been sending her picture, set in diamonds, to Mohammed Ali; and, after the formal presentation of it, his highness gave a dinner to all the Englishmen in Cairo. This day he has done the same thing by the French sojourning here.

"Adieu, my dear Lady Blessington. Mr. B—— unites with me in a thousand kind regards to you and to your charming nieces, not forgetting *l'artiste par excellence*, Count D'Orsay, and I remain, ever and affectionately yours,

"I. F. ROMER."

## CHAPTER V.

W. S. LANDOR, ESQ.

IN a letter of Mr. Landor to Lady Blessington in 1837, the following brief notice of his career was given by him :

“Walter Landor, of Ipsley Court, in the county of Warwick, married first, Maria, only daughter and heiress of J. Wright, Esq., by whom he had an only daughter, married to her cousin, Humphrey Arden, Esq., of Longcroft, in Staffordshire ; secondly, Elizabeth, eldest daughter and co-heiress of Charles Savage, of Tachebrooke, who brought about eighty thousand pounds into the family. The eldest child of this marriage, Walter Savage Landor, was born January 30th, 1775. He was educated at Rugby : his private tutor was Dr. Heath, of St. Paul’s. When he had reached the head of the school, he was too young for college, and was placed under the private tuition of Mr. Langley, of Ashbourne. After a year, he was entered at Trinity College, Oxford, where the learned Benwell was his private tutor.\* At the peace of Amiens he went to France, but returned at the end of the year.”

“In 1808, on the first insurrection in Spain, in June, he joined the Viceroy of Galicia, Blake. The ‘Madrid Gazette’ of August mentions a gift from him of twenty thousand reals. On the extinction of the Constitution, he returned to Don P. Caval-

\* It has been stated that Landor was rusticated at college for the boyish freak of firing a gun in the quadrangle of his college, and that, after this occurrence, he never returned to take a degree.<sup>1</sup> He repaired to London on leaving college, and remained there for some time, under the care of General Powell, his godfather, who pressed him to enter the army. Having declined that proposition, his father, desiring to make him a lawyer, offered him £400 a year if he would reside in the Temple and study the law, but only a small pittance, of about £150 a year, in the event of a refusal. He proceeded to South Wales, and resided in great seclusion for some time at Swansea.—R. R. M.

<sup>1</sup> Men of the Time, p. 273, London, 1853.

los the tokens of royal approbation in no very measured terms.\* In 1811 he married Julia, daughter of J. Thuillier de Malaperte, descendant and representative of J. Thuillier de Malaperte, Baron de Nieuveville, first gentleman of the bed-chamber to Charles the Eighth. He was residing at Tours, when, after the battle of Waterloo, many other Englishmen, to the number of four thousand, went away. He wrote to Carnot that he had no confidence in the moderation or honor of the emperor, but resolved to stay, because he considered the danger to be greater in the midst of a broken army. A week afterward, when this wretch occupied Tours, his house was the only one without a billet. In the autumn of that year he retired to Italy. For seven or eight years he occupied the Palazzo Medici in Florence, and then bought the celebrated villa of Count Gherardesea, at Fiesole, with its gardens, and two farms, immediately under the ancient villa of Lorenzo de Medici. His visits to England have been few and short."

For several years past Mr. Landor has resided in Bath; he has been married, and has three children; his lady is still living, though not in the vicinity of Bath. Possessing a good fortune, Mr. Landor has retained a small portion of it, just sufficient to live on, for his own wants. The remainder has been allotted to his family.

The property inherited by Landor was very considerable, but so early as 1806 he had sold a very large portion of it in Staffordshire and Warwickshire, which his ancestors had possessed for nearly seven hundred years. He then bought two estates in Monmouthshire, on which he expended several thousand pounds; on the building of a house alone, £8000. Some tenants of his, named Betham, having abandoned their farms and fled to the Crimea, being in his debt to the amount of £3000, he ceased to feel any interest in the place he had intended to

\* He not only received the thanks of the Supreme Junta, but, soon after his return to England, the rank of colonel. He sent back the documents with his commission to Don Pedro Cavallos on the subversion of the Constitution by Ferdinand. He was "willing," he said, "to aid a people in the assertion of its liberties against the antagonist of Europe, but could have nothing to do with a perjurer and traitor."—See "Men of the Time."

have permanently settled in, and, on the authority I have already referred to, "he ordered his house to be demolished."

When a large portion of the prose literature of our times that has acquired celebrity shall have lost its renown, or be remembered merely on account of an ephemeral celebrity, the "Imaginary Conversations" of Walter Savage Landor will live in honor, and flourish far and wide. There are intellectual gifts and graces of no ordinary kind exhibited in his prose productions: wonderful acquirements, scholarship of a genuine kind—massiveness of mind—keenness and subtilty of perception—earnestness and enthusiasm—geniality of disposition—tenderness of heart, and a noble love of every thing in nature good and beautiful. The poetry of Mr. Landor, in all probability, is not destined to the same immortality, and possibly few critics will imagine that any considerable portion of it is deserving even of passing commendation at the hands of his contemporaries.

In Landor's disposition there is a singular combination of opposite qualities, and in his mental powers and abilities a mixture no less strange of force and energy, with a childish simplicity, deep erudition, an intimate acquaintance with ancient and modern history and literature, with strong prejudices, partialities, and dislikes, by which his opinions are considerably affected, often even on the gravest subjects; great tenderness of heart is found allied with heat and excitability of temper, while critical acumen of no ordinary kind is found associated with credulity, and a disposition to believe things that to many appear marvelous, and to hesitate to give credence to those things which others think it important to receive with implicit trust.

The marked feature in the principal prose writings of Landor is that of originality of mind and a daring recklessness of all consequence in the expression of opinions he believes to be just and true. Take up any one of the "Imaginary Conversations," and you feel yourself in communion with the mind of an author of powerful intellect—in the presence of a great original thinker—a fervent lover of truth and goodness—a fierce hater of every thing mean and base—of all shams, and of all kinds of scoundrelism, however grandly disguised or dignified with great

names—a man of vast and varied erudition, endowed with that peculiar power of high dramatic genius which can transport the imagination to distant climes and ages, create an ideal presence of celebrities of antiquity, whom he brings before his readers in a life-like manner, looking, speaking, acting, and playing their great parts in life's drama over again, as they looked, and spoke, and acted, or pretended to be, a thousand or two thousand years ago.

Lady Blessington thus speaks in one of her letters of her first meeting with Walter Savage Landor in May, 1825, at Florence :

“I had learned from his works to form a high opinion of the man as well as the author. But I was not prepared to find in him the courtly, polished gentleman of high breeding, of manners, deportment, and demeanor that one might expect to meet with in one who had passed the greater portion of his life in courts. There is no affectation of politeness, no finikin affability in his urbanity, no far-fetched complimentary hyperbolical strain of eulogy in the agrèmens of his conversation with women, and the pleasing things he says to them whom he cares to please.”

Of all the literary men with whom Lady Blessington came in contact—and they certainly were not few or undistinguished—at home and abroad, the person whom she looked on with most respect, honor, and affectionate regard, was Walter Savage Landor.

#### LETTERS FROM LADY BLESSINGTON TO W. S. LANDOR, ESQ.

“74 Rue Bourbon, Quartier St. Germain, Paris, February, 1829.

“MY DEAR MR. LANDOR,—I can no longer allow you to think that I am ungrateful for your letter of last month, which my silence might imply ; but when I tell you that for the last two months I have only twice attempted to use my pen, and both times was compelled to abandon it, you will acquit me of neglect or negligence, neither of which, toward those whom I esteem and value as highly as I do you, are among the catalogue of my faults. The change of climate, operating on a constitution none of the strongest, and an unusually severe winter to me, who for some years have only seen Italian ones, has brought on a severe attack of rheumatism in the head, that has not only precluded the possibility of writing, but nearly of reading also, so that my winter has been indeed cheerless. Among the partial gleams of sunshine

which have illumed it, your kind recollection so obligingly expressed, and a fortnight's sojourn which Francis Hare and his excellent wife made here, are remembered with most pleasure. She is, indeed, a treasure—well-informed, clever, sensible, well-mannered, kind, lady-like, and, above all, truly feminine: the having chosen such a woman reflects credit and distinction on our friend, and the communion with her has had a visible effect on him, as, without losing any of his gayety, it has become softened down to a more mellow tone, and he appears not only a more happy man, but more deserving of happiness than before. The amiable and, I think, admirable Augustus Hare is to be married next autumn. He is a very great favorite of mine, and he possesses a peculiar delicacy of sentiment and nobleness of nature that make one regard him as something superior to the ordinary class of mankind, while his enthusiasm and honesty, both so seldom met with in our days of commonplace mediocrity, give a raciness to his character and manner that is peculiarly pleasing to me. I look with impatience for the two volumes that have been announced from Mr. Julius Hare, and shall read them with the same attention, pleasure, and profit with which I have perused all the other productions of the same author. Should you write to him, pray urge him not to forget that you promised those two volumes, and that I have in this matter even more than my sex's share of impatience. I shall not be unmindful of the interest of Mr. Godwin Swift,\* you may be sure, as I never can be to any recommendation of yours. Thanks for your congratulation on the marriage of my sister; it is, and will be, I am sure, a very happy one, for the speaker is an excellent man, and she is truly a good woman, so that this union can not but be fortunate.

“My dear Mr. Landor, your sincerely attached friend,

“MARGUERITE BLESSINGTON.”

“London, Seamore Place, July 10th, 1834.

“What shall I say to you for all your kindness? I feel it more than I can express, and only wish I could in any way prove my sense of the obligations I owe you. I sent for Mr. Ottley the day (yesterday) I got your letter, and communicated your wishes with regard to ‘The Trial.’† He seemed sensibly touched, and so expressed himself, at the generosity of your proposal, and spoke in terms of the highest admiration of the production, which he considers most admirable. He requests me to assure you that the work shall go to press forthwith, and that in the course of a month from this date it will be ready for publication. How admirable is the conversation between Essex and Spenser, as also that of Colonel Walker! So inimitably do you identify yourself with the characters you make converse, that you make me forget the lapse of ages, and create new sympathies with those who have for years been

\* Of the Mr. Godwin Swift mentioned in this letter, an account will be found in the Appendix.—R. R. M.

† Mr. Landor's “Examination of W. Shakspeare,” &c.—R. R. M.

numbered with the dead. How soothing is it, my dear friend, to retire within one's own heart from the turmoil and petty cares of life, to dwell and think with the wise and good of other days, and, still more, to make known their feelings to thousands who must esteem you for the delight you offer them ! I have often wished that you would note down for me your reminiscences of your friendship, and the conversations it led to with my dear and ever-to-be-lamented husband—he who so valued and loved you, and who was so little understood by the common herd of mankind. We, who knew the nobleness, the generosity, and the refined delicacy of his nature, can render justice to his memory, and I wish that posterity, through your means, should know him as he was.\* All that I could say would be viewed as the partiality of a wife, but a *friend*, and such a *friend as you*, might convey a true sketch of him. Pray think of this, and give me a conversation (suppose your voyage to Naples the scene of it) between you. Pray tell me something of poor Augustus Hare—another friend gone before us !! I knew not that he was ill, and death snatches him while I believed him in health and happiness. He was good and amiable, and therefore fit to die, though his death is more painful to his friends. Do you remember our calm nights on the Terrace of the Casa Pèlosi, now seven years ago ? When you recall them, remember also that you have a sincere friend in her who shared them.

M. BLESSINGTON."

"London, Seamore Place, June 9th, 1834.

"I have to thank you for your admirable contributions to my 'Book of Beauty,' with both of which I am delighted. 'The Search after Honor' is as original as it is excellent, and the 'Conversation between Steele and Addison' is one of the most interesting productions I ever read. What a singular power you have of identifying yourself with the minds of others ! It seems like an intuitive knowledge, which enables you to continue their train of thought, without ever losing your own powerful originality.

"Sir Egerton Brydges has lately taken a hint from you, and published two volumes of 'Imaginary Biography,' which, though very clever and interest-

\* The intelligence of the death of Lord Blessington had been communicated to Mr. Landor in a letter, dated Paris, May 29th, 1829.

"It is with feelings of the deepest regret that I have to announce to you that poor dear Lord Blessington was seized with an apoplectic fit at half past six o'clock on Saturday last, and though medical aid was at hand almost immediately, and nothing left undone that could be done to save him, all efforts were used in vain. He remained speechless from the first moment, and lingered until half past four o'clock on Monday morning, when he breathed his last. Nothing can equal the grief of poor dear Lady Blessington ; in fact, she is so ill that we are quite uneasy about her, as is also poor Lady Harriet. But not only ourselves, but all our friends, are in the greatest affliction since this melancholy event. Fancy what a dreadful blow it is to us all to lose him ; he who was so kind, so generous, and so truly good a man. As he has always expressed a desire to be interred at Mountjoy, his body is to leave this in a few days for Ireland."



falls infinitely short of his model, and wants the vigor and spirit of the 'Imaginary Conversations.' I have received your MS., and am delighted with it. Mr. Willis delivered it to me with your letter, and I endeavored to show him all the civility in my power, in honor of his recommendation.

"A fatality seems to pursue the books I send you. Colonel Hughes, the brother of Lord Dinorben, pledged himself to give you the 'Conversations of Lord Byron,' which I put into his hand, and has been as negligent as the friend by whom I sent 'The Repealers.' The first person I find going to Italy I shall again consign a copy to; and I am really mortified that you should not have sooner had them, knowing as I do the indulgence with which you would have perused any thing from my pen.

"Lord Mulgrave, who is lately returned from Jamaica, has been sitting with me, and talked of you very kindly; finding that I was about to write to you, he desired to offer you his kind regards. M. BLESSINGTON."

"London, Seamore Place, May Fair, October 13th, 1834.

"The introduction to your 'Examination' is printed, and the 'Conference of Spenser and Lord Essex' follows the 'Examination,' and reads admirably in print. I have read all the proof-sheets, and hope you will be satisfied with their correctness, and Messrs. Saunders and Ottley have informed me that the book will be out in the course of this week. Of its success I entertain no doubt, though I have had many proofs that the excellency of literary productions can not always command their success. So much depends on the state of the literary horizon when a work presents itself: the sky is at present much overclouded by the unsettled state of politics at home and abroad; but, notwithstanding all this, I am very sanguine in my expectations about the success your book will have, and so are the publishers. The 'Conference' is peculiarly interesting, as bearing on the state of Ireland, which, alas! now, as in the reign of Elizabeth, remains unsettled, unsatisfied, and unsatisfying, resisting hitherto the various remedies that have been applied to her disease by severe surgeons or timid practitioners. I think very highly of the 'Examination;' it is redolent with the joyous spirit of the immortal bard with whom you have identified yourself; his frequent pleasantry wantons in the breasts of song, while snatches of pathos break in continually in the prose. The 'Conference' is deeply interesting, and so dissimilar from the 'Examination,' that it is difficult to imagine it the work of the same mind, if one did not know that true genius possesses the power of variety in style and thought. I wish you could be persuaded to write your Memoirs; what a treasure they would prove to posterity! Tracing the working of such a mind as yours, a mind that has never submitted to the ignoble fetters that a corrupt and artificial society would impose, could not fail to be highly interesting as well as useful, by giving courage to the timid and strength to the weak, and teaching them to rely on their own intellectual resources, instead of leaning on that feeble reed the world, which can wound but not support those who rely on it. Mr.

E. L. Bulwer's new novel, 'The Last Days of Pompeii,' has been out a fortnight. It is an admirable work, and does him honor. He refers to you in one of the notes to it as 'his learned friend, Mr. Landor;' so you see you are in a fair way of being praised (if not understood) by the dandies, as his book is in the hands of the whole tribe. The novel is dedicated to our friend Sir W. Gell. There is no year in which your fame does not gain at all sides, and it is now so much the fashion to praise you, that you are quoted by many who are as incapable of appreciating as of equaling you. M. BLESSINGTON."

"London, Seamore Place, March 16th, 1835.

"I am glad that you have at length received the 'Conversations,' and that they give you a better opinion of Byron. He was one of the many proofs of a superior nature spoiled by civilization. The evil commenced when he was a school-boy, and continued its baneful influence over him up to the last moment of his life. But then there were outbreakings of the original goodness of the soil, though over-cultivation had deteriorated it.

"His first impulses were always good, and it was only the reflections suggested by experience that checked them.

"Then consider that he died when only thirty-seven years old. The passions had not ceased to torment, though they no longer wholly governed him. He was arrived at that period in human life when he saw the fallacy of the past without having grasped the wisdom of the future. Had ten years been added to his existence, he would have been a *better* and a *happier* man. Are not goodness and happiness the nearest approach to synonymous terms?

"I have sent you, by a Mr. Stanley, my two novels, and trust you will soon receive them. I fear they will not interest you, for they are written on the every-day business of life, without once entering the region of imagination. I wrote because I wanted money, and was obliged to select subjects that would command it from my publisher. None but ephemeral ones will now catch the attention of the mass of readers. 'The Quarterly Review' names you in the last number, and with praise, though the praise, like all that appears in that clever but cynical publication, is measured out most cautiously. Still, it is valuable, because all the world knows it is praise well earned, and extorted by the merit of the author, rather than due to the generosity of the critic. It promises a general notice of your works, which, I trust, will soon appear.

"I see your friend Mr. Robinson sometimes, but not so often as I could wish; he is a person of sound head, and as sound a heart, and full of knowledge. We talk of you every time we meet, and are selfish enough to wish you were near us in this cold and murky climate. If you knew how much I value your letters, you would write to me very often; they breathe of Italy, and take me back to other and happier times.

"Do you remember our calm evenings on the terrace of the Casa Pelosi, where, by the light of the moon, we looked on the smooth and glassy Arno, and talked of past ages? Those were happy times, and I frequently revert to them.

“The verses in your letter pleased me much, as do all that you write. What have you been doing lately ?

“What a capital book might be written, illustrative of the passions, when they stood forth more boldly than at present, in the Middle Ages. The history of Italy teems with such, and you might give them vitality.

“M. BLESSINGTON.”

“Thursday evening.

“I send you the engraving, and have only to wish that it may sometimes remind you of the original. You are associated in my memory with some of my happiest days ; you were the friend, and the highly-valued friend, of my dear and lamented husband, and as such, even without any of the numberless claims you have to my regard, you could not be otherwise than highly esteemed. It appears to me that I have not quite lost him who made life dear to me when I am near those he loved, and that knew how to value him. Five fleeting years have gone by since our delicious evenings on the lovely Arno—evenings never to be forgotten, and the recollections of which ought to cement the friendships then formed. This effect I can, in truth, say has been produced on me, and I look forward with confidence to keeping alive, by a frequent correspondence, the friendship you owe me, no less for that I feel for you, but as the widow of one you loved, and that truly loved you. We, or, more properly speaking, I, live in a world where friendship is little known, and, were it not for one or two individuals like yourself, I might be tempted to exclaim with Socrates, ‘My friends ! there are no friends.’ Let us prove that the philosopher was wrong, and, if Fate has denied us the comfort of meeting, let us by letters keep up our friendly intercourse. You will tell me what you think and feel in your Tuscan retirement, and I will tell you what I do in this modern Babylon, where thinking and feeling are almost unknown. Have I not reason to complain that in your sojourn in London you do not give me a single day ? and yet, methinks, you promised to stay a week, and that of that week I should have my share. I rely on your promise of coming to see me again before you leave London, and I console myself for the disappointment of seeing so little of you, by recollecting the welcome and the happiness that wait you at home. Long may you enjoy it, is the sincere wish of your attached friend,

M. BLESSINGTON.

“P.S.—I shall be glad to hear what you think of the Conversations. I could have made them better, but they would no longer have been, as they now are, genuine.”

“Seamore Place, October 1st, 1835.

“I know not when I felt more pleasure than on hearing of your arrival in England. I had been absent from town, on the coast of Hampshire, and not in York or Doncaster, where the newspapers sent me. Health, and not pleasure, was the object of my expedition, and the sea-breezes have done me much

good. I had heard of your having passed through London before I got your letter, and console myself for not having seen you by the hope that, on your way back, you will give me a few days of your society, that we may talk over old friends and old times, one of the few comforts (though it is a melancholy one) that age gives. I am glad that you are again soon to appear in print, and the *subject* delights me. It is one you will treat *con amore*, and that *only you* can treat as it deserves. I am so charmed with the Parable, that I dispatched it forthwith to the printer, and expect to have a proof very soon. It is just the very essence of the beauty of holiness. M. BLESSINGTON."

"Gore House, Kensington Gore, March 10th, 1836.

"I write to you from my new residence, in what I call the country, being a mile from London. I have not forgotten that your last letter announced the pleasing intelligence that you were to be in London in April, and I write to request that you will take up your residence at my house. I have a comfortable room to offer you, and, what is better still, a cordial welcome. Pray bear this in mind, and let me have the pleasure of having you under my roof. Have you heard of the death of poor Sir William Gell? He expired at Naples, on the 4th of February, literally exhausted by his bodily infirmity.

"Poor Gell! I regret him much; he was gentle, kind-hearted, and good-tempered, possessed a great fund of information, which was always at the service of any one requiring it, and, if free from passion (not always, in my opinion, a desirable thing), totally exempt from prejudice, which I hold to be most desirable. How much more frequently we think of a friend we have lost than when he lived! I have thought of poor Gell continually since I got Mr. Craven's melancholy letter announcing his demise, yet when he lived I have passed weeks without bestowing a thought on him. Is not this a curious fact in all our natures, that we only begin to know the value of friends when they are lost to us forever? It ought to teach us to turn with increased tenderness to those that remain, and I always feel that my affection for living friends is enlivened by the reflection that they too may pass away.

"*If we were only half as lenient to the living as we are to the dead, how much happiness might we render them, and from how much vain and bitter remorse might we be spared, when the grave, 'the all-atoning grave,' has closed over them.* I long to read your book; it will be to me like water in the desert to the parched pilgrim. Let me hear from you, and, above all, tell me that you will take up your abode with me, where quiet and friendship await you.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

"Gore House, April 4th, 1836.

"I have to thank you for the very highest intellectual feast I have ever enjoyed. Yes, your 'Aspasia and Pericles' are delicious, and reflect everlasting honor on you. Never was there so beautiful a mirror of wisdom and tenderness; the book continually filled my eyes with tears, and my heart with

gentle and generous emotions. I am proud of and for you, and repeat frequently to myself, *he is my friend*. How delightful, yet how rare is it, when our friends make us feel proud of them! every one talks of your book, and every one is loud in its praises. I rejoice in this for two reasons; the first, that its author is my friend, and the second, that it gives me a better opinion of human nature, to find that even the worldlings of London *can feel* what is elevated, pure, and holy. Never was there such a triumph as you have achieved by this book! Mr. Fonblanque is impatient to shake you by the hand. He is worthy to be *your friend*, and is, in the true sense of the word, a noble-minded man. I shall be at Gore House the whole season, and charmed to see you; come and take possession of your room in it—why can you not come before May? I have taken steps to get your MSS., &c., from Mr. Willis, and trust to be able soon to tell you that they are in my possession. How often, while reading your book, did I think of the delight it would have given your dear friend, my lost husband! He could well sympathize in such sentiments.

M. BLESSINGTON."

"Gore House, June 8th, 1836.

"It gave me great pleasure to hear from you. Of ingratitude or impoliteness I can never suspect you, because you know how sincerely I esteem you—too well to be wicked enough to be ungrateful, and you are, in my opinion, the most genuinely polite man I know. You must come and pay me another visit when you return from your relations; nowhere can you bestow your society where it can be more highly valued than at Gore House, and this ought to induce you to be more liberal of the gift. Your 'Epigrams' are excellent, and prove that genius can be as happy in trifles as in great things. I think of you very often, and miss you as often; it was happily said that friends, like lovers, should be very near or very distant; and this I feel, for one gets reconciled to the absence that a *great* distance causes, and impatient at that which a short one produces. When you were in Italy, I knew it was useless to hope to see you; but at Bristol, I reproach you for not giving me more of your society.

M. BLESSINGTON."

"Gore House, Jan. 25th, 1837.

"I have furnished your note to Mr. Hall, the husband of Mrs. Hall, the authoress. Indeed you are wrong if you imagine that all good judges do not rate you as you deserve to be rated. Unfortunately, they are not so numerous as the *enviers*, who try to depreciate what they can never hope to equal. You send me some alterations for a poem I have not in my possession—your Clytemnestra. Mr. Forster told me that you had sent him some portions of it from Heidelberg, and probably you have fancied it was to me. As all you write is too precious to be mislaid, tell me, without delay, how the affair rests. Have you seen poor Augustus Hare's sermons?

"I got them a few days ago, with a pencil note written on his death-bed.

"Poor Augustus! He was a fine creature, full of affection and generosity.

"Mr. Southey is, I hear, in town. I should like much to have made his acquaintance, for I admire his genius and esteem his character. What are you doing? I hope a great deal. I wish you would write a History.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

"April 19th, 1837.

"I have been, indeed, very unwell of late, but am now, thank God, considerably better. The truth is, the numerous family of father, mother, sister, brother, and his six children, that I have to provide for, compels me to write, when my health would demand a total repose from literary exertion; and this throws me back.

"*Mais quoi faire?* A thousand thanks for your most kind offer of literary assistance, and for the charming scene from Orestes, which is full of power. How glad I shall be to see you again at Gore House.

"Do pray pay me a visit, whenever you can make up your mind to move, for be assured no one can more truly enjoy or value your society than I do. I ordered my publishers to send you one of the first copies of my new novel, which I hope has reached you.

"The story is only a vehicle to convey a severe censure on the ultra-fashionables of London, and the book has been very indulgently received. I saw your friend Mr. Cholmondeley a few days ago, and he inquired for you most kindly. He is a very sensible and amiable young man. Mrs. Fairlie and her family are still with me, and Bella improves daily in intelligence and beauty. We often speak of you, and wish you were with us. M. BLESSINGTON."

"Gore House, Nov. 20th, 1837.

"I send you by the coach your copy of the 'Book of Beauty,' which has just come out, and which I trust you will like. If all its contents resemble your contribution, I should have no doubt of the success of the book; but though they are far, far removed from such excellence, I nevertheless hope that a book containing *such* a gem must leave behind it every other annual. Since I wrote to you I have been extremely ill. I tried change of air, and spent some days on the sea-coast, from which I derived but little benefit. I am now, thank God, considerably better, which I attribute to the skillful treatment of my medical adviser.

M. BLESSINGTON."

"Gore House, Dec. 20th, 1837.

"There is no person in whose erudition I place so much confidence as in yours, and no one in whose disposition to communicate it I have such faith. Will you inform me if you know any thing about an ancient monument at Frejus, erected to or by a Julia Alpina, or some similar sounding name, remarkable for her strong devotion to her father? I have read a most interesting note relative to her, but can not remember where.

“I shall long for the spring more than ever, now that you have promised to come to me in April.  
M. BLESSINGTON.”

“Gore House, Jan. 17th, 1838.

“I will not let you continue in the error of believing that Mr. Forster is in a minority in thinking most highly of your works. Be assured that every person possessed of taste, feeling, or erudition, admires them as much as he does; but they, unfortunately, are not the great mass of readers. I never heard a difference of opinion relative to your books; all who have intellects capable of comprehending them were unanimous in appreciating them as they deserve; and among the number, no one spoke more highly than Mr. Fonblanque. His health has lately been very bad, and, though better, he is still an invalid. Your friend Alfred D’Orsay has discovered the passage about which I wrote to you, for his reading is so desultory that he constantly reproaches my memory. The Julia, whose name I could not remember, was Julia Alpinula, the daughter of Julius Alpinus, who was condemned to death by Albanus Cecina. His daughter could not survive him, and his friends erected a monument, with an inscription, of which the following are the two first lines:

‘Julia Alpinula Hic Jacet,  
Infelicis Patris Infelix Proles.

Vixit Annos xxiii.’

“The fate of this young creature would furnish a subject worthy your pen.  
M. BLESSINGTON.”

“Gore House, Oct. 23d, 1838.

“I lament as much as you do Lord Durham’s throwing up his appointment; but I have little hope that any representation of mine could influence him to change his determination. He has been shamefully used by ministers, whatever their advocates may say to the contrary; and though I regret, I can not wonder at his resolution of returning. I am very sorry to hear of your accident, but hope you will soon get over its effect. I was moved to tears the other day, on reading in ‘The Examiner’ your lines to A——. If he read them, how can he resist flying to you? Alas! half our pains through life arise from being misunderstood, and men of genius, above all others, are the most subject to this misfortune, for a misfortune, and a serious one, I call it, when those near and dear to us mistake us, and erect between their hearts and ours barriers that even love can not break down, though pride humbles itself to assist the endeavor.  
M. BLESSINGTON.”

“Gore House, April 16th, 1839.

“Saturday’s post brought me yours of Friday, written perhaps when, with Mr. Forster, we were reading your ‘Giovanna’ and ‘Andrea.’ Your friend (and you have not a more sincere one) Count D’Orsay and I had the doors closed against all visitors, that we might enjoy the luxury of these two pieces uninterrupted.

“Never were high anticipations more perfectly realized. They breathe the very soul of poesy and tenderness—nature and truth combine to render them matchless. There was but one drawback to the pleasure we felt, and that proceeded from a knowledge (the ground for which we found in your dedication) that *we*, who love poetry almost as well as we love you, who are one of its chosen high-priests, were not deemed worthy to hear a single scene from yourself, although some portions of it were written in Gore House!!!

“As a woman, I thank you for having redeemed the character of Giovanna from the imputation cast upon it—an imputation that has always pained me; for, after the description given of her by Petrarch, I never could believe that she was guilty of even a knowledge of the death of Andrea.

“How interesting you have rendered the character of Andrea too! You are, in truth, a very wizard, at the touch of whose wand the prejudices of centuries fall away, and the real character stands revealed.

“M. BLESSINGTON.”

“Gore House, Nov. 14th, 1839.

“If all could see or write visions like you, few would wish to do aught else. I am charmed with the one you have sent me, which shall certainly find a place in the Book of Beauty for 1841. Pray tell me, have you read my rish dream? I had a letter from Mr. Trelawney, who has taken to lead the life of a recluse in a villa near Putney, never going to see a single acquaintance or friend, and scarcely ever visiting London. He charged me with his kindest regards to you.

“Did I ever tell you that Count Alfred de Vigny, author of *Cinque Mars*, and some other admirable works, told me that he had rarely in his life enjoyed so high a treat as the perusal of your works afforded him? He knew several passages by heart, and entered into their beauty with a zest that confirmed my good opinion of his taste. What are you doing—providing feasts for posterity?

M. BLESSINGTON.”

“Gore House, Sept. 28th, 1840.

“It gave me great pleasure to see your writing again, and to be assured you were well, of which pleasing fact I had the most satisfactory proof, in a poem so full of fancy and grace, that it could only have emanated from a healthy mind and body. The tuneful bird inspired of old by the Persian rose warbled not more harmoniously its praise than do you that of the English rose, which posterity will know through your beautiful verses.

“Happy are they who can thus inspire great bards, and happy ought the bards to be who can thus confer immortality on beauty. So Mrs. D—— (for I like that name better than Jones) has again married!

“What a compliment to your sex, to enter the state of wedlock twice! I am just returned from Cheveley Park, and am happy to tell you that Mrs. Fairlie has got another little one, a boy, who with his mother, is doing well. My



sweet Isabella grows rapidly, and her mind keeps pace with her stature. She reads and comprehends perfectly. Mr. and Mrs. Fairlie inquired most kindly for you, and said how glad they would be to see you at Cheveley. It is a fine old place, in a large park, with umbrageous old trees, and a beautiful terrace.

"Mr. Wordsworth has been printing, but not publishing, eight very noble sonnets for the year 1840, originating in the state of the political world.

"What are you doing besides writing beautiful verses? Something grave, and worthy of you I hope, in no way inferior to your two last great works. I wish that not a single drop of the bright wine of your mind should be wasted, for, like the best, it will run pure to the last. M. BLESSINGTON."

"Gore House, Dec. 14th, 1840.

"I sit down to thank you for a few of the most delightful hours imaginable, passed in the perusal of 'Fra Rupert.' This production abounds in beauties of the highest order; and genius and tenderness, that ought never to be separated, breathe forth in all its pages. How fine is the contrast between the strength of mind and deep feeling of Giovanna, and the weakness and good nature of Marguerite!

"When you visit the region of the blessed (and long may it be before that hour arrives), how many shades will hail with grateful affection that noble author, who has rescued their names from unjust obloquy, and taught posterity to pity and weep for those it would otherwise have blamed! I can well imagine your feelings in the church on reading the names of those once dear to you on the cold tomb. Yes, there is true religion in the heart at such moments, for is not love and sorrow the basis of true religion? I quite agree in your opinion of Colonel Napier. There is a grandeur in his History that charms me, and assures me that those can best chronicle great deeds who are the most capable of performing them. Our sympathies reveal the secrets of our natures, and I am never so satisfied with mine as when I feel a decided preference for what is good and great.

"Count D'Orsay is hunting, and Miss Power is rejoicing in the society of her parents, and sisters, and brothers, a family of seven, who arrived from New Brunswick six weeks ago, *en route* for Van Diemen's Land. You ought to come and spend the Christmas with me, after so long an absence.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

"Gore House, Feb. 6th, 1843.

"Your letter found me in deep affliction, from which it will be long ere I recover. We have lost our darling Isabella, the dear and gifted child, who, though deaf and dumb, possessed more intelligence than thousands who can hear and speak. Attacked about three months ago with a complaint in her chest, I nursed her here, and had hoped for her final recovery, when, on the 4th of January, her poor mother's impatience to have her with her again in-

duced me to take her down to Cheveley. A few days after, a relapse ensued, and on the 31st she resigned her pure soul to God. On Saturday last I saw her mortal remains consigned to the tomb, and left that dearly loved form, which I would scarcely let a rude breeze visit, in the cold, dismal, and dark vault. Alas! how soon may it open to receive her poor mother, whose state continues to be most alarming. How fond my darling Isabella was of you. Do you remember her endearing ways, and all her attractions? This blow has fallen heavily on us all, and you, I know, will feel it. My heart is too full to write more, but I could no longer leave your letter unanswered. All here unite in kindest regards to you.

M. BLESSINGTON."

"Gore House, March 27th, 1843.

"I find by your letter, received this morning, that we were writing to each other at the same time. I am pleased at this proof of our sympathy, and charmed with the Imaginary Conversation, which shall certainly grace and honor the pages of the 'Book of Beauty.' No man ever could define the feelings and thoughts of woman—that is, the most pure and unsophisticated portion of the sex—as you can. You enter even beyond the veil of that temple (in woman's heart) so seldom penetrated, and her *naiïveté* and tenderness acquire new charms by your translation of them. I always feel this when you make our sex speak, and wonder not that you are so general a favorite with those whose sentiments you so beautifully delineate.

"I must also thank you for the verses, received in a season of so much sorrow that I had no heart to thank you sooner. Yes, I did remember having read them long years ago at Florence, in happier times, and remember all my dear lost husband's admiration of them. My poor niece\* lingers on the threshold of eternity, and, like the setting sun, reveals a new brightness as she draws nearer to her departure. Ah! why should those dear to us become still more so when we are about to lose them? We like Colonel Stopford exceedingly, and regret that the affliction which has befallen us has prevented our showing him that attention which any friend of yours will be always sure of finding, and which he so well merits on his own account.

M. BLESSINGTON."

"Gore House, April 11th, 1843.

"I feel well assured of your sympathy in the heavy affliction that has fallen on me. You knew the admirable creature we have lost,\* but you saw her not when bowed down by that most fatal of all maladies; her resignation and sweetness triumphed over its pains. For me, the scene of the last week of her life can never be effaced from my mind. That lovely face, which grew still more fair and heavenly in its expression as her death approached, is ever present to me, and the sweet tones of her voice, uttering words of consolation to those around her dying bed, still ring in my ear. Her strength of mind and heavenly gentleness increased to the last, and rendered her dearer than ever

\* Mrs. Fairlie.

to us all. Her poor husband is now with us, but returns in a day or two to his now lonely home.

"This is the first letter I have written, except to the bereaved mother, my poor sister, who is broken-hearted.

"You were often and kindly remembered by my dear departed niece, who said to me, 'I am sure Mr. Landor lamented the death of my poor Isabella.'

"M. BLESSINGTON."

"Gore House, August 29th, 1843.

"I have had my dear littel grand-nephews and niece, with their poor father, staying with me. It was, in truth, a sad meeting, and their presence brought with bitterness to my mind the recollection of *her* who always accompanied them, and whom I shall see no more on earth. Time has not yet reconciled me to her loss, and I feel it as poignantly, that I forget how soon, according to the natural course of events, I shall follow her to the grave. 'She can not come to me, but I shall go to her'. I have a family party of twelve with me at present, consisting of Lord and Lady Canterbury and their family joined to mine.

M. BLESSINGTON."

"Gore House, November 26th, 1845.

"I felt sure of your sympathy in the heavy affliction with which it has pleased God to visit me. I have made more than one vain attempt to thank you for your letter, which I found here on my return from Clifton, but I could not accomplish the task. You will easily imagine my grief at losing the playmate of my childhood, the companion of my youth.\* Alas! alas! of the two heads that once rested on the same pillow, one now is laid in a dark and dreary vault at Clifton, far, far away from all she loved, from all that loved her.

"It seems strange to me that *I* should still breathe and think, when she who was my other self, so near *in blood*, so dear in affection, should be no more. I have now no one to remind me of *my* youth, to speak to me of the careless, happy days of childhood. All seems lost with her, in whose breast I found an echo to my thoughts. The ties of blood may sometimes be severed, but how easily, how quickly are they reunited again when the affection of youthful days is recalled.

"All that affection has, as it were, sprung up afresh in my heart since my poor sister has known affliction. And now she is snatched from me when I hoped to soothe her; and all that now remains to me of her is memory, a tress of her hair, and the sad recollection of a dark, dreary vault at Clifton, which no sunbeam can illumine, no breath of summer's air ever enter!

"Adieu, my dear friend. May Heaven long keep you from seeing any one dear to you die. Every affliction is less heavy than that.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

\* Lady Canterbury died in November, 1845.—R. R. M.

"Gore House, Tuesday, June 9th, 1846.

"I can not allow another day to pass over without thanking you for the delight afforded me by the perusal of the two glorious volumes given to me the day before your departure. What a rich gift! Although well acquainted with the 'Imaginary Conversations,' a reperusal of them has revealed new beauties. Indeed, every page of both volumes contains thoughts as profound and beautiful as they are original. What a mine this great work will be henceforth for plagiarists to crib and steal from!

"How beautiful is the region of wisdom and tenderness revealed in it! I can not tell you the gratification I have enjoyed, and shall continue to enjoy, from these precious volumes. Continue to write. It is a duty you owe to your name—to posterity. There are no lees in the rich wine of your imagination, which will flow on pure, bright, and sparkling to the last, and not one drop of it should be lost.

"I believe I told you that this will be the last year of the 'Keepsake' or 'Book of Beauty' appearing. You will not, I am sure, desert me at the close, but let me have a contribution, however short, to wind up both volumes. How much I regret that you could not prolong your stay with us. Your visit appears like a pleasant dream, too brief, yet leaving a pleasant memory.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

"Gore House, February 28th, 1848.

"I will not admit that the eruption of the Parisian volcano has brought out only cinders from your brain: *au contraire*, the lava is glowing and full of fire—your honest indignation has been ignited, and has sent forth a bright flame.

"It gave me pleasure to see your hand-writing again, for I had thought it long since I had heard from you. I saw it stated to-day, in the Daily News, that Count D'Orsay had set out for Paris with Prince Louis. This report is wholly untrue. Prince Louis has gone to Paris alone. Here no one pities Louis Philippe, nor has the report of his death mitigated the indignation excited against him. His family are to be pitied, for I believe they were not implicated in his crooked policy. Seldom has vengeance so rapidly overtaken guilt.

M. BLESSINGTON."

"Gore House, February 10th, 1849.

"The muse who loved thee in thy youth,  
 With such a fervency and truth,  
 Forsakes thee not, but fond as fair,  
 Still joys thy solitude to share,  
 And blandly has seduced old time,  
 To let thee write, as in thy prime.  
 Though seventy-five years may have flown,  
 The calculation we'll not own,

It must be false, for ne'er did age  
 Indite so pure and sweet a page,  
 Inspired by beauty, as I see  
 Breathe in the verse that comes from thee.  
 Long may'st thou live, the world to show,  
 That time can't chill the brilliant glow  
 Of minds like thine, to whom 'tis given  
 To keep the flame till they reach Heaven.

“M. BLESSINGTON.”

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## CHAPTER VI.

LETTERS FROM WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

“Florence, March 14th, 1833.

“MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—The children are delighted at your recollection of them. A German tutor is coming to manage A—— within a few days; I can hardly bring him to construe a little Greek with me, and, what is worse, he is not always disposed to fence with me. I foresee he will be a worse dancer than I am, if possible; in vain I tell him what is very true, that I have suffered more from my bad dancing than from all the other misfortunes and miseries of my life put together. Not dancing well! I never danced at all, and how grievously has my heart ached when others were in the full enjoyment of that recreation, which I had no right even to partake of.

“Hare has lately bought a Raffael here for four hundred louis. It is a Raffael indeed, but a copy from Pietro Perugino.

“The original is extant, and much finer than the copy. Raffael was but a boy when he painted it; he and his master are the only two painters that ever had a perfect idea of feminine beauty.

“‘Raffael, when he went to Rome, lost Paradise, and had only Eden;’ his Fornarina and others are fine women, but not such women as the first that God made, or as the one that he chose to be the idol of half the world. Titian, less fortunate than Lawrence, was rarely employed to paint a beauty; those that he and Corregio chose for models had no grace or loveliness; Leonardo’s are akin to ugliness.

“I remain, my dear Lady Blessington, ever yours sincerely,

“W. S. LANDOR.”

“Florence, July 16th, 1853.

“Politics seem to be serious and alarming to the serious and ambitious. I hate Tory principles and Whig principles; but I never gave any opinion, except on one occasion, which was when the Reform Bill was in agitation. I then wrote from this villa to Lord L——, telling him what it was very plain his party did not know, that the king has just as good a right to give repre-

sentation to a borough as he has to create a peer, or grant a fair or market to a town; and that it is not constitutional for Parliament to curtail the number of voters where no corruption has been proved. I made him an apology for addressing him, and told him that I did not expect or wish even a reply. It is the duty of the wise to set the unwise right. The mode I mentioned would have made the king popular, and would have saved the country from that collision between the two houses of Parliament which is likely to terminate in a civil war. I have done my duty.

"I find that Coleridge has lost the beneficent friend at whose house he lived. George IV., the vilest wretch in Europe, gave him £100 a year, enough, in London, to buy three turnips and half an egg a day. Those men, surely, were the most dexterous of courtiers, who resolved to show William that his brother was not the vilest by dashing the half egg and three turnips from the plate of Coleridge. No such action as this is recorded of any administration in the British annals, and I am convinced that there is not a state in Europe or Asia in which the paltriest minister of the puniest despot would recommend it. I am sorry that Lord ——, who speaks like a gentleman, should be implicated in a charge so serious, though he and his colleagues are likely to undergo the popular vengeance for less grave offenses.

"Those affairs are the gravest that compromise the dignity of a nation. Strafford would have hanged up a dozen or two of stout rogues and haranguers at the hazard of his life; but if Strafford had had twenty heads, he would have laid them on twenty blocks rather than have done what these boobies have been doing. Besides, they have been sowing mushroom spawn, thinking it would shoot up for their own tables.

"No, no; it will make its appearance on some foul, dismal day, and smell of blood.

"An ugly word to end with, and hardly a pleasanter one, I suspect, to their imaginations than to mine.

W. S. L."

"Florence, December 21st.

"Fortune is not often too kind to me—indeed, why should she be? but when she is, it is reasonable enough I should be grateful. We have come at last to this agreement, that whenever she does any thing pleasant to you, I may take my part of the pleasure, and as large a part as any one, except yourself and Lord B——. She then put something into the opposite scale, and said it was but just.

"I laughed to hear *her* talk of justice, but owned it. Now I will lay a wager that of the hundreds of letters you and my lord have received to congratulate you on the marriage of Mrs. Purves, not one has been so long in coming to the point. It is something like the preface to the Carbonari conspiracy. I must, however, waft my incense, though in an earthen pot.

"'Mighty well, good Mr. Landor! but I can not be sitting here for your fumigations. At Paris we have learned a new thing. We throw cold water

on the asphixifier to cure the asphixified.' I have another scheme. I am about to put a spark of patriotism just under your nose.

"Mr. Godwin Swift, a descendant of that Godwin who educated dear Jonathan, and was his uncle, has claims upon the Viscountess of Carlingford, which he is bringing before the House of Lords.\* I never saw him since he was a baby; but I hear he is a most amiable and gentlemanly person. If Lord B—— or any other of your friends can be of any use to him, let me hope it. I should be overjoyed to see the representative of the earliest patriot in Ireland protected by him whom I consider the most disinterested and the greatest. His grandmother was a Meade—I believe a first cousin of the late Lord Clanwilliam.

"Has Count D'Orsay hung up his two pictures? If the King of France should make an offer of the family vase for one of them, I would persuade him to accept the offer with his usual good grace. But perhaps the delicacy of his most Christian majesty may withhold him from proposing an exchange, on recollection (if he should recollect such a thing) that it was a gift from the D'Orsays."

"Florence, February 15th, 1834.

"The book is indeed the 'Book of Beauty,' both inside and outside. Nevertheless, I must observe that neither here nor in any other engraving do I find a resemblance of you. I do not find the expression. Lawrence has not succeeded either, unless you have the gift of changing it almost totally. The last change in that case was for the better, but pray stay there.

"I have a little spite against the frontispiece, and am resolved to prefer Francesca. If I had seen such a person any time toward the close of the last century, I am afraid I should have been, what some rogue called me upon a very different occasion, much later, *matto! ma matto!* Age breaks down the prison in which beauty has enthralled us; but I suspect there are some of us, like the old fellow let loose from the Bastile, who would gladly get in it again, were it possible.

"You are too generous in praising me for my admiration of Wordsworth and Southey. This is only a proof that I was not born to be a poet. I am not a good hater; I only hate pain and trouble. I think I could have hated Bonaparte if he had been a gentleman. Castlereagh was almost as mischievous, and was popularly a gentleman; but, being an ignorant and weak creature, he escapes from hatred without a bruise.

"The Whigs, I am afraid, are as little choice of men as the Tories are of means. It is among the few felicities of my life that I never was attached to a party or a party man. I have always excused myself from dinners, that I may never meet one. It does little honor to the Whig faction, that among the number of peers created by them they have omitted Collingwood. Never has England produced a fighting man more able in his profession or more illustrious in his character than the late Lord Collingwood. He sacrificed his

\* See Appendix.

health and life to the service of his country, and asked only that the empty honor conferred on him might be continued to his descendant. Had he been a Chapman in the House of Commons, and could have commanded a couple of votes, his honors would have been perpetuated. The English must be the most quiet and orderly people in the universe not to rush into the rapacious demagogues, and to tie them by the necks in couples, and to throw them *tutti quanti* into the Thames. This good temper is really most fortunate at the present, for their opponents would throw Europe back upon the Dark Ages, and the next frontispiece to the 'Book of Beauty' would be decorated with a glorified heart, deliciously larded with swords and arrows. Do not hint this to any of your Whig friends, or we may have a coalition, and see the thing yet.

W. S. L."

"Florence, 8th April, 1834.

"For some time I have been composing 'The Citation and Examination of William Shakspeare, &c., before the worshipful Sir Thomas Lucy, Knight, touching Deer-stealing, on the 19th day of September, in the year of grace 1582, now first published from Original Papers.'

"This is full of fun—I know not whether of wit. It is the only thing I ever wrote that is likely to sell.

W. S. L."

"July 7th, 1834.

"My zeal is quite evaporated for the people I hoped to benefit by the publication of 'The Trial of Shakspeare.' I find my old schoolfellow (whom, by-the-by, I never knew, but who placed enough confidence in me to beg my assistance in his distress) has been gaming. Had he even tried but a trifle of assassination, I should have felt for him; or, in fact, had he done almost any thing else. But to rely on superior skill in spoliation is less pardonable than to rely on superior courage, or than to avenge an affront in a sudden and summary way.

"I am highly gratified by Lord Mulgrave's recollection of me. When he and Lady M—— were at Florence, I received every civility from them very undeservedly. I hope Lord Mulgrave will soon be the director of our affairs in England. There is only one office I could accept under him, which is that of Archbishop of Canterbury, provided I am not called to the Papacy.

"W. S. L."

"Florence, October 11th, 1834.

"Before I express to you any of my fears and other fancies, let me thank you for your letter—and now for the fears; the first is, that you have really taken the trouble to overlook the sheets of my 'Examination;' the next, that the conferences of Spenser and Essex are not added to it. For this I have written an Introduction which quite satisfied me, which hardly any thing does upon the whole, though every thing in part.



“Pray relieve me from this teasing anxiety, for the Examination and the Conferences, if disjoined, would break my heart. Never were two things so totally different in style. \* \* I did not believe such kind things would be said of me for at least a century to come.

“Perhaps, before we meet, even fashionable persons will pronounce my name without an apology, and I may be patted on the head by dandies, with all the gloss upon their coats, and with unfrayed straps to their trousers. Who knows but I may be encouraged, at last, to write as they instruct me, and may attract all the gay people of the parks and Parliament by my puff-paste and powder-sugar surface?

“But then, how will my older and rather more dignified patricians look upon me? My Cæsar and Lucullus—my pleasant Peterborough—above all, my dear Epicurus? No, not above all; for if my little Ternissa should frisk away from me, I am utterly undone. Lady Jane Grey, too, who saw so many of my tears fall before her, foreknowing, as I did, what must happen—all these, in their various miens and voices, would upbraid me.

“It occurs to me that authors are beginning to think it an honest thing to pay their debts, and that they are debtors (as they surely are) to all by whose labor and charges the fields of literature have been cleared and sown. It must be confessed, we have been a rascally gang hitherto, for the most part, particularly we moralists. Few writers have said all the good they thought of others, and fewer have concealed the ill. They praise their friends, because their friends, it may be hoped, will praise them—or get them praised. As these propensities seem inseparable from the literary character, I have always kept aloof from authors where I could. Southey stands erect, and stands alone. I love him no less for his integrity than for his genius. No man, in our days, has done a twentieth part for the glory of our literature.

“W. S. L.”

“January 13th, 1835.

“Arnold is so mischievous as to show me, at this moment, the portrait of the Duchess of —, and to say she ought to have been put in the Index or Notes. Sure enough, she never was a beauty. The duke had so little idea of countenance, that he remarked a wonderful resemblance between me and —. Perhaps he thought to compliment both parties. Now you had better find a ghost than a resemblance. If an ugly woman is compared to a beautiful one, she will tell you, ‘This is the first time I was ever taken for an idiot.’ If a sensible woman is compared to Madame de Staël, she shows you her foot, and thanks God she has not yet taken to rouge.

“I have been reading Beckford’s Travels, and Vatheck. The last pleases me less than it did forty years ago, and yet the Arabian Nights have lost none of their charms for me. All the learned and wiseacres in England cried out against this wonderful work upon its first appearance—Gray among the rest. Yet I doubt whether any man, except Shakspeare, has afforded so much de-

light, if we open our hearts to receive it. The author of the Arabian Nights was the greatest benefactor the East ever had, not excepting Mohammed. How many hours of pure happiness has he bestowed upon six-and-twenty millions of hearers! All the springs of the desert have less refreshed the Arabs than those delightful tales, and they cast their gems and genii over our benighted and foggy regions.

“B——, in his second letter, says that two or three of Rosa da Tivoli’s landscapes merit observation, and in the next he scorns P. Potter. Now all Rosa da Tivoli’s works are not worth a blade of grass from the hand of P. Potter. The one was a consummate artist; the other one of the coarsest that ever bedaubed a canvas. He talks of ‘the worst roads that ever pretended to be made use of,’ and of a *dish* of tea, without giving us the ladle or the carving-knife for it. When I read such things, I rub my eyes, and awaken my recollections. I not only fancy that I am older than I am in reality (which is old enough, in all conscience), but that I have begun to lose my acquaintance with our idiom. Those who desire to write upon light matters gracefully, must read with attention the writings of Pope, Lady M. W. Montague, and Lord Chesterfield—three ladies of the first water.

“I am sorry you sent my ‘Examination’ by a private hand. Nothing affects me but pain and disappointment. Hannah More says, ‘There are no evils in the world but sin and bile.’ They fall upon me very unequally. I would give a good quantity of bile for a trifle of sin, and yet my philosophy would induce me to throw it aside. No man ever began so early to abolish hopes and wishes. Happy he who is resolved to walk with Epicurus on his right and Epictetus on his left, and to shut his ears to every other voice along the road.

W. S. L.”

“Firenze, March 16th, 1835.

“After a year or more, I receive your reminiscences of Byron. Never, for the love of God, send any thing again by a Welshman—I mean, any thing literary. Lord D——’s brother, like Lord D—— himself, is a very good man, and if you had sent me a cheese, would have delivered it safely in due season. But a book is a thing that does not spoil so soon. Alas! how few are there who know the aches of expectancy, when we have long been looking up high for some suspended gift of bright imagination!

“Thanks upon thanks for making me think Byron a better and a wiser man than I had thought him. Since this precious volume, I have been reading the English Opium-eater’s Recollections of Coleridge, a genius of the highest order, even in poetry.

“I was amused—when I was a youth I should have been shocked and disgusted—at his solution of Pythagoras’s enigma on bears.

“When I was at Oxford, I wrote my opinion on the origin of the religion of the Druids. It appeared to me that Pythagoras, who settled in Italy, and who had many followers in the Greek colony of the Phœnicians at Marseilles,

had ingrafted on a barbarous and bloodthirsty religion the humane doctrine of the Metempsychosis.

“It would have been vain to say, Do not murder: no people ever minded this doctrine; but he frightened the savages by saying, If you are cruel even to beasts and insects, the cruelty will fall upon yourselves: you shall be the same. In this disquisition, I gave exactly the same solution as (it appears) Coleridge gave. Our friend Parr was delighted with it, and beyond a doubt it remains among my letters, &c., sent to him. I did not allow any of these to be published by Dr. John Johnston, his biographer, who asked my permission.

“Infinite as are the pains I take in composing and correcting my ‘Imaginary Conversations’ (having no right to make other people speak and think worse than they did), I may indulge all my natural idleness in regard to myself.

“Mr. Robinson, the soundest man that ever stepped through the trammels of law, gave me, a few days ago, the sorrowful information that another of our great writers had joined Coleridge. Poor Charles Lamb, what a tender, good, joyous heart had he! What playfulness! what purity of style and thought! His sister is yet living, much older than himself. One of her tales is, with the exception of the ‘Bride of Lammermoor,’ the most beautiful tale in prose composition in any language, ancient or modern. A young girl has lost her mother; the father marries again, and marries a friend of his former wife. The child is ill reconciled to it, but, being dressed in new clothes for the marriage, she runs up to her mother’s chamber, filled with the idea how happy that dear mother would be at seeing her in all her glory—not reflecting, poor soul! that it was only by her mother’s death that she appeared in it. How natural, how novel is all this! Did you ever imagine that a fresh source of the pathetic would burst forth before us in this trodden and hardened world? I never did, and when I found myself upon it, I pressed my temples with both hands, and tears ran down to my elbows.

“The Opium-eater calls Coleridge ‘the largest and most spacious intellect, the subtlest and most comprehensive that has yet existed among men.’ Impiety to Shakspeare! treason to Milton! I give up the rest, even Bacon. Certainly, since their day, we have seen nothing at all comparable to him. Byron and Scott were but as gun-flints to a granite mountain; Wordsworth has one angle of resemblance; Southey has written more, and all well, much admirably. Forster has said grand things about me; but I sit upon the earth with my heels under me, looking up devoutly to this last glorious ascension. Never ask me about the rest. If you do, I shall only answer, in the cries that you are very likely to hear at this moment from your window, ‘Ground ivy! ground ivy! ground ivy!’

“Can not you teach those about you to write somewhat more purely? I am very fastidious. Three days ago I was obliged to correct a friend of mine, a man of fashion, who so far forgot the graces as to say of a lady, ‘I have not

often been in her *company*.' 'Say *presence*;' we are in the company of men, in the presence of angels and of women.

"Let me add a few verses, as usual :

"Pleasures—away, they please no more :  
 Friends—are they what they were before !  
 Loves—they are very idle things,  
 The best about them are their wings.  
 The dance—'tis what the bear can do ;  
 Music—I hate your music too.  
 Whene'er these witnesses that time  
 Hath snatched the chaplet from our prime  
 Are called by nature (as we go  
 With eyes more wary, step more slow),  
 And will be heard, and noted down,  
 However we may fret or frown ;  
 Shall we desire to leave the scene  
 Where all our former joys have been !  
 No ! 'twere ungrateful and unwise :  
 But when die down our charities  
 For human weal and human woes,  
 'Tis then the hour our days should close.

W. S. L."

(No date.)

"My disquisition on Pythagoras arose from finding the lawgiver (as he is called) of the Gauls to have been named *Samotes*. Now *Samotes* would mean the *Samiot*, and Pythagoras was of *Samos*. Although I never keep what I write, hating the labor of transcribing, and never having a good pen in the house, yet I believe one of my brothers has taken a copy of this boyish production. I do not wonder that Coleridge and I should have often gone into the same train of thought. I have usually thrown myself down, when I have found some pleasant spot to rest in, and have looked about me quietly and complacently—he has gone quite through, and has sometimes lost himself, and has often reached the outskirts, and shuddered (which he need not to have done) at the briery hedge and barren termination. I am, dear Lady E——, yours, &c.,

W. S. L."

"Baths of Lucca.

"You know how many have had reason to speak of you with gratitude, and all speak in admiration of your generous and gentle heart, incapable as they are of estimating the elevation of your mind.

"Among the last letters I received was one from Mrs. D——, whose sister married poor Reginald Heber, the late Bishop of Calcutta. She is a cousin of W——'s, and has heard Augustus speak of you as I have often written. Her words are (if she speaks of faults, remember you are both women), 'I

wish I was intimate with her, for, whatever may be her faults, so many virtues can be told of few.'

"These are the expressions of a woman who has seen and lived among whatever is best and most brilliant, and whose judgment is as sound as her heart, and she does not speak of introduction merely, but of intimacy; it is neither her curiosity nor her pride that seeks the gratification. W. S. L."

(No date.)

"I am inclined to hope and believe that the 'Repealers' may do good. Pardon me smiling at your expression, the only one, perhaps, not original in the book, *going to the root of the evil*. This is always said about the management of Ireland. Alas! the root of the evil lies deeper than the centre of the earth.

"Two things must be done, and done soon. It must be enacted that any attempt to separate one part of the United Kingdom from the other is treason. Secondly, no Churchman, excepting the two archbishops and the bishop of London, shall enjoy more than twelve hundred pounds yearly from the Church, the remainder being vested in government for the support of the poor. Formerly the clergy and the poor were joint tenants—nay, the clergy distributed among the poor more than half. Even in the territories of the Pope himself, the bishoprics, one with another, do not exceed eight hundred a year, and certainly a fifth, at least, is distributed among the needy. What a scandal! that an admiral who has served fifty years, and endangered his life in fifty actions, should receive but a twentieth part of what is thrown into the surplice of some cringing college tutor, whose services two hundred a year would overpay! I am afraid that Sir Robert Peel's quick eye may overlook this. Statesmen, like goats, live the most gayly among inequalities."

"Bath, April, 1836.

"To-day I finished a second reading of Barry Cornwall's poems. Scarcely any tether can bring my nose down to that rank herbage which is springing up about us in our walk of poetry. But how fresh and sweet is Barry Cornwall's; he unites the best qualities of the richest moderns and the purest ancients. W. S. L."

"—, 1836.

"I wish our friend Robinson would show you my defense, for I never make any note of what I write, be the subject what it may.

"Wordsworth, no doubt, has a thousand good reasons why there is not a poet upon earth; but as there are many who have given me pleasure, I love them for it; some of them, perhaps, a little more than they deserve. All men are liable to error. I particularly, who believe that there may be criticism without sarcasm, and Christianity without deans and chapters.

"The surface of Wordsworth's mind—the poetry—has a good deal of sta-

ple about it, and will bear handling; but the inner—the conversational and private—has many coarse, intractable, dangling threads, fit only for the flocked equipage of grooms. I praised him before I knew more of him, else I never should; and I might have been unjust to the better part had I remarked the worse sooner. This is a great fault, to which we are all liable from an erroneous idea of consistency.

“Besides, there is a little malice, I fear, at the bottom of our hearts (men’s, I mean, of course).

“What a fool I must be to have written as I have just been writing, if my own could rise up against me on this occasion! Alas! it has done on too many.

“Do not be angry with me for my sincerity in regard to Byron. He deserves it. Of this I find evident proofs in abundance, although I never read his dramas, nor any thing besides ‘Don Juan’ and some short pieces. One is admirable; I mean,

‘A change came o’er the spirit of my dream.’

“This is not the beginning, as you will recollect. The bosom of Byron never could hold the urn in which the muse of tragedy embalms the dead. There have been four magic poets in the world. We await the fifth monarchy, and, like the Jews with the Messiah, we shall not be aware of it when it comes.

“Poets are called improvident in all affairs outlying from poetry; but it appears to me that in their poetry they are the most so, forgetful as they are while they are writing that they must transcribe it afterward. Then comes the hoe-husbandry, the weeding, &c.—enough to break the back. Infinite pains it has always cost me, not to bring together the materials, not to weave the tissue, but to make the folds of my draperies hang becomingly. When I think of writing on any subject, I abstain a long while from every kind of reading, lest the theme should haunt me, and some of the ideas take the liberty of playing with mine. I do not wish the children of my brain to imitate the gait or learn any tricks of others.

“By living at Clifton I am grown as rich as Rothschild; and if Count D’Orsay could see me in my new coat, he would not write me so pressingly to come up to London. It would breed ill blood between us—half plague, half cholera. He would say, ‘I wish that fellow had his red forehead again—the deuce might powder it for me.’ However, as I go out very little, I shall not divide the world with him. How glad I am that you are become acquainted with Forster!

W. S. L.”

“Bristol, October 23d, 1836.

“I am grieved at the continuance of your imperfect health, which I hoped had been over and forgotten. All the way down the Rhine, wherever there was a more beautiful view than the rest, I fancied how it would have charmed you with its scenery and its recollections. Yet the Rhine, exclusive of

its castles and legends, will bear no comparison with the Lake of Como. It wants majestic trees, it wants Italian skies, it wants idleness and repose—the two most heavenly of heavenly things, the most illusory of illusions.

“W. S. L.”

“November 30th, 1836.

“B—— has declared that I read his publication. If, as Byron thought, and Byron was not *over nice*, a gentleman could not write in it, how can a gentleman be supposed to read it?

“I never ran over a single number in my whole existence, though something was once shown to me as very clever; and it was so. I should have thought it criminal to give half a crown to a —— of Keats, to say nothing of scurrilities. By-the-by, there is (in propriety) no such word as *scurrilous*; the word is *scurrile*: we might as well say *sterilous*, and *facilous*, and *flexilous*. This remark is of no consequence to you, who are unlikely to see the word, and sure never to use it. Did you remark a logical defect in Lord L——’s speech? Read over again the first three lines.

“*I am anxious to call* means *I am very desirous to call*: this is self-evident; now he who feels very *desirous* to do a thing can not *rise with extreme reluctance* to do it.

“I should rather have expected this from Pitt or Canning than from Lord L——, who has fifty times their knowledge, scholarship, and discernment. He quarrels with some ‘officer of the crown’ for calling the House of Lords a dormitory. The officer of the crown acted the part of Blood in stealing this crown jewel, which the crown never paid for, however it may have worn it.

“The jewel, such as it is, is mine: you will find it *tale quale*, as we used to say in Florence, in my ‘Imaginary Conversations.’ If the officers of the crown kidnap from me, my friends the Liberals are quite as liberal in their handfuls. A letter was sent me full of expressions as well as thoughts taken from my Letters, by a Conservative, and spoken in the House of Commons. People think they have just as much right to use me as the alphabet, and that they can as little write without me.

W. S. L.”

“November 24th, 1836.

“It grieves me to hear that you are still unwell. I think, I know, and may I say it with impunity? you give up too much time to the world. All your evenings, all your days . . . . My satire will be out in ten days. I never will write to please the public, but always to instruct and mend it. If C—— would give me twenty thousand pounds to write a *taking* thing, I would not accept it. What a delight I should have in being able to refuse twenty thousand pounds by a fortnight’s easy occupation!

“My satire cost me five evenings, besides the morning (before breakfast) in which I wrote as much as you have about Wordsworth. W. S. L.”

(No date.)

“Are you quite sure that your studies do not occupy too much of your attention? It may be an amusing thing to let the imagination take its flights—particularly to one who can regulate it as you can—but the thread that guides it may cut the finger. I am reading, for the third time, Charles Elton’s elegy on the loss of his sons. It is published in a volume he calls ‘Boyhood.’ Few things ever gave my heart such movements. W. S. L.”

“January 21st, 1837.

“While I was in the act of opening my paper-case in order to write to you, a letter was brought me, signed S. C. H., asking me for ‘some memoranda, out of which to form a brief page of biography, to accompany specimens of modern poets.’

“My ignorance of every thing that passes in the literary world is such that I am utterly at a loss whether this is Mrs. H—— or some one else of a name distinguished for letters. Another thing puzzles me no less. Is it possible that any one, excepting Southey, Forster, and James, can believe that I myself am a poet? Now, if I knew who was the writer of the letter, I could not, in common decency, take such a thing for granted. If, however, it should really be the case, and your acquaintance, Mrs. H——, should be the writer, I will send you a few notices of my life—as much may be omitted as suits the editor. I have mentioned all the good nearly I can remember of myself. It need not be recorded. I would only insist on the evil.

“W. S. L.”

“May 21st, 1837.

“The Tories were formerly more gentlemanly than the Whigs, but what a revolution are they bringing about in their own body! Would they claim for themselves the right of asylum for their culprits, instead of consigning them to the most lenient as well as the most able hands for reprehension and chastisement?

“There is nothing in this world but contrariety and falsehood. The best men of all parties are only what David says all men were of old.

“Did you never see a child throw a piece of bread before a parcel of dogs, and enjoy the scuffle? The dogs would rather eat than snarl, though they do both; our wranglers, less wisely, set about growling, and forget how much they stand in need of sustenance. The only thing I could pick a quarrel with in the ‘Victims of Society’ is the *compte rendu* of so many deaths. Would it not (you know best) have been easy to leave the end of some of them to uncertainty and conjecture? I also, in ‘Pericles,’ have killed off largely, but remember, *I had a plague gratis*. I did not make the most of it. I never do of any thing. If I had all your management, I should be in danger of writing such a book as would get me torn to pieces. At present, the curs only smell at me, and trot on.



"Your censurers, not having before their eyes the fear of a future state in another literary world, commit injustice without compunction. If they can give no lesson, they may cause one reflection.

"I hear they have been reviewing me in the Quarterly. I wonder where they found their telescope. By the account I receive of it, it wants nothing but the glasses. How perilous it is to tread upon the heels of truth!

"With best compliments to the party at Gore House, W. S. L."

(No date.)

"I have subjoined to the 'Pentameron' five dramatic pieces, which I call 'Pentalogia'—the title given to five Greek plays. Mine are only single scenes. Few people will like them, and those who like them most will speak worst of them, excepting Southey, Fonblanque, and Forster. It is quite enough if, among all our critics, these three are satisfied.

"I have been at Plymouth, where I met Colonel Hamilton Smith, a man who has collected a greater variety of knowledge than any other I ever conversed with. His drawings of different races of men in different ages, of animals, and works illustrative of history, are most wonderful.

"I hope you will be delighted with the review by the Duke of Wellington and Lord Hill, at which our little queen will be present. If I had any chance of getting a fair sight of it and of her, I do verily think I should mount a coach, and defy the risk of another such mulberry face as I brought to you last year.

"I must have been very like him whom the Athenians called a mulberry covered with meal. He killed them for their fun. I do not imagine I shall kill any body. W. S. L."

"Bath, January 19th, 1838.

"When my letter makes its way between you and Julia Alpinula, you will wish me frozen up, as long and as soundly as the Siberian mammoth. Let me confess to you, I never stared more than at this sweet Alpinula. I had no recollection of the name. Indeed, both names and faces leave an extremely weak impression on my memory. Evidently it was a Gaulish family. Nearly all the Roman inscriptions were collected as early as the time of Scaliger, and no great quantity of others has been added to those of G——\* and Montfaucon. The Latin of this is very barbarous. Indeed, the lapidary skill, even of better and earlier times, is wonderfully so, on most occasions.

"It would be difficult to select five-and-twenty which do not seem to have been left to the learning and taste of the stone-cutter. The best, however, that ever was written, either in Latin or any other language, is attributed to Shenstone. Vale (I forget who). Heu quanto minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse!

"When will any man write any thing worth this again! It never comes

\* Name illegible.—R. R. M.

into my mind but it takes entire possession of my heart, and I am as incapable of reading for an hour after as if I had just left Hamlet or Othello. There are single sentences in the world far outvaluing three or four hundred authors, all entire, as there have been individual men outvaluing many whole nations; Washington, for instance, and Kosciusko, and Hofer, were fairly worth all the other men of their times—I mean that each was. So Count D’Orsay was the happy discoverer of Alpinula. Sure enough, they who look out of a window see more than they who pore over a desk. D’Orsay’s mind is always active. I wish it would put his pen in motion. At this season of the year I fancied he was at Melton. Does not he lament that this bitter frost allows him no chance of breaking his neck over gates and double hedges? Pray offer him my kind remembrances. I am sorry to hear of Fonblanque’s bad health, although it has not yet diminished his vigor in writing. We have nothing like him in the political world. Your friend, Lord Durham, must either be a very patriotic man or a very ambitious one. I confess to you, my ambition and patriotism united would not induce me to undertake what he has undertaken, for the possession of all America, North and South. I am so timid and thoughtless a creature, that I would not have a chilblain for a kingdom. I would not even dip this pen in ink, if it cost me any exertion, to set obstinate fools rather more right than they were before. What are they? chaff soon blown away, to make room for other chaff, thrashed on the same floor. Superstition and fraud must be drawn out of the ring; then men will have fair play, and fight for any stake that suits them.

“Believe me, ever your obliged

W. S. LANDOR.”

(No date.)

“Certainly it was my intention to surprise you some day with a *couple* of tragedies. You ought never to have heard that I had written one. Forster is the only person to whom I ever spoke a word about it, and I requested him to keep it a secret. It is not my intention or wish that either of them should come upon the stage. Indeed, I can not easily be induced to allow them to be printed in my lifetime. I said, in my last publication, that I would publish nothing more. At present you will not easily believe that I finished one of my dramas in thirteen days, the other in eight, from the conception to the completion.

“My old acquaintance, Mr. Brown, whom you remember for *the* Dictionary, has been induced to come over and spend the last week with me. On Wednesday he will show me Plymouth, near which city he is residing. I shall return after three days. He told me some curious anecdotes: you know his accuracy. He heard from H—— that J——, Lady H——’s pet, was very unwilling that he (H——) should notice (in any way) my ‘Imaginary Conversations.’ But, hearing that he intended to punish me for my contemptuousness toward Bonaparte, he assented.

“Mr. Brown accompanied poor Keats on a visit to W——. Keats read to

him a part of his 'Endymion,' in which, I think, he told me there is a 'Hymn to Pan.' W—— looked red, though grave, and said at last, 'A pretty piece of paganism.'

"This reminds me of Kenyon's question to Robinson, 'Did you ever, you who have traveled with him for months together, did you ever hear him speak favorably of any author whatsoever?'

"Robinson's reply was, 'He certainly is not given to the laudatory.'

"He well deserves the flagellation I have given him for his impudence in regard to Southey. But, to make amends, if ever he writes five such things as you will find at the end of my volume, I will give him as many hundred pounds. I will now publish nothing more for the remainder of my life. The little I have to say on this subject I say in a few lines to good Southey, which I prefix to the 'Five Dramatic Scenes.'

W. S. L."

"April 3d, 1838.

"If any one knows the warmth and sincerity of your friendship, I do, and therefore it grieves me that what I published of [ ] has given you uneasiness. But his petulant animosity, his malignant spirit, was to be rebuked; and it was time to teach him that there are men in the world as much stronger than himself as he is stronger than a spider.

W. S. L."

"Bath, October, 1838.

"What a deplorable thing, that the only man in England capable of governing a country has thrown up his powers—powers exercised so signally for the public good.

"His enemies say he has persons of bad character about him—nothing more likely. What potentate was ever without them? Armor is not made of gold, but of iron and brass; thoroughly good men will never be hangers-on, even on men better than themselves. We want scoundrels. God has been indulgent to us in this article of equipment. Can not you do more than our *ciucci*\* of ministers? Can not you persuade Lord Durham to show, on this occasion, all the firmness of his character—pacify Canada, then return, look his enemies in the face, scatter them to the dust by it, and turn his back?

W. S. L."

"December, 1838.

"My friend Forster has promised to come to Bath to make me a visit after Christmas. This is friendship put to the proof. I would rather face a fire of musketry than these abominable fogs. We have, however, some amusements. Thalberg has been here, and there is to be another concert on Monday. To attend it is really going in spite of one's teeth. Mine begin to mutiny on such occasions, although they are as strong as another's.

"Piety is greatly on the increase at Bath—not only conceited evangelism,

\* Neapolitan term for asses.—R. R. M.

but most genuine piety, and among men who certainly make no false pretensions. The last time I was at the rooms I heard two go through the same formula on the same occasion. They both had been waiting in the lobby, and they both had been blessed by having handed their ladies into their carriages. One shuffled his shoulders, and the other dilated both nostrils, and each exclaimed, with equal devotion, 'Thank God !'

W. S. L."

"January 1st, 1839.

"I have this instant sent your note to poor ———. I never was paid so well for celebrity. It has made him very ill. He is now about to publish a drama on the Deluge, on which he tells me has been engaged for twenty years. You can not be surprised that he is grievously and hopelessly afflicted, having had water on his brain so long. The threatened deluge makes me open my prayer-book to look for the blessed words of the royal Psalmist, and join his majesty in 'O that I were a bird !'—a water-bird, of course—wild goose, shel-drake, gull, &c.—in short, any thing that might possibly escape from the interior of the ark, for which (I fear) not a drop of spirit has been provided. Contented as I am to be a water-drinker, I do not prefer the water of tanks and cisterns, particularly if it has lain very long in lead.

W. S. L."

"January 15th, 1839.

"I have been in Berkshire for four days, on a visit to Hare, who insisted on my keeping his birthday. He is residing at West Woodhay House, built by Inigo Jones. It would do passably well for Naples, better for Timbuctoo. All but my victuals were congealed. I almost envied the bed of Procrustes, so enormous was mine—such a frozen sea. A company of comedians might have acted in it any piece they chose, and there would have been ample room for prompter and orchestra. I was ready to say my prayers when I was delivered from it.

W. S. L."

"March 7th, 1839.

"This morning I have taken back to the circulating library the last volume of Vidocq. If I had time, or, rather, if I took any great interest in two such people as the great thief and the great thief-taker, I would compose a parallel, inch by inch, of these two men.\* One of them frightened all the good, the other all the bad; one betrayed all his employers, the other all his accomplices; one sacrificed the hopeful to ambition, the other the desperate to justice.

"I doubt whether, in seven years, I could form the corollary more completely than I have done in the seventh of a minute; but it will require a century to make men honest and wise enough to bear the question, 'Which is best?' The whole race of moral swindlers and ring-droppers must be taken up first. When God has stripped us all of furs and flounces, our just proportions will be discovered better.

W. S. L."

\* The contemplated parallel was between Napoleon and Vidocq.—R. R. M.

"I have often thought of the pleasure you must enjoy in the society of Miss Power. It is to be hoped she will prevail on you to be less studious, and to think a little more of your health.

"It is long since I heard any thing of Forster or Kenyon. I suspect that Kenyon must be abroad, for I wrote to him about a month ago, and have received no answer.  
W. S. L."

"Bath, November 17th, 1839.

"I am not surprised at hearing that Trelawney has retired from society. He possesses a strong and philosophical mind, and we have only the choice of living quite alone or with scoundrels. He might, perhaps, have taken the alternative, if these had any genius or even any pleasantry. I could be well content in solitude as deep as his. Never were my spirits better than in my thirtieth year, when I wrote 'Gebir,' and did not exchange twelve sentences with men. I lived among woods, which are now killed with copper works, and took my walk over sandy sea-coast deserts, then covered with low roses, and thousands of nameless flowers and plants, trodden by the naked feet of the Welsh peasantry, and trackless. These creatures were somewhat between me and the animals, and were as useful to the landscape as masses of weed or stranded boats. But what can be said of those manufactured things from the work-shop of politics which have neither edge nor handle, which it may hurt one to tread upon, and which it is troublesome to kick aside?

"I am grieved that my good Milnes, so pure-hearted, so affectionate, should mix with the busy adventurers of either faction. His genius is so very far above them, and his fortune so independent. We are losing some families: among the rest is one I much esteem—the Frenches. Mr. French is the brother of Lord Ashbrooke, who has written of old some very elegant poetry, and is an amusing and pleasant man.  
W. S. L."

(No date, probably written in 1839.)

"Digby, who became a Catholic, and Padre Pagani, who probably is the next in learning to Digby among the Catholics, are inclined to convert me.\* Doubtless it is an amusement to them to throw the rod and line over the running stream: the trout laughs in his sleeve, and sidles, and shows all his specks. Alas! I can no longer sing my old version of *Adeste Fideles*, for want of chorus—'Adeste Fideles! læte triumphantes!' &c.

"A few months ago I went to occupy my former seat in the Catholic Chapel, where I had once been seated between Mrs. Fitzherbert and Helen Walsh Porter. On the wall, at the extremity of it, I saw a marble tablet. I went

\* Dr. Pagani, a native of Italy, the president of the Roman Catholic colleges at Rugby and Ratcliffe, in Leicestershire, is one of the most gifted men of his order, and perhaps of his profession, in this country. He belongs to the order founded by the Count Rosmini, one of the most remarkable theological writers of his time.—R. R. M.

toward it, and there I found the name of my oldest friend, Mrs. Ferrers, and just beyond it was her daughter's. I will venture to say, and I do it without pride, I was at that moment the most religious and devout man in the whole chapel. It is true I did not hear the service, and the music, which was so mingled with the affections as to be lost among them; yet, instead of wishing to be reminded of soft words and tender looks, which I went for, the faces of old friends rose up from the grave before me, and were far more welcome. I waited until all were gone out, and then I placed my brow against the edge of the monument. Age has its follies, you see, no less than youth.

"I wish to hear your ladyship's opinion of my friend Colonel Napier's History. In my opinion, he holds incomparably the highest rank among all now extant in the literary world.  
W. S. L."

"Bath, December 1st, 1839.

"On Wednesday last I was present at a wedding; the only one I ever was at, excepting one other. There was bride-cake, and there were verses in profusion, two heavy commodities! But what an emblematic thing the bride-cake is! All sugar above, and all lumpiness below. But may Heaven grant another, and far different destiny, to my sweet-tempered, innocent, sensible young friend.

"Lord and Lady Aylmer are here, and we have had *cose stupende* in music. Lady Aylmer gave me a different account of Rose Bathurst's sad fate from the 'Idler in Italy.' She expressed a wish that your ladyship had heard it circumstantially from Mills. It was most affecting. Lord Aylmer twice dashed into the Tiber, once with hat and coat on. Being a bad swimmer, and finding he could do nothing with these impediments, he made for the bank, threw his coat off, and plunged in a second time. He would have attempted a third time, but Lady A——, seeing the horse now at last without his rider, held him, and declared, if he went again, she would follow. His mouth was full of mud, and he was quite distracted. He felt the effect for two entire years, and probably his health still suffers from it. A more humane or a more generous man does not exist. How he loves his nieces! Rose Bathurst kept her seat, in the middle of the stream, to a great distance. Probably some stake, or fragment of ruin, caught her riding habit and drew her off.

"W. S. L."

"Bath, April 1st, 1841.

"Perhaps you may have interest enough with the Tories, now they are coming into place, and I am growing old, to obtain me the appointment of road-sweeper from Gore House across to Hyde Park. You can present them a proof in print that I avowed myself a Conservative. If you should not succeed in the application, I shall still be ever your ladyship's obliged

"W. S. LANDOR.

"P.S.—I know there must be many names already down before mine. I

can wait. Be particular in saying that the place I wanted was for *removing* dirt, or else there may be some mistake.

"It is beginning to rain again. What are our bishops at? But their venison never was fatter. A glorious season, on the whole, if people would but think so. And are not the good old times, which were behind us far away last year, again in full prospect before us?"

"Bath, July 4th, 1841.

"On Monday, early in the morning, I started for my brother Robert's, in Worcestershire. He possesses a most delightful place at Berlingham. All the money he receives from his benefice he spends on the education and comforts of the poor. Enough is left for a capitally good table. He has neither horse nor servant of the male sex, except a couple of gardeners—one for his melons, &c., the other to keep in perfect order about four acres of lawn before the house.

"I am delighted to find how gloriously my friend Dickens has been received at Edinburgh. But the Scotchmen could not avoid ill-placed criticisms and oblique comparisons. One blockhead talked of his deficiency in the female character—the very thing in which he and Shakspeare most excel.

"Juliet herself may, for one moment, turn her eyes from Romeo on little Nell, and Desdemona take to heart her hair-breadth 'scapes. I dare not decide which of these three characters is the most interesting and pathetic.

"There was plenty of heat in this Edinburgh laboratory; but all that came from the leaden alembic came drop by drop. W. S. L."

"July 21st, 1841.

"I went over last week to see a lady at Clifton.

"She was outrageous against the '*vile, wicked Radicals*, who turned out Lord Powerscourt, although he has the most beautiful place in all Ireland.'

"There was another turned out at the same time: I do not know the man's name, but, unless he has a fine place, he has never any commiseration. I am afraid we are running into confusion.

"Two honest and wise men, the Duke of Wellington and Lord Morpeth, think differently on all the principal points: the others are shufflers and adventurers. I would commend them to any upright and impartial hangman, with the refuse of about a dozen of each party.

"When I talk of shufflers, I mean the leaders: the others might go safely back to their offices and courts of law. My friend Napier made a glorious speech to the Chartists. I hope his authority will keep them quiet. No man in Europe holds such influence over the public mind. What other man unites a fiftieth part of such glorious judgment, courage, and integrity? His cousin, the commodore, has a portion of all these qualities. W. S. L."

“ November 23d, 1842.

“ I must not burst forth into praises, but I may express my admiration of two lovely portraits. My opinion is, that you would rather hear this than things you have heard oftener. There is a little question asked by Miss Ellen Power, which a juvenile friend of hers has had the sincerity to solve. She asks—

“ ‘ But by the friends who loved us here,  
Shall we be loved in Heaven?  
Or have they to the angels there  
The love they bore us given?’

“ Now this daring youth, who pretends to know a great deal about the matter, has the appearance to have his face turned toward her, and says,

“ ‘ The happy who are called above,  
Must give the *angels* all their love;  
So when you get there, you will find  
Exactly what you left behind.’

W. S. L.”

“ Bath, December 21.

“ I am indeed very far from indifferent to the loss of poor Lady Belmore.

“ Thirty-seven years ago I began my acquaintance with her, and I liked her frankness so much, that I overcame my abhorrence of routs, and went at her desire to hers, although to no others. But then her small Sunday parties, never exceeding fourteen, and from which all but those whom she thought the pleasantest or the prettiest, were excluded! Ah! then, indeed, was I devout, and offered my little taper offerings up at shrine after shrine. Bath, in those days, was frequented for a few weeks by many persons of high rank, and there was none of that familiarity, even among themselves, which people now indulge in with their superiors of all sorts.

“ Centrifugal force is as needful to the order of society as the attraction of adhesion; and gravity (not excessive) adds grace to good humor. I thought so then, and I think so now. In too great closeness there is neither growth nor sunshine; it does only for dwarf plants.

“ Permit me to be quite vernacular, and to say, instead of *the compliments of the season*, ‘ a merry Christmas!’ How well that sounds! there are the village bells in it.

“ This evening I have been writing some verses which I will transcribe. I hope you will think them good enough for a place either in the ‘ Book of Beauty’ or its sisters. The three persons mentioned in them are among the very best that ever lived. My excellent old friend Mr. Parkhurst was appointed by Lord North to be one of the commissaries to the armies in North America. On his return, he met Lord North in the Park.

“ ‘ What, Parkhurst! you a commissary! and in your old family coach?’

“ ‘ Yes, my lord! thank God! and without a shilling more in my pocket than when I set out.’

“ ‘ A pretty thing to thank God for!’



“He and his son-in-law Rosenhagen are the men who unite most of virtue and most of polish that I ever have met with; so that I have written these verses con amore, at least. Mrs. Rosenhagen, whom I remember an infant, is the providence of her husband. Never were two persons so devoted one to the other.

W. S. L.”

March 23d, 1843.

“Stopford wrote to me yesterday, full of such praises as I have not the courage to repeat, lest you should think some of them came purely and originally from me. But I may venture to say of Count D’Orsay that Stopford thinks him the most perfect gentleman in the world, and other things, which, being an author, I ought to love him for from the bottom of my heart.

“How does he do? And pray let me hear, too, that your affliction is softened. Forster tells me of your condescension and humanity. Admiration is very like wonder, but I did not wonder at all.

W. S. L.”

“March 27th, 1843.

“Poor Southey is now beyond all suffering and sorrow. Indeed, so he was long before he died. His excellent wife gave me frequent notices of him. I never dare ask about health which is doubtful, and to inquire about that which is hopeless is a cruelty or a folly. I have often been inclined to write to you, but I was afraid of your remarking that I said nothing of poor Mrs. Fairlie’s. How often have I thought of her, particularly since that little angel left her!

W. S. L.”

“Bath, April 8th, 1843.

“Believe me—you can not do otherwise, you who have known me so long and so thoroughly—I feel a sad shock from this second blow that has befallen you. Poor dear Mrs. Fairlie! But her virtues and her piety made her life and her death happy. Let us believe she is more so now. I remain,

“W. S. L.”

“Bath, April 16th, 1843.

“Let me congratulate you on the importation of a spring fresh from Italy. I hope Miss Power enjoys its presence, or, rather, that it enjoys Miss Power. She forgot to send me her exercises and her music.

“Yet a master ought to have some hold on a fair lady until a lord and master makes him loose his hold. Alas! by-the-by, for lords and masters. What *fugitivities* in this lower world of ours! If the gentle creatures seize the wings of the zephyrs and fly away in the month of March, what can we expect in May! Poor L—— seems to have encountered his evil genius a little on this side of Philippi. The dying close of the dithyrambics was deplorably lugubrious.

“Since the little loves have been playing such pranks, I myself am afraid

of walking with any thing white or flower-colored. If I heard a dove or a wood-pigeon, I should be afraid of remarking it ; I should lower my eyes, being a stickler on the side of legitimacy, and a doubter on many points.

"Now, although I began with no other object in view than to make inquiries about your health, I too am become, on this little piece of paper, as great a rambler as those whose rambles are less solitary.

"Next month, my two sons, Arnold and Walter, make me a visit here at Bath. Perhaps good grave Walter will remain with me. Arnold, I doubt not, has attractions nearer the south than the north. Wherever they may be, it would be a sign of any man's sagacity to pull him out of bed by the heels.

"W. S. L."

"Bath, October 18th, 1843.

"It is now ten days since Walter and Julia\* left me. They stayed a single day with their grandmother at Richmond. Julia told me she had not forgotten how kind you and the Duchess de Guiche were to her, when she was a child, at Florence. They go to Brussels, Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, Wisbaden. All to be done in ten days, for fear of the snows meeting them on the Alps.

"I have entreated them to spend two entire days at Como, although the rest of the world (Naples included) will look little after. In passing through Switzerland, to look eternally at the sharp points of the Alps is as bad as reposing on the spine of a hedgehog. But then there is Vevay—there is Meillerie! scenes for which one has abandoned every other upon earth, and scarcely deigns to look up—at the balcony of Juliette.

"I detest the character of Rousseau, but I can not resist his eloquence. He had more of it, and finer than any man. Demosthenes's was a contracted heart ; and even Milton's was vitiated by the sourness of theology.

"W. S. L."

"P.M., Bath, November 5th, 1844.

"Always kind and considerate. I have indeed had a touch of the rheumatism—a mere touch—not a blow—and the rheumatism, you know (or, rather, I hope you do *not* know), always comes with a heavy cudgel. It was caused by my imprudence in rising up in my bed to fix a thought on paper—night is not the time to pin a butterfly on a blank leaf. Four hot baths have now almost buoyed up this monster from oppressing me. Of its four legs, I feel only one upon me, and, indeed, just the extremity of the hoof. At Gore House I should forget it—there I forgot the plague when I had it. But Bath air is the best air in the world. In twenty minutes we can have three climates.

"I hope in the spring I may be able to pay you my respects. Where else can I find so much wit and so much wisdom? The rest of the earth may pretend it can collect (but I doubt it) as much beauty. Do not whisper a

\* The children of Mr. Landor.—R. R. M.

word of this to a certain pair of sisters. I hope I myself shall be in full bloom when we meet again. Indeed, I have little doubt of it—I have youth on my side. I shall not see seventy for nearly three months to come. I am very busy collecting all I have written. It may, perhaps, be published in another eight or ten months. Once beyond seventy, I will never write a line in verse or prose for publication. I will be my own *Gil Blas*. The wisest of us are unconscious when our faculties begin to decay. Knowing this, I fixed my determination many years ago. I am now plucking out my weeds all over the field, and will leave only the strongest shoots of the best plants standing.

“W. S. L.”

“January 1st, 1845.

“Before I open any other letter, I must thank you for the graceful lines you have written to me. They will keep my breast warmer, and adorn me more than the waistcoat. Nothing can be dearer to me than your recollection, accompanied by such invariable kindness. Every friend I have in the world knows how highly I esteem your noble qualities, and I never lose an opportunity of expatiating on them. You have left me nothing to wish but a favorable account of your health, and a few words about my other friends at Gore House. To-morrow I am promised your new novel. With your knowledge of the world, and, what is rarer, of the human heart, the man is glorified who enjoys your approbation; what, then, if he enjoys your friendship! Often and often, in this foggy weather, have I trembled lest you should have a return of the bronchitis. But I am credibly informed that the sun has visited London twice in the month of December. Let us hope that such a phenomenon may portend no mischief to the nation.

“‘To thee I call,

O Sun! to tell thee how I love the beams  
That bring to my remembrance the blue skies  
Of Italy, so brightened by thy smile.’

“It is well I have left off poetry, or certainly I should be as jealous of a certain young lady as any other young man is of the youth who sits beside her.

W. S. L.”

“December 18th, 1845.

“... I have been delighted with your last volume of ‘*The Idler in Italy*.’ There are, however, two oversights in the 255 pages—one is the printer’s.

“In the first line, ‘above two centuries’ should be ‘about *twenty centuries*.’

“The *Cimbri* were Gauls—the *Teutones* were Germans, who joined them in the invasion of Italy. The name of these *Cimbri* is still retained by the Welsh, in *Cimrai*; and the Germans, including the Dutch, bear no other in their own country. Even the Italian word *Tedesco* shows its origin plainly; for *Germano*, which is often used by the English, means a wild duck. Query, are not ducks and Dutch of one and the same origin?

[In regard to observations in the work of Lady B—— on paintings.]

“Guercino, in my poor opinion, is very inferior to Guido, Domenichino, Ludovico, and Annibal Caracci, and another great painter (who, however, paints often badly), Cavedone.\* One of the finest pictures in the Gallery at Bologna is by him. I stood a long time before it to recover from the ‘Murder of the Innocents,’ for this is too real. Most things are real with me except realities.

“How very just is your remark on that picture in the Brera. That and the Cenci were both painted by some lady, perhaps the favorite scholar of Guido, but not in the time of a Cenci. Both are pleasing: neither is very admirable as a work of art.

“In the ‘Book of Beauty,’ if I had not seen the verses of Miss Power (and beautiful ones they are) prefixed to the portrait of Miss Isabella Montgomery, nothing could ever have persuaded me that it is not Miss Power’s. I doubt if any painter will produce so perfect a likeness of her. This is incomparably the most beautiful one in the whole volume. . . . I hope that, according to my orders, a copy of ‘Fra Rupert’ was sent for her to Gore House.

“W. S. L.”

“August 28th, 1846.

“Yesterday Colonel Jervis told me that Prince Louis Napoleon is here, and had done me the favor to mention me to-day; I will therefore leave my card at his hotel. . . .

“I feel I am growing old for want of somebody to tell me (charming falsehood) that I am looking as young as ever. There is a vast deal of vital air in loving words.

“Pray waft the breath of my earnest wishes and kindest remembrances round about all at Gore House.

W. S. L.”

“November 23d, 1846.

“On my return from Clifton, where I spent last week, I find on my table the ‘Book of Beauty’ and the ‘Keepsake.’ So anxious are some of my lady friends to read them, that I had only time to look at what came from the pen of those I most value and regard; but I could recognize in their new dresses the heroines of Byron’s Burlington Arcade. Miss Garrow’s exquisite poem was quoted in the ‘Examiner.’ Wonderful creature! pity that Byron did not live long enough to profit by her refined taste. I am too old to be a gainer by it; but it has been my fate, long before now, to be an admirer where I could be no gainer, luckless man! Are you quite resolved to close the ‘Book of Beauty’ forever? I am among the many who hope it may not be so.

“W. S. L.”

\* Cavedone, a great fresco painter, born in 1577, died in 1660.—R. R. M.

“ November, 1848.

“ I am beginning to read ‘ Sismondi on the Italian Republics.’ It grieves me to think I never saw him while he was living near Pesca. He expressed to Miss Mackenzie and Mr. Hutton a great desire to know me. This is among the highest honors I have received in literature ; for never was there an honest man, and seldom a wiser. It is only from such hands I could with complacency or pleasure receive distinctions.

“ And now he is gone, pure and true-hearted Sismondi !

“ I hope these horrible fogs, which make incursions even into our own Elysian fields, have spared you. I see the Duc de Guiche is gone to Lord Shrewsbury’s to meet the Duc de Bordeaux. How much livelier at Gore House, where he did not seem a day older than his uncle, D’Orsay.

“ W. S. L.”

[In re Louis Napoleon.]

“ January 9th, 1849.

“ Possibly you may never have seen the two articles I inclose. I inserted in the ‘ Examiner’ another, deprecating the anxieties which a truly patriotic, and, in my opinion, a singularly wise man, was about to encounter in accepting the presidency of France. Necessity will compel him to assume the imperial power, to which the voice of the army and people will call him.

“ You know (who know not only my writings, but my heart) how little I care for station. I may therefore tell you safely that I feel a great interest, a great anxiety for the welfare of Louis Napoleon. I told him if ever he were again in a prison I would visit him there, but never, if he were upon a throne, would I come near him. He is the only man living who would adorn one ; but thrones are my aversion and abhorrence. France, I fear, can exist in no other condition. Her public men are greatly more able than ours, but they have less integrity. Every Frenchman is by nature an intriguer. It was not always so, to the same extent ; but nature is modified, and even changed, by circumstances. Even garden statues take their form from clay.

“ God protect the virtuous Louis Napoleon, and prolong, in happiness, the days of my dear, kind friend, Lady Blessington.

W. S. L.

“ I wrote a short letter to the president, and not of congratulation. May he find many friends as disinterested and sincere.”

(No date.)

“ When I had written my letter, it came into my recollection that I had somewhere written a few verses to Miss Garrow. I have been able to recover a copy, not having kept one myself.”

TO THEODOSIA GARROW, WITH PERICLES AND ASPASIA.

“ By whom, Aspasia, wilt thou sit ?

Let me conduct thy steps, apart,

To her whose graces and whose wit

Had shared with thine Cleona’s heart.

“No more beneath Pandion’s walls  
 The purer muses sigh in vain :  
 Departed Time her voice recalls,  
 To hear the Attic song again.

“WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.”

## CHAPTER VII.

JOHN FORSTER, ESQ.

MR. FORSTER was born in Newcastle in 1812. He is indebted to the best of all patrons for his eminence in literature—his own sterling worth and talents, sound judgment, and solid understanding.

The rarest and most advantageous of all combinations—the union of common sense and great intellectual endowments—constitutes the power and peculiarity of Mr. Forster’s abilities alike in literature and journalism. One is reminded, by his lucid, plain, trenchant, and forcible style of writing, of Cobbett’s best manner, with a large infusion into it of literary taste and scholarship. - If Cobbett had been a man highly educated, with sensibility, and that delicacy of organization which is essential to the development of a taste for art, a love of poetry, a longing after excellence of every sort in nature, or beyond its realms, and it was possible for him, thus constituted, to have retained his original, rough, intellectual vigor, his style would be found, perhaps, to bear a strong resemblance to that of Forster. If there be any thing to be desired in the latter, it is an admixture of vivacity—of light wit and refined humor—to relieve the ponderous prose of subjects discussed with profound thought and gravity, and, when treated with irony, of too fine a sort for the generality of matter-of-fact people to find out in it any thing bordering on a joke. Pascal made himself master of the minds of his readers, while he amused their imaginations—*le véritable maître du cœur, sait faire rire l’esprit.*

A disciple of Lavater or Gall and Spurzheim could not encounter Forster in any society, or position in it, without being struck with his appearance, his broad and ample forehead, his

massive features, his clear, intelligent eye, his firm, fixed, and solemn look, and expressiveness of lips and other features. When we are ushered into the presence of Forster, we feel at home in his company, and well assured of our safety in it. We find ourselves in the company of a man of high integrity and moral character—of an enlarged mind and of a generous nature.

His original pursuits have given to him an acuteness of intellect which enhances the value of his opinions on subjects wholly unconnected with those pursuits; hence, perhaps, to some extent, the unbounded confidence placed in his prudence, sagacity, and experience by several of the most eminent literary people of the day. Forster is the intimate friend of Landor and Dickens. The peculiar bent of his literary taste is the study of history, and his acquaintance with it is profound. The lessons thus derived from history, and his experience of professional and literary life conjoined, give a philosophical turn to his sentiments and social character. One who knows him well thus writes of his genial disposition: "He is not general in his friendships, but I have known him, in cases where his aid has been required, display a zeal and energy rarely surpassed, or, indeed, equaled, more especially in cases of literary men or their families when in distress."

In December, 1836, Lady Blessington, writing to one of her correspondents, said, "I have made the acquaintance of Mr. Forster, and like him exceedingly; he is very clever, and, what is better, very noble-minded."

The principal works of Forster are "The Statesmen of the Commonwealth,"\* and the "Life of Goldsmith"—the latter a performance of great merit, remarkable for the vigor of its style, extensive research, and calm philosophical views of the times and persons he treats of; manifesting not only literary talents of the highest order, but kindly feelings and generous impulses. A lover of literature for its own dear sake; a zealous, able, and fearless advocate of its interests; a man of strong sympathies with his fellow-men, and, above all, with the unfortunate, the neglected, or the ill-used of that literary profession of which

\* Published in Lardner's Cyclopædia.

he is a frank, manly, warm-hearted, and most distinguished member.

Mr. Forster's contributions to reviews and other periodicals, if collected and published in a distinct form, would probably do more for his fame than either of his separate works, excellent as they are.

It always appeared to me a great merit in Lady Blessington, that she had the ability to discover the worth of men like Forster, and the power of attaching them to her by the strongest ties of friendship.

In this instance, from a large correspondence, only such passages have, by request, been taken as helped to exhibit the kindness of Lady Blessington's nature, and the generosity and warmth of her friendships.

LETTERS FROM LADY BLESSINGTON TO JOHN FORSTER, ESQ.

"Gore House, Monday. 1835.

"It has given me the greatest pleasure to hear that you are so much better. Count D'Orsay assures me that the improvement is most satisfactory. To-morrow will be the anniversary of his birth-day, and a few friends will meet to celebrate it. How I wish you were to be among the number. What you say of Horace Walpole well exposes the littleness of that overpraised man's character. I never liked him, and always considered him a sort of non-descript, combining all the qualities of an envious, spiteful old maid. His one redeeming point was his affection for General Conway, and now even that is gone. How I wish the weather would mend, and that you could come to us.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

"Gore House, October 7th, 1838.

"I have been a sad invalid of late, and am still making but a very slow progress toward health. My literary labors, slight as the subjects to which they have been directed are, have fatigued me, and I now discern that *light* works may prove as *heavy* to the writer as they too frequently do to the reader.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

"Saturday night.

"I thought of you often last evening and this day. I have felt all that you are now undergoing thrice in my life, and know what a painfully unsettled state of mind it produces, what a dread of the present, what a doubt of the future. What a yearning after the departed, and what an agonizing conviction that never was the being, while in life, so fondly, so tenderly loved as now, when the love is unavailing. Judge, then, after three such trials, how well I



can sympathize in yours. I feel toward you as some traveler returned from a perilous voyage, where he narrowly escaped shipwreck, feels, when he sees a dear friend exposed to similar danger, and would fain make his sad experience useful to him. I am glad you have heard from our friend —— . To find a friend when one most needs consolation is indeed something to be grateful for ; and I am glad when any thing brings back old and dear associations. Perhaps, if we could all see each other's hearts, there would be no misgivings, for coldness of manner often covers warmth of heart, as, to use a very homely simile, wet slack covers over the warm fire beneath. My nieces send you their cordial regards. Count D'Orsay will be the bearer of this. God bless and comfort you ! prays your cordial friend, M. BLESSINGTON."

"Gore House, February 10th, 1843.

"I am deeply sensible of your sympathy, and truly value it. You, who knew the interesting creature who has been taken from us, can imagine our grief.\* She had wound herself around the fibres of my heart, and it will be long ere I recover the sorrow her death has occasioned me. The development of the mind of this dear child has long been to me a subject of study and delight. Such an extraordinary intellect, and so warm and tender a heart. At ten years old she had a knowledge and piety almost unexampled, without having lost the least portion of that innocence and gayety which form such an attraction in childhood. Her poor mother bears this trial wonderfully, and I do believe the certainty of soon joining her lost child assists her in supporting it.

M. BLESSINGTON."

"Gore House, December 10th, 1844.

"And so our friend is gone ! Does not his visit now seem like a pleasant dream, from which one is sorry to awake ? Will you tell me how I can send him the 'Keepsake' and 'Book of Beauty?' 'The Chimes' delighted me, although it beguiled me of many tears. It will do great good, for I defy any one to read it (and all the English world will) without being deeply affected in the fate of that class whose cause he so powerfully advocates. Yes, this book will melt hearts and open purse-strings. There is a truthfulness in the writer, not only in his works, but in his life, that makes itself felt, and commands our sympathies. I could not lay down 'The Chimes' until those of my clock had told three in the morning, and I was embarrassed to meet the eyes of my servants, mine were so red from my tears. Do name a day to come and dine with us. It will be very kind, in this cold, dark weather ; and more so, as Count D'Orsay is absent, and will be for some days. I heard from our friend, Sir E. B. Lytton, yesterday, and am glad to hear he is in better health than usual. I long to have another book from him, for it seems an age since the last. My nieces send you their kindest regard.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

\* The death of Miss Isabella Fairlie is referred to.—R. R. M.

“Gore House, January 1st, 1845.

“If the warmest sympathy of your friends at Gore House could alleviate your grief, be assured its bitterness would be softened. We feel so sincere a regard for you, that the loss you have sustained can not be a matter of indifference to us, and therefore we hope that you will come to us *en famille*, without the fear of meeting other guests, until your spirits are more equal to encountering a mixed society.

“Before I knew of your affliction, I had prepared a little gift for you for this day. Its sombre hue, alas ! but too well accords with your present feelings, and therefore I venture to send it. Should you return to-day, and be equal to the exertion, we shall be most happy to see you at dinner at eight o'clock. My nephew will be the only guest.

“When you write to Mr. Dickens, remember us most kindly to him. I have made many persons buy ‘The Chimes’ who were afraid it was not amusing, and made them ashamed of expecting nothing better, nothing greater, from such a writer. They can laugh until their sides ache over Mrs. Gamp, but they dread weeping over dear good Trotty, that personification of goodness ; sweet Meg, the *beau ideal* of female excellence ; poor Lilian, and the touching but stern reality of Bill Fern, which beguiled me of so many tears. We should pity such minds, yet they make us too angry for pity. I have read ‘The Chimes’ a third time, and found it as impossible to repress my tears when perusing the last scene between Meg and Lilian as at the first. God bless you.

M. BLESSINGTON.”

“Gore House, Saturday, January 11th, 1845.

“If you knew the anxiety we all feel about your health, and the fervent prayers we offer up for its speedy restoration, you would be convinced that, though you have friends of longer date, you have none more affectionately and sincerely attached to you than those at Gore House. I claim the privilege of an *old woman* to be allowed to see you as soon as a visitor in a sick-room can be admitted.

“Sterne says that ‘a friend has the same right as a physician,’ and I hope you will remember this. Count D’Orsay every day regrets that he can not go and nurse you, and we both often wish you were here, that we might try our power of alleviating your illness, if not of curing you. God bless you, and restore you speedily to health.

M. BLESSINGTON.”

“Gore House, February 13th, 1845.

“We are greatly distressed by the news of my poor nephew’s death in India, the brother of your friends. The poor souls are in great affliction. He had caught the Chinese fever while on service in China, and his constitution sunk under it. Poor fellow ! how sad to die so far from all who loved him ! In addition to all our troubles, Captain P——, of the Guards, has been attacked by small-pox, and gives us great anxiety. I spend the greater part

of every day by his bedside, to which I am now hastening ; but in all my domestic trials, I can not forget we have a friend whose health deeply interests us all, whom I can not, unfortunately, go to see, and therefore I solicit a few lines to tell us how you are.

M. BLESSINGTON."

"March 2d, 1848.

"Thanks for the little book. It is what an Irishman would call a *great little book*. What a mighty spirit still dwells in the heart of our friend Landor ! It is comforting to see that his genius is not tamed by time. I long for your book to be out. We may, indeed, call ourselves the posterity of our own times. What stirring days we live in ! I, who witnessed one revolution in France, can well picture to myself this last. I have just read the last No. of *Dombey*. It gives a fearful picture of a guilty conscience that can find no rest. The catastrophe of that bad man is so powerfully written, that I could wish the number closed with it, for there is no going into the marriage of Florence, with all its simple and touching details, with the spirit with which they should be read, after the strong excitement of the previous pages. Have you read the advice to the people in 'The Press,' written by Emile de Girardin ? It is full of vigor and good sense. It will give me great pleasure to see you, and soon. You must be oppressed by labor.

M. BLESSINGTON."

"Gore House, April 12th, 1848.

"Count D'Orsay repeated to me this morning the kind things you said of him when proposing his health. He, I assure you, was touched when he repeated them, and his feelings were infectious, for mine responded. To be highly appreciated by those we most highly value is, indeed, a source of heartfelt gratification. From the first year of our acquaintance with you, we had learned to admire your genius, to respect your principles, and to love your goodness of heart and the honest warmth of your nature. These sentiments have never varied. Every year, by unfolding your noble qualities to us, has served to prove how true were our first impressions of you, and our sole regret has been that your occupations deprive us of enjoying half as much of your society as all who have once enjoyed it must desire. Count D'Orsay declares that yesterday was one of the happiest days of his life. He feels proud at having assisted in the triumph of a friend whose heart is as genial as his genius is great. Who can resist being delighted at the success of one who wins for himself thousands of friends (for all his readers become so), without ever creating an enemy, even among those most envious of another's fame, and simply by the revelations of a mind and heart that excite only the best feelings of our nature ? I can not resist telling you what is passing in my breast. You will understand this little outbreak of genuine feeling in the midst of the toil of a literary life.

M. BLESSINGTON."

"Gore House, September 14th, 1848.

"My Memoir of Mme. de Grassigny, which I send you, is only one of the series of Remarkable Women of the Eighteenth Century, and will not be the opening memoir of the book. I wrote it first, because I happen to have a very fine original portrait of the lady. The book will open with an introduction explanatory of the influence exercised by women at that time, which I will, with your permission, submit to your judgment. I shall spare no trouble in research for the lives I intend to write. I am now considerably advanced in that of the Marquise du Chatelet, which will not, of course, follow close on that of Mme. de Grassigny, of whom little is known. Indeed, I believe I have noticed every thing that can be stated, for I have consulted every French authority relative to her. I shall perform my task conscientiously, and render my book a useful one of reference. I can hear of no work of a similar nature in English or in French.

M. BLESSINGTON."

"Gore House, October 18th, 1848.

"Alas! the poem comes too late. 'The Keepsake' was closed two days ago, and has been ever since in the hands of the binder. I never read so touching, so vivid a sketch. It melted me to tears, and can be read by no one without deep sympathy. I tried the effect last evening by reading it aloud to my own circle, and I assure you there was not a dry eye among the three persons present to whom I read it. Count D'Orsay said it was only his dear friend Barry who could have written it. I never felt so tempted in my life to steal (if stealing it could be called) as to retain this admirable poem for 'The Keepsake' for 1850, but as you requested its return, I send it, but not without a pang. Will you kindly entreat our kind friend to let me have it again? for it would be the greatest acquisition for my book. Pray offer my best thanks and regards to Mr. Proctor.

M. BLESSINGTON."

"Gore House, April 9th, 1849.

"As I purpose leaving England in a few days, it will pain me very much to depart without personally wishing you farewell; and though I am in all the fever of packing up, I will make time to receive a visit from you, if you can call any day this week between eleven o'clock in the forenoon, or after nine in the evening. Count D'Orsay was called to Paris so suddenly that he had not time to take leave of any of his friends, but he charged me to say a thousand kind things to you.

M. BLESSINGTON."

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE MARQUESS WELLESLEY.

RICHARD COLLEY WESLEY, first Marquess Wellesley (eldest son of Yarrell, second Baron Wesley, and, subsequently to the birth of said Richard, Earl of Mornington), was born in Dublin, the 20th of June, 1760, and died in London, in 1842, in his eighty-third year.\* To his mother's excellent understanding and great mental accomplishments is chiefly to be attributed the careful cultivation of the Marquess Wellesley's elegant tastes for literature and classical learning. His first display of oratorical talent was in an eloquent academical address pronounced at Eton in 1778, and, two years later, he gained the University prize for the best composition in Latin verse. At a subsequent period of his career, the provost of Eton College, Dr. Goodall, before a committee of the House of Commons on academic education, spoke of the Marquess Wellesley as "infinitely superior to Porson in Greek composition." The marquess, he said, as a genuine Greek scholar, exhibits the exquisite style and manner of Xenophon. He sat in the Irish House of Peers from the date

\* In "Pue's Occurrences," a weekly paper published in Dublin, No. 50, from June 17th to June 21st, 1760, I find the following notice among the births: June 20th. "In Grafton Street, the lady of the Right Honorable the Lord Mornington was safely delivered of a son and heir, to the great joy of that family." This is the first time, as far as I know, that the above notice has been referred to in relation to the place of birth of the marquess. A great deal of confusion of dates, names, and of ideas, that have led Colonel Gurwood, Mr. Peter Cunningham, and other writers into error, have arisen, as I imagine, from there being a traditional account of a son of Lord Mornington, born in Grafton Street, in the house lately occupied by the Royal Irish Academy, and, from some cause or other, that son being erroneously supposed to be Arthur Wesley, the third son of Lord Mornington. The notice I discovered in "Pue's Correspondence" disposes of that error; but there remains another to get rid of. The house of Lord Mornington, in Grafton Street, was not the one which became the property of the Royal Irish Academy. The Academy's premises were built on the site of that house; in fact, the house in which the Marquess of Wellesley was born has long ceased to exist. A writer of great research and accuracy, in his second article on "The Streets of Dublin," treats largely of this locality.

of his succession to the title of his father, the Earl of Mornington, in 1781, for a few years. In 1784 he was sworn in a member of the Privy Council; in 1786 he was appointed one of the Lords of the Treasury. He sat in the English House of Commons, for several boroughs, from the year 1784, and distinguished himself particularly at the time of the regency question by his advocacy of the English view of it, and at the period of the French Revolution by his denunciation of its excesses. He married, in 1794, his first wife, the daughter of M. Pierre Roland, by whom he had previously several illegitimate children. A separation took place soon after the marriage, and the marchioness died in 1816, leaving no legitimate issue. In 1795 he was appointed a member of the Board of Control, and subsequently chief governor of India.

In 1797 he was created Baron Wellesley, in the peerage of Great Britain, and in 1799, Marquess Wellesley, in the peerage of Ireland, on account of his great services in the office of Governor General of India. In 1805, after a career of unparalleled successes, signal civil and military triumphs, and services of the highest importance, thwarted, and distrusted, and interfered with in his great and comprehensive schemes and governmental measures by the Court of Directors, he resigned his office and returned to England when he had attained the forty-fifth year of his age.

In the latter part of 1809 he was appointed ambassador to Spain. He landed at Cadiz the day the battle of Talavera was fought, but remained only a short time in Spain, and on his return home was appointed Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. His known opinions in favor of Catholic emancipation did not leave him long in office, and for fifteen years he continued in opposition to government.

In December, 1821, the Marquess of Wellesley was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. From 1807 up to that period, Ireland was governed for the interests, and in the interests solely, of Orangeism, nominally by the Duke of Richmond, but virtually by the attorney general, Saurin, and an English chancellor, Lord Manners, who was wholly under the control of the former.

The Marquess of Wellesley, in 1822, struck a blow at the Orange ascendancy regime from which it never recovered. From 1807 up to that period Ireland had been governed by William Saurin, of Huguenot descent, a black-letter lawyer of eminence, of much astuteness in his profession, but of a narrow mind, illiberal and unenlightened, a partisan of Orangeism without disguise or any affectation of impartiality in his high office—an open adherent of that system, deriving all his power from its fanaticism, and exercising all his influence for its objects, under the cloak of zeal for the interests of religion. All the administrative power of the state was placed by him and the chancellor, the governors of the chief governor, in the hands of Orangemen. The Duke of Richmond, who had been appointed viceroy in 1807, and held his office till 1813, had delegated his authority to the chancellor, Lord Manners, and by Lord Manners the chief power and control of the government, civil, military, and religious, had been transferred to Saurin.

Such was the power in Ireland which the Marquess of Wellesley found more difficulty in dealing with than that of Tippoo Saib in India. And yet, at the period of his arrival in that country as governor general, the sovereignty of India had to be disputed with three native powers, and sultans of vast resources. But the struggle of one power alone, of Orangeism in Ireland, with Saurin for its legal sultan, cost the illustrious statesman more trouble than all the strife of his government in India, and his wars with the princes of the Mahrattas and Nizam. He broke the stubborn neck of Orange influence and insolence, however, though at an infinite cost of trouble, vexation, and disquiet. And this attainment, perhaps, after all, is the greatest achievement of the illustrious marquess.

Lady Blessington had reason to know that such was the opinion of the marquess; among her papers she has left a very remarkable piece of evidence of the fact, of unquestionable authenticity, in the following statement of the marquess to her in March, 1840.

*“Bushe is one of the first men produced by our country. When I went to Ireland in 1821, I found him depressed by an old Or-*

*angeman named Saurin, then attorney general by title, but who had been really lord lieutenant for fifteen years. I removed Saurin, and appointed Bushe lord chief justice.*

*“Saurin set up a newspaper to defame me—‘The Evening Mail’—which (notwithstanding the support of Lord Manners and the Orangemen) has not yet ruined or slain me.”*

Of one of the principal opponents of the marquess in his Irish government, a few words may not be misplaced here.

Thomas Manners Sutton, first Lord Manners, a younger son of Lord George Manners Sutton, third son of the third Duke of Rutland, who was born in 1756, and died in 1842, in his 87th year, was Lord Chancellor of Ireland from the death of Mr. Fox till the retirement of Lord Liverpool. For twenty years he enjoyed greater patronage and emoluments than ever fell to the lot of any legal functionary in Ireland. His patron, Spencer Perceval, who was attorney general in 1802, when Colonel Despard was prosecuted successfully for high treason, discovered in the peculiar talents of the then solicitor general, Lord Manners, the qualities which fitted him, in his opinion, for the high office of lord chancellor in Ireland.

The whole Orange party and ascendancy throughout the country received the new lord chancellor with acclamation. The great Indian general, Sir Arthur Wellesley, the late Duke of Wellington, who at the same time was appointed chief secretary, was not less favorably received by the same party: poor deluded innocents! no prophetic vision of theirs peering into futurity, and the part that chief secretary was to play in 1829.

Manners was an ornamental chancellor—of a grim countenance, somewhat ghastly, painfully suggestive of the aspect that a resuscitated mummy might be expected to assume in the act of reviving, and was remarkable for courtesy on the bench. He bowed oftener to the bar, bent his gaunt form lower, spoke in milder accents, stood more perpendicularly at the close of a long sitting, and smiled with greater labor than any keeper of the seals in Ireland had ever done before. He imparted great dignity, and gave a gentlemanly character to the exercise of his vast patronage, for all the purposes of party and intrigue, and



the jobbery interests, which were protected and promoted by his subordinate in legal office. But his decisions in Chancery were found entitled to little respect in Westminster Hall; and of his administration of justice, it can be said with truth, it gave very general satisfaction to the Orangemen of Ireland. William Saurin, who was made attorney general in 1809, and who retained his office for sixteen of the years that Lord Manners was chancellor, the uncompromising adversary of Catholic claims, and most virulent of all the opponents of them, was at once taken to the private councils of the chancellor, Lord Manners, on his arrival, and became his "guide, philosopher, and friend." Daily the business of the government of Ireland was done by the two legal functionaries of kindred spirits—"Arcades ambos," as they regularly walked down every morning from Stephen's Green to the Four Courts, and returned to their homes, after a visit to the castle every evening, with arms linked, and solemn steps and bended brows, settling affairs of state, and arranging the things that were to be done by the facile, convivial, and pleasure-loving chief governor and viceroy, the Duke of Richmond, who thus allowed himself "to be led by the nose as tenderly as asses are."

The well-known partiality of this dignified judge for the attorney general, had the effect to be expected from it on the solicitors of the Court of Chancery, Mr. Saurin having "the ear of the court," and a supposed influence over the lord chancellor out of court. Mr. Saurin, who was known to be a man of some intellectual power, and the Lord Chancellor Manners one of very little strength of mind, and capable of being influenced by one of a very different calibre of understanding, briefs poured in on the favored attorney general, and men of the highest standing in their profession were cast into the shade in the court of the exceedingly courteous Lord Chancellor Manners.

In January, 1822, the Marquess Wellesley being viceroy, the attorney generalship of William Saurin came to an end. But his power, as the confidential adviser of the lord chancellor, and the acknowledged head and legal guide of the Orange ascendancy faction, continued to be exercised and pitted against the gov-

ernment of the Marquess Wellesley for a period of six years, namely, from 1822 to 1828, when the Liverpool ministry broke up, and Lord Manners was succeeded by Sir Anthony Hart.

The conqueror of Tippoo Saib and the Nizam having resolutely encountered the hostile power of Irish Orangeism, that had been previously deemed indomitable in Ireland, and having succeeded largely in his warfare with that system, though not to the full extent of his desires, after an administration of justice and wisdom of six years' duration, was recalled in 1828, when his brother, the Duke of Wellington, took the office of first lord of the treasury.

The marquess married a second time, in 1825, the eldest daughter of Richard Caton, Esq., of Maryland, in America, and widow of Robert Patterson, Esq., a Roman Catholic lady, by which marriage there was no issue.

During the whole of the Duke of Wellington's administration, the marquess remained in retirement.

In 1833, Lord Grey being prime minister, the marquess, in his 74th year, once more took on him the office of lord lieutenant of Ireland, and retained office for the period of one year. He returned to England when Peel came into office, in December, 1834.

In 1835, he accepted the office of lord chamberlain, for the sake, it is said, of its emoluments; and with that humiliating step his public life may be said to have closed.

An elegant volume of his Latin poems, entitled "*Primitiæ et Reliquiæ*," many of them written after he became an octogenarian, were privately printed a short time before his death; and, perhaps, but for the care of one whom he loved like a father, and watched over with all the affectionate interest of a true and faithful friend—Mr. Alfred Montgomery—these remarkable poems never would have seen the light of day.

"Some of these had been recently written, and they exhibit in an astonishing degree his unimpaired vigor of intellect, and his unaltered elegance of taste. One poem in this volume justly attracted universal admiration."\*

\* *Memoirs of Eminent Etonians; with Notices of the Early History of Eton College.* By Edward S. Creasy, M.A. Bentley.

This eminent man passed much of his time, in the latter portion of his life, in the vicinity of Eton.

The marquess lived and died in straitened circumstances, leaving a great name, which will yet be honored as that of one of the most illustrious men of his time—perhaps as that of the first British statesman of his age.

By the will of the Marquess Wellesley, Alfred Montgomery, Esq., his private secretary, was left £1000, “in regard of his affectionate, dutiful, and zealous services.” And the residue of his property was left to the Marchioness Wellesley, whose death took place in the latter part of 1853.

By a codicil to the will, the marquess bequeathed to his secretary, Mr. Montgomery, all his manuscripts, enjoining the public use of a portion of them in the following terms :

*“And I desire him to publish such of my papers as shall tend to illustrate my two administrations in Ireland, and to protect my honor against the slander of Melbourne and his pillar of state — O’Connell.”*

To Lord Brougham he bequeathed his Homer, in four volumes, and earnestly desired him to assist in publishing his MSS., saying, “I leave my memory in his charge, confiding in his honor and justice.”\*

The property was sworn under £6000.

LETTERS FROM THE MARQUESS WELLESLEY TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

“Kingston House, June 9th, 1839.

“MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—Your little volume of wisdom, genius, and just sentiment has delighted me; I have read it with great admiration, and (although in my seventy-ninth year) with instruction, and I hope with self-correction.

“It is very amiable to think of me so often in the midst of all your higher occupations, but your thoughts are chiefly directed toward the happiness of others, and I am proud of the share which your kindness allots to me.

“If your definition of a *bore* be correct, you never can have encountered one of those pests of society. For ‘*when were you thinking only of yourself?*’

“Ever your most grateful and devoted servant, WELLESLEY.”

\* Gentleman’s Magazine, December, 1844, p. 654.

“Kingston House, November 9th, 1839.

“MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—Your beautiful and magnificent present contains such a crowd of wonders, that it will require almost a season before I can finish my wonderments at the whole collection.

“The poetry (which I have read, none of your ladyship’s) is very beautiful and interesting; the plates, printing, binding, all chefs d’œuvre of their kind.

“I have not been able yet to appreciate the prose. A thousand thanks for your kindness in thinking of me. As to the play, I do not admire it, and I do not wish to criticise it.

“I have not been well lately, otherwise I should much sooner have acknowledged your ladyship’s goodness and munificence.

“I am truly grateful for your protection of my dear young friend, Alfred Montgomery, who is truly grateful for it, and, I sincerely believe, truly worthy of it.

“I am too happy always to render any service to your ladyship; and I regret the approaching expiration of the privilege of franking, principally as it will deprive me of the pleasure of obeying your commands.

“Ever, my dear Lady Blessington, your faithful, obliged, and devoted servant,  
WELLESLEY.”

“Kingston House, January 1st, 1840.

“MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—I have suffered such continual pain, that I have been unable to offer my heartfelt acknowledgments for all your kindness and favor. Writing on this day, it would be impossible to omit the most ardent wishes for many happy returns of this season to you; if half the happiness you dispense to others is returned to yourself, you will be among the happiest of the human race. This is no great demand upon the gratitude of the world, to compromise your just claims by the payment of one half. •

“Your commendation of my humble tribute to the adored ‘Shrine of my Education’ has raised me in my own estimation. The sentiments flow from the very source of my heart’s blood, and therefore must be congenial with the feelings of one whose works abound with similar emotions. I am sure you understand the Latin; you could not write as you do if you had not approached those pure springs of all beauty, sublimity, virtue, and truth.

“I feel most gratefully the honor you confer on me when you desire to publish my verses in your beautiful annual collection; but I am aversé to any publication; and I therefore hope that you will not attribute my declining this distinction to any want of a sense of its high value.

“Your protégé, Alfred, is still in Staffordshire, hunting and shooting with Lords Anglesey, Hatherston, &c. I expect him this week.

“Believe me ever, my dear Lady Blessington, with true attachment and gratitude, your devoted servant,  
WELLESLEY.”

“Kingston House, March 27th, 1840.

“MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—Being anxious to obey your ladyship’s kind command, I send you some verses which I have lately addressed to my dear and highly respected friend, Lord Chief Justice Bushe (though nominally to his granddaughter, Miss Fox). You will not understand them unless you first read the packet (No. 1) containing a letter from the chief justice, with some verses from Miss Fox.

“If your ladyship thinks my verses worth notice, they are at your disposal.

“They have been sent to Ireland, of course, but with a notice that they are not published. It is, however, to be expected that the chief justice will be desirous of communicating them to his friends.

“If your ladyship should think them worthy of your notice, I think I could obtain permission from the chief justice to publish his letter, and his granddaughter’s verses, and my original letter to his lordship at the same time. . . .

“WELLESLEY.”

“Kingston House, 10th May, 1840.

“MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—You must think me very insensible, or worse, to have left your beautiful poetry unpraised for so long a time; nothing less than absolute inability to write could excuse me; but the sad truth is, that I have been in such a state of suffering from pain for some time past (although my complaints are said not to be dangerous) as to be quite disqualified for human society.

“I am restrained from giving utterance to all estimation of your verses by their excessive kindness to me, although I know your sincerity so well that I am sure you think all you say; and I have too much respect for your judgment to be disposed to dispute its justice when pronounced in my favor.

“Military laurels, by common consent of mankind, occupy the pinnacle of the temple of living fame; and no statesman should envy a living hero, particularly if the great captain should happen to be his own brother. But the page of history is wide enough to contain us all, and posterity will assign his proper place to each.

“I think Mrs. and Miss Fox a great deal too squeamish. The verses are really creditable to the young lady’s genius, and the publication of them is my act, and not hers; therefore, there is no question affecting her modesty.

“Mrs. Malaprop (the original from whom Sheridan drew his character) resided at Bath; and there, somebody having mentioned a young lady, twelve years old, who was perfect in all accomplishments, she observed, ‘For my part, I don’t like those *prayooshus* young ladies.’ This day the chief justice told me in the council chamber, Dublin Castle.

“Your ladyship may be assured that I will omit no effort to obtain the chief justice’s consent, and if I should fail (which I do not expect), you may rely on my endeavors to make ample amends, and fully to discharge so clear a debt of honor. Ever, my dear Lady Blessington, your truly devoted servant,

WELLESLEY.”

“Kingston House, 3d August, 1841.

“MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—I return the verses, with a high sense of the value of your approbation; they were an Etonian exercise in the fifth form, which was *sent up for good*. I translated them the other day (or rather sleepless night), at the desire of Lady Maryborough.

“I am very much better, but I shall never think myself recovered until I have been able to pay my duty to you. Ever, dear Lady Blessington, your grateful and devoted servant,  
WELLESLEY.”

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

ARTHUR WESLEY, third son of the Earl of Mornington, was born May the 1st, 1769, but not at Dangan Castle, county Meath, Ireland, as Burke erroneously states.\*

\* In the Public Register, or Freeman's Journal, of Saturday, May the 6th, 1769, there is the following brief announcement: “*Birth. In Merrion Street, the Right Hon. the Countess of Mornington of a son.*”

This newspaper was half-weekly, and only one publication could occur between Saturday, the 29th of April, and Saturday, May the 6th.

In Enshaw's Gentleman's Magazine, a monthly periodical published in Dublin, in the number for May, 1769, the following entry in the list of births is to be found: “*April 29, the Countess of Mornington of a son.*”

In the Dublin Mercury of Thursday, May the 4th, 1769, the same announcement is made, in the same words.

The parish books of St. Peter's Church, Dublin, contain the registry of the baptism, in the following words, at the foot of a page headed “Christenings, 1769.” “*April 30, Arthur, son of the Right Hon. Earl and Countess of Mornington;*” and signed, *Isaac Mann, Archdeacon*. The east side of Upper Merrion Street was then, as it now is, included in the parish of St. Peter.

The house No. 24, about the centre of the east side of Upper Merrion Street, now occupied by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, was formerly the town residence of the father of the late Lord Cloncurry, who in his Memoirs makes mention of an entertainment given by his father to the lord lieutenant “*at Mornington House, a residence in Merrion Street, which he had purchased from Lord the late Marquess Wellesley.*”

Mr. Burke, in his Peerage, erroneously records his grace's birth at Dangan Castle, county Meath, on the 1st of May, 1769; and in Dublin it was a generally received opinion that his grace was born in a house that formerly stood on the site of the late Royal Irish Academy House, in Grafton Street.

The fact of the birth of the late Duke of Wellington at No. 24 Upper Merrion Street has been clearly established, in a pamphlet on the subject, by John Murray, Esq., A.M., LL.D., published in 1852.

Young Wesley was sent to Eton, afterward to the Military College of Angers.

Whatever proficiency he may have made in military studies, in classical and literary attainments no pretensions to progress have ever been set up for him. The natural bent of his genius was in the direction of the former pursuits.

He entered the army at the age of eighteen, and the Irish House of Commons before he was twenty-two. In 1790, being then a captain in the army, he was returned for the borough of Trim.

The 10th of January, 1793, the Hon. Mr. Wesley made his maiden speech, seconding a motion for an address to his majesty, returning most cordial thanks for the royal message, recommending among other matters for consideration the situation of his majesty's Catholic subjects to the serious attention of the Irish Parliament.

Mr. Wesley said: "At a time when opinions were spreading throughout Europe inimical to government, it behooved us, in a particular manner, to lay before our gracious sovereign our determination to support and maintain the Constitution. He took notice that, under the present reign, this country had risen to a state of unexampled prosperity. He said that the augmentation of the forces, as mentioned in the speech, had, from the circumstances of the times, become necessary. He reprobated, in very severe terms, the conduct of the French toward their king, and their invasion of the territories of sovereign princes, and their irruption into the Austrian Netherlands. He applauded the conduct of the administration of this country for issuing the proclamation of the 8th of November, and he condemned the attempt of a set of men, styling themselves National Guards, and appearing in military array—a set of men unknown in the country, except by their attempts to overthrow the government: the conduct of the administration on that occasion entitled them to the confidence of the people. In regard to what had been recommended in the speech from the throne respecting our Catholic fellow-subjects, he could not repress expressing his approbation on that head; he had no doubt of the loyalty of the

Catholics of this country, and he trusted that when the question would be brought forward respecting that description of men, we would lay aside all animosities, and act with moderation and dignity, and not with the fury and violence of partisans.”\*

Between the first effort in the Irish Parliament in favor of the Catholic claims in 1793, and the final successful one in the British House of Commons in 1829, a great military career was accomplished, and a vast renown achieved.†

From 1817, the duke's services, being no longer needed in the

\* Irish Parliamentary Debates, p. 5. 1793.

† In 1787 he had received his first commission of ensign. In the list of promotions, 1792, we read, “Honble. Arthur Wesley, from 58th Regiment of Foot, to be captain, vice Crofton, in the 13th Regiment of Dragoons.” After various promotions, he was appointed lieutenant colonel of the 33d Foot in 1793. He served on the Continent, at the head of a brigade, in the Low Countries, and at Malines in 1794, and in 1797 joined his regiment in India.

After triumphant campaigns in the Mysore, the Nizam's territories, those of the Mahratta chiefs in the Deccan, Major General Sir Arthur Wellesley resigned his command, and returned to England in March, 1805.

He married Lady Catherine Pakenham, third daughter of the Earl of Longford, in 1806; accepted the office of chief secretary for Ireland, with special privileges, in April, 1809, the Duke of Richmond being then lord lieutenant. Was second in command under Lord Cathcart, in the expedition to Copenhagen, still retaining the office of secretary of Ireland, in the summer of 1807. Landed in Corunna with the rank of lieutenant general, and the title of Sir Arthur Wellesley, 20th of July, 1808. After the treaty of Cintra, at the end of this campaign, returned to England in disgust in the latter part of 1808. Resumed the duties of chief secretary for Ireland, and his seat in Parliament, January, 1809. After Sir John Moore's defeat, was appointed to the chief command of the army for the defense of Portugal, resigned his Irish office, and arrived in the Tagus in April, 1809, in which year he was created Baron Douro of Wellesley and Viscount Wellington.

Having driven the French out of Portugal, gained victory after victory, and well-deserved honors and rewards, he entered Madrid with something like regal triumph in July, 1812, in which year he was created Earl of Wellington, and a few months later, Marquess of Douro, Duke of Wellington. The decisive battle of Vittoria was fought the 20th of June, 1813. A brief and brilliant campaign ended in the expulsion of the French army, 120,000 men, from Spain, in October, 1813. The British army, under the Duke of Wellington, bivouacked triumphantly on the soil of France in November, 1813.

At the dissolution of Napoleon's empire, the duke was dispatched to Paris, and appeared at the Tuileries as British ambassador in the early part of 1814. Six months later, he represented his country in the great congress of the Continental allied sovereigns.

On Napoleon's escape from Elba in 1815, the command of the English army destined for the invasion of France was given to him.



field, were called into activity in conferences and congresses with the statesmen and sovereigns of foreign powers. In 1818, he and Lord Castlereagh attended the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle. As plenipotentiary from the British government, the duke assisted at the Congress of Verona in 1822. He was appointed Master General of the Ordnance in 1819. He succeeded the Duke of York as commander-in-chief in 1826.

Being accused of having sought the office of Premier when held by Mr Canning, he declared, in his place in the House of Lords, in 1827, he was "sensible of being unqualified for such a situation," and that he "should have been mad to think of it."

Eight months later he was prime minister of England. At the opening of the session, the policy of the duke's government in favor of Catholic Emancipation was announced from the throne, 5th February, 1829. The Relief Bill passed both houses, and received the royal assent within two months of that period. The declaration against Parliamentary Reform was made at the commencement of the session, November, 1829. The downfall of the old Toryism forever, and of the Wellington party for ten years, dated from 1830.

The 7th of June, 1832, the royal assent was given to the Reform Bill, and on the 18th of the same month the Duke of Wellington was assaulted by the populace in Fenchurch Street, and nearly dismounted; and, for the first time in his life, turned his back on assailants.

On the fall of the Whigs, he resumed his place in the cabinet, but without special office of any kind, in 1841.

On the accession of the Whigs to power, the command of the army again reverted to him on the death of General Lord Hill. He gave no factious opposition to any government except to that of Mr. Canning. He said that "he knew the queen's government must be carried on," so he assisted the Whigs when he thought they deserved support; and whenever the court was

The crowning victory of the great duke was gained at Waterloo, in June, 1815. Foreign honors and distinctions innumerable—a principality—a field-marshal's baton—liberal grants, and unparalleled popularity and pre-eminence at home—marked the general sense of his great services.

in any difficulty, the duke was invariably sent for, and was relied on to the last for sure counsel in all dilemmas.

September the 14th, 1852, the greatest general of his age terminated his career of glory, aged eighty-three years.

Wellington's best fame rests on the confidence in his plain dealing, and direct, straightforward views of public duty, and of obligation to truth and fairness, with which he had the ability to inspire men of all grades, and in all circumstances, throughout the whole of his career, in private and in public, and alike in a military and a civil capacity.

Sir Robert Peel pronounced a noble eulogy on his illustrious friend, in which, with the instinct of a great and wise man, setting forth truth as the most glorious of all virtues, he said, the duke "was the truest man he had ever known." This was a great eulogy; the duke's memory may dispense with any other.

LETTERS FROM THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON TO LADY  
BLESSINGTON.

"London, March 3d.

"MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—Notwithstanding the circumstances which I mentioned to your ladyship yesterday, and that I, in fact, have no personal knowledge of your brother, which always renders it difficult to recommend to another the person in respect to whom one labors under this disadvantage, I have, at your desire, written the inclosed letter to Sir Hudson Lowe, which I hope will answer the purpose of drawing his attention to him.

"Ever your ladyship's most faithful servant, WELLINGTON."

"London, February 6th, 1830.

"I am going out of town myself to-morrow morning, but I have desired my servant to attend you with this note, and the only drawing that I have of Lady D—— which has not been engraved.

"Ever yours, most faithfully, WELLINGTON."

"London, December 15th, 1837.

"I inclose a letter for Sir John Hervey. I am afraid that it will not be of much use to Captain P——, as I am not much acquainted with Sir John Hervey. Believe me ever yours, most sincerely, WELLINGTON."

"London, May 24th, 1838.

"I am delighted to learn that my recommendation of Captain P—— to Sir John Hervey has been of use to him.

"I received with gratitude your beautiful present, and perused it with delight.

"I have been very remiss in having omitted to thank you for sending it to me. I beg you to forgive me, and to thank you now for the gratification which the perusal of this work gave me.

"Believe me ever yours, most sincerely,

WELLINGTON."

"London, June 12th, 1838.

"Nothing will give me greater satisfaction than to receive any body that you recommend to me.

"Foreigners are not exactly aware of our habits: they think that we sit up to receive visits and compliments as they do. Unfortunately, I don't find the day long enough to be able to receive all who are really under the necessity of seeing me. However, I will receive Mons. Rio, or any body else you will send to me.

"I return Monsieur de Chateaubriand's account of [     ].\*

"Believe me to be yours, most sincerely,

WELLINGTON."

"London, June 14th, 1838.

"It has given me the greatest pain to have been under the necessity of sending away Mons. de Rio without receiving him.

"I know how unpleasant it is to a gentleman to [     ],† and as I had so many people with me and waiting, I thought it best to request him to call on any other day.

"I can not but feel, however, that there is no time so uselessly employed by a visitor, and him upon whom the visit is inflicted, as in these visitations of ceremony. Believe me to be yours, most sincerely,

WELLINGTON."

"January 16th, 1839.

"I am much flattered by your ladyship's recollection, evinced by your recommendation of a gentleman to be appointed Provost of Worcester College, Oxford.

"Since I heard of the vacancy in that office, which it becomes my duty to fill, in my capacity of Chancellor of the University, I had been considering the qualifications of the several candidates, not less than seventy in number, and consulting with archbishops, bishops, and the heads of the University in respect to the choice to be made.

"I acknowledge that it never occurred to me to refer to the ladies, and I return my thanks to the one who has assisted me with her counsel.

"I am apprehensive, however, that I can not hold out expectations to Mr. Landor that he will be appointed.

"The Provost of Worcester College has the government of that institution.

\* Word illegible all but two first letters, He.—R. R. M.

† Three words illegible.—R. R. M.

The qualifications required to enable him to perform the duties of the office are various, and quite different from those which have attracted your attention toward Mr. Landor. In the choice which I shall make, I must satisfy not only the college and its visitors, but the University, the Church, and the public at large.

"I hope, therefore, that you will excuse me if I decline to attend to your wishes upon this occasion.

"Believe me ever your most faithful servant, WELLINGTON."

"London, March 2d, 1839.

"You are one of that kind part of the creation which don't feel the difference between conferring a favor and asking a favor.

"You are right. He from whom the favor is asked ought to be as much delighted with the occasion afforded of gratifying the fair solicitor, as he would be by the favor conferred.

"I am very much amused by your recollection of my note upon your recommendation of Mr. Landor.

"I return my best thanks for your present. I will peruse it with much interest. Believe me ever yours, most faithfully, WELLINGTON."

"London, April 5th, 1844.

"After I had written to you yesterday, or rather sent my note, I learned last night that my daughter-in-law is going out of town, and I inclose a note directing my housekeeper to show my house to Monsieur P—— on to-morrow, Tuesday.

"Since writing the above, I have received your note of the 4th. I will certainly go and see the statue of Napoleon at the first leisure moment I may have—this day, if possible. Ever yours, most faithfully, WELLINGTON."

"London, August 3d, 1844.

"I have this evening received your note of yesterday.

"My daughter-in-law is now inhabiting the apartments in this house in which the pictures are placed.

"And I should certainly prefer that she should not be disturbed by persons coming to look at them. She will probably go out of town in a short time, and I will then send you an order directing my housekeeper to show the house to Monsieur Pleyel.

"If, however, she should be going away, I will send you an order forthwith for the admission of ——.

"Believe me ever yours, most faithfully, WELLINGTON."

"London, November 22d, 1844.

"I am very grateful for the beautiful work which you have been so kind as to send me.

“I should be delighted to see the new work of art just finished by Count D’Orsay : would you be so kind as to tell me where I could see it ?

“Believe me yours, most faithfully,  
WELLINGTON.”

“London, February 21st, 1845.

“I was very sorry that I had not the pleasure of finding your ladyship at home when Count D’Orsay was so kind as to show me his beautiful sketches some days ago.

“I have delayed to thank you for your kind note, in hopes that I might be able to call upon you at a particular hour.

“But I am sorry to say I can not yet do so ; but I hope that it may be in my power to do so by to-morrow morning.

“Believe me ever yours, most faithfully,  
WELLINGTON.”

“London, June 19th, 1845.

“I am very much obliged to you. Count D’Orsay will really spoil me, and make me vain in my old age, by sending me down to posterity by the exercise of every description of talent with which he is endowed.

“I will certainly call upon you at the very first moment I can.

“Ever yours, sincerely,  
WELLINGTON.”

“London, July 22d, 1845, at night.

“I have just now received your note of this day upon the melancholy death of Lord C——. I had learned, with much concern, of his pecuniary embarrassments, occasioned by the fire in 1834. It appears to me that you are mistaken in supposing that, when he was created a peer, provision was made for him by the grant of a pension from the Civil List. As well as I recollect, the —— of ——, his father, had been enabled to grant to him the reversion of an office in the —— of ——, the emoluments of which were then considered in making the usual provision for him when he should no longer be the —— of ——.

“But my recollection of the transaction is very imperfect ; and, after all, I judge from your statement that, when he retired from the ——, the usual provision was made for him from the Consolidated Fund, under the authority of the provisions of an act of Parliament. I am certain that the grant could not have been given from the Civil List, because I know that the total that the minister can grant in any one year from that fund is £12,000 a year. You have done quite right in applying to Sir Robert Peel. No grant can be made from the Consolidated Fund excepting under authority of the provisions of an act of Parliament, which act must originate in the House of Commons. But the House will not take into consideration the investigation of a grant of money which is not, in the first instance, recommended by the crown. I am not aware of any precedent of a grant from the Consolidated Fund to the widow of a deceased grantee, and, whatever the merits and services of

Lord ——, I think it very probable that Sir Robert Peel might think it unreasonable to expect to prevail on the House to make such a grant to Lord ——'s widow and child, in addition to the provision made from the same fund to his son, who succeeds to the title, and not consistent with a due performance of his duty to the queen to make the attempt.

“In respect to your desire that I shall suggest to Sir Robert Peel to make this arrangement, I am convinced that Sir Robert Peel requires no suggestion from me to induce him to adopt every measure in his power, and consistent with his duty, to mark the respect for the memory and affection for the person of the late Lord C——. I have told you what I think of the nature of the case, and of the difficulties in which Sir Robert Peel may find himself placed; if he should think it necessary, and that my opinion could be of any use to him, I am certain that he will speak to me, knowing, as he does, the regard I have always felt for my departed friend.

“But feeling, as I do, that in my position in the House of Lords I can do nothing which can relieve him from the pressure of the difficulties which will exist in the House of Commons, it appears to me that I ought not to interfere unless and till Sir Robert Peel should require my opinion and assistance. Solicitation is out of the question. It is not desired by you, and would not be listened to by Sir Robert Peel; and as I know I can do nothing to assist him and overcome the difficulties of the case, I am convinced I do that which is best for the case as well as most becoming, by delaying to make a suggestion till I shall be required.

“Believe me ever yours, most sincerely,

WELLINGTON.”

“London, January 19th, 1847, at night.

“I received your note of this day when I returned home, at too late an hour to communicate on this day with Mr. Tuffett; but I will do so on Monday. You are quite right. Count D'Orsay's work is of a higher description of art than is described by the word portrait! But I described it by that word, because the likeness is so remarkably good, and so well executed as a painting, and that this is the truest of all artistic ability, truest of all in this country. I am really not a judge of the effect of my name in the newspapers, but I am sensible of the effect produced by any manifestations of interest in an officer I might wish dealt with favorably.

“Believe me, my dear Lady Blessington,

WELLINGTON.”

“London, June 19th, 1847.

“I shall be delighted to see a good engraving of Count D'Orsay's picture of the queen on horseback.

“But I should prefer not to take any steps to attain that object till it is seen what the queen and the prince themselves do as to the object of your wishes.

“Unless it should be decidedly disadvantageous to the count to wait a little longer, I would recommend him to do so. Let me know what he determines.

Ever yours, most faithfully,

WELLINGTON.”

“London, August 7th, 1849.

“I have received your ladyship’s note, and am much concerned to learn that the gentleman in question is unwell.

“I don’t know at what time my daughter-in-law will return.

“But if you will write me a note when the gentleman will be sufficiently well to look at pictures in gentlemen’s houses, I will send you an order by my servant to show them, if my daughter-in-law should not be at the moment inhabiting the apartments. Ever yours, most faithfully, WELLINGTON.”

LETTER FROM LORD FITZROY SOMERSET TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

“Horse Guards, June 11th, 1848.

“DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—The Duke of Wellington will be happy to consider your nephew, H. F——, a candidate for a commission by purchase, and to introduce him into the service when his other very numerous engagements may permit. Believe me, very faithfully yours,

“FITZROY SOMERSET.”

### THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

(LATE MARQUIS OF DOURO).

The eldest son of the late Duke of Wellington by a daughter of the second Lord Longford, who died in 1831, was one of the most intimate friends of the Countess of Blessington. He was born in 1807; completed his education at Trinity College, Cambridge; was returned to Parliament, and represented Aldborough in 1829–30–31, and again entered Parliament for Norwich in 1837, which place he represented till 1852. He married, in 1839, Lady Elizabeth Hay, daughter of the Marquis of Tweedale; was aid-de-camp to his father from 1842 to 1852, and in the latter year succeeded to the title. He was appointed Master of the Horse to the Queen, January, 1853; Lieutenant Commandant of the Victoria (Middlesex) Rifles, August, 1853.

Lady Blessington, whose insight into character was not the least remarkable of her qualities, said of the Marquis of Douro that “he had a fund of common sense, of rich humor, and of good nature sufficient for half a dozen elder sons of the nobility.”

It is difficult to touch on the character of a man whose position in society, however exalted, is that of a private individual bearing an historic name, and having no personal distinction apart from it. Free from ostentation, simple in his tastes and

manners, reserved in society, but fond of it, and easily drawn toward those who shine in it, naturally generous and warm-hearted, keenly perceptive of the ridiculous, of a very original turn of mind, shrewd and sensible, a close observer of character, with a profound admiration and respect for the memory of his illustrious father, the qualities of this young nobleman were calculated to render him a favorite in such circles as those of Gore House, and with those who presided over them.

FROM THE MARQUIS OF DOURO.

“MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—I have shown your verses to the most brilliant German professor in the world, and he can make nothing of them. I therefore restore them to you, resisting the temptation to *compose* a translation, which certainly never could be detected. Yours sincerely,

“Tuesday.

“DOURO.”

## CHAPTER X.

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, born in 1805, the third son of William Earle Bulwer, Esq., of Heydon Hall and Wood Dalling, Norfolk (brigadier general), by his marriage in 1798 with Elizabeth Barbara, daughter and sole heiress of Richard Warburton Lytton, Esq., of Knebworth Park, Herts,\* succeeded to the Knebworth estates by the will of his mother, who died the 19th of December, 1844, and taking the surname of Lytton by sign manual, became the representative of his mother's family, and the head of the two other ancient houses of Lytton of Knebworth, and of Robinson or Norreys.

In 1838, on account of his literary merit, he was created a baronet. He married, 29th of August, 1827, Rosina, only surviving daughter of Francis Wheeler, Esq., of Lizzard Connel, coun-

\* This venerable lady, Mrs. Elizabeth Barbara Bulwer Lytton, died at her house, in Upper Seymour Street, at the age of seventy, 19th of December, 1844. There is no trait in the character of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton more remarkable or creditable than that of strong filial attachment, with all its feelings of high respect and tender affection, which, at every period of his career, he appears to have entertained for his mother.



ty Limerick, and had issue, Edward Robert, born 8th of November, 1832, and a daughter, named Emily Elizabeth, deceased. Bulwer's precocious poetical talents, like those of Byron, manifested themselves before he was seven years of age. He was placed at private schools in the neighborhood of Knebworth at an early age; was for some time under the care of private tutors preparatory to his being sent to college, and completed his education at Cambridge. He wrote a poem on "Sculpture" while he was at college, which obtained the prize for poetry. One of his earliest productions was a collection of small poems—"Weeds and Wild Flowers"—which was printed in 1826, when he was twenty-one years of age, but was not published. This production was followed by "O'Neil, the Rebel," in 1827. His next work was "Falkland;" but the name and fame of Bulwer only became known after the publication of "Pelham," in 1828.\* A writer in Bentley's Miscellany, apparently conversant with Bulwer's labors, and acquainted with his habits and modes of application to study, observes, "Bulwer worked his way to eminence—worked it through failure, through ridicule. His facility is only the result of practice and study. He wrote at first very slowly, and with great difficulty; but he resolved to master the stubborn instrument of thought, and mastered it. He has practiced writing as an art, and has re-written some of his essays, unpublished, nine or ten times over. Another habit will show the advantage of continuous application. He only

\* The "Disowned" was published in 1829, and "Paul Clifford" in 1830. At various intervals from the latter date appeared "Eugene Aram," "The Siamese Twins, a serio-comic Poem," "Conversations of an Ambitious Student," "England and the English," "The Pilgrims of the Rhine," "The Last Days of Pompeii," an historico-descriptive novel, "The Crisis," a political brochure, "Rienzi, or the Tribune," "The Duchess de la Valiere," a drama, "The Lady of Lyons," a drama, "Richelieu," a drama, "Money," a drama, "Ernest Maltravers," "Alice, or the Mysteries," "Athens," "Leila, or the Siege of Grenada," "Calderon, the Courtier," "Night and Morning," "Day and Night," "Last of the Barons," "Zanoni," "Eva, the Ill-omened Marriage, and other Tales and Poems," "Harold," "Lucretia," "The New Timon" and "King Arthur" [two politico-satirical poems without the author's name]. "Letters to John Bull" in favor of protection, and a drama, written for private representation, "Not so Bad as we Seem," were followed by two of his latest and best novels, "The Caxtons" and "My Novel."

writes about three hours a day, from ten in the morning till one—seldom later. The evenings, when alone, are devoted to reading, scarcely ever to writing. Yet what an amount of good hard labor has resulted from these three hours. He writes very rapidly, averaging twenty pages a day of novel print.”

I very much question the fact that Sir Edward restricts his literary labor to three hours a day. I am very sure that if double the amount of time were given to the performance of the same amount of labor as he must go through, mind and body would suffer less from its accomplishment. The composition of a work, and the transcription of MS. to the extent of twenty printed pages in three hours, is too much for a continuance of many days; the time allowed for the labor is too short for its performance, without an excessive wear and tear of mental and physical energies.

A writer in Fraser's Magazine, reviewing Sir B. Brodie's "Psychological Inquiries," makes the following observations on mental labor :

“Cuvier was usually engaged for seven hours daily in his scientific researches, these not having been of a nature to require continuous thought; and Sir Walter Scott devoted about six hours daily to literary composition, and then his mind was in a state to enjoy lighter pursuits afterward. When, however, after his misfortunes, he allowed himself no relaxation, there can be little doubt, as Eubulus observes, that his over-exertion contributed, as much as the moral suffering he endured, to the production of the disease of the brain which ultimately caused his death.

“One day, when he was thus exerting himself beyond his powers, Sir Walter said to Captain Basil Hall, who also suffered and died from disease in the brain,

“‘How many hours can you work?’

“‘Six,’ answered the captain.

“‘But can't you put on the spurs?’

“‘If I do, the horse won't go.’

“‘So much the better for you,’ said Scott, with a sigh. ‘When I put on the spurs, the horse *will* go well enough; but it is killing the horse.’”

The fact is, it is as impossible to lay down rules for the management of the mind and the regulation of its labor as it is for the management of the body and the uses and application of its powers. The same amount of labor of the mind that one man could endure during six hours of the day, for a considerable time, without detriment to his health, bodily or physical, would prove fatal to another in half that period.

Sir Bulwer Lytton first entered Parliament for St. Ives, and next represented Lincoln.

From 1841 to 1852 he remained out of Parliament, and in the latter year was returned for his native county, Hertford.

Few English writers, whose compositions consist chiefly of works of imagination, have attained such an eminence in literature as he has done. From "Pelham" to "My Novel," we have a series of works, extending to about fifty volumes, any one of which productions might suffice to make a reputation for an ordinary novelist.

But it is to the aggregate of the works of Sir E. B. Lytton we must look for the evidences of those remarkable intellectual qualities which are destined to make the productions of a man of his stamp live in after ages.

The author's consciousness of possessing such qualities is not only sufficiently evident in those novels—it is rather prominently obtrusive in some of them. But the author can not be more fully persuaded of the fact than his readers, that his writings are destined to influence his times, and that living proofs of his intellectual powers will long survive the latter.

One of the most characteristic features of Bulwer's writings is the singular combination of worldly experience—a perfect knowledge of life, and especially of life in the upper circles of society, a thorough acquaintance with its selfishness and specious fallacies—*ses misères et ses bassesses*, with the vast amount of genuine poetry that prevails in his prose writings. With the exception of Scott's novels, "Ivanhoe" and "The Bride of Lammermoor" especially, no works of fiction in the English language abound with so many passages of true poetry as the novels of Bulwer. The greatest misfortune that the republic of letters

has suffered, perhaps, for the past twenty years, is the calamity of Bulwer belonging to the aristocracy and to politics, being a baronet, a member of Parliament, and a man of a plentiful estate. Intellectual gifts like his, of the highest order, were never given for some sections only of society, that are highly favored and peculiarly privileged, but for mankind at large, and for greater and higher purposes than providing entertainment for the leisure hours of the upper classes. They were given for the promotion of higher interests than those material ones of the Manchester school of philosophy, and the aims and ends of a Godless spirit of utilitarianism, pretending to care for poverty, and to be actuated and directed by Christian motives. They were given to advance the true interests of the masses of the people of his own land especially; to enable him to contribute to their enlightenment, to spiritualize and purify their minds, and to elevate their condition, physical as well as moral.

If I am not greatly mistaken, this opinion peeps through many pages of every work of fiction that has been published by Sir E. B. Lytton during the past twelve or fifteen years. Like all men of great intellectual endowments, the consciousness of the existence of those powers, and the sense of the great obligations they impose on their possessor, are continually struggling for expression, and unconsciously find it frequently in his writings.

We are reminded in them perpetually that the author has the power, and knows that he possesses it, of doing greater and better things in literature than any that he has attempted or achieved.

The popularity of this prolific author has endured for upward of twenty years. For one reader of his works prepared to cavil with their merits, twenty will be found to admire them. No man who ever occupied the position that Sir E. B. Lytton has done in literary life, considering the fame he has acquired, coming frequently before the public, and always with claims to notice that rather force themselves on attention than solicit an indulgent reception, and insinuate themselves into the good graces of the public, has escaped more lightly the penalty of notoriety—that tax of envy and censure which pre-eminent

ability pays for the privilege of distinction; and this observation is made with a knowledge of all the little wars of criticism that little men in periodical literature have waged on him.

As a litterateur *sui generis*, his aims and turns of mind, style and mode of philosophizing in fiction, must be well studied before the peculiarities of his genius can be properly comprehended. It is only by those whose knowledge of him in private enables them to appreciate his benevolent disposition, his readiness to acknowledge the merits of his literary contemporaries and competitors, to serve the unfortunate, and to encourage struggling merit, that any apparent anomalies in his literary character can be reconciled.

By Lady Blessington, his talents and his worth were held in the highest estimation.

## LETTERS FROM SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

“Paris, 31st August, 1833.

“MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—You were kind enough to wish that I should sometimes write to you, and I take an early opportunity of doing so, because I read in the papers of your loss, and I sympathize most sincerely in it.\* I trust the robber did not take any of those beautiful little treasures which used to ornament your rooms, and for which, I know, you must have formed an absolute attachment—an attachment which, unlike others in general, can not be easily replaced; for, somehow or other, we seem to value the relics of people at a higher rate than themselves; and one would regret more, perhaps, to lose a portrait of Madame de Sevigné, than many of her contemporaries may have felt when they lost Madame de Sevigné herself.

“Paris is much better than it was last year; it is beginning to recover from its glorious revolution. It is all very fine to say liberty is useful to trade, but, whenever Liberty stretches herself, she always kicks poor Trade out of doors. Louis Philippe amuses himself by making fine speeches in answer to fine addresses; the people look on and laugh; for France, however it may seem to change, is never employed but in two things, either laughing or crying. As for the theatres, they are carrying indecency to the utmost.

\* Robbers had entered the house in Seamore Place at night, and from Lady Blessington's drawing-room carried away trinkets, consisting of seals, snuff-boxes, smelling-bottles, &c., to the value of upward of £1000. Lady Blessington afterward received a letter from one of the thieves at the hulks, giving an account of the robbery, and stating that when the jewels were broken up and sold piecemeal, the party divided £700 among them.—R. R. M.

Queen Caroline and Bergami delight us at one theatre, and something worse at another.

“Do you know I find Paris a melancholy place? if one has seen it in one’s earliest youth, it reminds one of the vast interval of mind that has elapsed. Say what we will, there is nothing like youth; all we gain in our manhood is dullness itself compared to the zest of novelty, and the worst of it is, the process of acquiring wisdom is but another word for the process of growing old. Adieu, dear Lady Blessington. Ever truly yours,                      E. L. B.”

“Bath, January 19th, 1833.

“A thousand thanks for your kind letter, which was a new corroboration of the maxim that they who have every right to be pleased with themselves have a natural fascination in pleasing others.

“One’s vanity is a quarrelsome companion, and always falling out with one; you reconcile it to one’s self with the same art which others employ in widening the breach and sharpening the contest. I may not say that I disbelieve the countless obliging things you say of me, but I may say at least that I know how little I deserve them, and in proportion to my demerits I estimate your kindness, and am affected by your praise. But I will not dwell more on that part of your letter, however tempting, lest you should think I am recurring to the old trick of authors, and seeking in modesty an excuse for egotism.

“I can fully sympathize with poor Count D’Orsay in the horror that must have seized upon him when he saw himself an ex-minister, on the wrong side of fifty (I suppose), and an author ‘who could not be offered any thing fit for a gentleman to receive!’ He has been singularly unlucky of late. It seems as if there were a magical conspiracy against him. He is not only killed, but transformed; he is not only to be a dead man, but a Pythagorean; they want to make him believe not only that the soul is out of his own body, but that it is transmigrated into the body of Baron D’Haussez. I don’t wonder at his anxiety on the matter, and have already written to assure him that the mistake was only orthographical. \* \* \* \* knew the difference between D’Orsay and D’Haussez, but he did not know how to spell the difference between them.\*

“And now, dear Lady Blessington, adieu. Many repeated thanks, warm and sincere, for all your kindness to me.    E. L. B.”

“Hotel Vittoria, Naples, November 26th.

“Behold me then at Naples, beautiful, enchanting, delicious Naples, the only city in all Italy (except old Verona, whose gable ends, and motley architecture, and hanging balconies still speak of Shakspeare and of Romeo) which is quite to my heart. I freeze in the desolate dullness of Rome, with its pros-

\* The Baron D’Haussez, ex-minister of Marine of Charles X., was a frequent visitor at Seamore Place in 1832 and 1833.—R. R. M.

ing antiquaries and insolent slaves. In Venice I fancy myself on board a ship, viz., 'in a prison, with the chance of being drowned.' In Florence I recognize a bad Cheltenham. In Naples I for the first time find my dreams of Italy. Your magic extends even here, and the place to which you have given me letters of introduction seems to catch a charm from your beauty and an endearment from your kindness. What a climate and what a sea! the humor and gayety of the people delight me! I should be in paradise if it were not for the mosquitoes. But these, in truth, are terrible tormentors; they even seem to accustom themselves to me, and behave with the polite indifference of satiety; they devour me piecemeal; they are worse than a bad conscience, and never let me sleep at nights. I am told, for my comfort, that when the cold weather comes they will vanish, and leave me alternating between the desire to enjoy the day and the hope to rest at night.

"I presented your letter to Sir William Gell, who kindly asked me to breakfast, where I found him surrounded with his dogs, amid which he wheels himself about (for he is entirely unable to stand) in his large chair, and seems to enjoy life, enough to make a man in the possession of the use of his limbs hang himself with envy. I never knew so popular or so petted a man as Sir William Gell; every one seems to love him: yet there is something artificial and cold about him *au fond*, pardon me for saying so.

"Old Matthias is here, employing his eighty-first year in putting T——'s poems into Italian verse. These old men have time to amuse themselves; we young ones are so busy that we seem as if we had not a moment to live.

"While I thank you for your introduction to Sir William Gell, I ought not to forget that to Landor, who was particularly kind to me, and whom I liked exceedingly. One is at home instantly with men of real genius; their oddities, their humors, don't put one out half so much as the formal regularity of your half-clever prigs. But Landor, thanks to your introduction, had no humors, no oddities for me. He invited me to his villa, which is charmingly situated, and smoothed himself down so much that I thought him one of the best-bred men I ever met, as well as one of the most really able (pity, nevertheless, so far as his talent is concerned, that he pets paradoxes so much: he keeps them as other people keep dogs—coaxes them, plays with them, and now and then sets them to bite a disagreeable intruder).

"He gave me two letters, to his friend T—— M——, and to a Miss M——, and I confess I felt a melancholy in leaving him. How much he might do! What a true, bold, honest genius he has! It makes me sad to see men like him indolent and happy. I fancy their career is blighted, yet it is perhaps just the reverse. We, the noisy, the active, the ambitious, it is we who fulfill not our end,

"And wear  
Our strength away in wrestling with the air."

"Mr. Craven, too, has been most kind. How well he plays! I was not aware that he was an author, by-the-by, till I saw his book bound in calf's skin. It seemed, on looking into it, pleasant and well written.

“Pray tell me how your Annual succeeds. I hear no news, I read no papers. Dumb to me the new oracles of my old Magazine. Politics reach me not. I miss the roar of London. I feel how much, while I have joked at the English, I love England. What a country! what force! what energy! what civilization! How it shames the talkative slaves here! But it is time to end.  
E. L. B.”

“January 24th, 1835.

“It is certainly a blessed thing that one is not absolutely at the mercy of other people. The reports concerning me appear to ‘progress’ in a regular climax. First, I had not a shilling, and an execution was in my house; then I was bought by the Tories, and now I am dead! They have taken away my fortune, honesty, and, lastly, life itself. Such are the pleasures of reputation!

“Just before you sent, Lady C—— B—— was also pleased to dispatch a message to know at what hour I had departed this world. Three other successive deputations arrived, and this morning, on opening a Lincoln paper, I found that there too it had been reported ‘that their excellent representative was no more.’ I consider that I have paid the debt of nature—that I am virtually dead—that I am born again with a new lease—and that the years I have hitherto lived are to be struck off the score of the fresh life I have this morning awakened to.

“I believe, my dearest friend, that you were shocked with the report, and would, in your kind heart, have grieved for its truth. So would four or five others; and the rest would have been pleased at the excitement; it would have been something to talk about before the meeting of Parliament.

“The author of the ‘Seaport Sketches’ was very foolish, begging his pardon. Literature has many mansions; and I am sure ‘Pompeii’ is not one of the best of them. As well might I burn my books after reading Don Quixote.

“I am delighted to see M—— in ‘the Keepsake.’ What is it? I guess, an Essay on Friendship, or Roman History, or Hume’s Philosophy. After all this promise, all the assurances that M—— was to be a great author by-and-by, out he comes, at the age of fifty, in a sketch for ‘the Keepsake!’

“I am now going to plunge into Histories of China, light my pipe, read a page, and muse an hour, and be very dull and melancholy for the rest of the evening. Still it is some consolation to think one is not—dead!

“E. L. B.”

“December, 1834.

“I am rejoiced that Lord D—— admires Fonblanque as he deserves. Honor, wisdom, and genius—what a combination to reconcile one to mankind! and *such* honor, *such* wisdom, and *such* genius as Fonblanque—the three highest attributes in the highest degree!

“You say you think I am less pleased by praise of myself than you are:



I know not that, but this I do know, that kindness does more than please—it conquers, it subdues me; and in you I see enough to falsify a thousand theories, and forever to deprive me of the only true philosophy, viz., indifference to all things.

E. L. B.”

“ January 19th, 1835.

“ . . . . If I should be well enough the day after to-morrow, I should then be enchanted if you would let me accompany you in your drive for an hour, and revive me by your agreeable news of politics, literature, and the world. Ten thousand thanks for D’Orsay’s offer. But Phaeton is not quite strong enough to manage Apollo’s horses—‘souls made of fire, and children of the sun’—as William \* \* \* \*’s nose long testified.

“ I have just landed from the three-volume voyage of ‘Peter Simple.’ The characters are exaggerated out of all truth, and the incidents, such as changing children, shutting up the true heir in a madhouse, &c., are at once stale and impossible. But, despite this, he (Marryatt) has a frank, dashing genius, and splashes about the water in grand style. He writes like a *man*, and that is more than most of the other novelists do, who have neither the vigor of one sex nor the refinement of the other. \* \* \* \*, to wit, now and then swaggers, but it is always in petticoats!

E. L. B.”

“ January 23d, 1835.

“ Verily, my dearest friend, you regale me like Prince Prettyman in the Fairy Isle. I owe you all manner of thanks for a most delicate consideration in the matter of twelve larks, which flew hither on the wings of friendship yesterday; and scarcely had I recovered from their apparition, when lo, the rushing pinions of a brace of woodcocks!

“ Sappho, and other learned persons, tell us that Venus drove sparrows; at present, she appears to have remodeled her equipage upon a much more becoming and attractive feather. I own that I have always thought the dove himself a fool to a woodcock, whom, for his intrinsic merits, I would willingly crown king of the tribe. As for your eagle, he is a Carlist of the old regime, a mere Bourbon, good for nothing, and pompous; but the woodcock, *parlez moi de ça*. He has the best qualities both of head and heart; and as for beauty, what opera-dancer ever had such a leg? I have given their two majesties into Rembault’s honorable charge, and hope they will be crowned to-morrow, as a matter of *course*.

“ Many thanks for the volume of Monsieur de B—. You are right. I never saw a cooler plagiarism in my life. I shall certainly retaliate upon M. De B— the moment I can find any thing in him worth stealing! Yet the wretch has talent, and his French seems to me purer and better (but I am a very poor judge) than that of most of his contemporaries. But then he has no elevation, and therefore no true genius, and has all the corruptions of Vice without her brilliancy. Good Heaven! has the mighty mischief of Voltaire

transmigrated into such authorlings? *They* imitate his mockery—his satire! They had much better cobble shoes!

“I don’t (pardon me) believe a word you say about the ‘Two Friends.’ If it have no passion it may be an admirable novel nevertheless. Miss Edgeworth has no passion, and who in her line excels her?

“As to your own doubts, they foretell your success. I have always found one is never so successful as when one is least sanguine. I fell in the deepest despondency about ‘Pompeii’ and ‘Eugene Aram;’ and was certain, nay, most presumptuous about ‘Devereux,’ which is the least generally popular of my writings. Your feelings of distrust are presentiments to be read backward; they are the happiest omen. But I will tell you all about it—Brougham-like—when I have read the book. As to what I say in the preface to ‘Pelham,’ the rules that I lay down may not suit all. But it may be worth while just to scan over two or three commonplace books of general criticism, such as Blair’s ‘Belles Lettres,’ Campbell’s ‘Rhetoric,’ and Schlegel’s ‘Essay on the Drama,’ and his brother’s on ‘Literature.’

“They are, it is true, very mediocre, and say nothing of novels to signify; but they will suggest to a thoughtful mind a thousand little maxims of frequent use. Recollect, all that is said of poetry and the drama may be applied to novels; but, after all, I doubt not you will succeed equally without this trouble. Reflection in one’s chamber, and action in the world, are the best critics. With them, we can dispense with other teachers; without them, all teachers are in vain. ‘Fool!’ says Sidney, in the *Arcadia*, ‘Fool! look in thy heart and write!’

E. L. B.”

“1835.

“I had fancied the air (of Acton) would revive me, but I am miserably ill to-day, and have sent for the ‘leech,’ as the poets call a doctor—why, I don’t know, except because, when he once fastens on us, we can’t shake him off till he has got enough of our substance! I suspect that epidemic mystery, the influenza, to be mine enemy on this occasion; and to add to my misfortunes, while I am dying to go to bed I am obliged to go to the House. After all, life is a troublesome business, and I often long to shut up shop and retire from the profession.”

[No date.]

“I am slowly preparing my unwieldy masses of history for the press. Fiction begins to lose all charm for me—I mean, to write it. The reading is still delightful, especially when one meets with friends.

“I spend all the day by the water-side, with the sun full in my face. I feel as if I were drinking life from it like a fountain. Nature meant me for a salamander, and that is the reason I have always been discontented as a man—I shall be a salamander in the next world.”

“Paris, January 5th, 1836.

“I have been out little at present, though such of the world as I have encountered seem inclined to pet the lion, if he will let them. But a gregarious lion, after all, would be but a sheep in disguise. Authors are made to be ascetics—and it is in vain to struggle, as I once did, against the common fate—made to go through the world sowing dreams to reap disappointments, to sacrifice grave interests to generous whims, to aspire to be better, and wiser, and tenderer than others, though they may seem worse, and more visionary, and harsher, and so at last to shut up their souls in patient scorn, and find that even appreciation and justice come too late. In politics here, all seem to think France tolerably calm, and the ministry tolerably safe. I went to see the Chamber opened the other day, and was amused at the *Frenchness* of all I saw. The king’s shrugs and grins, and then the ‘vives emotions,’ which replied to his well-turned periods. I have been supine and idle here, save in the composition of a long poetical epistle to you; I like it tolerably, and will send it by the next bag.\* I have some thoughts of launching on the public a volume of poems. What do they say of things in England? Here there is a general feeling that the Whigs can not stand. For my part, I think a republic certain, if perpetual changes in government are to keep men always unsettled, and play the deuce with trade and quiet. E. L. B.”

“September 17th, 1836.

“Here I am, rustivating calmly among the apples of Devonshire. I made an agreeable and prolonged tour through Hampshire by the New Forest, and, skirting the Dorsetshire coast, arrived safely at my present abode, some few miles from the sea. My avocations are as simple as my history. I *literate* away the morning, ride at three, go to bathe at five, dine at six, and get through the evening as I best may, sometimes by correcting a proof. Apropos of novels, have you read L. Ritchie’s ‘Magician?’ It is full of wild interest and vigorous power. It reminded me a little of Victor Hugo. I am very anxious to hear how your ‘Thoughts’ proceed, and whether you have finally resolved to omit them from the tales for Saunders and Otley.

“I see *le cher* D’Orsay among the spectators at the Giant Balloon, so I perceive he has renounced his grouse-shooting project.

“As for poor Mrs. Graham, I never knew, till her accident, how famous a thing it was to go up in balloons. Regular bulletins of her health in all the papers, and daily inquiries in Poland Street; yet, if she had hurt herself tumbling down stairs, nobody would have cared two straws. Nay, if even the great Talfourd were lying ill with a concussion in the brain, I doubt whether he would excite half the commiseration bestowed on this foolish woman falling topsy turvey out of the clouds.† Why going in a balloon

\* The poetical epistle will be found at the end of this correspondence.—R. R. M.

† At an interval of seventeen years from the accident above referred to, I witnessed another fall topsy turvey out of the clouds, and a descent on a stack of

should make people more celebrated than going in a ship, I can not imagine. But why the world should not care a pinch of snuff about half a score people being drowned every week, and yet make all this bother about an accident out of a bladder, is still more puzzling. It can't be that the danger is greater in balloons than ships, for more people are drowned in a week than are killed from a balloon in a century. As D—— would say, 'these mysteries are not for mortals.' Only think of the newspapers giving \* \* \* \* a sinecure, and then taking it away again. That was the refinement of cruelty; if I were he, I would never forgive the government; it is no crime not to give a hungry man a piece of bread, but it is a monstrous shame to thrust it in his mouth, and then bob it out again.

"What villainous weather—wind and rain—rain and wind—I suspect that rain and wind are to an English heaven what beef-steaks and mutton-chops are to an English inn. They profess to have every thing else, but you are sure to have the steak to-day and the chop to-morrow. I have only had one glimpse of the sun since I have been here, and it was then so large that I took it for a half sovereign which I had lost the day before.

"There is such a cottage eight miles hence (not to be sold, though); I longed for you and D'Orsay to see it. It belongs to a Mr. Fish. Out of nine acres he has made a little paradise; but he has especially availed himself of an immense verandah, so contrived as to seem a succession of bowers, through which are seen different prospects—a fountain, a lawn, an aviary, or the sea.

"Tell D'Orsay he (Mr. Fish) must have a vast deal of life to spare, for he beats you and the count hollow in his animals. What think you of half a dozen kangaroos, or fifty parrots, or two buffaloes! or two Cape sheep, or a South American camel! or a pelican, or two emews! besides a whole wilderness of antelopes and gazelles, in a park about as long as your library? They give me a temporary consumption only to look at them pumping away all the oxygen into their exhausted lungs. I am sure I left a great part of my vitality at Fish Cottage.

"Pray write and tell me all your news. I shall soon wing my way homeward, when you will see as much of me as has escaped Mr. Fish's pelicans and South American camel. I long to have a breeze from the Isle of Beauty, and when I receive your letter shall fancy it summer. Long after youth leaves one for good, it comes back for a flying visit in every recollection of friendship, in every association of grace. E. L. B."

[No date, but must have been written in 1837.]

"I was sure that your woman's heart would feel much for poor Lord R——'s sudden and striking death. These funeral knells make the only music in life that is faithful to the last, more and more frequent as we journey on, till the dull heart ceases to hear them, and the most sensitive accustoms chimneys, of the same adventurous lady, in Dublin, 1853, with similar results.—  
R. R. M.

itself to the chime. I spent my son's holidays at Brighton; and now he has left me, I have wandered on to this most solitary spot, where the air is milder, though I am not sure yet that it agrees with me.

"I am most concerned to hear you have been so serious a loser by Mr. Heath's death. But I wish, at least, that the annuals themselves may be continued by some one. They satisfy an elegant want of so large a part of the community, that I do not think they can be suffered to drop, and I sincerely and earnestly hope you may get satisfactory terms from some publisher of capital and enterprise.

E. L. B."

"Margate, September 24th, 1837.

"People walk about here in white shoes, and enjoy themselves as much as if they were not Englishmen. I lodge over a library, and hear a harp nightly, by which the fashionable world is summoned to raffle for card-racks and work-boxes. It commences at nine, and twangs on till eleven; at twelve I am in the arms of Morpheus.

"An innocent life enough—very odd that one should enjoy it, *mais tous les goûts sont respectables!* Though Margate itself be not exactly the region for you to illumine, I can not help thinking that some grand solitary villa on this cheerful coast would brace and invigorate you—the air is so fine, the sands so smooth, and there is so much variety in the little island.

"I have been reading 'Trevelyan;' it is pretty and natural. How is *le beau Roi* Alfred? I can fancy him on the Margate pier, with the gaze of the admiring crowd fixed upon him. But he would be nothing without white shoes.

"I am now going to stroll along the sands, and tease shrimps, which abound in little streamlets, and are singularly playful, considering that they are born to be boiled.

E. L. B."

"Margate, October 3d, 1837.

"I have been whiling away the time here, with nothing much better than the mere enjoyment of a smooth sea and fair sky, which a little remind me of my beloved Naples! Margate and Naples—what association! After all, a very little could suffice to make us happy, were it not for our own desires to be happier still. If we could but reduce ourselves to mechanism, we could be contented. Certainly I think, as we grow older, we grow more cheerful; externals please us more; and were it not for those dead passions which we call memories, and which have ghosts no exorcism can lay, we might walk on soberly to the future, and dispense with excitement by the way. If we can not stop time, it is something to shoe him with felt, and prevent his steps from creaking.

E. L. B."

“Paris.

“This place seems in no way changed, except that the people I knew have grown three years younger—the ordinary course of progression in France,

“‘Where lips at seventy still shed honey;’

and even as much, if not more, honey than in the previous years. The politics of the place are simply these. The king, by setting each party against the other, has so contrived to discredit all as to have been able to get a ministry entirely his own, and without a single person of note or capacity in it. Ancient jealousies were for a while strong enough to prevent the great men who were out from uniting against the little men who were in. But present ambition is stronger than all past passions, and at last a league is formed of all the *ci-devant* ministers against the existing ones.

“I must tell you a *bon mot* which Madame de L—— told me. ‘Je n’ai pas besoin de tant de *rossignols* dans ma chambre,’ said the king, speaking of the orators he despises. ‘Mais votre majesté,’ said Monsieur ——, ‘s’ils ne chantent pas, ils sifflent.’

E. L. B.”

“Cork. [No date.]

“Certainly they ought to give Lord Durham a dinner in London, and wherever I may be I will come to attend it. But it is impossible any one could think of asking me to preside at it; there are a thousand more worthy. Mulgrave, if he had not been in office, would have been the man; as it is, I think Sir Henry Parnell would be the best. They ought not to select any city or metropolitan member, for then it appears too exclusively local and commercial; and Lord Durham should carefully avoid committing himself about the corn laws, or against the agricultural interest. But this to ourselves. As it is, he ought certainly to have the dinner; and it matters not one rush whom they have for president, so long as his name is known; for if they set up a man of straw, the room would be equally crowded, and with people equally respectable. Durham has written his horoscope in people’s hearts—they only want the occasion to tell him of his destiny.

“P.S.—I have been enchanted with the upper Lake of Killarney, and a place called Glengariff; and I think that I never saw a country which nature more meant to be great. It is thoroughly classical, and will have its day yet. But man must change first.

E. L. B.”

“January, 1841.

“I shrink from returning to London, with its fever and strife. I am tired of the stone of *Sisyphus*, the eternal rolling up, and the eternal rolling down. I continue to bask delighted in the light of Schiller. A new great poet is like a discovery of a lost paradise. It reconciles us to the gliding away of youth when we think that, after all, the best pleasures are those which youth and age can enjoy alike—the intellectual.

“Kind love to D’Orsay, and best regards to all your circle. E. L. B.”

[No date.]

“It is a sin against nature, your being ill—like a frost in summer. I am used to it. Oh! I saw L. E. L. to-day. She avows her love to her betrothed frankly, and is going to Africa, where *he* is governor of a fortress. Is not that grand? It is on the Gold Coast, and his duty is to protect black people from being made slaves. The whole thing is a romance for Lamartine—half Paul and Virginia, half Inkle and Yarico. Poor Miss Landon! I do like and shall miss her. But she will be happier than in writing, which seems to me like shooting arrows and never hitting the right mark, but now and then putting out one’s own little boy’s eye. Love to dear D’Orsay. E. L. B.”

[The Water Cure.]

“Malvern, June, 1844.

“As yet, I can say nothing certain of the experiment in my own case; but my faith is confirmed by all I see around me, and believe this to be the safest and best establishment. Certainly it would be unwise to try it near London, within reach of its annoyance or excitement, for the stimulus to the nerve and brain is so astonishing, that any extra demand upon either must be extremely prejudicial.

“Fortunately, the frame accustoms itself to the practice; an extraordinary and child-like calm comes over us, and the indisposition to mental labor is most strong and most salutary.

“The villas about here, for those who, like you, could not reside in the house (where there is little accommodation), are beautiful, and the landscape almost equals the view from the Simplon.

“Dr. Wilson considers the restoration (effected by this mode of cure) sure, speedy, and permanent. Three blessings this system gives very soon—sleep, appetite, and a capacity for vigorous exercise. E. L. B.”

“Grand Parade, Brighton, November 22d, 1844.

“Literature, with me, seems dead and buried. I read very little, and write naught. I find stupidity very healthy.

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“To unite, as we do, miracles with logic, is a mistake. As I grow older, and I hope wiser, I feel how little reason helps us through the enigmas of this world. God gave us imagination and faith as the two sole instincts of the future. He who reasons where he should imagine and believe, prefers a rush-light to the stars. E. L. B.”

“Malvern, Saturday, 13th April, 1845.

“I have been here for the last seven weeks, courting the watery gods; and though this system always reduced me for the time, I hope to get the reac-

tion I did before. I leave on Wednesday evening, probably traveling all night, and shall be in town for a few days. My water-doctor is coming with me, principally to see the Opera on Thursday and Saturday. He is extremely desirous to obtain a presentation to you, and is really a very gentlemanlike, intelligent person, and worth hearing on his own system.                    E. B. L."

"Rome, February 12th, 1846.

"According to the promise you were kind enough to invite from me, I write to you from my wandering camp, amid the hosts who yearly invade *la belle Italie*. I performed rather a hurried journey to Genoa, and suffered more than I had anticipated from the fatigue. So there I rested and sought to recruit; the weather was cold and stormy — only at Nice had I caught a glimpse of genial sunshine. With much misgiving, I committed myself to the abhorred powers of steam at Genoa, and ultimately re-found about two thirds of my dilapidated self at Naples. There, indeed, the air was soft, and the sky blue; and the luxurious sea slept calmly as ever round those enchanting shores, and in the arms of the wondrous bay. But the old charms of novelty are gone. The climate, though enjoyable, I found most trying, changing every two hours, and utterly unsafe for the early walks of a water-patient, or the moonlight rambles of a romantic traveler. The society is ruined by the English and a bad set. The utter absence of intellectual occupation gave me the spleen, so I fled from the balls, and the treacherous smiles of the climate, and traveled by slow stages to Rome, with some longings to stay at Mola, which were counteracted by the desire to read the newspapers, and learn Peel's programme for destroying his friends the farmers. The only interesting person, by the way, I met with at Naples, was the Count of Syracuse, the king's brother; for he is born with the curse of ability (though few discover, and fewer still acknowledge it), and has been unfortunate enough to cultivate his mind in a country and in a rank where mind has no career. Thus he is in reality afflicted with the ennui which fools never know, and clever men only dispel by active exertions. And it was melancholy to see one, with the accomplishments of a scholar and the views of a statesman, fluttering away his life among idle pursuits, and seeking to amuse himself by billiards and *lansquenets*. He has more charming manners than I ever met in a royal person except Charles the Tenth, with a dignity that only evinces itself by sweetness. He reminded me of Schiller's Prince, in the 'Ghost Seer.'

"And so I am at Rome! As Naples now a second time disappointed me, so Rome (which saddened me before) revisited, grows on me daily. I only wish it were not the Carnival, which does not harmonize with the true charm of the place, its atmosphere of art and repose. I pass my time quietly enough, with long walks in the morning, and the siesta in the afternoon. In the evening I smoke my cigar in the Forum or on the *Pincian Hill*, guessing where Nero lies buried—Nero, who, in spite of his crimes (probably exaggerated), has left so gigantic a memory in Rome—a memory that meets you every



where, almost the only emperor the people recall. He must have had force and genius, as well as brilliancy and magnificence, for the survival. And he died so young!

"I was more shocked than I can express by poor G——'s startling fate. It haunted and preyed on me for many days and nights.

"I am now steering homeward; this stupendous treachery of ——'s recalls my political fervor. I long again to be in public life. I thought the old illusions were dispelled; and the career of a politician is neither elevating nor happy.  
E. B. L."

"Lyons, April 10th, 1846.

"I expect to arrive in England the last week in April. I am much struck with Lyons; there are few cities in Italy to compare with it in effect of size, opulence, and progress.

"But Italy has improved since I was there last. Life is more active in the streets, civilization reflowing to its old channels. Of all Italy, however, the improvement is most visible in Sardinia. There the foundations of a great state are being surely and firmly laid. The king himself approaches to a great man, and, though priest-ridden, is certainly an admirable governor and monarch. I venture to predict that Sardinia will become the leading nation of Italy, and eventually rise to a first-rate power in Europe. It is the only state in Italy with new blood in its veins. It has youth—not old age, attempting to struggle back into vigor in Medea's caldron.

"I have been indolently employing myself, partly on a version of a Greek play, partly on a novel, anxious to keep my mind distracted from the political field, which is closed to me; for, without violent opinions on the subject, I have great misgivings as to the effect of Peel's measures on the real happiness and safety of England, and regard the question as one in which political economy—mere mercantile loss and gain—has least to do. High social considerations are bound up in it; no one yet has said what I want said on the matter. Nevertheless, I was much delighted with D'Israeli's very able and, indeed, remarkable speech. I am so pleased to see his progress in the House, *which I alone predicted the night of his first failure*. I suppose Lord George Bentinck is leading the agriculturists; I can not well judge from Galignani with what success.

"This letter has remained unfinished till to-day, the 13th, when I conclude it at Joigny. More and more struck with the improvement of France, as I pass through the country slowly. It is a great nation indeed; and, to my mind, the most disagreeable part of the population, and the part least improved, is at Paris.  
E. B. L."

"Knebworth, December 24th, 1846.

"I am extremely grateful, my dearest friend, for your kind letter, so evidently meant to encourage me amid the storm which howls around my little

boat.\* And, indeed, it is quite a patch of blue sky, serene and cheering through the very angry atmosphere which greets me elsewhere. I view it as an omen, and sure I am, at least, that the blue sky will endure long after the last blast has howled itself away.

“Perhaps, in some respects, it is fortunate that I have had so little favor shown to me, or rather so much hostility, in my career. If I had once been greeted with the general kindness and indulgent smiles that have, for instance, rewarded ——, I should have been fearful of a contrast in the future, and, satisfied at so much sunshine, gathered in my harvests and broken up my plow. But all this vituperation goads me on. Who can keep quiet when the tarantula bites him?”

“I write this from a prison, for we are snowed up all round; and, to my mind, the country is dull enough in the winter without this addition to its sombre repose. But I shall stay as long as I can, for this is the time when the poor want us most. E. B. L.”

[No date.]

“I can not disguise from you that I have strong objections in writing for an Annual, of which a principal is, that, in writing for one, I am immediately entangled by others, who, less kind than you, conceive a refusal unto them, when not given to all, is a special and deadly offense.

“Another objection is, that, unless you edit a work of that nature, you have all sorts of grievous remonstrances from your publishers or friends, assuring you that you cheapen your name, and Lord knows what! And, therefore, knowing that you greatly exaggerate the value of my assistance, I could have wished to be a reader of your ‘Book of Beauty’ rather than a contributor. But the moment you seriously ask me to aid you, and gravely convince yourself that I can be of service, all objection vanishes. I owe to you a constant, a generous, a forbearing kindness, which nothing can repay, but which it delights me to prove that I can at least remember; and consequently you will enroll me at once among your ministering genii of the lamp.

“You gave me my choice of verse or prose; I should prefer the first; but consider well whether it would be of *equal service* to you. That is my sole object, and whichever the most conduces to it will be to me the most agreeable means. You can therefore consider, and let me know, and, lastly, pray give me all the time you can spare.

“To prove to you that I am a mercenary ally, let me name my reward. Will you give me one of the engravings of yourself in the ‘Book of Beauty?’ It does not do you justice, it is true, but I should like to number it among those mementoes which we keep by us as symbols at once of reality and the ideal. Alas! all inspiration dies except that of beauty. E. B. L.”

\* The allusion here is to the poem of the “New Timon.”

“Craven Cottage, Fulham. [No date.]

“It was most kind in you to think of my misfortune,\* and to offer to my ark so charming a resting-place. I heard with sincere gratitude of your visit this morning. The Thames has been pleased to retire to his own bed to-day, and has therefore left me less in fear from an invasion of mine. Though fond of philosophy, I can not say that I am much pleased with these last ‘Diversions of *Pearly*.’ However, I have escaped better than I could have anticipated, and as I am informed the Thames never did such a thing before in the memory of this generation, I have the comfort of believing that an inundation is like the measles and small-pox—a visitation, once happily over, to be classed among those memories of the past which are only revived in the persons of our posterity. At present I am making an embankment that I think will baffle the river gods in any ulterior malicious designs upon their unfortunate neighbor.

“Like the escaping mariner of old, I hope soon to render my homage to a shrine where abide the tutelary powers whom we call the ‘Graces’ in prosperity, and by the fairer name of the ‘Charities’ in distress. E. B. L.”

“January 25th, 1849.

“I am very much obliged to you, my dearest friend, for your kind and gracious reception of ‘King Arthur.’ It contains so much of my more spiritual self, that it is more than the mere author’s vanity—it is the human being’s self-love that is gratified by your praise. It is to a hard, practical, prosaic world that the fairy king returns after his long sojourn on the oblivious lake, and if he may yet find some pale reflection of his former reign, it will take long years before the incredulous will own that he is no impostor.

E. B. L.”

“ONE OF THE CROWD.”

AN EPISTLE FROM PARIS TO THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON, JAN. 1, 1836.

[Referred to in a letter dated 5th of January, 1836.]

Behind me sorrow, and before me strife,  
 What sudden smoothness lulls the waves of life?  
 Hemm’d by the gloom that shadows either side,  
 One track the moonbeams from the dark divide.  
 Never for him whose youth in haunted dells  
 Heard, though far off, Corycian oracles,  
 Whom the still Nine made dreamer at his birth,  
 Can the soft magic all forsake the earth.  
 Though on the willow hang his silent lute,  
 Though song’s wild passion lies subdued and mute,  
 Still for the charm-revealing heaven he sighs,  
 And feels the poet which his life belies.

\* An inundation of the Thames.

Here, where the wheels of wild contenders roll,  
 And one vast dust-cloud hides from each the goal,  
 Where gusts of passion mock all guiding laws,  
 And sport alike with forest-kings and straws,  
 Apart and lone amid the millions round,  
 I hear the uproar and survey the ground,  
 And for one hour, spectator of the time,  
 Affect the sage, and would be wise in rhyme.  
 What change, since first my boyhood's careless glance  
 Roved her gay haunts, has dimmed the smile of France?  
 Where are the bland address, the happy ease,  
 The minor morals of the wish to please?  
 These, the fair magic of the mien, no more  
 Deck the fierce natures which they masked of yore.  
 Enter yon shop, whose wares arrest your eye,  
 The smileless trader bullies you to buy:  
 At cafés scarce the blunt, bluff garçons stir;  
 All are now equal, you're no longer—sir!  
 While, if through streams of mud, miscall'd a street,  
 You wend your way, what swaggering shapes you meet!  
 Grim, lowering, wild, along the gay Boulevard,  
 Sweep hordes of dandies bearded like the pard;  
 And, as each step the herds unyielding bar,  
 Puff in your loathing face the rank cigar!  
 If, haply creeping by the cleaner wall,  
 Some tiptoed damsel meet the whisker'd Gaul,  
 He stalks the *trottoir* with a sultan's air,  
 Peers through the veil, and revels in the stare:  
 The wall on this side, and on that the mud,  
 Behold the weaker vessel in the flood!\*

The change displeases! let it not amaze;  
 Behold the fruit of the "*Three Glorious Days*."  
 Well, freedom won—let freedom pardoned be  
 For rugged manhood—Sons of Hampden—*Free!*  
 The people triumphed—what do they possess?  
 A venal Chamber and a shackled Press!  
 On the scared ear of earth for this alone  
 Crash'd the great ruins of the Bourbon throne.

\* The rudeness in manner which characterized the Parisians at the date referred to in the text was too ungenial to the natural character of the population to last long; it was consistent only with the mock freedom which for a time deluded the French people under the reign of Louis Philippe.

All France herself one standing army made,  
All freedom fetter'd to the fears of trade !\*

*All!* nay, deny not some substantial gain ;  
Such patriot blood has not been spill'd in vain.  
Flags of *three* hues instead of *one* are reared—  
Jean gains no vote, but once he wore no beard.

Sick of these tricks of state, which seem to dim  
The stars of empire for a madman's whim—  
These fools that take a riot for reform,  
And furl the sail which bore them through the storm—  
Turn we from men to books ! no more, alas !  
Wit's easy diamond cuts the truthful glass ;  
The pointed maxim—the Horatian style,  
That won the heart to wisdom with a smile,  
Are out of date—the Muses clad in black,  
See language stretch'd in torture on the rack.  
Sense flies from sadness when so very sad,  
And what burlesque like gravity run mad ?  
An author took his fiction to the trade,  
Mournful the theme, from love and murder made.  
“ Sir,” quoth the bookwife, “ this is somewhat cold ;  
Man loves a maid, and slays her ; sad, but old !  
We want invention ! make the man an ape,  
Some mighty spirit in a monkey shape.  
Picture what scenes ! the subject could not fail,  
A soul divine made desperate by—a tail !”

Invent some monster—some unheard-of crime,  
And *this* is “ *nature* ”—“ *this the true sublime !* ”  
The same in books as action, still they make  
The mightiest clamor for the smallest stake.  
Each frigid thought in streams of fury flows,  
And tritest dialogue raves with “ ahs ” and “ ohs .”

Yet these the race—these sucklings of romance,  
That sneer at all that gave her fame to France,  
That hoot, the screech owls, from their perch obscene,  
Thy sun, Corneille ! thy starry pomp, Racine !

\* It is the grossest injustice to call Louis Philippe a tyrant. He is the representative of the fears of the bourgeoisie ! By their favor he rose, by their interests he governs, and by their indifference he may yet fall.

\* \* \* \* prates of Rousseau with a patron's air,  
But pigmy \* \* \* \* scoffs at great Voltaire !

Enough of these—in quiet let them lie :  
Peace to their ashes ! while we speak, they die.  
I grant to \* \* \* \* all that art can do,  
For schools that style the “extravagant” “*the true.*”  
And duped to bogs by their divining rod,  
Dig for the natural where they find the *odd*.\*  
I grant Alphonso can at moments touch,  
Though not to tears—he whines himself too much.  
His pathos pranks it with a parson's air,  
A drop of Byron to a quart of Blair !  
I grant that Renè's high-soul'd author knows  
To paint the lily and perfume the rose ;  
A gorgeous troop of glittering words to raise,  
And stalk to fame in all the pomp of phrase.  
But, at the best, in him we can but hail  
A *he* Corinna or a *she* De Staël !

Yet these, whate'er their light, are on the wane,  
Too wild for Europe, but for France too plain.  
Romance and horror now are out of fashion,  
Balzac has made *philosophy* the passion !  
And all the town—sweet innocent !—endures  
Are two-sex'd seraphs, “*dans immenses malheurs.*”  
Relieved, we hasten from these phrenzies fine, †  
This whirl of words—these nightmares of the Nine,  
To own that France with pride may point to all  
Beranger's verse, and half the prose of Paul. ‡  
What then ? I hear some sombre critic say,  
The grave offends you, you prefer the gay.  
No ! give the cypress or the rose its hue,  
I like them both, but I must have the *true*.  
Your gay is natural, and your grave is forced ;  
What stuff like sentiment from sense divorced ?

\* See Victor Hugo's preface to *Cromwell*, in which we are assured that the true spirit of poetry lies in the grotesque.

† See the “*Seraphitas*” of M. de Balzac.

‡ Paul Courier. The author, in allowing these lines upon the French writers to remain, thinks it right to say that, in the spirit of a juster and maturer criticism, he should, were he writing on the same subject now, qualify, though not wholly withdraw, the blame, and accord due praise to the unquestionable genius which, if it does not redeem all faults, defies and survives all depreciation. (1854.)

Back from the things without my soul recedes—  
 How daily more on self the reason feeds !  
 As years creep o'er us, less and less we note  
 The toy and rattle from our reach remote :  
 Less we observe, and more remember. Man  
 The one same, endless marvel that we scan ;  
 But to the stranger heart incurious grown,  
 We centre all our study on our own.  
 Ah! first when youth ran high, and, sparkling up,  
 Life's very foam could overflow the cup ;  
 When the heart's ocean, bright with April skies,  
 Glass'd every glance from woman's starry eyes ;  
 When foe or friend alike was blithely made,  
 And all the thought could prompt, the act obey'd ;  
 When earth was new, and life unall'd could give  
 Each hour a something to the next to live ;  
 When ev'n in trifles thought could truth discern,  
 And pleasure taught philosophy to learn ;  
*Then* first these scenes I roved delighted o'er ;  
 Changed are the scenes, the visitant much more !  
 Man and his motives grown a well-read book,  
 The jaded task fatigues the languid look ;  
 Foes can not rouse, new friends can but presume—  
 Life's wrinkled cheek hath lost its heavenly bloom ;  
 And half in sorrow, half in scorn, I see  
 That change on earth which is but change in me.  
 Dull trash, this world ! I lay it on the shelf ;  
 Come, my own heart—none reads too oft *himself* !

Can all the stars this outward earth illumè ?  
 E'en day itself leaves half our orb in gloom ;  
 But one lone lamp lights up the spirit's vault ;  
 The egotist hath wisdom in his fault.  
 When grief or thought the burden'd soul oppress,  
 It is a sweet religion—to *confess* !  
 To the charm'd ear of Poesy—the priest,  
 We pour our sighs, and quit the shrine released.  
 For who can bare to mortal eye the soul ?  
*This* is the true confessional—the *scroll* !  
 Here in our art we find a strange relief,  
 And in revealing half forget our grief.  
 Blame not communion with ourselves ; it grows,  
 Not from the wish to *nurse*, but *vent* our woes,  
 And he who makes a mirror of his mind,  
 Does but condense the likeness of mankind.

Still young in years, my heart hath run through most  
 That youth desires to feel, and age to boast ;  
 Enough of fortune and of gentle birth  
 To share the sabbaths as the toils of earth ;  
 Enough of health and hardihood to call  
 Each man my mate, and feel at home with all ;  
 Life's various shades it has been mine to view,  
 Till the wide pallet proffers naught of new.  
 Art and ambition, eulogy and blame,  
 Excite no longer : I have gained a name :  
 The name once made, our toils can scarce exalt  
 One merit granted, or atone one fault.  
 And oh ! how still the censure and the praise  
 (For *both* make fame) our own tormentors raise ;  
 First we enjoy, and afterward endure,  
 Ache at the glare, and sigh to be obscure.

What, then, is life so dark a web, whose white  
 The fates unravel as we near the night ?  
 Springs, like the banyan, every high desire,  
 To bend once more and mingle with the mire ?  
 Is it in vain, as up the steep we wind,  
 That each firm step some folly leaves behind ?  
 Is it in vain we pierce the secret maze,  
 " And scorn delight, and love laborious days !"  
 No ; for the while the prospect fades below,  
 Near and more near the heavens before us glow ;  
 Like Chaldee's seers,\* our starry lore takes birth  
 Where most the drear monotony of earth ;  
*Around*, all tame ; above we raise the scope,  
 And learn the vast astrology of Hope.  
 'Tis worth a youth of suffering, care, and strife,  
 To win some spot beyond the storms of life ;  
 A cell unseen, where Thought, a hermit grown,  
 Sits musing o'er the perils it hath known,  
 And (faintly heard without the tempest's roar)  
 Trims the soul's lamp, and cons some sacred lore.  
 And if no more on passion's stream we waft  
 The laughing Chrishna on his lotus raft,†

\* It was the vast flatness of the Chaldean soil that conduced to and favored their astronomical science.

† The Indian god of Love is represented as floating on the lotus leaf down the Ganges ; and offerings on lotus leaves are yearly sent to drift down the river.



Heaved by each wave, and woo'd by every wind,  
 Life leaves not all its softer gods behind ;  
 Our buried youth rays never quench'd illumine,  
 And Love's lone watchlight burns in Fancy's tomb.  
 Better we prize, as lighter gains depart,  
 That mine of wealth—the treasure of a heart ;  
 And feel we know not, till around us sweeps,  
 Day after day, the darkness of the deeps—  
 Till the false raven that from death we bore,  
 Left us in peril and return'd no more,  
 How bless'd the olive of the welcome dove,  
 And what new worlds are promised us by love.

Thus, at the worst, experience is not gloom,  
 And golden fruits replace the purple bloom ;  
 And oft methinks, that as we grow more wise,  
 We fit our souls for ends beyond the skies ;  
 For heaven the vulgar scarcely paint aright,  
 As some inactive torpor of delight,  
 Where thought's high travail we for aye dismiss,  
 Lull'd in the Sybarite's indolence of bliss.

Nobler, be sure, our nature and our doom,  
 Each gain we make we bear beyond the tomb ;  
 Just as our spirits may exalt us here,  
 Train'd to high purpose in a holier sphere ;  
 Proceeding on from link to link, until  
 We serve the *word*, but comprehend the *will* ;  
 No longer blinded to the part we play,  
 Benighted wanderers yearning for the day,  
 Each step before us blackness—life and death—  
 Joy—grief—the glaciers hanging on a breath ;  
 Slaves to the Present's wheel revolving, bound,  
 Now whirl'd aloft, now dashed upon the ground ;  
 Self to itself a riddle—all unknown  
 Whither we tend, or wherefore we should groan ;  
 But by the struggles of our mind below  
 To *guess* at knowledge, train'd at last—to *know*.  
 The end august ordain'd to our survey,  
 Where once we groan'd, we glory to obey,  
 And, lost all leaven of the earth we trod,  
 Endue the seraph as we near the god.

Can the same joys reward or doom await  
 Mind's various ranks in heaven's mysterious state ?  
 What dungeon star could fetter, cheek by jowl,  
 Some lord's dull spark and Shakspeare's sunlike soul ?  
 Say, canst thou guess what mighty tasks await  
 The bard's free spirit at the Eternal Gate ?  
 Reserved (how know'st thou ?), when from clay redeem'd,  
 To rule the worlds of which it here but dream'd ;  
 From power to power, from light to light ascend—  
 Take death from genius, where can genius end ?

Accept the doctrine, and no more surprise,  
 In fate or soul, man's stern disparities.  
 No more we sigh to ask why genius wears  
 Proud hearts away "in crosses and in cares ;"  
 Why the same fates that Sidney's murderer raise,  
 Bring Milton "darkness and the evil days ;"  
 Why Dante from La Scala's board is fed,  
 And Otway chokes with the unwonted bread.  
 No more we wonder when across the night  
 Some meteor spirit casts a moment's light,  
 And seems, as darkness closes round the sky,  
 Born but to blaze, to startle, and to die.  
 Look but to *earth*, and bootless we might call  
 Iskander's rise or bright Rienzi's fall.  
 When Brutus found the virtue he adored  
 At length a name, and perish'd on his sword,  
 In vain for Rome did her great Roman bleed,  
 The wasted drops brought forth no dragon seed.  
 How oft, through life, we meet with souls whose fire  
 But lit the shrine of one divine desire !  
 In vain they panted, struggled, toil'd, and wrought,  
 The monomaniacs of some god-like thought.  
 How many martyrs to mankind, whose name  
 Died with their dust, uncanonized by fame !  
 But if a stern philosopher be Fate,  
 That schools us harshly at life's outer gate,  
 Before (the dark novitiate o'er) we win  
 The master-science of the shrine within ;  
 If Heaven be not the rest to our career,  
 But its new field, then life at once is clear—  
 Then solved the riddle. We in vain for earth  
 May toil and strive—*Heaven* claims us from our birth ;

And every toil but nerves the soul to climb  
 Alp upon Alp beyond the walls of Time!  
 For if ev'n matter, if the meanest clod  
 Knows naught of waste in the vast schemes of God,  
 How much more wanted to the wondrous whole  
 Each spark of thought, each monad of the soul!  
 By one great nature's toil all space may gain,  
 And worlds attest—" *man ne'er aspires in vain!*"  
 Never, O earth, for merely human ends,  
 Heaven to thine orb some rarer spirit sends.  
 On Plato's soul did day celestial break,  
 That boys through Phædo might arrive at Greek?  
 Was godlike Pericles but born to rule  
 The smooth Orbilius of a brawling school;  
 To curb or fawn upon the riot throng,  
 To build a shrine, or patronize a song?  
 No! here we read the first leaf of the scroll;  
 To guess the end, we must peruse the whole:  
 No! though the curtain fall, your judgment stay;  
 'Twas but the prologue—now begins the play!  
 And ere you ask what some score lives may mean,  
 Death, raise the curtain! Heaven, present the scene!

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In youth "we babbled of green fields"—the pure  
 Air—where the muse might court "*la belle nature,*"  
 And ask'd, in Harold's hollow prayer, to dwell  
 With our lone fancies, by the flood and fell!  
 But now, old Berkeley's true disciples grown,  
 Our sense and soul make all the world we own.  
 What boots it that yon moonlight casts its glow  
 O'er grave fiacres freezing in a row,  
 Or the long wall beside whose jealous gate  
 Th' unenvied sentry holds his silent state?  
 What matters where the outward scene may be?  
 Earth has no Eden which we may not see.  
 Waves Thought his wand, and lo, before my eyes  
 Heaves the soft lake, or bend the purple skies,  
 Or summer shines upon that quiet shade  
 Where Love sad altars to Remembrance made;  
 Where its wild course the heart to ruin ran,  
 And youth grew rich by usury on the man!  
 Let Syntax Pilgrims rove from clime to clime,  
 And hunt o'er earth the beauteous and sublime.

Fools! not on Jura's giant heights they grow,  
 Nor found, like weeds, where Leman winds below!  
 Where the faun laughs through vines they are not hid,  
 Nor mummied up in Memphian pyramid.  
 Dig where you will, how fruitless is your toil!  
 Are thoughts and dreams the minerals of the soil!  
 Within our souls the real landscape lies—  
*There rise our Alps, there smile our southern skies;*  
*There winds the true Ilyssus, by whose stream*  
 We cull the hyacinth and invite the dream;  
 Revive the legend and the truth of old,  
 "Live o'er each scene, and be what we behold."

The New Year's Eve! Night wanes; more near and near  
 Creeps o'er the breathless world the coming year!  
 Lo! what full incense of the hope and prayer  
 Ascends from earth to earth's appointed heir!  
 With tearless eyes we see the dark hours fling  
 In Time's vast vault the old discrowned king.  
 Hail to the Son! Alas! with prayers as vain,  
 Men ask'd all blessings from the Father's reign.

Still the soul's faith Hope's rising sun invites;  
 We fawn on fate—the future's parasites!  
 For me, at least, the courtier creed is o'er,  
 And wise Experience whispers "Wish no more!"  
 Life hath no compass; through the dark we sail,  
 Float passive on, and leave to God the gale.  
 Come calm or storm, at least no power beside  
 Can yield the haven or appease the tide!

E. L. B.

In a letter addressed to Lady Blessington by E. L. Bulwer, from Paris, dated January 1st, 1836, the foregoing poetical epistle was inclosed, which, though of an earlier date than several other letters of his, has been placed at the end of this correspondence, with the view of drawing more particular attention to it.

SIR HENRY BULWER, G.C.B.

Henry Bulwer, the elder brother of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, and second son of W. E. Bulwer, Esq., was born in 1803 or 1804.

Studious and reserved in early years, he entered on the active

business of life prepared by his habits to surmount obstacles, and to bring to grave subjects of inquiry sedateness of mind, solid information to all collateral branches of such subjects, and a perfect knowledge of their bearings on the researches we are engaged in.

He entered Parliament in 1830 as representative of Wilton. In 1831 and 1832 he represented Coventry, and from 1834 till 1837, Marylebone. Politics, however, did not engross all his attention.

The great works of this gentleman are "The Monarchy of the Middle Classes," which appeared in 1834, and "France, Social, Literary, and Political," published in 4 vols. in 1836. In accurate statistical information, philosophical views, perspicuity in dealing with very extensive official returns and reports, and making a minute analysis of the civil and military administrations of France, no publication of modern times that treats of that country bears any comparison with the work of Henry Bulwer. With all the evident marks of genius in his productions, there are indications also of nervous irritability in his writings, and of many of the peculiarities of valetudinarianism, bordering on eccentricity, manifested in inequalities of style, occasional vagueness, and a frequent falling off in the vigor and originality of the writer. A small work of his, giving an account of his travels in Greece, "An Autumn in Greece," was published previously to the works above mentioned.

He has contributed much to reviews, magazines, and annuals, and one of his earliest anonymous productions, a "Life of Lord Byron," prefixed to the Paris edition of the poet's works in English, exhibited a great deal of tact and literary talent.

He served in the Second Life Guards; was attached to the mission at Berlin in August, 1827; to the embassy at Vienna in 1829, at the Hague in 1830, at Paris in 1832; was appointed secretary of legation at Brussels in 1835; was chargé d'affaires there in 1835 and 1836; secretary of embassy at Constantinople in 1837; at St. Petersburg in 1838; at Paris, June, 1839; was for some time minister plenipotentiary in 1839, 1840, and 1841; was appointed envoy extraordinary and minister plen-

ipotentary at Madrid, June, 1843, which post he continued to hold till the rupture of diplomatic relations between England and Spain in 1848; was made a privy councilor in 1845, and and a K.C.B. in 1848. Sir Henry Bulwer was appointed minister plenipotentiary at Washington in 1849; made a G.C.B. in 1851; and was transferred to Florence in the same capacity in January, 1852, and was accredited to the courts of Modena and Parma.\*

In his various embassies, Sir Henry Bulwer has performed his high duties with firmness, decision, manliness of character, and signal ability, without making any unnecessary display of those qualities; but, on the contrary, making natural amenity, quietude of manner, and amiability of disposition apparently his most remarkable characteristics. In 1848, when the soldier-statesman, Narvaez, was in power, during the intrigues of some of the foreign embassies in Spain, and commotions occasioned by them, Sir H. Bulwer had frequent remonstrances to address to the Spanish ministers from his government; and his firmness and efficiency in the discharge of his duties gave such offense to the arbitrary sword-law despot then at the head of affairs in Spain, that he ordered the British minister to quit Madrid, on pretense of interference in plots and conspiracies against the government. For two years the office of British minister at Madrid was left vacant. This violent proceeding of Narvaez was atoned for subsequently by an *amende honorable*, the terms of which were said to have been dictated by Lord Palmerston.

Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer possesses prepossessing, unpretending manners, and the air of inspiring confidence and retaining it. He is gentle in his bearing, of a languid appearance, and retiring deportment, yet of a strong will, and firm determination, and indomitable courage on great occasions, but irresolute, and uncertain in the ordinary affairs of every-day life. In conversation he is highly amusing and well-informed, and, notwithstanding an apparent thoughtlessness, something of an assumed indolence of mind (in the face of society, and in the company of very intimate friends), and a remarkable playfulness of

\* The Foreign Office List for 1854, p. 33.

manner and disposition, few men are more observant and reflective, and deeper thinkers.

Habitual delicacy of health has been in his case productive of absence of mind on many occasions, and little *contretemps* which have given rise to misconceptions on the part of strangers and persons slightly acquainted with him, and thus offense has been sometimes taken at things either said or done by the diplomatist distraught in society, where no offense whatever was intended.

Sir Henry married, a few years ago, a daughter of Lord Cowley.

Few persons who were in the habit of meeting Mr. Henry Bulwer in London fashionable society in 1833 and 1834, as I have had that honor, on several occasions, in Seamore Place, who remember the young reserved man of a meditative turn, slight, pale, studious-looking, of a sickly cast of countenance, of a plaintive, valetudinarian sort of aspect, would be prepared for the varied and well-deserved successes of the elder brother of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton in diplomacy, politics, and literature which have attended his later career.

LETTERS FROM LADY BLESSINGTON TO HENRY LYTTON BULWER, ESQ.

“Seamore Place, London, November 6th, 1834.

“MY DEAR MR. BULWER,—It has given me great pleasure to hear from you, and it gives me scarcely less to be able to tell you of the perfect success of your book. I read it with all the acuteness of the *critic*, increased by the nervous anxiety of the friend, and feeling satisfied of its merit. I was only desirous of drawing general attention to it, as far as lay in my power, by recommending it to all my acquaintances, and commenting on it, in my salon, every evening. Many people are too idle or indolent to take the trouble of judging for themselves; a book must be pointed out to them as worthy of being read; and the rest, the merits of a good book will insure. Yours has been a regular *hit*, as the booksellers call it; a better proof of which I can not give you than that, on Saturday last, a copy of the first edition was not to be procured for love or money. It is not only praised, but *bought*, and has placed you very high on the literary ladder. Go on and prosper; your success furnishes an incitement that the first work of few authors ever gave, and it would be unpardonable not to persevere in a path that offers such brilliant encouragement. I ought not to omit mentioning that in Mr. Fonblanque you have had as judicious a critic as an anxious friend. His good taste and friendly

zeal on this occasion have secured him my friendship; admiration for his brilliant talents and respect for his unflinching honesty he had long since. Now lay this man to your heart, for be assured he is worthy of it. He is one of those extraordinary men, too good for the age in which they are born, too clever not to be feared instead of loved, and too sensitive and affectionate not to be grieved that it is so.

“I never fear genius and worth; it is only the egotistical irritability of mediocrity that I fear and shun. It grieves me when I see men like Fonblanque misunderstood or undervalued, and it is only at such moments that I am ambitious; for I should like to have *power*, wholly and *solely*, for doing justice to merit, and drawing into the sunshine of Fortune those who ought to be placed at the top of her wheel, with a drag to prevent that wheel revolving. ‘Pompeii’ has covered its author with glory; every one talks of, every one praises it. What a noble creature your brother is! such sublime genius joined to such deep, such true feeling. He is too superior to be understood in this age of pigmies, where each little animal thinks only of self and its little clique, and is jealous of the giants who stood between them and the sun, intercepting from them all its rays. ‘Without these giants,’ say they, ‘what brightness would be ours! but they keep all the sun to themselves.’ Poor Miss Landor!—for poor I must call the person who has either bad taste enough or bad feeling enough to abuse your book—how severely punished she must be by its success.

“Strange to say, I have just been interrupted by E—— E——, who came to spend the evening with me, and who has only now left me. I told him what you stated, and he has requested me to inform you that he never has said an unkind word, or what he thinks could be tortured into unkindness, of you to any human being. He says that of this he can speak so positively, that he defies any one to assert the contrary, and that if you will name your informant, he will refute him. For the expressions of his constituents at Coventry he says he can not be responsible, and has no control over political differences, always producing hostile expressions, if not feelings.

“M. BLESSINGTON.”

“January 18th, 1836.

“I have great pleasure in telling you your book gains ground every day. The influential papers take extracts from it daily, and every one reads it.

“I heard from E—— E—— last week; he says the Whigs were never so firmly seated as at present. The new peerages have given great dissatisfaction, particularly that of Lady ——. I saw Mr. E. J. Stanley last evening, and he appeared in very good spirits, which looks well for his party. He is a good person, and well disposed toward you.

“I heard from your brother on Friday from Paris; he sent me an epistle in verse, which is a *chef d’œuvre* worthy of the first of our poets.

“M. BLESSINGTON.”



"Gore House, September 17th, 1840.

"I am never surprised at evil reports, however unfounded, still less so at any acts of friendship and manliness on your part. One is more than consoled for the mortification inflicted by calumnies, by having a friend so prompt to remove the injurious impressions they were likely to make. Alfred is at Doncaster, but he charges me to authorize you to contradict, in the most positive terms, the reports about his having participated in, or even known of the intentions of the Prince Louis. Indeed, had he suspected them, he would have used every effort in his power to dissuade him from putting them into execution. Alfred, as well as I, entertain the sincerest regard for the prince, with whom for fourteen years we have been on terms of intimacy; but of his plans we knew no more than you did. Alfred by no means wishes to conceal his attachment to the prince, and still less that any exculpation of himself should in any way reflect on him; but who so well as you, whose tact and delicacy are equal to your good nature, can fulfill the service to Alfred that we require?

"Lady C—— writes to me that *I* too am mixed up in the reports. But I defy the malice of my greatest enemy to prove that I even dreamed of the prince's intentions or plans.

"Do you remember a friend of the Guiccioli's, a certain Marquis de Fressigny, or some such name, an elderly man, who lived in the Rue Neuve des Capucines? At the request of the Guiccioli, I sent two or three letters from her to him, under cover to Lady C——, because he happened to live within two doors of Lady C——, to save the sous for the petite poste. You know how foreigners attend to these little savings; and, lo and behold, no sooner does Lady C—— hear of the reports at Paris, than she conjures up an idea that this same Marquis de Fressigny (for it is some such name) is no other than the Marquis de C—— Channell, with whom the Prince Louis has been mixed up, but whose name I never heard of until I saw it in the papers. Tell me if you remember this same Fressigny? Have you heard from the Guiccioli lately, for I have not? Is it true that Dr. Lardner is gone to America? I have not heard from Edward since he went abroad—have you?

"I have been in Cambridgeshire for some weeks, and have only just returned. Alfred will write to you the moment he returns, but, *en attendant*, you are authorized and requested to contradict the rumors.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

"Gore House, April 13th, 1843.

"Of all the kind letters received on the late bereavement, that has left so great a blank in my life, none have so much touched me as yours; for I know how to appreciate the friendship which prompts you to snatch from time so actively and usefully employed as yours always is, a few minutes for absent and sorrowing friends. This last blow, though not unexpected, has nevertheless fallen heavily on me, and the more so that the insidious malady which

destroyed my poor dear niece developed so many endearing qualities in her sweet and gentle nature, that her loss is the more sincerely felt. Two months before this last sad event we lost her little girl, that sweet and interesting child whose beauty and intelligence (though, poor thing! she was deaf and dumb) you used to admire. This has indeed been a melancholy year to me.

“Alfred’s position, as you may well imagine, would of itself fill me with chagrin, and the protracted illness of two beings so dear to me, closed by their deaths, has added the last blow to my troubles. May you, my dear Henry, be long spared from similar trials, and be left health and long life to enjoy your well-merited reputation, in which no one more cordially rejoices than

“Your sincere, affectionate friend,                      M. BLESSINGTON.”

LETTERS FROM SIR H. LYTTON BULWER TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

“December, 1841.

“MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—I think D’Orsay wrong in these things you refer to: to have asked for London especially, and not to have informed me how near the affair was to its maturity when St. Aulaire went to the Duke of B——’s, because I might then have prepared opinion for it here; whereas I first heard the affair mentioned in a room where I had to contend against every person present, when I stated what I think, that the appointment would have been a very good one. But it does not now signify talking about the matter, and saying that I should have wished our friend to have given the matter rather an air of doing a favor than of asking one. It is right to say that he has acted most honorably, delicately, and in a way which ought to have served him, though perhaps it is not likely to do so. The French ambassador did not, I think, wish for the nomination. M. Guizot, I imagine, is at this moment afraid of any thing that might excite discussion and opposition, and it is idle to disguise from you that D’Orsay, both in England and here, has many enemies. The best service I can do him is by continuing to speak of him as I have done among influential persons, viz., as a man whom the government would do well to employ; and my opinion is, that if he continues to wish for and to seek employment, that he will obtain it in the end. But I don’t think he will obtain the situation he wished for in London, and I think it may be some little time before he gets such a one as he ought to have, and that would suit him. The secretaryship in Spain would be an excellent thing, and I would aid the marshal in any thing he might do or say respecting it. I shall be rather surprised, however, if the present man is recalled. Well, do not let D’Orsay lose courage. Nobody succeeds in these things just at the moment he desires. With his position here (speaking of a French nobleman), he has been ten years getting made ambassador, and at last is so by a fortunate chance. Remember also how long it was, though I was in Parliament, and had some little interest, before I was myself fairly launched in the *diplomatic career*. Alfred has all the qualities for success in any thing, but he must give the same trouble and pains to the pursuits he now engages in

that he has given to other pursuits previously. At all events, though I speak frankly and merely what I think to him, I am here and always a sincere and affectionate friend, and most desirous to prove myself so. With respect to ——, for recommending whom you seem to reproach me, my opinion remains unchanged, and I still think him the best person, if not the only one, you could have employed. I know he spoke frequently to Guizot. I believe he also spoke to the king; and, upon the whole, I believe that what he said to —— was partly correct.

HENRY BULWER."

In reference to this subject, Sir Henry Bulwer observes, in a recent communication, "It was altogether a great pity D'Orsay was not employed, for he was not only fit to be so, but to make a most useful and efficient agent, had he been appointed."

"Hotel Douvres, Rue de la Paix, October 2d.

"I have been staying very recently at Versailles, roving about those beautiful gardens and woods which I delight in, and have but just now come to Paris, where, however, I hear there are many English; but, as Landor is going to England, you will probably see him, and hear more than I can tell you.

"In literature there is nothing new here, but a new novel, 'Jacques,' from Mde. Dudevant (G. Sand). She is really a curious woman. Mrs. ——, a poet, who was said to be on intimate terms with her last year, is now, as it is reported, succeeded by a doctor, the consequence being a new doctrine supported by a new work, demonstrating that the affections of the heart are to be separated from the pleasures of the senses. The poet represents the heart, the doctor the senses.

HENRY BULWER."

[No date.]

"I shall seem an ungrateful man; but I have a head, alas! as well as a heart, and the former aches at writing what the latter wishes written. A thousand kind things in return for those you say to me. Praise from you is worth having, because it is sincere, and because I have a sincere affection for the person who bestows it. I got here well, and am often thinking of my sojourn under your hospitable roof with the most agreeable recollections, and often wishing that my nest had been built a little nearer to your groves.

"Think sometimes of an absent friend, whom you may ever believe yours most affectionately,

HENRY BULWER."

"Hampton.

"I just received your note. It is not, as you may suppose, from carelessness and forgetfulness that you have not had my contribution. I have begun twenty tales about that abominable sixteenth century, and none of them have pleased me but one, which I thought would not please you. It was full of horrors, magic, murder, and the East. It is now burned, and I am writing,

as hard as I can, something which you will have to burn, if you like, on Monday evening. But I am a bad contributor, for I can't write at all times nor on all subjects, though you can command me in all things.

“HENRY BULWER.”

“May 6th, 1849.

“I was very glad to get your letter. I never had a doubt (I judged by myself) that your friends would remain always your friends, and I was sure that many who were not Alfred's when he was away, would become so when he was present. It would be great ingratitude if Prince Louis forgot former kindnesses and services, and I must say that I do not think him capable of this.

“I think you will take a house in Paris, or near it, and I hope some day there to find you, and to renew some of the many happy hours I have spent in your society. I shall attend the sale, and advise all my friends to do so. From what I hear, things will probably sell well. I am sure that Samson will execute any commission for you when he goes to Paris, and I gave Douro your message, who returns it. The ——, of whom you speak, made their appearance at the court ball; the lady dressed rather singularly—her hair à la Chinoise, and stuck with diamonds. All the women quizzed her prodigiously until they found out she was the last Parisian fashion. In fact, she looked remarkably well, and people were quite right in saying nothing could be so becoming directly they ceased thinking that nothing could be so ridiculous.

\* \* \* \* \*

“My own plans are still very uncertain, but I think of going to —— by Paris. What little I hear about the new Chamber and the president's prospects is good, and I liked a letter by Lucien Bonaparte the other day much. It is a pity, however, a great pity, this quarrel with Napoleon; and I can't quite approve of publishing a private letter in the newspaper, and dismissing a man from his post on account of his leaving it, before hearing the reasons he had to give for doing so.

HENRY BULWER.”

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## CHAPTER XI.

ISAAC D'ISRAELI, ESQ.\*

THE author of “The Curiosities of Literature,” Isaac D'Israeli, of honored memory, the literary historian, was born at Enfield,

\* The particulars of the career of the elder D'Israeli, given in this sketch, are gathered chiefly from a highly interesting Memoir published in the “Gentleman's Magazine” for July, 1848, which has been ascribed to his distinguished son, and also from numerous references to him in Lady Blessington's papers.

near London, in May, 1766, and was the only son of Benjamin D'Israeli, a Venetian merchant, of the Jewish persuasion, long established in England.

English literature is therefore indebted to Italy, Judaism, and Venetian commerce for two of its most distinguished sons, and English politics and statesmanship to the same old sources for a public man, who has achieved for himself an eminent position, and the leadership of a great party.

Isaac D'Israeli was sent, at an early age, to Holland: he passed some years of boyhood in Amsterdam and Leyden; acquired there a great knowledge of languages, and *some* knowledge, but not a very extensive acquaintance, with the classics.

On his return to England he applied himself a great deal to books, and made his first known appearance in print in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for December, 1786. That article of four pages, entitled "Remarks on the Biographical Accounts of the late Samuel Johnson, LL.D.," bore the signature of J. D. I.

But long previously, and subsequently to the date of that essay, his leading passion was a love of poetry and an ambition to write poetry. He began to discover that he was not destined to succeed in that line so early as 1788; but he went on, in spite of fate, wooing the Muses, whom he had made divers vows to abandon, and in 1803 published a volume of "Narrative Poems" in 4to.

In 1799 appeared "Love and Humility, a Roman Romance;" also "The Lovers, or the Origin of the Fine Arts;" and in a second edition of these productions in 1801, he introduced "The Daughter, or a Modern Romance."

Another novel, the date of which is unknown, called "Despotism, or the Fall of the Jesuits," was published by him. It would be interesting to know how that subject had been treated by him.

But several years earlier, his predilection for literary criticism had manifested itself in his studies and pursuits. So early as 1791, he published the first volume of "Curiosities of Literature," consisting of anecdotes, characters, sketches, and observations, literary, critical, and historical. In 1793 the second

volume appeared, with "A Dissertation on Anecdotes." A third volume, some years later, completed the work. In 1823, a second series, however, was published, and up to 1841 went through twelve editions.

In 1795 appeared his "Essay on the Manners and Genius of the Literary Character;" in 1796, "Miscellanies, or Literary Recreations;" in 1812 and 1813, his "Calamities of Authors," in two volumes; in 1814, in three volumes, "Quarrels of Authors, or some Memoirs of our Literary History, including Specimens of Controversy, to the reign of Elizabeth;" in 1816, "An Inquiry into the Literary and Political Character of James I."

These are the great works on which rest the fame of Isaac D'Israeli; but one of his works, entitled "Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles the First," in two volumes 8vo, 1828, obtained more popularity for a time than any of the works above-mentioned. For this work, in 1830 increased to four volumes, very eulogistic of Charles the First, the author got from Oxford the honorary degree of D.C.L., the public orator of the University, in conferring it, using the words "Optimi Regis, optimo defensori."

In 1839, while meditating a more comprehensive and elaborate work on the "History of English Literature," he was totally deprived of sight. This terrible calamity was compensated for, to some small extent, by the constant attendance on him of his daughter. With her aid as an amanuensis, he produced "The Amenities of Literature." Mr. D'Israeli was a fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and a member of some other learned societies.

He had a literary controversy in 1837 with Mr. Bolton Corney (the author of a production entitled "Curiosities of Literature Illustrated," a litterateur who works in the mine of old bookish knowledge), which controversy troubled a good deal the tranquillity of Mr. D'Israeli, and shook a little the implicit confidence which the public reposed in all his statements respecting what is called "Secret History," the originality of curious matter, alleged to have been discovered in ancient documents, and the authenticity and dates of manuscripts and books referred to by him. Mr. Corney's object was to pull down the fame

of the elder D'Israeli: that object he has not been able to effect, but he assuredly has shown a tendency in Mr. D'Israeli to that sort of vanity which prompted Bruce to represent a traveling companion as dead who was living at the time of his representation of his death, in order to enhance the value of the discovery of the source of the Nile, in his anxiety to appropriate the sole merit of that discovery, to be able to say with Coriolanus, "Alone I did it." D'Israeli unquestionably claimed as discoveries of his own, that never were in print, matters which subsequently were found to exist in published books.

He had made some previous attempts, anonymously, at romance writing. In 1797 he published "Vaurien, a satirical Novel;" subsequently, "Flim Flams, or the Life of my Uncle," an extravaganza after the manner of Rabelais; and "Megnoon and Leila," the earliest English romance purporting to represent Oriental life, with strict attention to costume.

Mr. D'Israeli, in 1847, lost his wife. This lady, whom he married in February, 1802, was a sister of George Bassevi, Esq., of Brighton, a magistrate for Sussex, and aunt of the late eminent architect, George Bassevi, Esq., who was killed at Ely Cathedral in 1845. At the time of the death of the elder D'Israeli, in his 82d year, the 19th of July, 1848 he was still engaged in literary pursuits: the love of ancient books—old ragged veterans—was with him truly the "ruling passion, strong in death;" and when Mr. Corney and his labors shall be utterly forgotten, the services of Isaac D'Israeli to English literature will be remembered and well regarded. He died at the residence of his son Benjamin, at Bradenham House, tenderly watched over in his last illness by that affectionate son, and deeply lamented by him long after his decease.

He left three sons, the eldest of whom is now member for Buckinghamshire; the second son is a clerk in the Registry Office in Chancery, and the youngest an agriculturist in Buckinghamshire. An only daughter died while traveling in the East with her eldest brother.

One of the best likenesses of Isaac D'Israeli is that by Count D'Orsay, engraved in the "Illustrated London News" of Janua-

ry 29th, 1848. A whole-length, by Alfred Crowquill, appeared in "Frazer's Magazine" some years prior to 1848; and a portrait of him in very early life, by Drummond, was published in "The Mirror" for January, 1797.

LETTERS FROM I. D'ISRAELI, ESQ., THE AUTHOR OF "THE CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE," TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"November 10th, 1838.

"MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—I am the most unworthy receiver of your ever beautiful book, and the kindness of remembering me is

" ' Plus belle que la Beauté.' "

"I hope you read some time ago a note from me to announce to you a Friesic version of some very tender philosophy on life and death, composed by you in the 'Book of Beauty' of 1834.

"The object was to show the analogy between our Saxon, or Friesic, and our English, freed of all foreign words. I do not know whether you will rejoice to understand that of seventy and seven words, carefully counted, of which your stanzas consist, you have not more than eight foreigners, so that you wrote pure Saxon, which, they say, is the rarest and most difficult affair possible, most of our writers being great corruptors of the morality of words, or, as they say, of language. I put "the eight foreigners" down, like the Polish gentleman's paws, whose patriotism, I see, is in a quarrel:

" ' Pain,' ' hours,' ' joy,' ' scold,' ' vanish,' ' sceptered,' ' empire,' ' brief.' "

"You see, my dear lady, what a charming thing it is to be simple and natural, for then you are sure to write Saxon. Shakspeare wrote Saxon, for he knew how to write; Addison did not know any thing of Saxon, and the consequence is that Addison never wrote English. I hope Saxon will not go out of fashion; but, whether it does or not, you must continue to write such stanzas as these on Life and Death.

I. D'ISRAELI."

"1 St. James's Place, 5th of February.

"I write to you from the sofa, where I have been laid prostrate by my old enemy, and fairly captured, almost ever since I had the pleasure of being with you.

"Could I have bound these *arthritic* heels of mine with the small light pinions of the only god who ever wore wings to his, I should, ere now, have made a descent on Gore House; but I have nothing now left, I fear, but to dwell on 'Imaginary Conversations.'

I. D'ISRAELI."

THE RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI, M.P.

The eldest son of the distinguished litterateur who was the subject of the preceding notice, Benjamin D'Israeli; was born in



1805. The literary tastes and talents of the father had been transmitted to the eldest son, and had given early promise, in this instance, of intellectual powers of the highest order, which was not disappointed.

He traveled in Germany at an early age, and subsequently, in 1826, in Italy and the Levant. In 1829 and 1830 he visited Constantinople, Syria, and Egypt, accompanied as far as Syria by his sister.\*

In 1831, on his return to England, he found the country involved in the Reform agitation. He became a candidate for the borough of Chipping Wycombe, on principles neither Whig nor Tory, but, in general, rather theoretically Radical, and on two points of the charter quite practically so; on the hustings a far-advanced Reformer, an advocate of short Parliaments, and vote by ballot. He was defeated at this election, and also at a subsequent one.

The author of "Vivian Grey," "The Young Duke," "Henrietta Temple," "Venetia," "Contarini Fleming," "Coningsby," "Sybil," "Tancred," "The Wondrous Lady of Alroy," &c., &c., &c., the former votary of the Muses, the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, was one of the most intimate literary friends of Lady Blessington. Many years ago (upward of twenty) I frequently met Mr. D'Israeli at Lady Blessington's abode in Seamore Place. It required no ghost from the grave, or rapping spirit from the invisible world, to predicate, even then, the success of young D'Israeli in public life. Though in general society he was habitually silent and reserved, he was closely observant. It required generally a subject of more than common interest to produce the fitting degree of enthusiasm to animate and to stimulate him into the exercise of his marvelous powers of conversation. When duly excited, however, his command of language was truly wonderful, his sarcasm unsurpassed; the readiness of his wit, the quickness of his perception, the grasp of mind that enabled him to seize on all the parts of any subject under discussion, those only would venture to call in question who had never been in his company at the period I refer to.

\* The young lady died on their tour in Palestine.

The natural turn of his mind was then of an imaginative, romantic kind; but his political pursuits were beginning to exert a controlling influence over this tendency, and it then only occasionally broke through the staid deportment of the sombre politician, and the solemn aspect of grave and thoughtful conservatism. The struggles of an early literary career, the strife of a political one in more advanced years, the wear and tear of a mind whose ruling passion was ambition, have now given a premature character of care and weariness of spirit to the outward as well as the inward man of Mr. D'Israeli. I have met few men, in any country, with more unmistakable marks of genius than he possesses. If strong convictions, sound principles, steadfast opinions, and settled purposes in political action were always found associated with exalted intellectual qualities like those of Mr. D'Israeli, there is no man in this country who would be more formidable to his opponents or serviceable to the state.

A man who sets out in a parliamentary career without birth, fortune, political influence, or commercial interest at his back, determined not to be tabooed, not to be intimidated, discouraged, or run down by any party, or by all factions in the House of Commons, and triumphs solely by his intellectual power over all impediments to his unfailing and *undiscourageable* efforts, must have the true elements of greatness in his composition. If such a man lends the powers that are in him to any party for objects that are not generous, grand, and good, he is not faithful to himself, or likely to be enabled to be eminently useful to his country.

One of the earliest works of fiction of Mr. D'Israeli was "Contarini Fleming," which appeared in 1833, a psychological romance. In 1834 appeared "A Vindication of the British Constitution," a thing that has never been defined or vanquished, but is perpetually vindicated. In 1835, on the establishment of a Conservative ministry, Mr. D'Israeli was a candidate for the borough of Taunton, declared himself in favor of Conservative principles, and was considered a supporter of Peel. At this election he made an attack on Mr. O'Connell, which was not

prudent, nor one likely to pass with impunity. Mr. O'Connell replied, and the result was a challenge to the son of Mr. O'Connell, the offending party having long previously made a declaration, after a rencounter fatal to his antagonist, that he would fight no more. That challenge was declined by O'Connell's son. The correspondence ended with the intimation to O'Connell, "We shall meet at Philippi," the thrashing-floor of the House of Commons being evidently intended by Mr. D'Israeli, by the allusion to the Thracian field of Philippi, a place, no doubt, thus fitly designated, and designed to be the arena of many future tussles of the young Octavius of new England with the elder Dan, the Brutus of old Ireland, the scene of many contemplated Philippics, Peelics, and *O'Connell-licks*, all *in petto*.

In 1837, Mr. D'Israeli, the grandson of the worthy Venetian of the Hebrew nation, being highly popular with the ultra-Protestant Tory party generally, and the champions of genuine uncorrupted Christianity of Maidstone, as maintained by the Earl of Winchelsea, of Battersea Fields celebrity, in particular, was returned to Parliament, greatly indebted to Mr. O'Connell's abuse and uncomplimentary genealogical allusions for their favor. Octavius of young England arrived at Philippi, burning with chivalrous ardor in defense of Protestant ascendancy and the corn-laws, it may be presumed, took his place on the Conservative side of the great field of politics, vulgarly called the House of Commons. Brutus, of old Ireland, *semper paratus* for assault or for defense, was on the opposite side *fornest* Octavius. And lo! Greek met Greek for many nights, and no great "tug of war" ensued, and not a grease-mark on the floor indicated a spot where any portion of the substance of the Maidstone combatant had been consumed, or so much as the tip of the tail of the Kilkenny animal denoted that any deadly contest had taken place; and the dreadful practice had existed that would prevail, no doubt, more extensively among honorable gentlemen in Philippi, namely, of swallowing up one another in the heat of a debate, if they had not adopted the more discreet plan of swallowing their own words, and dealing with their political principles as tourists do with poached eggs on a fast-day, when they

are traveling, like Mr. Whiteside and Lord Roden, "for their sins," in Romish countries.

But there was a far more remarkable prophecy of Mr. D'Israeli than the one about the meeting at Philippi, on his seizing the first opportunity, after his return, that presented itself of addressing the House. The attempt was a failure; but whether the fault of the audience or the orator, is of little moment. Mr. D'Israeli, with the inspiration of a true man of genius, believed in his own powers, and felt they must ultimately prevail. He turned to the hooters, the groaners, the hissers, the collective wisdom that crows like cocks and neighs like horses, the white-chokered, white-vested young gentlemen of the Lower House, who have dined, and toward midnight are to be found kicking their heels on the benches in the body of the House, and recumbent in the side galleries—the noisy members, the half-drunk, half-dreaming portion of the collective wisdom—and he said to the conscript fathers, calmly and with emphasis, "*The time will come when you shall hear me.*" The man who uttered words like these at the onset of his career in the House of Commons, and set to work right in earnest to verify his prediction, is assuredly no common man. They were words of grave offense to the hereditary governing class, the old English family legislators, who have acquired prescriptive right to rule this land. The literary parvenu was disliked and despised by them. He could not refer to half a dozen grandfathers of great fortunes and large estates in support of his pretensions, to big-wigged progenitors who had been successful lawyers, famous courtiers, or descendants of celebrated courtesans in ancient times. He could only go back to a father who had ennobled himself by the exercise of his genius, and had left a commodity of a great literary name to a son highly gifted to keep in honor and respect.

But the worst of it, in the opinion of the old aristocratic parties who divide the advantages and privilege of governing the country between them, the son of a mere author, who dared to address the words to them, "*The time will come when you shall hear me,*" accomplished his prediction: he compelled them to hear him with profound attention. He forced his way into the

councils of the nation and of his sovereign, and compelled the Conservative party to adopt him for their chief.

But they hate him not the less for that compulsion; and their antagonists, who fear him quite as much as the others hate him, find fault with him for his inconsistency. He is a political apostate, a renegade, a man of no fixed principles, of no immutability of opinion, and fidelity to party interests.

But, in common fairness, let us ask, Which of the great leaders of the rival parties in the state are perfectly consistent in their political opinions on the Corn-laws, on the Appropriation of Surplus Ecclesiastical Revenues, on Vote by Ballot—are faithful even to the great questions of Civil and Religious Liberty, of Reform, and of Free Trade, and consistent with themselves at different periods in relation to the same subject? If public men be in earnest when they express detestation of change of political opinion in public men, let it be clearly understood they are sincere; and being so, that they denounce inconsistency alike in Whig or Tory, in great lords of the soil and scions of a great stock, which may have given law-makers to the realm for many ages, as well as in a man of no other riches but his talents, of no other hereditary honors but those he has derived from his father's literary reputation—who owes more to Nature and his father, the son of a mere author, than he does to Nell Gwynne, and all his grandmothers *antipassati* for several centuries gone by.

The brilliant wit of Sheridan, the sparkling repartee of Canning, the rich humor of O'Connell, racy of the soil that gave him birth, it is in vain to look for in the oratory of D'Israeli. But in sarcastic power, ability to make sharp, sudden-telling attacks on opponents, D'Israeli has no superior and few equals. The peculiar talent, something "more than kith and less than kin" to wit, which distinguishes D'Israeli in debate in Parliament, in his harangues on the hustings, and in his communications in the press, is that which he exhibits on many public occasions: of grave irony—irony indulged in with such solemnity of manner, with such apparent seriousness of intention, as well as such a seeming sense of profound importance attached to the object or

opinions he desires to be thought in earnest in espousing, that the uninitiated in state mysteries allow their judgment to be led away by the specious reasoning of the plausible and able politician.\*

If his literary impugners and political adversaries be sincere in their scorn when they sneer at a Chancellor of the Exchequer and the leader of a great political party in the House of Commons because he has written works of fiction, poems for annuals, critiques for reviews in early life, continues to be addicted to literary pursuits, and, being a man of brilliant imagination, can not, in their estimation, be a profound politician, let them condemn the exercise of all talent in literary pursuits that is not connected with politics on the part of men devoted to public affairs.

On that ground Blackstone should be condemned for his sentimental verses, Sir William Jones for his translations of Persian poetry, Addison for his essays, Canning for his epigrams, Lord John Russell for his biography of Moore and his drama of Don Carlos.

\* One of the most admirable specimens of this grave irony is to be found in a letter of Mr. D'Israeli, recently published, purporting to take a deep interest in the views of the members of an association at Blackburn, who are anxious to have the Emancipation Act of 1829 repealed, or neutralized by new restrictive legislation. In his letter he expresses a hope that the required steps will be taken by Lord John Russell:

“In that case (he says), I should extend to him the same support which I did at the time of the Papal aggression, when he attempted to grapple with a great evil, though he was defeated in his purpose by the intrigues of the Jesuit party, whose policy was upheld in Parliament with eminent ability and unhappy success by Lord Aberdeen, Sir James Graham, and Mr. Gladstone.

“I still retain the hope that Lord John Russell will seize the opportunity, which he unfortunately lost in 1851, and deal with the relations, in all their bearings, of our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects to our Protestant Constitution. But, however this may be, there can be no doubt that sooner or later the work must be done, with gravity, I trust, and with as little heat as possible in so great a controversy, but with earnestness and without equivocation; for the continuance of the present state of affairs must lead inevitably to civil discord, and, perhaps, to national disaster.”

Irony more gravely humorous than is to be found in this letter of Mr. D'Israeli to poor Mr. Christopher Robinson, of Blackburn, is not to be met with. It would be easier to conceive than to describe the inward glee that must have been felt at the successful composition of this admirably ironical epistle, that was intended to outdo the famous Durham letter, and make a little party capital during the recess.

Is it the novel only that gentlemen object to? are all works of fiction unprofitable productions? Is the mere writing of a novel an evidence of puerility of mind? If the object of the author of such a work be the delineation of life and manners, a portraiture of some particular phase of society, and a representation of some grand life-like scene or historical event, the prose writer's aim and end will not differ materially from the epic poet's.

But suppose a young man starting into life, instead of devoting his time and talents to literary pursuits of any kind, to verse-making, book-reviewing, drama-composing, or novel-writing, gave himself up to horse-racing, gambling, to profligacy, and, after a career of debauchery for some years, stopped short at the verge of ruin, entered on politics, and took his place in the House of Commons, would he be entitled to more consideration than a man whose antecedents have been altogether different?

Are better things to be expected of him than of the young author of works of fiction? Are higher hopes to be built on his experience of life than on that of a young man who has sown his wild oats in another field—on one even of the lightest soil of literature?

The works of Mr. D'Israeli are of unequal merit, but they bear the stamp of an original mind, of power far superior to the exhibition he cares to make of it in any of the works of fiction written by him. His "Vivian Grey" was written at the age of twenty-one. His "Contarini Fleming" is perhaps the best of his productions. His "Harriet Temple" contains some incidents of his own career, and depicts also, slightly dealing with it, the character of Count D'Orsay with much truth.

Mr. D'Israeli was introduced into Parliament for Maidstone by the late Windham Lewis, Esq., M.P. for Green Meadow, county Glamorgan, who formerly represented that borough; and was left executor by that gentleman. Mr. D'Israeli married the widow of Mr. Lewis. She was the only daughter of John Evans, Esq., of Braceford Park, Devonshire; and with her Mr. D'Israeli acquired an independent fortune.\*

\* The second son of Mr. Isaac D'Israeli is a clerk in the Register Office in

LETTERS FROM THE RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI TO LADY  
BLESSINGTON.

"October 4th, 1834.

"DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—I see by the papers that you have quitted the shores of the 'far resounding sea,' and resumed your place in the most charming of modern houses. I therefore venture to recall my existence to your memory, and request the favor of hearing some intelligence of yourself, which must always interest me.

"Have you been well, happy, and prosperous? and has that pen, plucked assuredly from the pinion of a bird of Paradise, been idle or creative? My lot has been, as usual, here; though enlivened by the presence of ——, who has contrived to pay us two visits, and ——, who also gave us a fortnight of his delightful society.

"I am tolerably well, and hope to give a good account of myself and doings when we meet, which I trust will be soon.

"How goes that 'great lubber,' the Public, and how fares that mighty boar, the World? Who of my friends has distinguished or extinguished himself or herself? In short, as the hart for the water-side, I pant for a little news, but chiefly of your fair and agreeable self. D'ISRAELI."

"September 11th.

"I send you a literary arabesque, which is indeed nonsense. If worthy of admission, it might close the volume, as fairies and fireworks dance and glitter in the last scene of a fantastic entertainment. I wish my contribution were worthier, but I get duller every day.

"This villa of Hadrian is doubly cheering, with an Italian sky.

"D'ISRAELI."

[No date.]

"Ever since your most agreeable dinner-party (after pleasure comes pain), I have been a prisoner with the influenza—a most amazing infirmity in these troublesome times, when one likes to move about, and gather all the chit-chat, which is always wrong. I wish you would write me a little confidential note, and tell me what the Opposition mean to do, and what is to happen.

"D'ISRAELI."

"August 15th.

"I am delighted with 'Agathon;' it left me musing, which is a test of a great work. I invariably close such in a reverie. Wieland, indeed, always Chancery; the youngest, an agriculturist in Buckinghamshire. His only daughter, the devoted attendant and amanuensis of her aged and blind father in the latter years of his life, died when traveling in the East with her brother, Mr. Benjamin D'Israeli. An admirable sketch of Mr. Isaac D'Israeli, by Count D'Orsay, was published in 1848 in "Bentley's Miscellany."



delights me. I sympathize with him much. There is a wild Oriental fancy blended with his Western philosophy, which is a charming union. I like a moral to peep out of the mildest invention, to assure us that, while we have been amused, we have all the while been growing a little wiser.

“The translation of the ‘Agathon’ is very clumsy. D’ISRAELI.”

“I think the ‘Manuscript Vert’ sad stuff. The author’s constant efforts to be religious are very unfortunate. I fear that faith is not his practice. His hero seizes every inopportune occurrence to assure us that he believes in God. His evident conviction is the general one, that even this article of faith is by no means common in France. His hero and heroine are moulded in the German school, and are personifications of abstract ideas. The hero, because he believes in God, represents spiritualism; the heroine, because she instantly knows every man she meets, is materialism, forsooth! The lady is not a Philina, and altogether the author is a fool.

“I have not made up my mind about *Pickersgill and the Three Brothers*. When I see more, more I will say. At present, I am inclined to believe that the work is a translation from the German.\* Altogether, in a season of sorrow, your kind parcel has much amused me. Shall I send the books back to Hookham? D’ISRAELI.”

[No date.]

“I have not forgotten for a moment either you or Mrs. Fairlie; but from the evening I saw you last, I have lived in such a state of unpoetic turmoil that I could not bring my mind to the charming task. I have seized the first unbroken time this morning to write the inclosed; and if Mrs. F—— thinks them worthy of her acceptance, she can put to them any heading she likes.

\* The subject of the authorship of this very remarkable but very little known novel was first brought to the attention of Lady Blessington by me. On reading this novel, by no means fashionable or advantageously known in the novel-reading world, I was greatly struck with the originality and genius of the author of this production. Finding the novel had been published by Stockdale, a London bookseller, father of the Harriet Wilson Memoirs publisher, of unenviable notoriety, who, at the period I refer to, was living in a small street between the Haymarket and Regent Street, I called on the latter about twenty years ago, and requested him to inform me who the author was of the novel in question, from which it was very obvious Byron had borrowed the story and many of the ideas of his poem, “The Deformed Transformed.” Stockdale told me the author was a very young man, of considerable talent and some eccentricity; his name was Pickersgill; his father was a merchant of London. He, Stockdale, never saw him but once, when he brought the MS. to his father for publication. The MS. lay in his father’s hands for some years before it was published. There was a loss by the publication. The father of the author called on Stockdale, and wished to have the work suppressed. What became of the author, my informant, the son of the publisher, never learned.—R. R. M.

"I should be mortified if the 'Book of Beauty' appeared without my contribution, however trifling. I have something on the stocks for you, but it is too elaborate to finish well in the present tone of my mind; but if you like a Syrian sketch of four or five pages, you shall have it in two or three days.

"I am in town only a day or two, and terribly hurried; but I hope to get to K. G. before the election. D'ISRAELI."

"Tuesday.

"I have intended to return the books and send you these few lines every day, and am surprised that I could have so long omitted doing any thing so agreeable as writing to you.

"We are all delighted with the portraits: my sister is collecting those of all my father's friends; her collection will include almost every person of literary celebrity from the end of the Johnsonian era: so your fair face arrived just in time. I am particularly delighted with P——'s portrait, which I have never seen before.

"I have read the article on Coleridge in the 'Quarterly,' but do not agree with you in holding it to be written by —— . It is too good. His style has certainly the merit of being peculiar. I know none so meagre, harsh, and clumsy, or more felicitous in the jumble of commonplace metaphors. I think the present reviewal must be by N—— C——, a cleverish sort of fellow, though a prig.

"You give me the same advice as my father ever has done about dotting down the evanescent feelings of youth; but, like other excellent advice, I fear it will prove unprofitable. I have a horror of journalizing, and, indeed, of writing of all description.

"Do you really think that Jekyll is ninety? He has a son, I believe, of my standing.

"As you are learned in Byron, do you happen to know who was the mother of Allegra? D'ISRAELI."

[No date.]

"Until the Whigs are turned out, it seems that I never shall be able to pay you a visit, and therefore I shall wish for that result with double ardor. Irish Corporation and Constabulary Bills, and other dull nonsense, have really engrossed my time for the last three weeks; yet I have stolen one single moment of sunshine for the Muse, and I send you some lines, which I hope you may deem worthy of insertion in your volume. D'ISRAELI."

"Tuesday morning.

"Alas! alas! you have made me feel my fetters even earlier than I expected. No dinners, I fear, on Tuesday for me in future, certainly not on this, as I must be at my post in a very few hours.

"Last night was very animating and interesting, and John Russell flung over the Radicals with remorseless vigor. D'ISRAELI."

“My father I find better than I expected, and much cheered by my presence. I delivered him all your kind messages. He is now very busy on his ‘History of English Literature,’ in which he is far advanced. I am mistaken if you will not delight in these volumes. They are full of new views of the history of our language, and, indeed, of our country, for the history of a state is necessarily mixed up with the history of its literature.

“For myself, I am doing nothing. The western breeze favors an Alpine existence, and I am seated with a pipe under a spreading sycamore, solemn as a pacha.

“I wish you would induce Hookham to intrust me with Agathon, and that mad Byronian novel.

“What do you think of the modern French novelists? And is it worth my while to read them? And if so, what do you recommend me? What of Balzac? Is he better than Sue and George Sand Dudevant? And are these inferior to Hugo?  
D’ISRAELI.”

“March 21st, 1837.

“Although it is little more than a fortnight since I quitted your truly friendly society and hospitable roof, both of which I shall always remember with deep and lively gratitude, it seems, to me at least, a far more awful interval of time. I have waited for a serene hour to tell you of my doings; but serene hours are rare, and therefore I will not be deluded into waiting any longer.

“In spite of every obstacle, I have not forgotten the fair Venetia, who has grown under my paternal care, and as much in grace, I hope, as in stature, or rather dimensions. She is truly like her prototype,

“‘The child of love,

*Though born in bitterness, and nurtured in convulsion;’*

but I hope she will prove a source of consolation to her parent, and also to her godmother, for I consider you to stand in that relation to her. I do not think that you will find any golden hint of our musing strolls has been thrown away upon me; and I should not be surprised if, in six weeks, she may ring the bell at your hall door, and request admittance, where I know she will find at least one sympathizing friend.

“I watch for the appearance of your volumes, I suppose now trembling on the threshold of publicity.

“In a box of books from Mitchell that arrived lately down here, in the ‘Life of Mackintosh,’ I was amused and gladdened by the sight of some pencil notes in a familiar handwriting. It was like meeting a friend unexpectedly.

“I have, of course, no news from this extreme solitude. My father advances valiantly with his great enterprise; but works of that calibre are hewn out of the granite with slow and elaborate strokes. Mine are but plaster of Paris casts, or rather statues of snow, that melt as soon as they are fabricated.

“D’Orsay has written me kind letters, which always inspire me.

“D’ISRAELI.”

“December 31st, 1848.

“I took the liberty of telling Moxon to send you a copy of the new edition of the ‘Curiosities of Literature,’ which I have just published, with a little notice of my father. You were always so kind to him, and he entertained such a sincere regard for you, that I thought you would not dislike to have the copy on your shelves.

“I found, among his papers, some verses which you sent on his eightieth birth-day, which I mean to publish some day with his correspondence, but the labor now is too great for my jaded life.

“I must offer you our congratulations on Guiche’s marriage, which is, we hope, all you wish; also on the success of the future Emperor.

“D’ISRAELI.”

“25th April, 1849.

“We returned to town on the 16th, and a few days after I called at Gore House, but you were gone. It was a pang; for, though absorbing duties of my life have prevented me of late from passing as much time under that roof as it was once my happiness and good fortune, through your kindness, to do, you are well assured that my heart never changed for an instant to its inmates, and that I invariably entertained for them the same interest and affection.

“Had I been aware of your intentions I would have come up to town earlier, and specially to have said ‘adieu!’ mournful as that is.

“I thought I should never pay another visit to Paris, but I have now an object in doing so. All the world here will miss you very much, and the charm with which you invested existence; but for your own happiness I am persuaded you have acted wisely. Every now and then, in this life, we require a great change; it wonderfully revives the sense of existence. I envy you; pray, if possible, let me sometimes hear from you. D’ISRAELI.”

CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.

Charles Dickens! The public might dispense with any other notice of this gentleman, or of his ancestry, than the announcement of his name, and the statement of the fact that he is the author of “Sketches by Boz,” “Pickwick,” “Nicholas Nickleby,” “American Notes,” “Oliver Twist,” “Master Humphrey’s Clock,” “Barnaby Rudge,” “Dombey and Son,” “The Chimes,” “Christmas Carols,” “Cricket on the Hearth,” “Battle of Life,” “Martin Chuzzlewit,” “David Copperfield,” “Bleak House,” “Hard Times,” &c. Little need be added to this great eulogy.

Charles Dickens was born in 1812, at Landport, Portsmouth.

His father's official duties obliged him to reside alternately at the principal naval stations of England;\* and no doubt the varied bustling scenes of life witnessed by Charles Dickens in his early years had an influence on his mind, that gave to him a taste for observation of manners and mental peculiarities of different classes of people engaged in the active pursuits of life, and quickened a naturally lively perception of the ridiculous, for which he was distinguished even in boyhood.

It is curious to observe how similar opportunities of becoming acquainted practically with life, and the busy actors on its varied scenes, in very early life, appear to influence the minds of thinking and imaginative men in after years. Goldsmith's pedestrian excursions on the Continent, Bulwer's youthful rambles on foot in England, and equestrian expeditions in France, and Maclise's extensive walks in boyhood over his native county, and the mountains and valleys of Wicklow a little later, were fraught with similar results.

Charles Dickens was intended by his father to be an attorney. Nature and Mr. John Dickens happily differed on that point. London law may have sustained little injury in losing Dickens for "a limb." English literature would have met with an irreparable loss had she been deprived of him whom she delights to own a favorite son.

Dickens, having decided against the law, began his career in "the gallery" as a reporter on "The True Sun;" and from the start made himself distinguished and distinguishable among "the corps" for his ability, promptness, and punctuality.

He was next employed on "The Morning Chronicle," but not only as a reporter, but a writer in the evening edition of that

\* Mr. John Dickens (the father of Charles and W. L. Dickens) died in Keppel Street, Russell Square, March 31st, 1851, aged 65. Up to the period of his death he enjoyed a pension from the government. In early life he held an office in the Navy Pay Department, at Chatham Dock-yard. At an advanced age rather, he became connected with the London press, and for many years was known as one of its own efficient and respected members. He retired from it for a time, and settled at Alphington, near Exeter, but returned to London to assist in the establishment of the Daily News.

Mr. W. L. Dickens is resident engineer of the Malton and Drayton Railway.

paper. The piquant "Sketches of English Life and Character," which afterward appeared in a distinct form as "Sketches by Boz," were published in that journal.

Success was at once achieved. The next production was still more successful, "The Pickwick Papers," the earliest and the best but one of all the works of Charles Dickens.

"Nicholas Nickleby" followed, and introduced the incomparable "Squeers" to the public. "Oliver Twist" came next; and that prominent characteristic of the author—sympathy with the poor, and a powerful will to war with wrong and injustice—found an ample field for their exercise in the pages of this work.

"Master Humphrey's Clock," with the admirably drawn "Old Curiosity Shop," and the most charming of all the female progeny of Dickens's imagination, "Little Nell," succeeded "Nickleby."

"American Notes, for General Circulation," the result of a transatlantic trip, made their appearance on the author's return to England in 1842.

"Martin Chuzzlewit" made its *débüt* in numbers in 1843; and in 1844, Dickens went to Italy for recreation and restoration of energies of mind and body over-worked; and in January, 1846, began to publish in the newly-established paper, "The Daily News," edited by him, the results of his Italian tour—"Pictures of Italy."

There are some sketches worthy of Dickens in those "Pictures," of ridiculous touring personages of the Bull family, and their roamings amid the ruins of the Eternal City—their misadventures in classic lands—the constant *losings*, in particular, of a worthy English gentleman, with an umbrella eternally under his arm, in ancient tombs and temples; and incessant searches for him on the part of his anxious wife, always perspiring with solicitude and fatigue in her pursuits after her missing husband.

Since 1846, the success of "Dombey and Son," "David Copperfield," "Bleak House," and "Hard Times," bear ample testimony to the undiminished popularity and unexhausted powers of Charles Dickens; and perhaps the success of his weekly

paper, "Household Words," is no less indicative of both than any of those distinct works.

The following notice of Dickens is by a lady intimately acquainted with him, who claims kindred with the late Countess of Blessington, and who stands near to her also in relationship of mind and form: "His immense power of observation, from the humblest to the most important details, his genuine originality of thought and expression, are among the most striking of his attributes. Warm-hearted, impulsive, and generous, of buoyant spirits, the keenest intelligence, and quickest perception of every thing worthy of notice, of the ridiculous as well as of the beautiful, his independence of spirit, his natural elasticity and constitutional energy of mind, vivacity of manner in conversation, and perfect freedom from all affectation, enhance his other qualities.

"In him a variety of gifts and graces are combined, such as are rarely found united in the same individual. In all his domestic relations, as son, husband, father, and brother, his conduct is unexceptionable. His character seems to have some self-sustaining principle in it, in all positions he is placed in. His countenance is, I think, the most varying and expressive I ever saw."

LETTERS FROM CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ., TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Devonshire Terrace, June 2d, 1841.

"DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—The year goes round so fast, that when any thing occurs to remind me of its whirling, I lose my breath, and am bewildered. So your handwriting last night had as startling an effect upon me as though you had sealed your note with one of your own eyes.

"I remember my promise, as in cheerful duty bound, and, with Heaven's grace, will redeem it. At this moment I have not the faintest idea how, but I am going into Scotland on the 19th to see Jeffrey, and while I am away (I shall return, please God, in about three weeks), will look out for some accident, incident, or subject for small description, to send you when I come home. You will take the will for the deed, I know; and remembering that I have a 'clock' which always wants winding up, will not quarrel with me for being brief.

"Have you seen Townshend's magnetic boy? You heard of him, no doubt, from Count D'Orsay. If you get him to Gore House, don't, I entreat you, have

more than eight people—four is a better number—to see him. He fails in a crowd, and is *marvellous* before a few.

“I am told that down in Devonshire there are young ladies innumerable who read crabbed manuscripts with the palms of their hands, and newspapers with their ankles, and so forth, and who are, so to speak, literary all over. I begin to understand what a blue-stocking means; and have not the smallest doubt that Lady —— (for instance) could write quite as entertaining a book with the sole of her foot as ever she did with her head.

“I am a believer in earnest, and I am sure you would be if you saw this boy, under moderately favorable circumstances, as I hope you will, before he leaves England. Believe me, dear Lady Blessington, faithfully yours,

“CHARLES DICKENS.”

“Devonshire Terrace, 10th March, 1844.

“I have made up my mind to ‘see the world,’ and mean to decamp, bag and baggage, next midsummer, for a twelvemonth. I purpose establishing my family in some convenient place, from whence I can make personal ravages on the neighboring country, and, somehow or other, have got it into my head that Nice would be a favorable spot for head-quarters.

“You are so well acquainted with these matters, that I am anxious to have the benefit of your kind advice. I do not doubt that you can tell me whether this same Nice be a healthy place the year through, whether it be reasonably cheap, pleasant to look at and to live in, and the like. If you will tell me, when you have ten minutes to spare for such a client, I shall be delighted to come to you, and guide myself by your opinion. I will not ask you to forgive me for troubling you, because I am sure beforehand that you will do so.

“I beg to be kindly remembered to Count D’Orsay and to your nieces. I was going to say ‘the Misses Power,’ but it looks so like the blue board at a ladies’ school that I stopped short.

CHARLES DICKENS.”

“P.M., 1844. Covent Garden, Sunday noon.

“Business for other people (and by no means of a pleasant kind) has held me prisoner during two whole days, and will so detain me to-day, in the very agony of my departure for Italy again, that I shall not be able to reach Gore House once more, on which I had set my heart. I can not bear the thought of going away without some sort of reference to the happy day you gave me on Monday, and the pleasure and delight I had in your earnest greeting. I shall never forget it, believe me. It would be worth going to China—it would be worth going to America, to come home again for the pleasure of such a meeting with you and Count D’Orsay—to whom my love, and something as near it to Miss Power and her sister as it is lawful to send.

“It will be an unspeakable satisfaction to me (though I am not maliciously disposed) to know under your own hand at Genoa that my little book made you cry. I hope to prove a better correspondent on my return to those shores.



But better or worse, or any how, I am ever, my dear Lady Blessington, in no common degree, and not with an every-day regard, yours,

“CHARLES DICKENS.”

“Milan, Wednesday, November 20th, 1844.

“Appearances are against me. Don’t believe them. I have written you, in intention, fifty letters, and I can claim no credit for any one of them (though they were the best letters you ever read), for they all originated in my desire to live in your memory and regard.

“Since I heard from Count D’Orsay I have been beset in I don’t know how many ways. First of all I went to Marseilles, and came back to Genoa. Then I moved to the Peschiere. Then some people, who had been present at the scientific congress here, made a sudden inroad on that establishment, and overran it. Then they went away, and I shut myself up for one month, close and tight, over my little Christmas book, ‘The Chimes.’ All my affections and passions got twined and knotted up in it, and I became as haggard as a murderer long before I wrote ‘The End.’ When I had done that, like ‘The man of Thessaly,’ who, having scratched his eyes out in a quickset hedge, plunged into a bramble-bush to scratch them in again, I fled to Venice to recover the composure I had disturbed. From thence I went to Verona and to Mantua. And now I am here—just come up from under ground, and earthy all over, from seeing that extraordinary tomb in which the dead saint lies in an alabaster case, with sparkling jewels all about him to mock his dusty eyes, not to mention the twenty franc pieces which devout votaries were ringing down upon a sort of skylight in the cathedral pavement above, as if it were the counter of his heavenly shop.

“You know Verona? You know every thing in Italy, I know. I am not learned in geography, and it was a great blow to me to find that Romeo was only banished five-and-twenty miles. It was a greater blow to me to see the old house of the Capulets, with their cognizance, still carved in stone, over the gateway of the court-yard. It is a most miserable little inn, at this time ankle-deep in dirt; and noisy vetturini and muddy market-carts were disputing possession of the yard with a brood of geese, all splashed and bespattered as if they had their yesterday’s white trowsers on. There was nothing to connect it with the beautiful story but a very unsentimental middle-aged lady (the Padrona, I suppose) in the doorway, who resembled old Capulet in the one particular of being very great indeed in the family-way.

“The Roman amphitheatre there delighted me beyond expression. I never saw any thing so full of solemn, ancient interest. There are the four-and-forty rows of seats, as fresh and perfect as if their occupants had vacated them but yesterday; the entrances, passages, dens, rooms, corridors; the numbers over some of the arches. An equestrian troop had been there some days before, and had scooped out a little ring at one end of the arena, and had their performances in that spot. I should like to have seen it, of all things, for its

very dreariness. Fancy a handful of people sprinkled over one corner of the great place (the whole population of Verona wouldn't fill it now), and a spangled cavalier bowing to the echoes and the grass-grown walls! I climbed to the topmost seat, and looked away at the beautiful view for some minutes; when I turned round and looked down into the theatre again, it had exactly the appearance of an immense straw hat, to which the helmet in the Castle of Otranto was a baby: the rows of seats representing the different plaits of straw, and the arena the inside of the crown.

"I had great expectations of Venice, but they fell immeasurably short of the wonderful reality. The short time I passed there went by me in a dream. I hardly think it possible to exaggerate its beauties, its sources of interest, its uncommon novelty and freshness. A thousand and one realizations of the thousand and one nights could scarcely captivate and enchant me more than Venice. . . .

"Your old house at Albaro—Il Paradiso—is spoken of as yours to this day. What a gallant place it is! I don't know the present inmate, but I hear that he bought and furnished it not long since with great splendor, in the French style, and that he wishes to sell it. I wish I were rich, and could buy it. There is a third-rate wine shop below Byron's house; and the place looks dull, and miserable, and ruinous enough.

"Old —— is a trifle uglier than when I first arrived. He has periodical parties, at which there are a great many flower-pots and a few ices—no other refreshments. He goes about constantly charged with extemporaneous poetry, and is always ready, like tavern-dinners, on the shortest notice and the most reasonable terms. He keeps a gigantic harp in his bed-room, together with pen, ink, and paper, for fixing his ideas as they flow—a kind of profane King David, but truly good-natured and very harmless.

"Pray say to Count D'Orsay every thing that is cordial and loving from me. The traveling purse he gave me has been of immense service. It has been constantly opened. All Italy seems to yearn to put its hand in it. I think of hanging it, when I come back to England, on a nail as a trophy, and of gashing the brim like the blade of an old sword, and saying to my son and heir, as they do upon the stage: 'You see this notch, boy? Five hundred francs were laid low on that day for post-horses. Where this gap is, a waiter charged your father treble the correct amount—and got it. This end; worn into teeth like the rasped edge of an old file, is sacred to the Custom-houses, boy, this passport, and the shabby soldiers at town gates, who put an open hand and a dirty coat-cuff into the coach windows of all Forestieri. Take it, boy. Thy father has nothing else to give!'

"My desk is cooling itself in a mail-coach somewhere down at the back of the Cathedral, and the pens and ink in this house are so detestable that I have no hope of your ever getting to this portion of my letter. But I have the less misery in this state of mind from knowing that it has nothing in it to repay you for the trouble of perusal.

CHARLES DICKENS."

“ Genoa, May 9th, 1845.

“ Once more in my old quarters ; and with rather a tired sole to my foot, from having found such an immense number of different resting-places for it since I went away. I write you my last Italian letter for this bout, designing to leave here, please God, on the ninth of next month, and to be in London again by the end of June. I am looking forward with great delight to the pleasure of seeing you once more, and mean to come to Gore House with such a swoop as shall astonish the Poodle, if, after being accustomed to his own size and sense, he retain the power of being astonished at any thing in the wide world.

“ You know where I have been, and every mile of ground I have traveled over, and every object I have seen. It is next to impossible, surely, to exaggerate the interest of Rome, though I think it *is* very possible to find the main source of interest in the wrong things. Naples disappointed me greatly. The weather was bad during a great part of my stay there. But if I had not had mud I should have had dust, and though I had had sun I must still have had the Lazzaroni ; and they are so ragged, so dirty, so abject, so full of degradation, so sunken and steeped in the hopelessness of better things, that they would make Heaven uncomfortable, if they could ever get there. I didn't expect to see a handsome city, but I expected something better than that long, dull line of squalid houses, which stretches from the Chiaja to the quarter of the Porta Capuana ; and while I was quite prepared for a miserable populace, I had some dim belief that there were bright rags among them, and dancing legs, and shining sun-browned faces ; whereas the honest truth is, that connected with Naples itself I have not one solitary recollection. The country round it charmed me, I need not say. Who can forget Herculaneum and Pompeii ?

“ As to Vesuvius, it burns away in my thoughts beside the roaring waters of Niagara, and not a splash of the water extinguishes a spark of the fire ; but there they go on, tumbling and flaming night and day, each in its fullest glory.

“ I have seen so many wonders, and each of them has such a voice of its own, that I sit all day long listening to the roar they make, as if it were in a sea-shell, and have fallen into an idleness so complete that I can't rouse myself sufficiently to go to Pisa on the twenty-fifth, when the triennial illumination of the Cathedral, and Leaning Tower, and bridges, and what not, takes place. But I have already been there ; and it can not beat St. Peter's, I suppose. So I don't think I shall pluck myself up by the roots, and go aboard a steamer for Leghorn.

“ Let me thank you heartily for the ' Keepsake ' and the ' Book of Beauty. ' They reached me a week or two ago. I have been very much struck by two papers in them. One, Landor's ' Conversations, ' among the most charming, profound, and delicate productions I have ever read. The other, your lines on Byron's room at Venice. I am as sure that you wrote them from your heart as I am that they found their way immediately to mine.

"It delights me to receive such accounts from Maclise's fresco. If he will only give his magnificent genius fair play, there is not enough cant and dullness even in the criticism of art from which Sterne prayed kind Heaven to defend him, as the worst of all the cants continually canted in this canting world, to keep the giant down an hour.

"Our poor friend, the naval governor, has lost his wife, I am sorry to hear, since you and I spoke of his pleasant face. And L—— B——, what a terrible history that was! F—— did himself enduring honor by his manly and zealous devotion to the interests of that orphan family, in the midst of all his pains and trouble. It was very good of him.

"Do not let your nieces forget me, if you can help it; and give my love to Count D'Orsay, with many thanks to him for his charming letter. I was greatly amused by his account of ——. There was a 'cold shade of aristocracy' about it, and a dampness of cold water, which entertained me beyond measure.

CHARLES DICKENS."

"Devonshire Terrace, March 2d, 1846.

"Many thanks for the letters! I will take the greatest care of them, though I blush to find how little they deserve it.

"It vexes me very much that I am going out on Friday, and can not help it. I have no strength of mind, I am afraid. I am always making engagements in which there is no prospect of satisfaction.

"Vague thoughts of a new book are rife within me just now, and I go wandering about at night into the strangest places, according to my usual propensity at such a time, seeking rest and finding none. As an addition to my composure, I ran over a little dog in the Regent's Park yesterday (killing him on the spot), and gave his little mistress, a girl of thirteen or fourteen, such exquisite distress as I never saw the like of.

"I must have some talk with you about those American singers. They must never go back to their own country without your having heard them sing Hood's 'Bridge of Sighs.' My God, how sorrowful and pitiful it is!

"Best regards to Count D'Orsay and the young ladies.

"CHARLES DICKENS."

"Devonshire Terrace, May 19th, 1846.

"If I had not a good reason for delaying to acknowledge the receipt of the book you so kindly sent me, I should be a most unworthy dog. But I have been every day expecting to be able to send you the inclosed little volume, and could get no copies until last night, in consequence of their running very fine against the subscription and demand. May you like it!

"I have been greatly entertained by the femme de chambre, who paints love with a woman's eye (I think that the highest praise), and sometimes like a female Gil Blas. The spirit of our two fair friends M—— and S—— shines through their representative. I would have identified the former any where.

“Count D’Orsay’s copy of the pictures, with my cordial remembrance and regards. Ever, my dear Lady Blessington, faithfully your friend,

“CHARLES DICKENS.”

“48 Rue de Courcelles, Paris, January 24th, 1847.

“I feel very wicked in beginning this note, and deeply remorseful for not having begun and ended it long ago. But *you* know how difficult it is to write letters in the midst of a writing life; and as you know too (I hope) how earnestly and affectionately I always think of you, wherever I am, I take heart on a little consideration, and feel comparatively good again.

“F—— has been cramming into the space of a fortnight every description of impossible and inconsistent occupation in the way of sight-seeing. He has been now at Versailles, now in the prisons, now at the Opera, now at the hospitals, now at the Conservatoire, and now at the Morgue, with a dreadful insatiability. I begin to doubt whether I had any thing to do with a book called ‘Dombey,’ or ever sat over number five (not finished a fortnight yet) day after day, until I half began, like the monk in poor Wilkie’s story, to think it the only reality in life, and to mistake all the realities for short-lived shadows.

“Among the multitude of sights, we saw our pleasant little bud of a friend, Rose Cheri, play Clarissa Harlowe the other night. I believe she did it in London just now, and perhaps you may have seen it. A most charming, intelligent, modest, affecting piece of acting it is, with a death superior to any thing I ever saw on the stage, except Macready’s ‘Lear.’ The theatres are admirable just now. We saw ‘Gentil Bernard’ at the Varietés last night, acted in a manner that was absolutely perfect. It was a little picture of Watteau, animated and talking from beginning to end. At the Cirque there is a new show-piece, called the ‘French Revolution,’ in which there is a representation of the National Convention, and a series of battles (fought by some five hundred people, who look like five thousand), that are wonderful in their extraordinary vigor and truth. Gun-cotton gives its name to the general annual jocose review at the Palais Royal, which is dull enough, saving for the introduction of Alexandre Dumas sitting in his study beside a pile of quarto volumes about five feet high, which he says is the first tableau of the first act of the first piece to be played on the first night of his new theatre. The revival of Molière’s ‘Don Juan’ at the Français has drawn money. It is excellently played, and it is curious to observe how different *their* Don Juan and Valet are from our English ideas of the master and man. They are playing ‘Lucretia Borgia’ again at the Porte St. Martin; but it is poorly performed, and hangs fire drearily, though a very remarkable and striking play. We were at V—— H——’s house last Sunday week, a most extraordinary place, looking like an old curiosity shop, or the property-room of some gloomy, vast old theatre. I was much struck by H—— himself, who looks like a genius, as he is, every inch of him, and is very interesting and satisfactory from head to foot. His wife is a handsome woman, with flashing black eyes. There is

also a charming ditto daughter of fifteen or sixteen, with ditto eyes. Sitting among old armor, and old tapestry, and old coffers, and grim old chairs and tables, and old canopies of state from old palaces, and old golden lions going to play at skittles with ponderous old golden balls, they made a most romantic show, and looked like a chapter out of one of his own books.

“CHARLES DICKENS.”

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## CHAPTER XII.

### L O R D A B I N G E R .

THE Right Honorable Sir James Scarlett, Baron Abinger, a Privy Councilor, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, &c., &c., &c., was born in Jamaica, where his family had been long resident, and held considerable property. A younger brother of his, Sir Robert Scarlett, was for many years chief justice of the island.

Sir James was sent to England at an early age for education. He graduated in Cambridge in 1790, and in 1794 was called to the bar. He rose rapidly in his profession as an advocate, and obtained a silk gown in 1816. He offered himself for the borough of Lewes in 1812, but lost the election, and again in 1816 contested the borough, and was defeated. In 1818 he entered Parliament for Lord Fitzwilliam's borough of Peterborough. His success in Parliament, however, was far from answering the expectations of his friends. In 1822 he stood for the borough of Cambridge, and was defeated, but was immediately after re-chosen for Peterborough.

In 1822, in Mr. Canning's administration, he was made attorney general, and was knighted the same year. From this period Sir James manifested very strongly and conspicuously Conservative principles. In 1828 he ceased to be attorney general, and was succeeded by Sir Charles Wetherell. In May, 1829, Sir Charles made a violent speech in opposition to Catholic Emancipation, and was dismissed by the Duke of Wellington. Sir James Scarlett was appointed by the duke to succeed Sir Charles Wetherell, who again offered himself to the borough of Peterborough, and was re-elected.

The new attorney general was soon called on to file criminal informations against "The Morning Journal," "The Atlas," and other papers, for libels on the Duke of Wellington and Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst. In 1830, on the Whigs coming into office, Sir James Scarlett's office of attorney general was conferred on Mr. Denman. In 1831 Sir James offered himself to the electors of Cockermonth, and was returned by them.

The following year he stood for Norwich, on the Tory interest, and was returned also.

A tender appeal of Sir James Scarlett to the ladies of Norwich, in the contest of 1832, in behalf of himself and a brother candidate, is one of the most amusing specimens of grave rigmorole electioneering eloquence on record :

"*To the Ladies of Norwich.*—'None but the brave deserve the fair.' If ever the sweets of social virtue, the wrath of honest zeal, the earnings of industry, and the prosperity of trade, had any influence in the female breast, you have now a happy opportunity of exercising it to the advantage of *your* country—*your* cause. If ever the feelings of a parent, wife, sister, friend, or lover had a sympathy with the *public virtue*, now is *your* time to indulge the *fonder passion*. If ever you felt for the ruin and disgrace of England, and for the *miseries and deprivations* occasioned by the obnoxious Reform Bill, you are called upon by the most tender and affectionate tie in nature to exert *your* persuasive influence on the mind of a father, brother, husband, or lover: tell them not to seek filial duty, congenial regard, matrimonial comfort, nor *tender compliance*, till they have saved *your* country from *perdition!*—*posterity* from *slavery!* History furnishes us with instances of *female patriotism* equal to any in the page of *war* and politics. Oh, may the generous and beatific charms of female persuasion prevail with the *citizens of Norwich* to espouse the cause of real liberty—of

"STORMONT AND SCARLETT."\*

The ex-attorney general's fervor on this occasion, and enthu-

\* New Monthly Magazine, August, 1832.

siastic warmth of expression, is gravely commented on in the periodical in which this epistolary gem has been preserved :

“ ‘ If ever the sweets of social virtue,’ say these gallant champions of the close borough system, ‘ the wrath of honest zeal, the earnings of industry, and the prosperity of trade, had any influence in the female breast, you have now a happy opportunity of exercising it to the advantage of your country—your cause.’ The idea of exercising female breasts to the advantage of the country is, at all events, original, and the hint in the following paragraph, that ‘ now is the time to indulge the fonder passion,’ is of exceedingly questionable morality.”

In December, 1834, when Peel came into power, Sir James was made chief baron, with a peerage, by the title of Baron Abinger, and his son succeeded to the seat for Norwich.

In the House of Peers Lord Abinger spoke but seldom, and then chiefly on legal questions. He was irregular in his attendance in the House, and evinced there by his votes his repugnance to Liberalism, and his strong sympathy with Conservative views on old political principles. As an advocate, it is universally admitted Sir James Scarlett was unrivaled. He had those qualifications for legal eminence which have such an extraordinary effect in attracting attention to the merits of “ young men behind the bar.” He had an intelligent air and a prepossessing appearance. He had one of those compact, business-looking faces that look well with a wig. Sir James, moreover, had an appearance of confidence in himself which begets a feeling of confidence in others. He had a twinkling expression of sagacity in his look, and a humorous aspect, which told amazingly with juries. He had, above all, a discriminative knowledge of human character, and a keen perception of character, which enabled him to deal with juries and jurors individually and collectively, that gave him singular advantage over other advocates in addressing himself to the feelings, interests, biases, and prepossessions of people in a jury box. The consummate art of his advocacy was exhibited in sinking the professional character of the advocate, elevating the merits of his case, adapting his suggestions and inferences to the prevailing opinions or prej-



udices of the jury, and appearing before them in an easy, non-chalant manner, speaking colloquially of a matter that he happened to become conversant with, enlarging on points useful to his case without any apparent sophistry, or slurring over others that were hurtful to it in a way the least calculated to draw observation to the astuteness practiced in riding over the difficulties he had to deal with. He abstained from all attempts at oratorical display.

On the bench "he was not an ornamental judge, but he made a useful one." In more than one sense of the word he did not make a *showy* judge. During the latter years of his life, and from his elevation to the bench, Lord Abinger had grown very robust and florid. A severe attack of illness had latterly caused him to wear a black patch over one of his eyes, and his infirmity obliged him to walk with a stick, and to move his lower extremities apparently with great difficulty. He was seized with paralysis within two hours after presiding as one of the judges of the Norfolk Circuit, on the 2d of April, 1844, and in four days more he died of this attack.

Lord Abinger married, in 1793, the third daughter of Peter Campbell, Esq., of Kilmoray, in Argyleshire, by whom he had issue three sons and two daughters. He married secondly, in 1843, the widow of the Rev. Henry John Ridley, of Ockley.

His lordship's eldest son, the Honorable Robert Campbell Scarlett, now Lord Abinger, was born in 1794; his second son, Colonel the Honorable James Yorke Scarlett, served in the 5th Dragoon Guards; his youngest son was secretary of legation to the British embassy in Florence in 1844. One of his daughters, who married Lord Campbell in 1821 (while Sir John Campbell), was created a peeress in 1836. His third daughter is the widow of Lieutenant Colonel Sir E. Currey, K.C.B. The will of Lord Abinger, strange to say, which was in his lordship's own handwriting, though extremely short, was yet informally executed. No executor was appointed by him. The property was sworn under £18,000.

The eminence of Lord Abinger in the legal profession, and his judicial position, are better known than his literary tastes,

the kindness of his disposition, and the urbanity of his manners.

"I remember," says Lady Blessington, in her "Diary in France," "how much struck I was with Sir James Scarlett's countenance when he was first presented to me. It has in it such a happy mixture of sparkling intelligence and good nature, that I was immediately pleased with him, even before I had an opportunity of knowing the rare and excellent qualities for which he is distinguished, and the treasures of knowledge with which his mind is stored. I have seldom met any man so well versed in literature as Sir James Scarlett, or with a more refined taste for it; and when one reflects on the arduous duties of his profession—duties which he has ever fulfilled with such credit and advantage to others—it seems little short of miraculous how he could have found time to have made himself so intimately acquainted, not only with the classics, but with all the elegant literature of England and France."

LETTER FROM J. SCARLETT, ESQ., TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Saturday, February 2d, 1822.

"MY DEAR MADAM,—Accept my best thanks for having rendered the amusements of an amateur more interesting than I have yet found them. To say of your little production that it is lively and well written, is the lowest degree of praise to which it is entitled. It proves to me that you were destined for higher things.

"I wish I could accept your proposal for Monday, the 10th; but the speaker has preoccupied me for that day. Ever yours truly, J. SCARLETT."

LETTERS FROM LORD ABINGER TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"New Street, Tuesday.

"MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—I lost no time in complying with your desire; the answer expressed a general disposition favorable to your wish, but represented that an insurmountable obstacle had been thrown in the way of any reparation by D'Orsay's letter. If that can be recalled, I think something might be done. May it not be said or written by the count that the note was addressed in a moment of excitement from reading the article, and that, upon reflection, he desired to withdraw it, that no traces might remain of any design to irritate by strong expressions; and to leave it to his own feelings and unbiased judgment whether it would not be proper to qualify the conclusion by a more temperate expression of an opinion than was probably formed on a partial view of the work?

“If the letter could be thus withdrawn, the course would be left open to you to take an obvious way of setting matters right. I have not read the article, but, from what I heard of it, it appears to me the critic has unjustly imputed to the author the whole faults of one of the characters which is the most condemned.

“The views of society and of morals, when taken by Miss M——, and examined according to her standard, are not necessarily the views of the author.

“It may with more candor be supposed that she expresses her own sentiments in the language of the characters that are held up as better examples.

“This is ground enough for an honorable *amende*. I am so much engaged that I really have not time to call on you.

“Adieu. Ever yours,

ABINGER.”

“New Street, Sunday.

“I can refuse you nothing. A very severe and lasting cold and cough almost unfit me for company; but if I do not get worse, I will surely join you on Friday, hoping that you will excuse my propensity to *bark*, as it does not arise from hydrophobia; on the contrary, I drink nothing but water.

“I have made acquaintance with ‘the Two Friends,’ and relish them much. In truth, I have devoted two successive midnight hours to them, and left them only when they were about to go to their chambers after marriage. I like the book. The characters are well drawn, the incidents well imagined, the interest well kept up, the sentiments of a high moral cast, and the composition occasionally rises into great elegance, and is always marked by correct feeling, well expressed. After so much of commendation, you will, I know, receive as well one critical remark.

“Had I been at your elbow when you wrote, I would not have allowed you to make use of two or three words, which I dislike; one is *agreeability*, which, if English, is not agreeable, and therefore does not suit you. But it is not English: agreeableness is the right word. Another is the word *mentally*, which, though a good word, has been so much abused by indifferent writers, that I have taken a dislike to it, and would banish it from the novels of my friends. I do not recollect any other.

“I am very glad to hear what you say of Burdett. I expected it of him, and hope that many will follow his example, though it is not the lot of many to possess his high and honorable feeling.

“The ‘Law Magazine’ has been sent to me, with the proper title-page cut open. Surely I ought to be satisfied with it, but it is too flattering. I can not imagine, however, where the writer picked up the notion that, when I was attorney general, I entertained any project of increasing the expense of admissions (to the bar, I presume). Such a thought never entered my head, nor did I ever hear it discussed by any body. I certainly did propose a regulation, which was afterward adopted, and of which I have heard no com-

plaint. That regulation was to submit candidates for admission to the law societies to a previous examination, with a view to ascertain their fitness by education to become members of a learned profession. It must be this to which the writer alludes.

ABINGER."

"Lancaster, August 16th, 1835.

"A thousand thanks for your kind letter, which reached me yesterday. It is always a satisfaction to think that there is somebody two or three hundred miles away that cares about you. I seem, at this distance from home, and surrounded by ceremonies and frivolities, as if I were in a foreign land, where nobody took any interest about me, which makes a letter from you, at all times agreeable, doubly charming.

"I am much flattered with the opinion you have given of my little contribution to Mackintosh's Life. I think, however, that I owe some part of your commendation to your partiality for me, and therefore I am the more pleased by it. I must say, however, that it does not look so well in print as I hoped it would, and that I see much to correct in it. I believe, however, that I have given a true character of Mackintosh's mind, which was candor itself. You will find, in the main, that Sydney Smith agrees with me, though he falls into the satirical vein to enliven his praise. Why mention so unimportant a trifle as the manner of shaking hands with his friends? It is true enough that he presented a flat, unbending hand, as most Scotchmen do; but it is equally true that, in a moment, he put you at ease by his conversation, which had nothing either cold or reserved about it. Though he possessed a great power in conversation, and brought more originality into it than any other man I ever knew, yet it was his great object to draw other men out, and learn what they had to say about what they best knew. The conduct of the Whigs toward him was ungrateful. I have not said half what I thought of it. After all, I think the most entertaining part of the Memoirs his own letters and journals. Some of the former will give you a notion of the depth and compass of his mind.

"I find every thing tranquil in the North, and no exertion whatever in favor of the Corporation Bill. The partisans for it are few, and led by the old hackneyed Whig and Radical spouters, who have ceased to possess the countenance and support of any respectable person. Nothing will be a more fatal error in the Peers than to take counsel of Fear. They ought to consider the Radical and some of the Whig leaders in the House of Commons as bent upon their destruction, and that every step taken by the instigation of such persons is a step toward ruin. If the power of the House of Commons is to be wielded by Hume and O'Connell, the day of battle must come, and it is better that it should come while the Peers are erect than when they are prostrate.

"As soon as I can dispose of my business, I shall bend my way toward town, where I shall hope for the happiness of seeing you.

ABINGER."

“Abinger Hall, October 21st, 1836.

“I would not thank you for your last kind present till I learned the value of it by reading the book. My words are not a mere compliment, then, as I must acknowledge that I read it with pleasure, not only from the interest of the stories, but from the style, which is perspicuous, sprightly, and agreeable, exactly suited to such a work.

“But allow me to remark, that the greater part of the loves are those of a young gentleman, though he was an elderly gentleman when he told his stories. I believe he is a true sketch of many vain old bachelors. To make the loves of an elderly gentleman agreeable in narration would be as difficult, I fear, as to make them tolerable in reality. There are, however, four letters of Rousseau, called *Lettres d'un Sexagenaire*, in which he has undertaken, by the force of his style and sentiment, to make the passion of a writer at that age interesting. I wish you would look at them, and tell me if he has been successful.

“I have been but two half days in town since the 13th of August, but shall return by the first of next month to my Italian house. Soon after, you will see, or, at least, hear of me at Gore House. I have been wandering in Germany and Switzerland with my youngest son, and would call my tour pleasant had it not been accompanied by too much rain and cold.

“Returning through Paris, the first person I encountered on emerging from the hotel was Lady Canterbury. She made us pass the evening with her, and dine there the next day. My lord seems very happy, and has a beautiful house. His eldest son was with him; they do not talk of returning. She read me a portion of a letter from you respecting the affair at Gaston Hall.

“I remained but three days at Paris, and, on my landing at Dover, found L—— preparing for Paris, where, if you believe some of the French papers, he, together with P——, has been conspiring with the King of the French to turn out the Whigs. I wish, with all my heart, they may succeed before it is too late. Au revoir, adieu.

ABINGER.”

“Lincoln, March 6th, 1837.

“I am not a greater believer in their resignation because the Whigs profess an intention to resign. Their first object is to keep their places, at any sacrifice of principle; their second is to place the country in such a state as to give the greatest embarrassment to their successors and to the king. I believe some among them call this patriotism.

ABINGER.”

“New Street, March 8th, 1838.

“As you place yourself in my hands touching your communication with Barnes, I shall play the part of a loyal as well as faithful ambassador in using the best discretion to advance your object. I shall not, therefore, send your letter, not because I do not concur in the remarks it contains, but because it has a tendency to rip up the old quarrel, by putting him under the necessity

either of recanting his criticism or vindicating it. Now I think the peace is a good peace, and promises to be lasting, unless disturbed by a recurrence to former differences. It is better, therefore, to allow me to make your acknowledgments in general terms of civility. He knows already my sentiments on the fallacy of the former critique; he must also know yours; and the recurrence to it looks as if you made it of more importance than it becomes you to do. I will come and see you as soon as I can. ABINGER."

"Maidstone, July 26th, 1840.

"I delayed replying to your letter in the hope that I might have something to say which would be agreeable to you. I find, on casting up my accounts of patronage in the revising barrister's department, that I can not find a vacancy for Mr. H—.

"I wish I could have complied with your other request, but, I assure you, I have not been able to read or write without effort, in consequence of the state of my eyes; and all the poetry of former times, which you suppose finds place in my portfolio, has long been committed to the flames.

"I make a vow, however, to pay my respects to Gore House the first moment that I can possibly spare after my return to town. ABINGER."

LETTERS FROM LORD DURHAM TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Cowes, June 14th, 1835.

"DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—I thank you much for your very agreeable letter, which I received this morning, and for your kind inquiries after my health, which is wonderfully improved, if not quite restored, by this fine air, and *dolce far niente* life. I anticipate with horror the time when I shall be obliged to leave it, and mix once more in the *troublous* realities of *public life*.

"Pray remember me most kindly to Lord Lyndhurst when you see him: a constant source of regret with me is, that our political path has hitherto been on separate lines, for I think him decidedly the most powerful and most efficient man in our house; and as a lawyer, there is not his equal on the bench or at the bar.

"I am sorry to hear you give so unfavorable an account of the reputation of the ministry. They mean well, and if they are not stronger in intellect and efficiency, it is probably not because they do not wish to strengthen themselves, but because they would not be permitted.

"Your estimate of the three books, Miss Kemble's, De Lamartine's, and Bulwer's, is a most just one. The latter is full of first-rate genius.

"Ellice leaves me to-day; he will tell you what a charming life this is.

"Yours very truly,

D."

"Peterhoff, September 3d, 1836.

"I thank you most sincerely for your kind remembrance of me, and for the announcement of the successful termination of my appeal.

"I don't pretend to deny that I am much pleased at the result; but if the decision had been unfavorable to me, I should have still been satisfied, because I should have been certain that the equity of the case was against me in truth, if Lord Lyndhurst had so decided it. We differ in politics, it is true, but there can be but one opinion as to his unrivaled abilities as a lawyer; indeed, I should have been perfectly content long ago to have left the matter to his sole arbitration. If he had decided against me in Chancery, I never should have appealed to the Lords.

"Pray remember me to Lord Lyndhurst when next you see him, and tell him that my admiration of his talents is only equaled by my regret that their exercise— But I must not get into politics, so will leave my sentence unfinished.

"I have been very unwell lately, and confined to my bed by a return of a rheumatic fever which I had in the winter. This detestable climate is not to be endured but by persons possessing constitutions of platina or granite.

"What a state of confusion seems to exist in England! When will people be tired of all these petty party broils? To one looking on at a distance, it all appears very mean and undignified. The paramount interests of a great country like ours ought not to be made the sport of party passions and selfish quibbles.

"Adieu. When you have a spare moment at Kensington, give me the benefit of it.  
D."

"Louth Castle, August 21st, 1837.

"I inclose you an extract from a letter which I received this day in answer to my complaint.

"I told you in London that I had had even more trouble about this affair than all those of my embassy.

"However, I think it is now concluded according to your desire.

"The delay that has occurred in notifying the permission to dedicate is not owing to any neglect of the librarian, but has arisen from the uncertainty whether any except historical works would be permitted. In order, however, to obviate this difficulty, Mrs. Fairlie's work has been looked upon as historical biography, and probably before you receive this you will have heard that the permission is granted.  
D."

"Cleveland Row, Saturday night.

"I have to thank you most sincerely for giving me an opportunity of making Mr. Bulwer's acquaintance. I have long admired his genius, and highly estimated his pre-eminent abilities. They have never been sufficiently brought into play by those who have the power to make them as useful to the country as they are honorable to himself.

"With these feelings, I can not but be delighted to think that I shall meet him on Tuesday.  
D."

“Cleveland Row, February 28th, 1837.

“I return you Mr. ——’s papers. I can only repeat to you in writing, what I have already told you in conversation, that I have no direct means of serving him. You will perceive that I value my own independence too much to solicit any place, even for my nearest relative or dearest friend.

“DURHAM.”

On the back of this note there were some very remarkable lines, written by Lady Blessington, beginning with the words,

“At midnight’s silent hour, when bound in sleep,” &c.,  
and with many erasures, and the traces apparently of many tears.

The lines will be found in the chapter headed “Notice of the Career of Lady Blessington.”

“Lambton Castle.

“I had written to D’Orsay to say how sorry I was that a party at home prevented my accepting your kind offer.

“I should have liked the quiet dinner above all things, and shall, whenever you propose it to me again, being most anxious to become acquainted with Mr. B——.  
D.”

“Lambton Castle, August 23d, 1837.

“I inclose you the royal permission. It would be right that Mrs. Fairlie should address a letter of thanks herself to Mr. Glover.  
D.”

“Harrington House, August 17th, 1837.

“MY LORD,—I am informed by Colonel Cavendish that the information of the queen’s permission for Mrs. Fairlie to dedicate her forthcoming work, entitled ‘Portraits of the Children of the English Nobility,’ to her majesty, should be communicated to your lordship, and I have therefore the honor to state that Mrs. Fairlie’s request has been very graciously acquiesced in, and that she has permission to dedicate the work to her majesty.

“I have the honor to be, my lord, your most obedient servant,

“E. H. GLOVER, H. M. Libr.”

From Lord Durham:

“January 24th, 1838.

“I really have no appointment within my gift, and it pains me extremely to receive hundreds of applications to which I can only return the same answer. I should be ashamed of myself if I planted a colony of British officials in Canada; all Canadian places ought to be given to Canadians; and this will be the case, with rare exceptions, the nomination of which will rest with the government.



“My own private staff, if I may so express myself, is settled; and if it was not, the absence of pecuniary emoluments would render these employments more onerous than valuable.

“There is an expression in Mr. J. F——’s note, that which refers to ‘my intention of providing for him.’ I am not aware of having expressed any such intention, of having given any such promise.

“The only recollection I have of the matter is, that you forwarded me some documents relating to Mr. F——’s application to Lord Palmerston, and that I declined mentioning his name unless the subject was under discussion, when I would certainly do what I could to serve him. This I was anxious to do on his brother’s account, whom I admire and esteem beyond most men; but as to any promise of provision, I am certain I would not be so thoughtless as to make it. I never violate a promise, but never make one hastily.

“I am, as you may imagine, overwhelmed with business, but still must devote a greater portion of my time than I could otherwise spare to relieve myself from the possibility of an imputation of having failed in performing that which I promised.

“I send Mrs. Fairlie the picture as she requests; will you give her my compliments, and also my best regards to my little friend? D.”

“January 27th, 1838.

“I return you the note, which completely confirms my recollection of what was my answer to you. I repeat again that I have no places to bestow which it would become me to offer, or Mr. F—— to accept. My own private secretaries are those who were with me before. The nomination of the one or two higher posts is in the government, with my approval, of course; but as they belong to the legal and parliamentary class, they could not affect Mr. F——.

“My power of direction of control of administration is, as you say, unlimited, awfully unlimited; but I have no power of creating places, no power of making any appointment where no vacancies exist, or of fixing on Canadian revenues English officials.

“What, therefore, can I do? I dare not make a place expressly for Mr. F——. I presume he does not wish to cross the Atlantic without the certainty of profitable employment. Pity me; for, in addition to the load of business which presses on me, I have all the misery of refusing requests from many whom I should be too happy to serve. D.”

“Cleveland Row, Friday night.

“I return you the two notes, with many thanks for your kind communication of them.

“I fear you greatly overrate my means of justifying the good opinion entertained of me. But I will do my best.

“I am very anxious to cultivate the acquaintance of your two friends, and

have to-night sent to ask them to meet the Duke of Sussex here at dinner. His royal highness is no favorite of yours, I know, but I have always found him a steady and kind-hearted friend.

"Ellice and I start for Paris on Friday next. Can I take any thing for you?"

"I have not been able to call on you before to-day, being detained at home by business and visitors all the morning, and in the evening I am generally too unwell to go out. D."

LETTER FROM LORD JOHN RUSSELL TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Woburn Abbey, February 5th, 1838.

"DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—Although I am *in opposition*, I have got my head so muddled with politics that I can not turn my mind with any effect to higher and more agreeable pursuits. In short, I am quite unfit to contribute to 'The Book of Beauty,' and am almost reduced to the state of 'the beast.'

"This it is to get harnessed in the state car.

"I remain, yours faithfully,

J. RUSSELL."

LORD BROUGHAM.

Henry, Baron Brougham and Vaux, of Brougham Hall, county Westmoreland, formerly Lord High Chancellor of England, will be known to posterity as Henry Brougham, the early champion of the anti-slavery cause, Queen Caroline's counsel, the indomitable opponent of Castlereagh's policy, the faithful friend and bold defender of civil and religious liberty while in the House of Commons.

With these titles to respect and honor, he may dispense with the labors of heraldry in favor of the antiquity of his race, and Mr. Burke's successful effort to trace up his family, and their possessions in Westmoreland, to the Saxon Burghams before the Conquest.

His father, Henry Brougham, Esq. (who died in 1810), by his marriage with a sister of Robertson the historian, Mary Syme (who died in 1839), had five sons, of whom Henry, born September 19th, 1778, was the eldest.

He married in 1819 the eldest daughter of Sir John Eden, niece of Lord Auckland, and widow of John Spalding, Esq., by whom he had two daughters—Eleanor Sarah, who died in 1820, and Eleanor Louisa, who died in 1839.

After a long career of professional labors and of public serv-

ices, this distinguished man was appointed lord chancellor and created a peer of the realm on the accession of the Grey administration in 1830, and retired with his party in 1834.

The great tendency to make war on people who seek to be pre-eminent in different pursuits has been eloquently noticed by Cicero, and bitterly experienced by Lord Brougham.

Men smile complacently at the little jealousies of women, who are supposed to take offense at the union of beauty, esprit, literary talents, poetic genius, or intellectual gifts of any very superior order in the same individual of their own sex. But men—able men too in politics, and in high legal and literary position—feel not unfrequently their merits rebuked in the presence of great successes of men of their own profession or especial avocations who have acquired pre-eminence in other pursuits.

Lord Brougham, in one of his Historical Sketches, says, "The true test of a great man—that, at least, which must secure his place among the highest order of great men—is his having been in advance of his age."

By this standard if his lordship be judged, no doubt he will be found to be a man of more than ordinary greatness—a man of gigantic intellect, the like of which it will be in vain to look for among the great men of this country of the present century. He was in advance of his age on the Slavery question, on that of Catholic Emancipation, of Law Reform, Charitable Bequests' Reform, of National Instruction, of London Collegiate Education.

But there is another true test of a great man in a prominent public position—the power of enduring hatred and hostility in high places; of resisting envy, defamation, and ridicule year after year, throughout a long and arduous career, systematically arranged against him in the press; and of confronting powerful opponents in Parliament boldly and successfully, and almost singly, in many signal conflicts.

Lord Brougham is said to be hot and hasty, vehement, impetuous, and offensively earnest in discussion. The great Lord Chatham has been taxed with similar defects; and, like him, Lord Brougham merges all minor imperfections in the counter-vailing merits of his vast powers of impulsive oratory and per-

suasive argument. His command of language, extent of information on every subject, in every science, embracing the whole circle of knowledge ; his felicity in extracting arguments and illustrations from that vast store of varied information ; his never-failing memory, marvelous ability of grappling with all the difficulties of a question, of seeing at a glance all its bearings, of sustaining a state of perpetual mental activity, of encountering opposition utterly fearless of all opponents, of bearing down on his enemies, of sending forth torrents of words of overwhelming eloquence on any occasion, however sudden the emergency—these peculiar talents and powers have seldom been equaled, never have been surpassed in Parliament.

No man living in England has rendered so much service to the anti-slavery cause as Lord Brougham. On those services his character and fame might safely take their stand. In that sacred cause of justice and humanity, his efforts for the abolition of slavery and the slave-trade, for nearly forty years, have been unremitting and unequalled in the display of intellectual powers that have been devoted to those great objects.

Lord Brougham is now seventy-six years of age. His gigantic intellect has lost none of its vigor : all his energies are as full of life and activity as they were thirty years ago.

One striking characteristic of Lord Brougham that is noticeable now, as it was remarkable at the onset of his career, is his uniform, undeviating, unaffected, and undisguised detestation of meanness, cruelty, and baseness, wherever it is to be found, whether in the highest or the humblest station in society ; and a generous and warm attachment to men of worth and genius, of high principle, and of a lofty enthusiasm in any cause in which the interests of truth are concerned, quite irrespective of the position of the parties who have won his esteem and his regard.

It was said of Wyndham, as a proof of his elevated intellectual character, that his personal friends were men of great powers of mind and high principles. "His soul lived, it may be said, in the highest region of intellect, and it could not have sustained itself there if it had not possessed a natural affinity for the noble and magnanimous."

## LETTERS FROM LORD BROUGHAM TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

“Chateau, Tuesday, April 22d, 1840.

“DEAR LADY B.—I fear you will think me very remiss in not sooner answering your kind letter, but I really had nothing to tell worth making you pay postage. You will justly enough say that this should prevent me now, but I had rather you paid than think me ungrateful.

“News from hence you can expect none. Your account of Sir A. Paget’s being better was highly agreeable to me, and it has been confirmed since by accounts of his entire recovery. I am also very happy to find that Durham is getting well.

“The English have all broke up their encampment at Nice, and are hurrying homeward. Leader, who has been here some time, is gone to-day, and, I suppose, will be at home almost as soon as this reaches you. Pray give my kindest regards to Alfred, ———, and tell the latter I have seen the colonel (Shaw) since last I wrote, and he complains of never hearing from him.

“We have had some share, though a small one, of the winter, which seems every where to have been so bad. It began here on Lady-day, but is now quite gone.

“In answer to your commands, I fear I must say no; indeed, I am not in a condition to do any thing that is not absolutely necessary, and even doing that ——— was as much as I was up to, and possibly more.\* I think of returning, by slow journeys, through a district of France which I have never seen, and some part of which is seldom visited. I shall set out in less than a week. Believe me, sincerely yours,

H. BROUGHAM.”

“November, 1843.

“The climate here is too delicious. I have Leader, Falconi, Meyrick, &c., and I expect Douro. The heat from eleven to two is too great, but we have delicious evenings and mornings. My spirits are getting round for the first time these four dismal years.

H. BROUGHAM.”

“Chateau Eleanor, November 28th, 1843.

“I wish you would tell your clever, and, I believe, honest friend of the paper that I have given up both my prosecutions before he said a word. I did it, because, on reflection, I believed I should not only oppress him to whom I really wished no harm, but should obstruct full and free discussion of public men’s conduct and character. I also add that, whether his candid statement, just sent me, had appeared or no, I should have done this; but, now he has shown some repentance, I, being his confessor, must prescribe a small penance, and it is this. Let him do something (no man can do so better) in furtherance of what is most near my heart, Law Reform, and especially of the criminal code.

\* Lord Brougham had met with a severe family affliction not long previously.—R. R. M.

"I have reason to believe (*entre nous*) that if the Liberal press give it a lift, the government will do it; and this is enormously valuable.

"Let him do this, and he may abuse me weekly, and I never shall complain.  
H. BROUGHAM."

## LETTERS FROM LORD LYNDHURST.

"March 17th, 1835.

"DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—I would have called for the parcel yesterday for Lady Canterbury, but I was the whole of the day at the House of Lords. I make a rule of never attending public meetings and dinners. I have no objection to be a steward, and pay my contribution, if attendance will be dispensed with. Excuse me for this. I am most anxious always to do any thing you desire. Yours faithfully,  
LYNDHURST."

"I would dine with you with the greatest pleasure on Sunday, were it possible. But I am at Richmond, and have unluckily formed a party for that day which I can not desert. You judge me in one respect quite correctly. I am not a bigot either as to persons or things. I give men credit for sincerity when I can, and my spirit of toleration is most liberal and extensive.

"LYNDHURST."

## LETTER FROM THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE.

"Berkeley Square, Saturday.

"DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—I will certainly vote for Mr. Landon. Your recommendation, and the interesting circumstances you mention respecting his sister, with whose merits I am acquainted, at least by reputation, are quite sufficient to interest me strongly in his favor.

"Believe me, very faithfully yours,

LANSDOWNE."

## LETTERS FROM LORD GLENELG.

"Colonial Office, November 24th, 1837.

"DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—I am very much obliged by your kind note, and beg you to believe it was not on account of Mr. Ellice alone that I took an interest in your friend. You would not do me justice if you thought so.

"It will give you pleasure to read the following passage from Sir J. Harvey's letter to me :

"Gov't House.

"It is very satisfactory to me to be enabled to add, that, independent of any personal introductory recommendations, the high qualities possessed by Mr. ——— are such as to render him eligible for any office in this colony which it may be in my power to confer on him. I have, accordingly, had great pleasure in assuring Mr. ——— of the desire which I feel to serve him, whenever circumstances may enable me to do so."

"I remain, dear Lady Blessington, yours very truly,

GLENELG."

“April 27th, 1838.

“I am happy to say Sir J. Harvey has appointed your friend to an office in the department of Crown Lands. You have probably heard of this.

“GLENELG.”

LETTER FROM SIR J—— H——, RESPECTING A COMMUNICATION OF LADY BLESSINGTON, TO LORD ANGLESEY.

“Government House, Frederickton, New Brunswick, November 24th, 1837.

“MY DEAR LORD ANGLESEY,—Few circumstances connected with my advancement to this command have occasioned me such sincere satisfaction as your note of the 9th of September, with an inclosure from Lady Blessington. The lady does tell her story with much natural and becoming feeling (as respects her brother), and therefore with eloquence. I had previously received a similar communication from Lady Canterbury; but I fear I must be ungallant enough to confess to your lordship that all the *billet* eloquence in the world—and few in it possess that talent in a higher degree than the fair ladies whose respective appeals are now before me—could have had half the weight with me as the slightest expression of a wish from you, my noble friend and kind patron.

“It shall go hard but I will endeavor to find some situation for Captain P—— ere long. He seems fit for any thing; his manners and conversation (and, I will add, his appearance) most prepossessing; add to which, the interest which your lordship has expressed in his welfare. You heard of the appeals of his two fair sisters, and an earnest recommendation to my notice from my friend Sir Henry Hardinge.”

LETTERS SIGNED G——.

“Downing Street, March 22d, 1832.

“I had already received from Mrs. S—— a statement of the distressed situation of your friend and his family. I regret it most deeply, and the more, as I can not, at present, hold out the means of relief.

“I have already more than once recommended him strongly to the lord lieutenant; but in Ireland, as here, the reductions which government has been, and is compelled to make, leave nothing in our power.

“I will speak to Mr. Ellice about the reference which you say is to be made to the Treasury, and if any assistance can with propriety be given in this manner, I shall be ready to concur in affording it. But it must depend upon the recommendation of the Board, after they have considered the case. G.”

“DEAREST LADY BLESSINGTON,—I have also been mortified to the greatest degree at having missed the only opportunities I could have had of seeing you, and it is still more vexatious that I can not call on you this morning. I have every minute engaged till the House of Lords, for which I am afraid I shall be so ill prepared, that, if I am forced to speak, I shall certainly de-

stroy any desire you may have had to hear me again. God bless you!  
Ever yours, G."

"Downing Street, February 15th, 1833.

"I am sorry to say that the place of one of the Commissioners under the Bill for the Reform of the Church of Ireland, if it should pass, is not one for which it would be possible for me to recommend your brother. G."

LETTER FROM THE MARQUIS OF NORMANBY.

"Paris, March 27th, 1848.

"MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—I forwarded, without delay, your packet to your correspondent, who has taken, within these last few days, to write so boldly, that if there is to be any 'terror,' he seems to desire to offer himself as the first victim. However, all is now very quiet for the moment here, though no one can see many weeks, or even days into the future.

"It was very kind so to express yourself toward me, and to cite such an authority to be 'laudatus a laudato' (I make no excuse for quoting Latin to you) is always welcome.

"I see D'Orsay is helping to take care of our poor English exports.

"Yours very truly,

NORMANBY."

LETTER FROM THE EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

"Berlin, January 21st, 1840.

"MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—I have written to recommend that the wishes in favor of your protégé should be attended to, and if Mrs. Percival will call at or send to the Royal Academy in Tenterden Street, she will learn what has been the decision of the Committee.

"I shall be most happy if I have succeeded in forwarding a wish of yours. I shall be very anxious to see the statue of Alfred, of which you speak; he is an extraordinary creature, with his talents of all sorts; coming out as a sculptor of high repute and perfection is a singular proof of what I have said above. Pray remember me to him, and believe me very sincerely yours,

"WESTMORELAND."

VISCOUNT LORD STRANGFORD.

His lordship was born in 1780, and succeeded to the title in 1801. Having resided much in Portugal, and made himself familiar with the language, history, and literature of that country, he was selected at an early age as a fit person to represent the British nation at Lisbon in 1806, and next at Rio Janeiro. He was appointed envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary at the court of Sweden in 1820. He was appointed ambassador to the Sublime Porte in 1820, and to Russia in 1825.



In 1803 he published "Poems from the Portuguese of Camoens, with Remarks on his Life and Writings," 8vo, a work better appreciated by those acquainted with the Portuguese language and literature than by those who are not. His lordship, as an author, diplomatist, a man of fine taste and polished manners, is well and advantageously known to the public. He owes less for that advantage to his intimate acquaintance and friendship with the late King of Hanover, up to the period of his death, than to his talents as a man of letters, and his abilities in his diplomatic career.

## LETTER FROM VISCOUNT LORD STRANGFORD.

"Harley Street, Saturday evening.

"Pray pity me—for I do deserve it—not for being very ill, which I really am, but for being obliged to give up all hope of waiting on you to-morrow.

"I caught a violent cold in being in the House of Lords on Tuesday, which ended in a fever, and since that direful Tuesday I have been confined, not merely to my room, but to my bed, where I am 'at this present writing.' That odious House of Lords! As it is now constituted, it is only beneficial to peers' eldest sons. Apropos thereof, I was very happy, and a little proud this morning, by learning that my George (who had the honor of making his bow one night last spring in your opera-box) has just been the successful candidate for the 'address,' as it is termed (in English——), which is to be spoken before the king at his annual visit to Eton on 'election.' This is rather a creditable exploit of my *primogenito's*, though I don't think he shows much worldly wisdom in starting in *these times* on the 'loyal tack.'

"Ever, my dear lady,

STRANGFORD."

## LETTER SIGNED D—— TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"February 7th, 1827.

"MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—When I look at the date of your letter from Pisa, I feel quite ashamed. But the press of business during a stormy and troublesome period must be my excuse for seeming incivility to many of those friends to whose wishes I am really most desirous to attend. Your recommendation has the greatest weight with me, both on account of the pleasure it would give me to oblige you, and because I am quite sure that you would not propose to me any person that was not perfectly fit for the situation in which you asked to see him placed. If, therefore, during the time that I continue in office, any opportunity shall occur that would enable me, consistently with engagements already taken, to provide for Mr. P—— in the way you point out, I shall be most happy to avail myself of it, though I must also own to you that the vacancies in the consulate line are so rare, and the claims already existing for them upon the office so numerous and power-

ful, that I can not indulge a hope of being soon able to accomplish what would be scarcely less agreeable to me than it would be to yourself. Since I had the pleasure of hearing from you, I have received a very kind letter from Lord Blessington. Perhaps you will allow me to take the occasion of conveying to him, through you, my acknowledgment of it. Our friend Hare has been in England about six weeks. I find that during the last two years he has received from you a great deal of attention and hospitality, with which I am the more gratified, because it is through me that he made an acquaintance that he found so advantageous to him. Lord B—— mentions Count D'Orsay as still belonging to your party, and as preserving a friendly recollection of me. Pray be good enough to offer to him my compliments and regards.

“Believe me, my dear Lady Blessington, yours most sincerely and faithfully,  
D.”

LETTER FROM LADY BLESSINGTON TO SIR ROBERT PEEL.\*

“Gore House, July, 1845.

“DEAR SIR ROBERT PEEL,—In the heavy affliction that has just occurred to Lady C—— in the death of her husband, one of the most amiable and kind-hearted men that ever existed, the thought of the ill provided state in which she and her daughters are left has, even during the first hours of a grief as sincere as it is deep, induced me to address you, who were the friend of her departed husband. You are aware that poor dear Lord C——’s circumstances were in a most embarrassed state, so much so, that the anxiety and increasing uneasiness occasioned by them, and the knowledge that, at his death, his wife and child would be left so ill off, preyed so heavily on his mind as to have produced the fatal event that occurred on Sunday last. I saw him a prey to anxiety and disappointment that weighed him to the earth, and, though deeply grieved, am not surprised at the sad catastrophe.

“You are aware that the pension he had reverts to his eldest son, but with a saving of one thousand a year to the country; but of this saving to the country might not you, as an act of kindness to an old friend, and of generosity to the widow and child of an old and faithful public servant, recommend some provision to be made for Lady C—— and her daughter?

“The health of poor Lady C—— is such as to leave little hope that her life will be long spared; therefore a pension to revert to Lord C——’s daughter, at her death, would not be unreasonable. The severe disappointment poor Lord C—— experienced in not being allowed compensation for the heavy losses he sustained by the fire at Palace Yard led to the embarrassment of his affairs, and has ever since embittered his life.

“To you I address myself in favor of the widow and daughter of your old friend, while yet he lies unburied, and while tears for his death almost blind me. But I think I best show my regret for the departed by making an attempt to serve those so dear to him, and who are left so unprovided for. In

\* From a copy among the papers of Lady Blessington.—R. R. M.

a few days the session will close, and before it does, I appeal to those good feelings which I am sure fill your breast to take some step to obtain a provision for the widow and daughter of the late Lord C——.

“Believe me, dear Sir Robert Peel, yours faithfully, M. BLESSINGTON.”

It was wholly impossible to carry Lady Blessington's wish into effect. The fund which benefited by the death of Lord C—— was the Parliamentary Fund. The fund from which pensions are given is that of the £1200 given by Parliament to the queen for that purpose. As to providing for any child not his was wholly out of the question. But even *if* he had a child to be provided for, as well as a widow, nothing but a bill could give that provision; and £3000 a year being secured to the son, who succeeded to the title, would be an answer to any application.

Lady Blessington wrote to a friend on the 24th of July that Sir Robert had stated to her “how deeply he regretted that he could not feel justified in making any proposal to Parliament for a provision for the widow and daughter of his lamented friend, Lord C——.

“He felt very confident that the attempt would not be a successful one.

“The provision made for a person holding the office which had been held by him on his retirement was more liberal than that made for any other public servant. In the case of a minister of the crown, entitled, from the inadequacy of his private means, to claim a retiring allowance, the amount was limited to £2000 per annum; no provision whatever was made for the widow. The pensions granted to Mrs. Perceval and to Lady Canning, the widows of prime ministers dying while in the exercise of the highest functions, were special and exceptional cases.

“The provision made for Lord C—— was an annual pension of £4000 for his own life, and £3000 for his son, until his son should succeed to a lucrative sinecure office.

“He was not aware of any instance in which a pension had been granted to the widow of a person holding such an office; and he was confident that the House of Commons, considering

the liberality of the provision made for Lord C—— on his retirement, and contrasting it with the provisions made for other public servants, would not consent to the establishment of the precedent which such an arrangement as that which she proposed would constitute.

“He was compelled, therefore, very reluctantly, as far as private and personal feelings were concerned, to decline acceding to her suggestion.”

From another letter of Lady Blessington, dated the 6th of August, 1845, it appears that her exertions for her deceased friend's family were not to be discouraged even by the very explicit statement just referred to. She renewed her application to Sir Robert, modifying it, however; but it was attended with no better success than the former. Sir Robert had stated to her,

“He could not think it would be for the real advantage of the family of the late lord, even if the means existed, that a provision should be made for his daughter from the Civil List.

“The whole sum available for the grant of pensions for the present year was £700.

“From such a fund was the vain attempt to be made, that had to meet the various claims upon the bounty of the crown, founded upon personal service to the crown—public service not otherwise provided for, and eminent literary and scientific merit.

“No pension granted (for the one to Mademoiselle D'Este stood upon special grounds) would probably exceed £200, and he did not think that a pension of such an amount would be an appropriate recognition of the services she would have considered.”

Poor Lady Blessington writes that she had made one more effort for a very limited provision for a daughter of Lady C—— by a former husband; but it failed, like the former. Sir Robert had plainly given her to understand,

“The means did not exist, at present at least, of making even the limited provision for the daughter which alone could be made under any circumstances.

“Assurances had been already given, the fulfillment of which would entirely absorb the sum available for the current year.”

## LETTERS SIGNED F—— B—— TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

“February 24th, 1829.

“DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—I send you a line, though I have nothing to say, nor time to say any thing in, even if I had wherewithal, as Burns says in his letter to a friend, ‘though it may serve for neither, and but just a kind memento.’

“Now pray remember me kindly, yea, most kindly, to Madame Crawford, to your amiable ladies, milord, and to all the family of D’Orsay, l’aimable baronne, and pray make use of me on my return if I can do any thing, bring any thing I can. Should D’Orsay want a horse, Lord Blessington a house, or any one any thing, pray spare me not.

“I can not omit expressing my wonder and gratification at the astonishing change of the great duke and Mr. Peel, converted into the Pacificator of Ireland! Let no man hereafter talk of the conversion of St. Paul as a miracle, nor woman either, not even Madame Krudner.

“Ever yours sincerely,

F. B.”

“April 1st, 1832.

“You are very kind, and I should be very happy could I profit by it, but you have no idea of my state; not quite so bad as Theseus, who was fixed forever and immovably to his seat, but able to move only, crab-like, with the aid of crutches. What is very provoking, too, I am as well in health as any body, and, could I creep to your presence in a becoming posture, no one would be more capable or disposed to enjoy it.

F. B.”

[No date.]

“You make me renew past griefs; I really had forgot the most important use of knees. As you say, there seems to be a marvelous sympathy between the hinges of the knee and valves of the heart; the one, indeed, seems the safety-valve of the other rather than a hinge at all. Certain it is, they move in wonderful accordance. You ask whether your observation is a satire on our sex. Philosophers say every thing receives its nature from that of the recipient; if so, he who so takes it may, but those who, like me, witness it, don’t feel it. I can not answer the question.

F. B.”

“May 5th, 1832.

“Solomon says, that ‘though you pound a fool in a mortar, yet will not his foolishness depart from him.’

“I am making a sad confession; but my spirits getting the better of my prudence the other day—only the other day, mind—I, having one or two people to dine with me, brought back my gout, which I had flattered myself I had got rid of; so that, with a short interval of promise, I am now nearly as when last I wrote to you, with the addition of recent experience, which makes, they

say, fools wise ; but I am past that age when men are said to be either fools or physicians ; and as I am feelingly convinced that I am not the last, I fear my share of the alternative condemns me to Solomon's mortar, and certainly deprives me a second time of the pleasure you again so obligingly offer.

“ F. B.”

“ July 19th, 1832.

“ I trust nothing will, and nothing *but death shall*, prevent me from having the pleasure of coming to you on Friday.

F. B.”

“ August 14th, 1832.

“ I am again confined to my own room, and this day, marked with chalk, must be marked with carbon. This is very sad, but such are the fickle terms on which we hold this tenement of clay. My repeated attacks seem to amount almost to a notice to quit. I don't mean to take it, however, but it certainly lowers its value. Well, the bill is carried. I should like so much to have talked it over with you, but it seems good otherwise to the gods. F. B.”

“ October 16th, 1832.

“ I am delighted you entertain so favorable an opinion of that most *deceptious* of all the human anatomy—the heart, and I will confess that upon that subject I would rely on a woman's opinion in preference to a physician.

“ I am grieved at the state of Paris, poor Madame Crawford, and, indeed, the whole state of France. I hear all parties—ministers and anti-ministerialists—are in the greatest spirits, and equally confident of success. Lord A—— writes he is sanguine, and that is not natural to him. Lord E—— and a large party yesterday were full of exultation, so that we inhabit a sort of fools' paradise.

“ I know the people will have the Reform, or more, and am only anxious for health to enjoy the difficulties that may arrive. I feel so well that it is quite ridiculous ; and if I could but have got seated at your table on Saturday, I should not have been the guest least enjoying it.

“ The prince\* is not only gossiping, but impertinent, affected, false, and not acquainted with the manners of good or bad society in England. It has all the appearance of a fictitious performance. A young lady just says that she should like to look at the two last, so I will send for them in the morning. I am glad to hear of the recovery of Sir Walter Scott ; and as soon as I can move, except backward, I shall move up to Seamore Place. F. B.”

“ June 25th, 1833.

“ A certain place, says Daniel—not the true prophet, but the false—is paved with good intentions. I fear in that regulated floor specimens of me will be found, and not rare. I will, however, encouraged by your unvarying indul-

\* I presume Prince Puckler-Muskau.—R. R. M.

gence, mend as fast as I can, assuring you the fault you so obligingly complain of is neither voluntary nor unregretted, and, moreover, carries with it its own punishment. The first opportunity I can lay hold of shall terminate both the one and the other.

F. B."

" Wednesday evening, August 8th, 1834.

" The brave General Rebinski is to dine with me on Friday, and, I believe, Prince Czartorinski. Perhaps D'Orsay would meet them. I will call in the evening to know. I don't know where you saw any report of what I said last night, but 'The Times' makes me talk sad nonsense, and say the reverse, in some instances, of what I did say.

" To make any thing like the thing itself, it would be necessary to write a new speech, as far as 'The Times' is concerned, and this is a tiresome task; but I would do what I never did before, if it had a chance of serving the gallant, unhappy Poles.

F. B."

" June 22d, 1839.

" Many thanks for your obliging administration.

" What next! The king's death seems the deuce's own turn up. Lord Durham, it seems, is the violet in the lap of the new court. *Eh bien nous verrons.* Conjecture is useless and impossible, indeed.

F. B."

LETTER SIGNED H——.

" August 8th.

" Your very kind and flattering note gave me great pleasure. Believe me that I long have wished to put an end to any estrangement that existed; and the happy and merry hours I passed at the Villa Gallo are too agreeably engraven on my memory for me to feel any thing but gratitude and affection for its inmates. I have often heard and known how kindly you and Alfred have spoken of me, and have often wished for an opportunity of breaking through the semblance of an enmity which I believe never really existed much on either side.

" Many, many thanks for your kind permission to come to Gore House, which I hope some morning or evening soon to avail myself of.

" The inclosed letter I am very much obliged to you indeed for letting me see. I know no one whose happiness and prosperity I am more seriously glad to hear of, or who deserves better to be happy and prosperous; kind-hearted, generous, sincere, and disinterested, full of the best qualities of her delightful country, without any of the faults that grow in that soil.

" Pray, when you next write, remember to convey to her my sincere congratulations upon her marriage and new position. I hope, the next time I go to Paris, to have an occasion of expressing them *viva voce*.

" Ever very faithfully yours,

H."

## LETTERS SIGNED C——.

" August 23d, 1831.

"I am this moment, dear Lady Blessington, returned from J—— S——'s marriage; his wife is a piquante brunette, and decidedly pretty. He asked me to go as one of his witnesses; he had no Englishman to support him. I really thought I should have died while two little boys kept a white cloth over the head of J——, and he stood there the symbol of innocence. C."

" Rome, March 4th, 1843.

"Many, very many thanks for your kind letter. You can not conceive what real pleasure I received when your letter arrived, it was so very kind of you to write to me. We are now just returned from the Carnival, which has been very gay, and for which we have had decent weather, it only having poured two of the days, which we thought very fortunate, in this rainy climate. We had an excellent balcony opposite the Via Condotti, and from which we and our friends pelted away some thousand pounds of bonbons, &c.

"I think it most amusing to observe the effect it has on different people; some are so remarkably angry, some so dignified, and others enjoying it. I wish you could have seen Lord Winchelsea dressing at the Corso to call on some one, covered with white dust, and looking as if he were preparing a violent anti-Catholic speech for the House of Lords.

"A party of us, E——, P——, L——, and F——, went one day in a car; we were dressed as the priestesses of Norma, and we were attended by our servants as ancient Roman warriors; and I can assure you we made a great sensation. I went in the evening to Madame L——'s in a woman's domino, with rather short petticoats—the latter garment being trimmed with lace, and being adorned with rose-colored ribbons. Of course, I took occasion to show it. I was beautifully *chaussée* with satin shoes, and completely mystified every one.

"I am so charmed to hear that Alfred bears up against his confinement with his usual fortitude. As to any success he may have in painting and sculpture, it does not in the least surprise me, as, with his talents, success crowns all his undertakings. C."

A vast number of letters exist—certainly several hundreds of letters—addressed to Lady Blessington, while she was residing in St. James's Square, in the Villa Belvidere in Naples, the Palazzo Negroni in Rome, the Hotel Ney in Paris, Seamore Place and Gore House, London; answers to invitations, inquiries of a private nature, and applications of Lady Blessington in behalf of friends and protégés, which, however important as showing the extent and nature of her correspondence, or the influence



exercised by Lady Blessington over the most eminent persons of her time in statesmanship or in literature, have been withheld from publication, from a desire to insert no letters in these volumes except on account of some intrinsic value and interest in such correspondence. These omitted letters include communications from Mr. Canning, Lords Hutchinson, Grey, Rosslyn, Beresford, Lyndhurst, Brougham, Durham, Jersey, Ashburnham, Aberdeen, Morpeth, Glenelg, Westmoreland, Abinger, Normanby, Auckland, Chesterfield, Douro, Castlereagh, Strangford, Holland, Clanricarde, the Marquess Wellesley, the Duke of Wellington, Sir T. Lawrence, Sir Alured Clerk, Sir F. Burdett, Sir Edwin Landseer, Sir E. B. Lytton, Sir H. Bulwer, Sir W. Sommerville.

Moore, Campbell, Rogers, Byron, Barry Cornwall, Lady Tankerville, Miss Landor, Mrs. Romer, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Mathews, Miss Louisa Sheridan, Madame Guiccioli, Mademoiselle Rachel.

Vicomte D'Arlincourt, the Duc D'Ossuna, le Prince Schwartzenburg, le Prince Soutza, le Prince Belvidere, W. S. Landor, the Right Hon. B. D'Israeli, Dickens, Fonblanque, Forster, Sergeant Talfourd, the Hon. Spencer Cooper, Wilkie, Maclise, Wyatt, Unwin, Eugene Sue, Alfred de Vigny, Casimir Delavigne, Colonel D'Aguilar, Hay, Dr. Parr, Dr. Lardner, Dr. Quin, Dr. Beattie, James and Horace Smith, Macready, C. Greville, C. J. Mathews, Jekyll, Jack Fuller, Leitch Ritchie, Baillie Cochrane, Bernal Osborne, B. Simmonds, F. Mansell Reynolds, Theodore Hook, J. H. Jesse, Henry Chester, J. G. Wilkinson, Washington Irving, Kenyon, Luttrell, Hon. R. Spencer, Thackeray, Albert Smith, Jerdan, Haynes Bailey, &c., &c., &c.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

DOCTOR SAMUEL PARR, LL.D.

THIS celebrated Greek scholar and eminent critic was born at Harrow-on-the-Hill in 1746. He was educated at Harrow, and Emmanuel College, Cambridge. In 1769 he entered into orders.

He established a school at Stanmore, and superintended schools in Colchester and Norwich, before he obtained the rectory at Asterby in 1780, and a prebend's stall in the Cathedral of St. Paul in 1781. The perpetual curacy of Hatton, near Norwich, was conferred on him in 1785. In 1791, the riots at Birmingham, which proved destructive to the property of Dr. Priestley, extended to Hatton, and the property of Dr. Parr, on account of his friendship with Dr. Priestley, and his own liberal principles, was endangered. The following year Dr. Parr exchanged his perpetual curacy at Hatton for a rectory in Northamptonshire. Early in 1793 he began to contribute to "The British Critic," and later wrote much in "The Classical Journal." In 1802 Sir Francis Burdett presented him to the rectory of Graffham in Huntingdonshire. The doctor's strong Whiggish principles, when Mr. Fox came into power, it is said, weighed down the merits of his erudition and theological acquirements in the estimation of the king, and prevented a bishopric being given him. He died in March, 1825, in his eightieth year, like the celebrated linguist and scholar Mezzofanti, leaving behind few records of his vast erudition. All the remains of Dr. Parr are comprised in a Collection of Sermons; "a Tract on Education, and the plans pursued by Charity Schools," 4to, 1786; a Preface to Bellendenus de Statu, and "A Letter from Irenopolis to the Inhabitants of Eleutheropolis, or a Serious Address to the Inhabitants of Birmingham," in 1792; "Character of the late Charles James Fox, by Philopatris Varvicensis," 2 vols. 8vo, 1809, and some ephemeral pamphlets, occasioned by his critical disputes and controversies with Dr. Charles Combe and others.

"Of Bentley's feuds—of Porson's—Parr's  
Most savage Greek and Latin wars,"

few remains are left; and mankind would be nothing the worse if their battles had never been waged at all. Dr. Parr was renowned for his smoking, even more than Dr Isaac Barrow. He would empty twenty pipes of an evening in his own house; but when he was on his good behavior in fashionable circles, it is said he pined after the weed. About two years before his

death he was introduced by Mr. Pettigrew to Lady Blessington, and was so charmed by her appearance, manners, and conversation, that he would willingly, at any time, have relinquished his pipe ever after for the pleasure of her society. After the first interview, he spoke to Mr. Pettigrew of her as the gorgeous Lady Blessington.

## LETTERS FROM DR. PARR TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

“Hatton, January 26th, 1822.

“May it please your ladyship to accept the tribute of my best thanks for the present of a gorgeous cake, which does equal honor to your courtesy and your taste. It reached me last night. It seized the admiration of my wife and two Oxford friends. They gazed upon its magnitude. They eulogized the coloring and the gilding of the figures with raptures. They listened gladly to the tales which I told about the beautiful, ingenious, and noble donor. I perceive that your ladyship’s gift was sent by the Crown Prince coach, which I had pointed out, and upon which I depend chiefly. My wife and my cook, and her auxiliary, are waiting, with some anxiety, for a magnificent turbot, with which Lord Blessington intends to decorate the banquet.

“You may be assured that grateful and honorable mention of your names will be made in our toasts. I shall write to Lord Blessington when I know the fate of the fish.

“As it did not come by the Crown Prince, possibly it may be conveyed by the mail, which passes my door about nine, or by the Liverpool, which passes about the middle of the day.

“My village peal of eight bells is ringing merrily, and I wish that you and Lord Blessington were here, the witnesses of their music.

“I probably shall visit the capital in the spring, and, with the permission of your ladyship and Lord Blessington, I shall pay my personal compliments to you in St. James’s Square.

“I have the honor to be, with the greatest respect, my lady, your ladyship’s faithful well-wisher and much obliged humble servant, S. PARR.”

“January 27th, 1822.

“INGENIOUS AND HONORED LADY BLESSINGTON,—Accept my praise as a critic, and my best thanks as a well-wisher, for the honor which you have done me in sending me a most elegant poetical congratulation on the return of the anniversary of my birth-day. Lady Blessington, I have ventured to impress three kisses upon the precious communication, and I will order it to be preserved among my papers as a memorial of your ladyship’s taste and courtesy. The cake, from its magnitude and its richness, would have adorned the table of a cardinal. Be assured, Lady Blessington, that not only was your name pronounced in the second toast with that of the Duke of Sussex

and some other contributors to the dainties, but that I took an opportunity to speak about the gracefulness of your person and the lustre of your talents. I hope, in the spring, that we shall meet together, and talk upon many interesting subjects which must present themselves to our minds.

“Soon after the conclusion of my first letter, another coach brought me Lord Blessington’s magnificent turbot, and a very eminent scholar bestowed a classical eulogium on the

“*Spatium admirabili rhombi.*”

“Lord Blessington will tell you that the expression occurs in the fourth satire of Juvenal, and if you have a translation, pray amuse yourself with an account of Domitian’s feast, and his guests, and his wicked nature, when a huge fish had been presented to him, and he had summoned his trembling companions to the banquet. I am sure that Lord Blessington will like to refresh his memory, and, after certain military outrages at Manchester, Hyde Park Corner, and Kensington, I shall applaud his lordship for committing to memory the whole sixteenth satire of Juvenal. The composition is less adorned than many of the other satires; but his lordship may take my word for it that it came from the pen of Juvenal, and there will be found in it abundance of matter applicable to the odious and alarming occurrences which disgrace the government of the English Sardanapalus. Pray tell my lord that, with allusion to the notorious voluptuary, a friend of his lordship has put together a most proper and most poignant epitaph for George the Fourth. Give my best compliments to your lively sister, and permit me to have the honor to subscribe myself, dear madam, your faithful well-wisher, and respectful, obedient servant,

“S. PARR.”

LETTER FROM MISS EMILY CALCRAFT TO LADY BLESSINGTON IN  
RELATION TO DR. PARR.

“DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—I have the pleasure to send you Mr. Horseman’s excellent parody of a libel on Dr. Parr, together with his letter, and the doctor’s prompt and courteous reply. I beg you will excuse the paper having been much read; you are welcome, if you please, to copy it, but let it be only for yourself.

“I have transcribed for your ladyship the brilliant oratorical passage which Lord Erskine was accustomed to ascribe to Viscount Strafford, and I have written a few lines to Dr. Parr’s executors, which, should you determine upon addressing them, you may employ as the envelope of your communication.

“To these papers I venture to add two letters, containing most interesting traits of Dr. Parr’s character. I trust to your good nature to credit my showing them on this account, rather than because the notice taken in them of my pamphlet is so partial.

“I am, with great truth, your ladyship’s obliged and sincere

“EMILY CALCRAFT.”

## LETTER TO DR. PARR FROM THE REV. MR. HORSEMAN.

"Heydon Royston, August 20th, 1821.

"REV. SIR,—In a shameful and shameless newspaper, misnamed 'John Bull,' there appeared, last Monday, a miserable attack upon a character held in the highest estimation by the wisest and best of mankind. From a Tory acquaintance of mine, this infamous paper reached me last Saturday, and to-day I happened to go to Royston, where I desired the agent at that place for the 'Cambridge Independent Press' newspaper to forward to the proprietor for insertion in his next paper, what, upon the spur of the occasion, I hit off as I drove, in the shape of an answer.

"I take the liberty of sending you both these trifles for your amusement. It would give me far greater pleasure had I the ability and opportunity to express in a better way, and more worthy of the very accomplished and distinguished personage so grossly and wretchedly libeled, my sincere admiration of his acute genius, his deep learning, his sound piety, and his unaffected virtue.

"I paid a delightful visit last November to your most excellent friend, Mr. Coke, and hope again to accept the kindly proffered hospitality of Holkham, when it would very considerably add to my gratification were I to have the good fortune to be honored with an introduction to Dr. Parr, whom I have seen only at Oxford and Cambridge, with whose learned and liberal publications I am familiar, and of whose personal character I know enough to be anxious to know more. Should you think proper to notice the receipt of this communication, I shall be much flattered by a letter directed to the Rev. John Horseman, Heydon Royston.

"I have the honor to be, reverend sir, with the profoundest esteem, your most obedient and very humble servant,  
JOHN HORSEMAN."

From the "John Bull," August 23d, 1821.

"RECIPE FOR COMPOUNDING A POLITICAL RADICAL, D.D., A.S.S., &c., &c.

"To half of Busby's skill in mood and tense,  
 Add Bentley's *pedantry* without his sense;  
 From Warburton take all the spleen you find,  
 But leave his genius and his wit behind;  
 Squeeze Churchill's rancor from the verse it flows in,  
 And knead it stiff with Johnston's turgid prosing;  
 Add all the piety of Saint Voltaire,  
 Mix the gross compounds—Fiat—Dr. Parr.

"Q. IN THE CORNER."

## ANSWER.

"To more than Busby's skill in mood and tense,  
 Add Bentley's learning and his sterling sense;

From Warburton take all the wit you find,  
 But leave his grossness and his whims behind ;  
 Mix Churchill's vigor as in verse it flows,  
 And knead it well with Johnson's manly prose ;  
 Sprinkle the whole with pepper from Voltaire,  
 Strain off the scum, and—Fiat—Dr. Parr."

## LETTER FROM DR. PARR TO THE REV. MR. HORSEMAN.

"REVEREND SIR,—I had left Hatton when your friendly and interesting letter arrived there. It has been forwarded to me in a large mass of papers, and I take an early opportunity of presenting to you the tribute of my respectful and thankful acknowledgments. Your retort on my slander is masterly, and to me it is the more pleasing, because I believe it to be the result of your own sincere conviction. I have never seen any one number of the 'John Bull,' but I hear that in profligate and malignant calumny it exceeds the vilest publications that ever disgraced the English press.

"While ministers, judges, academies, bishops, priests, and deacons are inveighing against the licentiousness of the press, they would do well to recollect that 'John Bull' is more virulent in its spirit and more mischievous in its consequences than the worst effusions of scribbling radicals. Upon my literary and intellectual powers I readily submit to the judgment of others, but I can safely and becomingly listen to the approving sentence of my conscience upon my principles, which are founded upon long and severe research, and upon my actions for the space of fifty-five years, during which time I have never truckled to power, nor preferred my personal interests to the sacred rights and social happiness of mankind. I ought to thank the writers of the 'John Bull' for stirring up an advocate so skillful and so distinguished as Mr. Horseman. If you should ever come into Warwickshire, my hope is that you will permit me to receive you in my parsonage. S. PARR."

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON OF DR. PARR ON REPENTANCE,  
 TRANSMITTED TO LADY BLESSINGTON BY MISS CALCRAFT.

"The infinite importance of what he has to do, the goading conviction that it must be done, the utter inability of doing it, the dreadful combination in his mind of both the necessity and incapacity, the despair of crowding the concerns of an age into a moment, the impossibility of beginning a repentance which should have been completed, of setting about a peace which should have been concluded, of suing for a pardon which should have been obtained—all these complicated concerns, without strength, without time, without hope ; with a clouded memory, a disjointed reason, a wounded spirit, undefined terrors, remembered sins, anticipated punishment, an angry God, an accusing conscience, all together intolerably augment the sufferings of a body which stands little in need of the insupportable burden of a distracted mind to aggravate its torments."

## SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, R.A.

The first portrait painter of his age, Sir T. Lawrence, who had executed portraits of the greatest princes and the principal personages of his day, mixed in the most distinguished circles, and had been received with honor in many European courts, had been intimately acquainted with Lord Blessington in early life, and the late Lady Blessington from the period of her marriage to that of her departure from England in 1822.

Two of his best portraits were those of Lord and Lady Blessington. He always considered the last as his *chef d'œuvre*. When asked by Lord Blessington to copy it, he declined to do so, saying, "That picture could neither be copied or engraved." His assertion was afterward fully verified. Of the three engravings that were made of that portrait by the first engravers of the day, Cousins, Reynolds, and another artist, not one was successful. In the wreck of the affairs of Lady Blessington, when every thing belonging to her was sold by auction in 1849, at Gore House, I saw these two pictures sold. That of Lord Blessington was purchased by Mr. Fuller for £68, that of Lady Blessington by the Marquess of Hertford for £336.

The portraits of Sir Thomas Lawrence, it is hardly needful to observe, are remarkable for the representation of mind and character, in the delineation of face and form, for the speaking looks, animated with spirit and intelligence in the expression of those he painted, for their giving his subjects a *distingué* air, and for his peculiar excellence in painting eyes, and rendering characteristic resemblances.

At the beginning of his career his object was to imitate Reynolds, and some of his earlier pictures in some degree resembled those of Sir Joshua. Brilliancy of effect, ease and simplicity, the power of imparting nobility to physical perfections, and of making the mind discernible in the features he represented—these were the peculiar characteristics of his style. His manners and conversation were those of a gentleman accustomed to courts. In all matters his taste was exquisite; and in his office of President of the Royal Academy, he abstained

from attempting reforms, however much needed, in his unwillingness to encounter formidable opponents.

Sir Thomas was born at Bristol in 1769. He commenced the profession of a portrait painter in Oxford in 1787; removed to London, and rose rapidly to distinction from the year 1800. In 1811 he was charged by the Prince Regent to take portraits of the allied sovereigns who visited England; in 1815 he was knighted; in 1818 he was sent to Aix-la-Chapelle to paint the principal members of Congress; in 1819 he visited Italy, and in the following year was elected President of the Academy. He died in January, 1830, in his sixty-second year.

A brother artist, and a friend of Lawrence, one thoroughly imbued with a spirit of criticism, thus speaks of the merits and works of Sir Thomas:

“Twenty years ago, his pictures (as Fuseli used to say) were like the scrapings of a tin-shop, full of little sparkling bits of light, which destroyed all repose. But after his visit to Italy, the improvement which took place was an honor to his talents. His later pictures are by far his best. His great excellence was neither color, drawing, composition, light and shade, or perspective—for he was hardly ever above mediocrity in any of these; but expression, both in figure and feature. Perhaps no man that ever lived contrived to catch the fleeting beauties of a face to the exact point, though a little affected, better than Lawrence. The head of Miss Croker is the finest example in the world. He did not keep his sitters unanimated and lifeless, but by interesting their feelings he brought out the expression which was excited by the pleasure they felt.

“As a man, Sir Thomas Lawrence was amiable, kind, generous, and forgiving. His manner was elegant, but not high-bred. He had too much the air of always submitting. He had smiled so often and so long, that at last his smile had the appearance of being set in enamel. He indulged the hope of painting history in his day; but, as Romney did, and Chantrey will, he died before he began; and he is another proof, if proof were wanting, that creative genius is not a passive quality, that can be laid aside or taken up as it suits the convenience of the possessor.



“As an artist, he will not rank high in the opinion of posterity. He was not ignorant of the figure, but he drew with great incorrectness, because he drew to suit the fashion of the season. If necks were to be long, breasts full, waists small, and toes pointed, Sir Thomas was too well bred to hesitate. His necks are therefore often hideously long, his waists small, his chests puffed, and his ankles tapered. He had no eye for color. His tint was opaque, not livid; his cheeks were rouged, his lips like the lips of a lay-figure. There was nothing of the red and white which Nature’s own sweet and cunning hand laid on. His bloom was the bloom of the perfumer. Of composition he knew scarcely any thing; and perhaps, in the whole circle of art, there never was a more lamentable proof of these deficiencies than in his last portrait of the king.”

## LETTERS FROM SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE TO LORD MOUNTJOY.

“Greek Street, Sunday morning (1812).

“MY DEAR LORD,—All other considerations apart (and those no slight ones), I confess to the strong temptation you hold out to me in the very venison itself! I beg its pardon for having written venison like any other word; ‘I own the soft impeachment.’ Yet it does so unluckily happen that I am engaged Monday, and Tuesday, and Wednesday, and Thursday, so that all hope of indulging my ruling passion is over with me this week. In return for your lordship’s kindness, I send you lines which I think not bad, certainly not the worse for being on my own side or view of the subject. With my respects to Lady Mountjoy, I remain, my dear lord, most faithfully and with true respect, yours,

“T. LAWRENCE.”

## ON WALTZING.

“What! the girl I adore by *another* embraced!

What! the balm of her breath shall another man taste!

What! press’d in the whirl by another’s bold knee!

What! panting, recline on another than me!

*Sir, she’s yours.* You have brushed from the grape its soft blue,

From the rose-bud you’ve shaken its tremulous dew:

What you’ve *touch’d you may take*—pretty waltzer, adieu!”

“Greek Street, July 29th, 1812.

“Without the preface of an apology, which your kind nature will either think needless or make for me, I will at once state (but only from a necessity), that having, as your lordship proposed, renewed your draft for £200 by keep-

ing it back for an additional two months, I am applied to by the parties holding it respecting its non-payment.

"If it is convenient to your lordship to give directions that it be now paid, why, I can only say that I shall be a little assisted by it. If, however, it is not, will you, in the course of to-morrow, favor me with another, at such time as your agents may enable the bankers to pay it? I will then get back the first, and return it to you. I beg to say that the draft was not presented at the end of the first two months.

"I hope Lady Mountjoy is quite well, and did not suffer from the lateness of the close of your bounteous entertainment of Sunday last. Believe me, with the truest respect and attachment, my dear lord, most devotedly yours,

"T. LAWRENCE."

"Russell Square, April 11th, 1829.

"I will get a copy made from your portrait at as reasonable a price as I can. I think your lordship had better wait till, as you say, the quarter's revenue may be more flourishing. I have little doubt of the picture being well disposed of, but the present moment is the most inauspicious for application to the government.

"As a practice of the Museum, I see how strict is the attention to economy, even in apparently trivial details.

"Hayter's picture is more liked by me than by many amateurs. I see a great deal of merit in it; but its want of effect and breadth—indispensable qualities in our English school, and properly so—makes the general eye indifferent to the careful finishing and excellence of its details.

"Ever, with the highest esteem and regard, T. LAWRENCE."

LETTERS FROM SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Russell Square, Monday evening.

"DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—Do me the favor to sit to me at one o'clock to-day instead of twelve, and pray come with your pearl necklace.

"If you can spare the time, I shall want your ladyship to remain till exactly four.

"I remain, dear Lady Blessington, your very obedient and faithful servant,

"THOS. LAWRENCE."

"Russell Square, Saturday morning.

"Your charitable office is no sinecure; can you oblige me with one ticket for the Opera to-night?

"I avoid, if I can, to pay either in my own person or in that of a friend for this amusement; but my magnificent £1 is ready for any better purpose that your ladyship may point out.

THOS. LAWRENCE."

## THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

Moore's intimacy with Lord Blessington commenced so early as 1806. His lordship's taste for private theatricals, and Moore's talent for epilogue writing and lyrical composition, led to their first acquaintance. Moore refers in his diaries to his early theatrical acquaintance with Lord Mountjoy.

In the Dublin "Evening Herald" of August 26th, 1806, we find the following account of the theatricals at Lord Mountjoy's residence on the Mountjoy Forest estate, in the county of Tyrone, near Omagh. "Lord Mountjoy has seceded from the Kilkenny theatricals, and has opened a splendid theatre at Omagh. Fullam is acting manager; Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Chalmers, and Mrs. Fullam are among the actresses."

Moore, in the introduction to Longman's 8vo edition of his poems (1840), mentions his schoolmaster, Samuel Whyte, as being in request among the fashionables of Dublin and its neighborhood as a manager of the private theatricals, and a great encourager of a taste for acting among his pupils.

"In this line," says Moore, "I was long his favorite show scholar;" and among the play-bills embodied in his volume, to illustrate the occasions of his own prologues and epilogues, there is one of a play got up in the year 1790, at Lady Borrowes's private theatricals in Dublin, where, among the items of the evening's entertainment, is "an Epilogue, *A Squeeze at St. Paul's*, Master Moore."

Some curious particulars of Moore's early life were given to me in Wexford about two years ago, by an old lady, a Miss Mary Doyle, a relative of the poet, then in her seventy-eighth year, and now in eternity. Miss Doyle stated that her mother's name was Kate Corrin; she was a first cousin of Tom Moore's mother, who was a Miss Anastasia Codd; her father, Thomas Codd, was in the provision trade, and kept a slaughter-house in Corn Market. (The house still exists, and is now a public house called the Ark.)\*

\* At the death of Thomas Codd, the business was carried on by John Richards; after Richards's death, by his daughter, Mrs. Hanlon, and she was succeeded by the present proprietor, who keeps a small public house.

Immediately after the marriage of Mr. Moore with Miss Codd, they went to reside in Dublin. Mr. Moore was not a Wexford man. A few years later, Miss Doyle went up from Wexford to live with the Moores, and she lived many years with the family, about ten or twelve "off and on," upon several occasions. She remembers Tom's bed, when he was a mere boy, being covered with scraps of poetry, pinned on the curtains of his own little bed. Tom spent very little of his early days in Wexford, but when about the age of twelve years went down on a visit to Mrs. Scallion, a relation.

Tom's earliest passion was for his cousin, Miss Mary Doyle. He was in the habit of writing verses in praise of her (she was about seventeen years of age at the time); *and some of the verses he wrote on her, and addressed to her, were published in some Magazines.*

This was the substance of Miss Doyle's statement; and on the next occasion of my visiting Wexford, and calling at her place of residence, with the view of making some further inquiries, I found she had died the day before, namely, on the 29th of November, 1852.

The lady in whose house she died, Mrs. Mary Frances Richards, a niece of the old lady, informed me that Miss Doyle was a person of strict veracity, and of the highest character. Whatever she said about being the object of the boyish fancies of Tom Moore, and the subject of many of his amatory poems, there could be no doubt of the fact. And even in her extreme old age, it gratified her to be reminded of it, and of the influence of her attractions, "for she was a great beauty in her youthful days."

But the strange part of the matter is, that Moore, in his diary, though very circumstantial in his details respecting his boyhood, and the persons who frequented his father's house, and his early *penchants* too, and especially for a Miss Hannah Byrne, who was a good deal at his father's house, and to whom he addressed amatory poems—he says his first—never mentions his fair cousin, Miss Mary Doyle, at all, her residing many years at his father's house, nor alludes to the fact of his addressing verses to her

on various occasions. Could he have confounded the name of Miss Hannah Byrne, an early acquaintance of his family, with hers, in the following reference to his first love ?

In his diary (vol. i., p. 22, of the *Memoirs of Lord John Russell*), he speaks of a Miss Hannah Byrne, who was a good deal at the house of his parents in early days, to whom he addressed his first amatory effusions, under the name of Zelia, signing himself Romeo ; the first of these which he published appeared in 1793, in the Dublin "*Anthologia Hibernica*" Magazine.

On referring to the October number of that periodical I find the following lines, which were the first poetic effusion of Moore that appeared in print. They were written at his father's residence in Aungier Street, Dublin. They not only possess considerable beauty, but are singularly prophetic of the chord which he has struck with such delightful effect in after years :

"TO ZELIA.

"'Tis true my muse to love inclines,  
 And wreaths of Cypria's myrtle twines ;  
 Quits all inspiring, lofty views,  
 And chants what Nature's gifts infuse ;  
 Timid to try the mountain's height,  
 Beneath she strays, retired from sight ;  
 Careless, culling amorous flowers,  
 Or quaffing mirth in Bacchus' bowers.  
 When first she raised her simplest lays  
 In Cupid's never-ceasing praise,  
 The god a faithful promise gave,  
     That never should she feel love's stings,  
 Never to burning passion be a slave,  
     But feel the purer joy thy friendship brings."

When Lord Blessington removed to London, and was established in St. James's Square in the latter part of 1820 or beginning of 1821, Moore renewed his acquaintance with his lordship, and made that of Lady Blessington. He was a frequent and a favorite visitor there. In Lady Blessington's journals while residing in Paris, we find many references to the pleasure

she received in renewed intimacy with Moore; and, at a later period, Mr. Willis has made the world pretty familiar with the peculiar charm of Moore's society and conversation in Seamore Place.

There is a dash of genius and much graphic truth in the following slight sketch of Moore by a man of kindred genius—B. R. Haydon.

“Met Moore at dinner, and spent a very pleasant three hours. He told his stories with a hit-or-miss air, as if accustomed to people of rapid apprehension. It being asked at Paris who they would have as a godfather for Rothschild's child, ‘Talleyrand,’ said a Frenchman. ‘*Pourquoi, Monsieur? Parcequ'il est le moins Chrétien possible.*’

“Moore is a delightful, gay, voluptuous, refined, natural creature; infinitely more unaffected than Wordsworth; not blunt and uncultivated like Chantrey, or bilious and shivering like Campbell. No affectation, but a true, refined, delicate, frank poet, with sufficient air of the world to prove his fashion, sufficient honesty of manner to show fashion has not corrupted his native taste; making allowance for prejudices instead of condemning them, by which he seemed to have none himself; never talking of his own works, from intense consciousness that every body else did; while Wordsworth is always talking of his own productions, from apprehension that they are not enough matter of conversation. Men must not be judged too hardly; success or failure will either destroy or better the finest natural parts. Unless one had heard Moore tell the above story of Talleyrand, it would have been impossible to conceive the air of half-suppressed impudence, the delicate, light-horse canter of phrase with which the words floated out of his sparkling Anacreontic mouth.”\*

LETTERS FROM THOMAS MOORE TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

“Sloperton Cottage, Devizes, November 18th, 1829.

“MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—It is now six months since (after a conversation with Lord John Russell about you) I exclaimed, ‘Well, I shall positively write to Lady Blessington to-morrow!’ Whether I have kept my word,

\* Autobiography of B. R. Haydon.

you and the postman know but too well. The fact is, I live, as usual, in such a perpetual struggle between what I like to do and what I ought to do (though communing with you would come under both these heads), between junketing abroad and scribbling at home, that for any thing but the desk and the dinner-table I am not left a single instant of time.

"In addition to our neighbors at Bowood, we have got, lately, their relatives the Fieldings, who have settled themselves near us; and having some very pretty girls for daughters (things I have not yet lost my taste for), they contrive, with music, visits, &c., to disturb me not a little.

"I have had but one short glimpse of Mrs. Purves for the last year, as she has taken flight to some distant and outlandish place (called Fulham, I believe), to which a thorough *town* man (such as I always am for the few weeks I stay there) could never, even with the help of the 'march of intellect,' think of arriving. I wish she would return into the civilized world, for I miss her very, very much, I assure you. To talk of *you* and old times—of those two dazzling faces I saw popped out of the hotel windows in Sackville Street—of the dance to the piper at Richmond, &c., &c. All this is delightful to remember and to talk about, and if ever 'we three meet again,' we shall have a regular *cause* of it.

"Lord John Russell told me (and this, I own, was one of the reasons of my above-mentioned fruitless ejaculations) that you saw a good deal of Lord Byron during his last days in Italy, and that you mentioned some anecdotes of him (his bursting into tears as he lay on the sofa, &c.), which he (Lord John) thought might be very interestingly introduced into my life of him. He also told me that you had some verses addressed to yourself by Lord Byron, which were very pretty and graceful—in short, in every way worthy of the subject.

"Now, my dear Lady Blessington, if you have any thing like the same cordial remembrances of old times that I have—if ever the poet (or the piper) found favor in your ears, sit down instantly and record for me, as only a woman *can* record, every particular of your acquaintance with Byron, from first to last. You may depend upon what you write never meeting any eye but my own, and you will oblige me more than I have time at this moment to tell you.

"Above all, too, do not forget the verses, which will be doubly precious, as written *by him* and *on you*.

"Lord Lansdowne told me, some time ago, that he had had a letter from Lord Blessington, which gave, I was sorry to hear, but little hopes of seeing either him or you in England. My most sincere and cordial regards to him, and believe me ever, my dear Lady Blessington, faithfully yours,

"THOMAS MOORE.

"I hope to hear that you liked my last *pious* story; it has been very successful."

"Sloperton Cottage, Devizes, July 4th, 1828.

"MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—Having been some days away from home,

I did not receive your kind letter till yesterday ; and I am just now so surrounded with shoals of letters, all gaping for answers, that I have not a minute to spare for more than just to say, How charmed I was to hear from you ; how comforted I feel in the thought that you are *even so* much nearer to me, and how delighted I should be (if such a dream was but within the sphere of possibility just now) to run over to you for a week or two. However, who knows ? as the old woman said who expected a prize in the lottery, though she had no ticket, ' Sure nothing's impossible to God.' I will therefore hope ; and, in the mean time, pray send me the promised packet, directing, under cover, to the Honorable Frederick Byng (our dearly beloved Poodle), Foreign Office, Downing Street.

" I am so glad you like my verses ! I repeat them over and over to myself continually.

" Lord Blessington's packet arrived safe, and the sooner he sends me another, tell him (with my most cordial regards), the better.

" Ever most faithfully yours,

THOMAS MOORE."

" Sloperton Cottage, Devizes, October 18th, 1828.

" MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,— . . . I have been kept, as I told you in my last, in a state of great anxiety about our little girl, who has been for months confined with an obstinate lameness, which is only just now yielding to the remedies we have employed. Since I wrote, too, I have had an alarm about our eldest boy, who was brought home from school in consequence of a fever having made its appearance there, and who, for some time after his return, showed symptoms of having caught it. He is now, however, quite well, and is with his mamma and my daughter at Southampton.

" I see, by the newspapers, that there is some chance of your coming to England, and trust that there is more truth in the intelligence than newspapers in general contain. Best regards to Lord Blessington, and believe me ever most truly yours,

THOMAS MOORE."

" Sloperton Cottage, Devizes, April 15th, 1830.

" MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—I received a most kind letter from you the other day, through our pretty *spirituelle* young friend in Palace Yard ; so kind that, hurried as I am with all sorts of distractions, I can not resist the impulse of dispatching a hasty line to thank you for it.

" I am also glad of the opportunity to tell you that *it was* all owing to a mistake (or rather a difficulty in the way of business) that you did not receive from the author himself one of the first copies of ' The Life of Byron.'

" It is too long a story for a man in a hurry to relate, but you will understand enough when I tell you that the dispensation of the presentation copies was a joint concern between Hurry and me, and that, having by mistake exceeded my number, I was unwilling to embarrass my account by going further.



“But mind, whatever copy you may have *read* me in, the one that you must go to *sleep upon* (when inclined for a doze) must be a portable octavo presented by myself.

“You deserve ten times more than this, not only for our old friendship, but for the use you have been to the said volume, by the very interesting and (in the present state of the patrimonial question) apropos contributions you have furnished.

“I was sorry, some time ago, to see that the pretty verses to you had found their way into some French periodicals, and from them into ours; but I trust most sincerely that the same accident will not occur to the lines about Lady Byron.

“They gave me some hope at the speaker’s that we might soon see you in England. Is there any chance?

“Ever yours most truly,

THOMAS MOORE.”

“Sloperton Cottage, April 15th, 1832.

“DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—You were one of the very first persons, during my late short and busy visit to London, whom it was my intention, as soon as I discovered you were in town, to call upon; but just as I was about to have that pleasure, your letter, forwarded from home, reached me; and the tone of it, I confess, so much surprised and pained me, that I had not courage to run the risk of such a reception as it seemed to threaten. I can only say that, had I the least idea that the very harmless allusions in Byron’s letter to the very harmless pursuits of Lord Blessington’s youth could have given him (had he been alive) or yourself the slightest uneasiness, I most certainly would not have suffered those passages to remain; nor can I now understand, with all allowance for the sensitiveness which affliction generates, either the annoyance or displeasure which (you will, at least, believe more from wrong judgment than any intention) I have been so unfortunate as to excite in you.

“I have lost no time in searching both for the letters and MS. book which you wished for, but, as yet, have been unable to find only the latter, and rather think that the letters of Lord Blessington, to which you allude, shared the fate of many others on the same subject, which I tore up when done with them. Again expressing my sincere regret for the pain I have given, I am, dear Lady Blessington, very truly yours,

THOMAS MOORE.”

Those who only knew Moore in fashionable circles, or through his Diaries, are very unlikely to be acquainted with the best part of his character, and what was most estimable and deserving of honor in his principles. The following letter, expressive of his views respecting slavery, is so creditable to his sentiments, that I presume it may be subjoined, without impropriety, to the preceding letters.

## LETTER FROM THOMAS MOORE TO R. R. MADDEN.

"Sloperton, March 8th, 1840.

"DEAR MR. MADDEN,—I have but time to acknowledge and thank you for the very interesting paper on slavery which you were so kind as to send me through the hands of my sister. I am not surprised that you should have returned bursting with indignation, more especially against those fellow-countrymen of ours (and fellow-Catholics), who, by their advocacy of slavery, bring so much disgrace both upon their country and creed.

"Wishing you every success in your benevolent efforts, I am very truly yours,  
THOMAS MOORE."

## THOMAS CAMPBELL.

In the spring of 1832 I introduced Campbell to Lady Blessington. The acquaintance commenced inauspiciously. There was a coolness in it from the beginning, which soon made it very evident to both parties there was no cordiality between them to be expected. The lady, who was disappointed with Byron at her first interview with him, was not very likely to be delighted with Campbell—a most *shivery* person in the presence of strangers—or to have her *beau ideal* of the poetic character and outward appearance of a bard realized by an elderly gentleman in a curly wig, with a blue coat and brass buttons, very like an ancient mariner out of uniform, and his native element being on shore.

Campbell, on the other hand, had a sort of instinctive apprehension of any person who was supposed to be an admirer of Byron, and he could not divest his mind of the idea that Lady Blessington did not duly appreciate his own merits. After dining at Seamore place twice, I believe, and freezing her ladyship with the chilliness of his humor, the acquaintance dropped, and left no pleasing recollections on the minds of either of the parties. Lady Blessington occasionally indulged in strictures on the vanity and the selfishness of Byron; Campbell frequently broke out into violent invective and very unmeasured abuse of his brother bard after his death. But Lady Blessington could not bear any one to speak disparagingly of Byron in any respect but herself; and there was always a large quantity of eulogy mingled with her small amount of censure. But that was not

the case with Campbell. He could see nothing to admire, to pity, or to spare in Byron.

LETTER FROM THOMAS CAMPBELL TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"May 19th, 1832. Sussex Chambers, Duke Street, St. James's Square.

"DEAR MADAM,—I have no engagements for a month to come, excepting for Monday and Thursday next. On Monday I have a very long-standing and particular engagement, otherwise I should break it with no scruple to accept your ladyship's invitation. How unfortunate it is for me to have been engaged. I must not be too pathetic over my misfortune, for that might seem to be saying, 'I pray you ask me some other day,' and that would be very saucy, though it would be very sincere.

"But it can not be forwardness to thank you most gratefully for speaking so kindly of my works.

"With great respect, I remain, your ladyship's obliged and faithful servant,

"THOMAS CAMPBELL."

"If poets only were allowed to pronounce sentence on poets, we are afraid the public would often endeavor to apply to a higher court for a new trial, on the ground of the misdirection of the judge, or on the verdict brought against the evidence; and this will be found to be the case, even when very high powers and capabilities are found on the judgment-seat." Those very truthful words were spoken by a generous-minded and a manly-thinking writer—Eliot Warburton—in relation of some disparaging remarks of Goldsmith on the odes of Gray.\*

B. W. PROCTOR, Esq. (BARRY CORNWALL).

A variety of detached poems, of various merit, and many of them of the highest, constitute the claims of this most amiable and accomplished man to literary reputation. Some years ago he was appointed to the office of Commissioner of Lunatic Asylums.

A lady well acquainted with him, whose observations on some others of the celebrities of Gore House I have already quoted, thus speaks of Barry Cornwall: "One of the kindest, gentlest, and most amiable of natures; a warm, true, and indefatigable friend; an excellent family-man, and in all his rela-

\* Memoirs of H. Walpole, &c., vol. ii., p. 150.

tions guileless and simple as a child. His writings, principally in verse, and some charming prose sketches of his, likewise partake, for the most part, of the gentle spirit of the man, with much of playfulness and phantasy; but at times they rise into a tragic force and graphic energy. Some of his descriptions, of scenes in the dark dens of London crime and vice, are very forcible and dramatic."

The English epitaph on the tomb of Lady Blessington was written by Barry Cornwall.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM B. W. PROCTOR, ESQ. (BARRY CORNWALL), TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"28th January, 1833.

"Your little letters always find me grateful to them. They (little paper angels, as they are) put devils of all kinds, from blue down to black, to speedy flight."

"4th February, 1836.

"Your little notes come into my Cimmerian cell here like starlits shot from a brighter region—pretty and pleasant disturbers of the darkness about me. I imprison them (my Ariels) in a drawer, with conveyances and wills, &c., and such sublunary things, which seem very proud of their society. Yet, if your notes to me be skyey visitors, what must this *my* note be to *you*? It must, I fear, be an evil genius."

"17th April, 1836.

"I am vexed—more than I can express—at the hurry of your publishers. I do not like that a book of yours should go to press without some contribution from me; yet I am so circumstanced as literally to be unable, for some days, to do any thing that is worth your acceptance. I have tried once or twice to hammer out some verse for you, but I am generally so jaded by my day's work as to be unfit for any thing except stupid sleep. I am not visited even by a dream."

[No date.]

"So poor Miss Landon is dead! What a fate! She went to certain death. No one ever lived on that dreadful coast, except men of iron, who have been dipped and tempered in every atmosphere till nothing could touch them."

[No date.]

"I am glad to hear that you enjoy in prospect your garden. You may safely do so. Nature is a friend that never deceives us. You may depend

upon it that her roses will be genuine, and that the whisper of your trees will contain neither flattery nor slander.”

“18th December, 1839.

“How is it that you continue to go on with so untiring a pen? I hope you will not continue to give up your nights to literary undertakings. Believe me (who have suffered bitterly for this imprudence), that nothing in the world of letters is worth the sacrifice of health, and strength, and animal spirits, which will certainly follow this excess of labor.”

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#### CHAPTER XIV.

JOSEPH JEKYLL, ESQ., F.R.S., L.F.S.A.

IT is passing strange how little is to be known, a few years after their decease, of persons greatly celebrated for their wit and humor while flourishing in society, and courted and petted by the literary circles and coteries of their time. The reputation of a mere man of wit, without any concomitant claims to distinction, whether as an author, an artist, an orator, in the senate, at the bar, or in the pulpit, is of small value. There is no element of immortality in it. It is more than strange, it is truly surprising, how men of wit, genuine, exuberant, irrepressible, spiritual men, who in society eclipse all other men of letters and remarkable intelligence by the brilliancy of their conversation, the smartness of their repartees, and the extraordinary quickness of their apprehension, once they cease to throw intellectual somersaults for society to divert it, and make fun for its lords and ladies, and other celebrities, their services are forgotten, all interest in their personal concerns are lost; there is no obligation to their memories; the privileged people of fashion and literature *à la mode*, who thronged round them with admiration in their days of triumph, are missing when they are borne to the tomb, or cease to be funny or prosperous, or in vogue. No man of wit of his time was more talked of and admired than Jekyll. The court that was paid to him, the homage that was yielded to him, were sufficient to lead one to believe that his memory would live long after him; yet a few years had not elapsed after his decease before he was forgotten.

It would seem to be the same with great wits as with eminent vocalists and musicians: while their peculiar talent is being displayed, while the performance in which they play may last, their talent is fully appreciated; but no sooner is the exhibition over and the performance at an end, than it becomes a matter of the utmost indifference to the public whether the person to whom they owe so much enjoyment has fallen into sickness and infirmity, or is of the living or the dead. No book of Jekyll's has found its way into publicity; no writings of any value have turned up among his papers.

During the latter years of his life he was confined to his house by gout, and during that period Lady Blessington was in the habit of visiting him regularly. She enjoyed exceedingly his society and conversation, the brilliancy of which remained unimpaired by his great age and grievous bodily infirmities.

“Mr. Jekyll was the son of a captain in the Navy, and was descended from Sir Joseph Jekyll, Master of the Rolls in the reign of George the First. He was educated in Westminster school, and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he took the degree of M.A. in 1777. He was called to the bar in 1778. He practiced in the Western Circuit and in the Court of King's Bench.”\*

He entered Parliament in 1787, on the popular interest, in opposition to the Lansdowne family. He attached himself to the Whig party, and voted with Mr. Grey in favor of Reform. So early as 1782, he made himself known to the reading public as the author of a Memoir, and the editor of the letters of “Ignatius Sancho” (in 2 vols. 8vo), the African of intellectual celebrity who corresponded with Johnson, Sterne, and Garrick. Mr. Jekyll became a fellow of the Royal Society and of the Society of Antiquaries in 1790. But it was not his legal, literary, scientific, or antiquarian attainments which gained a reputation for Mr. Jekyll. His ready wit and talent for repartee, his cleverness for hitting off grotesque resemblances of things naturally dissimilar, of seizing on droll peculiarities, salient outlines, and odd circumstances, and making them the subject of sparkling bon-mots and sprightly epigrams, gained him, not only in society,

\* Gentleman's Magazine, 1837, August, p. 208.

but at the bar, the character of a man of brilliant wit. He was not only witty himself, and the legitimate parent of an innumerable offspring of witticisms, but the putative father of every thing really funny and spirituelle which could not be traced to its true origin.

In 1805, Mr. Jekyll's merits as a humorist became known to the Prince of Wales. He was appointed attorney general to the prince, was made king's counsel, and also a Commissioner of Lunatics.

Mr. Jekyll held the office for many years of Treasurer of the Society of the Temple, and it was under his directions the venerable hall and celebrated church underwent very important and extensive repairs. In 1811 he published a work in 4to, entitled "Facts and Observations relating to the Temple Church, and the Monuments contained in it."

Jekyll, like Dr. Johnson, gloried in London life. He said, "If he were compelled to live in the country, he would have the approach to his house paved like the streets of London, and would have a hackney-coach to drive up and down all day long." Doctor Johnson's great dogma, "Sir, the man who is tired of London is tired of his existence," was ever held by him; and in the exuberance of his metropolitanism, he had a sort of reverential feeling even for the stones of London, which would have made the name even of M'Adam odious to him, had he lived a few years later. He agreed with his friend James Smith in most things, but in one thing he entirely concurred with him in opinion, namely, that "London is the best place in summer, and the only place in winter."

In short, he never went out of town, that, like Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, he did not "miss the roar of London."

Mr. Jekyll married, about 1803, the daughter of Colonel Hans Sloane, M.P. for Lostwithiel, and with that lady obtained a very considerable fortune.

He died the 8th of March, 1837, aged eighty-five years, at his residence in New Street, Spring Gardens.

Jekyll's wit in conversation must have been more effective than that of Sydney Smith, and Curran's more marvelously suc-

cessful than that of either. Byron, no bad judge of merit of this kind, awarded the palm of excellence to the wit of Curran in conversation over that of all the men of humor and repartee he had ever met. But in composition Sydney Smith surpassed the whole of them in genuine humor and felicitous irony. He had a higher purpose, moreover, to serve in his writings than any of his contemporary facetious friends in their conversation, with one exception, that of Charles Lamb. The excellencies of Sydney Smith have been well observed in the following observations :

“ What Channing is to the democracy of America, with his sober, sustained, and clear dialectic, Sydney Smith is to the tribes of Noodledom, with his irony, his jeering, and his felicitous illustrations. It is his, pre-eminently, to abash those who are case-hardened against grave argument, and to wring the withers of the very numerous and *respectable* class who,

“ ‘ Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,  
Are touched and shamed by ridicule alone.’

There are thousands upon thousands whose intelligence is not to be awakened to the perception of wrong by the force of an elenchus, unless, like a wasp, it carries a sting in its tail—who perceive nothing false that is not at the same time obviously absurd. To all such Sydney Smith is an apostle ; be they as bigoted and as obtuse as they may, he breaks through the barriers of their inapprehensiveness, presents them with a vivid and well-defined idea, and leaves them without a ‘ word to throw to a dog.’ Could the people of these realms (that singularly disintegrated aggregate of discordant sects, factions, castes, corporations, and interests, by courtesy called a nation) be redeemed from their prejudices, their hypocrisies, and their sophisms, from their plausibilities, and their downright nonsense, and brought back into the sphere of a manly common sense, Sydney Smith is just the man to have helped them to the change. His wit, like the spear of Ithuriel, has started many a concealed misleader of the people ; and the false and the fraudulent, who in their panoply of speeches and pamphlets thought themselves



sylogism-proof, have been pierced through and through by the lightest of his well-pointed jokes.”\*

The excellencies of Charles Lamb have been elegantly and generally eulogized by W. S. Landor, in a letter to Lady Blessington, from which the following extract is taken :

“I do not think that you ever knew Charles Lamb, who is lately dead. Robinson took me to see him.

“Once, and once only, have I seen thy face,  
Elia ! once only has thy tripping tongue  
Run o'er my heart, yet never has been left  
Impression on it stronger or more sweet.  
Cordial old man ! what youth was in thy years,  
What wisdom in thy levity, what soul  
In every utterance of thy purest breast !  
Of all that ever wore man's form, 'tis thee  
I first would spring to at the gate of Heaven.

I say *tripping* tongue, for Charles Lamb stammered and spoke hurriedly. He did not think it worth while to put on a fine new coat to come down and see me in, as poor Coleridge did, but met me as if I had been a friend of twenty years' standing ; indeed, he told me I had been so, and showed me some things I had written much longer ago and had utterly forgotten. The world will never see again two such delightful volumes as ‘The Essays of Elia ;’ no man living is capable of writing the worst twenty pages of them. The Continent has Zadig and Gil Blas, we have Elia and Sir Roger de Coverley.”

LETTERS FROM JOSEPH JEKYLL, ESQ., TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

“Spring Gardens, July 12th, 1822.

“Rogers tells me of ‘Magic Lanterns and Sketches.’ You are as false as fair, and send me no copy, though perhaps you think I died last spring, and had plenty of noble authors in the other world. Your ladyship's, while alive, most truly,  
JOSEPH JEKYLL.”

“Spring Gardens, July 22d, 1822.

“A thousand thanks for the delightful little books ; I return one, and cherish the other.

“Fortune is a lavish jade. She might have contented herself in bestowing beauty ; but she grew extravagant, and threw talents and taste into the bargain.  
JOSEPH JEKYLL.”

“Spring Gardens, January 16th.

“Never did any Amphitryon of ancient or modern times furnish so delicious a plate.

\* Literary Gazette.

"Never was sent a more beautiful memento of that scarce commodity, a bosom friend : she shall soon be thanked in person. J. JEKYLL."

"Spring Gardens, December 17th.

"Don't think me a barbarian because I have not fallen at your feet ; but, on my return to town, the gout amused me for a fortnight, and though I am well again, yet hardly heroic enough for a morning visit ; but the good time will come. JOSEPH JEKYLL."

"Spring Gardens.

"You would have seen me long before now, but the horrible east wind, a fortnight ago, encored an interlude of the gout. It was not severe, but the weather is still so cold that I cling to my household gods, though entirely recovered.

"*Vive la vaccine.* Beauty should

"Make assurance doubly sure,  
And take a bond of Fate."

JOSEPH JEKYLL."

"Monday.

"Sincere thanks to my kind and good friend for her inquiries ; the gout has confined me to my chamber for a week, attacked the right arm, and, as you see, 'my right hand hath lost its cunning ;' but convalescence, I flatter myself, has commenced, and, though its process be rather tedious, yet I hope it will not be long before I am visible, and then, that you will come and look at yours ever, JOSEPH JEKYLL."

"Spring Gardens, November 2d.

"My dear friend, and a better one than yours in the 'Keepsake,' how do you do ?

"Like other idiots, I went once or twice into the country, as it is called ; and then I had an *amourette* with the gout, and was lame at morning visits.

"But I begin to hobble gracefully, and must soon come to you for what the Indians call 'a talk,' and to learn when your Beauty is to be public.

"JOSEPH JEKYLL."

"Spring Gardens, June 13th.

"The horrible extinguisher, dear lady, annihilated yesterday, and, seeing no chance of survivorship, I fled, exclaiming, with the Emperor Titus,

"'I have lost a day !'

Lord Dover's Dissertation is uninteresting, and he leaves the mystery much as he found it. JOSEPH JEKYLL."

"Spring Gardens, Saturday.

"I forgot to send yesterday a little unpublished sketch, which you will read

and return. I send it because it alludes to the Countess Guiccioli, and your ladyship's account of her.

"It is written by a friend of my son, Mr. Hayward, a clever young barrister and linguist, who has lately translated with success the 'Faust' of Goethe—*en attendant*, 'The Friends,' with impatience. JOSEPH JEKYLL."

"Spring Gardens, Friday.

"A thousand grateful hymns to la belle and bonne Samaritaine for her repeated kindness.

"My enemy has fled, but a Parthian arrow, in his flight, left me, of course, disabled on the field, and I have now only to subdue that inveterate *indolence* which loves to luxuriate in the repose of my chamber, 'and laugh at ease in Rabelais's easy chair.'

"But I shall soon achieve this victory, and when I accomplish it, one glimpse of Lady B—— will perfect my restoration.

"D'Orsay, too, called yesterday. Pray thank him for me.

"JOSEPH JEKYLL."

"Spring Gardens, January 1st, 1832.

"The apparent guilt, dear Lady, shall be expiated on Saturday next.

"JOSEPH JEKYLL."

"Spring Gardens, November 25th.

"Thanks for indeed a Book of Beauty. Our painters, enamored of the editress, naturally became bosom friends, and, like scientific zoologists, follow Cuvier in classing belles as mammalia of the highest interest, as they have eclipsed Sir Peter Lely's busts for Charles II. Yours ever, J. JEKYLL."

"Spring Gardens, January 2d, 1832.

"In consequence of a discovery that I could hobble, I have been inundated these three days by invitations to dinner, though I had determined and promised that my first *sortie* should be to Seamore Place.

"But if you will give me soup any day after Thursday next, I shall be delighted to come to you. JOSEPH JEKYLL."

"Romsey, September 19th, 1833.

"How kind and considerate to launch a letter from the prettiest *main possible* in the world, and relieve the monotony of a chateau by 'quips and cranks' as interesting as the 'wreathed smiles' I enjoy in Seamore Place.

"Yet I have as many *agremens* here as content me: a good library—total uncontrol, and daily gratitude to William Rufus for the drives he left me in the New Forest.

"Thanks for the royal talk—we had at the bar a learned person, whose legs and arms were so long as to afford him the title of *Frog Morgan*. In

the course of an argument, he spoke of our natural enemies, the French ; and Erskine, in reply, complimented him on an expression so personally appropriate.

“ We breathe here an imperial atmosphere : one queen sailed away, and the embryo of another reigns in the Isle of Wight, who endures royal salutes from a yacht-club every half hour.

“ The French admiral, Mackau, squalled horribly at Cherbourg when he found himself invaded by a squadron of *Cowes*. They have swamped the pretty town of Southampton with a new *pier*, though they had Lord Ashton, an old Irish *peer*, residing there, whom they might have repaired for the purpose.

“ Sydney Smith was asked what penalty the Court of Aldermen could inflict on Don—Key for bringing them into contempt by his late escapade.

“ He said, ‘ Melted butter with his turbot for a twelvemonth instead of lobster sauce.’

“ I was asked gravely if Quinine was invented by Doctor Quin.

“ In poor Galt’s Autobiography, I find a scene at your *soirée* between Grey and Canning, and I find in Byron’s attack on Southey great fulmination against your correspondent Landor.

“ No matter who deserts London ; for, with such imaginative powers, you are never alone, and, I am sure, often by no means so solitary as you wish—though I suppose even the Bores have ceased to infest ——— House.

“ I left you among thieves, as the Levite did of old the stranger, and had no hope that Bow Street would play the Samaritan.

“ I am a fatal visitor to dowager peeresses, for, while I was lunching with Lady Ellenborough, a rogue descended her area for silver forks. A toady of old Lady Cork, and [     ], whom she half maintains, complained to me of her treatment : ‘ I have,’ she said, ‘ a very long chin, and the barbarous countess often shakes me by it.’

“ It seemed without remedy, as neither the paroxysm nor chin could be shortened.

“ The zephyrs and landscape agree with me better than I expected. But the mind begins to stagnate, as you will suspect by these *Matinées du Château*. But gratitude and affection are in full bloom, and totally yours.

“ JOSEPH JEKYLL.”

“ Spring Gardens, Wednesday, June 22d.

“ Don’t upbraid me, for I am so lame and so sensitive, that I have not inflicted two morning visits any where since I did homage to Seamore Place.

“ On Friday I will pay my vows to a brace of fair countesses, who have been immortalized by the adoration of wits and poets. JOSEPH JEKYLL.”

“ Spring Gardens, Thursday.

“ No love lost between us. This cursed gout has vanished, but left me so

lame, that, though I have limped into my carriage these last two days with difficulty, I can not yet lay the flattering unction to 'my sole' of a visit to my delightful friend.

"Guess my horror at discovering that, in spite of the new Anatomy Bill, they had burked your 'Beauties.' Do you know who is your dissector? Tell him I will give any sum for so charming a skeleton, or the least portion of your heart, if the whole be not already disposed of. JOSEPH JEKYLL."

"Spring Gardens, November 7th.

'I should have been at your ladyship's feet before now if the rascally gout had not disabled mine soon after my return to town, ten days ago. But I am convalescent already.

"Why is there no more Byron in the 'New Monthly'?"

"James Smith sends me a smart epigram on the two famous gunsmiths.

"JOSEPH JEKYLL."

"Spring Gardens, Tuesday.

"I have not yet dined out, though convalescent; but there is no resisting your invitation for Sunday, pressed as it was so powerfully and kindly by D'Orsay. My son will be happy to accompany me.

"My blushes on the last 'New Monthly' have not yet vanished. The style rivals De Staël, and poor Byron seems to say from his grave,

"After my death, I wish no other herald,  
No other speaker of my living actions,  
To keep mine honors from corruption,  
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith."

"The W. Gell most interesting—many thanks.

JOSEPH JEKYLL."

"Spring Gardens, September 24th.

"My delightful friend, I thought, was as inveterate a metropolitan as myself, and it petrified me to read that she was betting at Doncaster, but, as usual, '*winning golden opinions*' from all sorts of men.

"It had before puzzled me to see that the bedchamber window was closed when I threw my eyes up from the park,

"My custom ever in the afternoon."

The 'damask cheek' had deserted the pillow, and the interesting night-cap had been sacrificed to the interested handicap.

"Yesterday was unlucky, as I drive about till five. But I am very well, and very lame, and as fond of you as ever. JOSEPH JEKYLL."

"Spring Gardens, Monday.

"Colds, catarrhs, &c., the usual compliments of the season, in addition to my customary *lame* excuses, have prevented a morning visit, which I am too sensible to bestow on any body but yourself.

“Your good taste, like Falstaff’s wit, I find is also ‘the cause of good taste in others.’ You have made Jack Fuller a Mecænas of science. He has founded a Professorship of Chemistry at the Royal Institution, and struck a gold medal of himself, one of which, I have no doubt, now reposes on your beautiful bosom.

JOSEPH JEKYLL.”

“Spring Gardens, December 27th, 1833.

“It is time I should give my charming friend a bulletin.

“The gout has inflicted no greater severity than imprisonment, which, to a lame, lazy, literary lounge, is no very important grievance. However, as the enemy has now retreated, I must soon abandon the invaluable quietism of my chamber, and proclaim myself visible to that pack of Cossacks yclept morning visitors. Thrice in vain has the hippopotamus, Jack Fuller, bellowed at my gate.

“It refreshes me to see the ‘Conversations’ in a handsome octavo, which will challenge a place in every library.

“If there be any thing of your pen in the new ‘Keepsake,’ lend it me. The courtesy of Mansel Reynolds used to send it, but I prohibited the continuance of his costly present, as I was not a contributor. The inclosed pompous diploma, with its brilliant list, was sent me lately from Paris, and remains unanswered. It seems an effort to resemble our Royal Society.

“Can you or D’Orsay tell me how it has originated, or give me an outline of M. Cæsar Moreau, who appears to be the principal actor?

“JOSEPH JEKYLL.”

#### JACK FULLER.

This old London celebrity of some thirty years ago, an eccentric humorist of large means and dimensions, was John Fuller, Esq., with the world outside his circle, but “Jack,” sometimes “Old Jack,” occasionally “honest Jack Fuller,” with his friends and familiars.

Good living, pleasant society, and music to match, were the enjoyments of the latter days of the original, who obtained from his kind friend Jekyll the pet name of “the Hippopotamus,” for by this endearing designation he speaks of old Jack Fuller.

In the possession of a large fortune, he lived wholly for his enjoyments for some years before his death. He was in the habit of having concerts at his house, in Devonshire Place, on Sunday evenings, generally by young amateur performers, or young persons studying vocal and instrumental music at the Academy of Music; and his musical soirées were occasionally attended by ladies, frequently by Lady Blessington.

## LETTERS FROM "JACK FULLER" TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Devonshire Place, January 6th, 1832.

"Mr. Fuller presents his compliments to Lady Blessington. He dines at half after five, and never dines out, otherwise he would have had great pleasure in meeting his old friend Mr. Jekyll, who in a long life has been the source of so much pleasure and amusement to the present age."

"February 13th, 1832.

"Inclosed is Mr. Hatchet's kind letter to me, who is one of the vice-presidents of the parochial schools at Chelsea. Perhaps it would be for the best to let him choose that school which is the easiest to be had, and for which he will lay himself under the least obligation.

"I remain sincerely yours,

J. FULLER."

"I called this morning to thank you for the present of your portrait, and to say that if you are not going into the country, and can look in for a moment only on Sunday evening, it will be doing great service to my juvenile band, Miss Stephens's nephews and nieces, in giving them the sanction of your support, and, possibly, recommendation. If the author of the poems published in the 'Gems' is a protégée of yours, and requires separate publication for them, I will subscribe to them with much pleasure, but in any other case I have determined to purchase no other work till it is actually finished, I have so many scraps of work lying about me.

J. FULLER."

[No date.]

"I send you a brace of pheasants, in order to have an opportunity of inquiring after yours and your sister's health, and at the same time to assure you how much the public feel indebted to you for your continued literary labors in London during one of the finest summers ever known, for the purpose of their edification and instruction, and I have the honor to remain, with my kindest compliments to your sister, &c.,

J. FULLER."

"Devonshire Place, May 26th, 1833.

"I shall have a little music here this evening, and if you and Count D'Orsay will look in between nine o'clock and ten, I shall be very happy to see you.

"The Smiths, who will be here, distinguished themselves much at a concert the other evening, at which Pasta and Farrelli sang, and I know you to be an encourager of rising genius and merit: they are nieces to Miss Stephens.

J. FULLER."

"Rosehill, Sussex, July 25th, 1833.

"I send you by the Hastings coach the fore quarter of the finest buck I have

killed this year. No viands can possibly contribute to your own personal and mental charms, but this may be of service in increasing the conviviality of your friends, which will always give great pleasure to JOHN FULLER."

THE HON. W. R. SPENCER.

William Robert Spencer was born in January, 1770, in Kensington Palace. He was the youngest son of Lord Charles Spencer, and nephew of the Duke of Marlborough.

He was educated chiefly at Harrow, for some time was under the care of Dr. Parr, and completed his education at Oxford. From earliest youth he manifested an intense love of literature; some good evidences of this passion are to be found in his translations from Euripides, when he was at Harrow, only fourteen years of age.

Of his wonderfully retentive memory he gave a proof at Oxford, by undertaking for a wager, which he won, to learn off by heart an entire newspaper. There is hardly a more remarkable or lamentable instance to be found of the prematureness of talent than that of the Hon. W. R. Spencer. He was not only a good classical scholar, but he had a perfect knowledge of German, French, and Italian.

One of his earliest productions was a spirited translation of Burgher's "Leonora," published in 1796, a production which Walter Scott thought of very highly. He wrote a comedy in two acts, called "Urania, or the Illuminée," which was performed with success at Drury Lane Theatre in 1802. This piece was a burlesque on German spectral literature. In 1811 he published a volume of poems, including "Leonora." For the production of those occasional epigrammatic lines which are called "Vers de Sociétés" he had a great facility; and to those lively pieces, the *agremens* of his conversational talents, and his fine classical taste and literary attainments, he was indebted for his popularity in all circles, and to his winning manners, and amiable, accommodating disposition, for something more than mere admiration of cleverness and person, for affectionate regard and esteem. Lady Blessington hardly did him justice in a notice of him in his latter days.



The wit, the poet, the pet of English fashionable society for nearly a quarter of a century, in 1828 is described by her as a wreck of humanity, fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, depressed in spirits, dull in conversation, addicted to unpoetical indulgences. The courtly muse, she observes, had abandoned her spoiled child. The author of those graceful poems, sparkling with wit and imagery, those favorite "*Vers de Société*" which once found a place in every boudoir, now presented a mournful spectacle of decayed powers, mental and physical; his once bright eyes glazed and lustreless, his cheeks sunken and pale, yet straining and wearying his declining powers with efforts to be facetious that were unsuccessful, forced, and ineffectual.

Mr. Spencer died in Paris on the 23d of October, 1834. His remains were removed from Paris to Harrow, and interred in the church of that place, which he so much loved. The inscription there truly states :

"Once a distinguished poet, a profound scholar,  
a brilliant wit, and a most accomplished gentleman—  
now, alas! removed from the sight of men—  
is interred where he passed the happiest days of his life,  
his early days of youth and hope,  
deeply lamented by those friends  
who knew his worth, and kindness of his heart,  
and the real excellence of his nature."

LETTER FROM W. R. SPENCER, ESQ., TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Hotel Windsor, Rue Rivoli, November 5th.

"MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—I have been ages wishing to see you; pray let me see you this evening, and allow me to present to you two very interesting persons, first cousins of poor B. North's, Mr. and Miss Poulter. He is a very agreeable person, and she a prodigy of learning and talent, and, withal, perfectly amiable. You well know that all these advantages are not incompatible with each other. Miss Poulter would say to you on that subject, 'Nosce te ipsam.' I hope D'Orsay will be at home.

"Ever yours most faithfully,

W. R. SPENCER."

HENRY LUTTRELL, ESQ.

Henry Luttrell, one of the *habitués* and most favored of the circle of the literati, wits, and bookish people of Holland House, the intimate friend of the late lord, was the contemporary of the

celebrities of that known place of literary resort in the palmiest days of its intellectual society some thirty years ago—of Rogers, Campbell, Moore, and a vast number of eminent persons, of whom very few indeed are now in existence.

To brilliant wit, ever prompt and effective in its display, a cultivated mind, a fine taste, graceful style of writing, and peculiarly pleasing and impressive conversational talents, Luttrell added much kindness of heart and urbanity of manners, amiability of disposition, and sound good sense. He delighted in society, and was the delight of it. He was ever a welcome and honored guest at the houses he frequented.

“I know no more agreeable member of society than Mr. Luttrell,” says Lady Blessington. “His conversation, like a limpid stream, flows smoothly and brightly along, revealing the depths beneath its current, now sparkling over the objects it discloses, or reflecting those by which it glides. He never talks for talking sake. . . . The conversation of Mr. Luttrell makes me think, while that of many others only amuses me.”\*

Luttrell, who was not only celebrated for his wit, and remarkable for that species of wisdom derived from a perfect knowledge of the world, acquired by extensive travel and observation, and a very intimate acquaintance with society, literature, and literary people, makes the following observation in the preface to his “*Letters to Julia*” (3d ed., London, 1822):

“Circumstances, in this lower world of ours, though not every thing, are assuredly a great deal, and have a more powerful influence on the popular estimate of character and conduct than those who are the most lavish of praise and blame appear to suspect, or it might somewhat restrain their prodigality in both. People are too often admired and found fault with by incompetent judges, like pictures, not on account of their real excellence or the want of it, but from the light, good or bad, in which they happen to be placed.”

Luttrell is frequently spoken of in Moore’s *Diary*; in August, 1820, his new work, “*Advice to Julia*,” is mentioned as “full of well-bred facetiousness, and sparkle of the very first water.”

\* *The Idler in France*, vol. ii., p. 116.

Elsewhere Moore says he has seen a journal kept by Luttrell while he was in Italy, which seemed to him very clever.

In the "Advice to Julia" we find some lines thus quoted and commented on :

"When roguery can not be kept under,  
Our pious statesmen share the plunder,  
And thus, extracting good from evil,  
Compound with God, and cheat the devil!"

Luttrell, taking up this Hudibrastic text, thus prays in rhyme :

"Oh that there might in England be  
A duty on hypocrisy!  
A tax on humbug, an excise  
On solemn plausibilities,  
A stamp on every man that canted!  
No—millions more, if these were granted,  
Henceforward would be raised or wanted."

The following notice of his decease appeared in the "Athenæum:"

"Mr. Henry Luttrell—a wit among lords and a lord among wits—died at his house at Brompton Crescent on the 19th of December, 1851, in the 81st year of his age. He was the friend of Sydney Smith and of Mr. Rogers, and the wit who set the table in a roar at Holland House when Whig supremacy in the patronage of letters was rather laughed at in political circles. Like many other men of reputation for happy sayings, his printed performances do little justice to the talents which he himself possessed. Yet there are wit and remarkable ease in a tripping style of versification in his 'Letters to Julia.'"<sup>\*</sup>

LETTER FROM HENRY LUTTRELL, ESQ., TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Holland House, Thursday, June 20th.

"MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—Many thanks for your kind present, which, being absent from home, I have but just received. To be so agreeably remembered by you is most flattering to me. I assure you that I shall reap both pleasure and profit from the perusal of your little work: I feel so satisfied, that I shall delay my harvest for as short a time as possible.

"Your very faithful and obliged  
HENRY LUTTRELL."

\* Athenæum, No. 1261, p. 1376.

## GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

Old George Colman *the younger* (to the end of his 74th year) terminated his facetious career in October, 1836, at his residence in Brompton Square. He was born in 1762. His father was a dramatist and a scholar, a joint proprietor and manager of the Haymarket Theatre. George the younger, who had been educated in Westminster school, in his boyhood was brought by his father into the company of Johnson, Gibbon, Goldsmith, and their most renowned associates. He was placed for some time in Christ Church, Oxford, and subsequently in King's College, Aberdeen, but his father's tastes and pursuits had more charms for him than hard studies in colleges. He began to write plays in 1781. In 1784 he made a Gretna Green marriage. His father, desirous of giving him a profession, entered him a student at Lincoln's Inn, and took chambers for him. A supply of law books that had belonged to Lord Bute was provided for him—Blackstone was particularly recommended to his attention—but George the younger had devoted all his attention to the composition of a musical comedy, called "A Turk or no Turk," which was acted in 1785. From 1786 to 1824, his career was one of incessant dramatic literary labor, of embarrassments and arduous struggles—lawsuits—theatrical squabbles—and at the close of 1807, of close acquaintance with bailiffs and the King's Bench. In 1824 he was relieved from his difficulties by an appointment, conferred on him by the crown, of Licenser and Examiner of Plays, the emoluments of which were upward of £300 a year.

The number of his comedies, farces, and musical dramas exceed thirty. Those of his father amounted to thirty-five. He published also various facetiæ in prose and verse: "My Nightgown and Slippers," in 1797; "Broad Grins," &c., in 1802; "Poetical Vagaries," in 1812, &c., &c.

## LETTER FROM GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ., TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"14th August, 1819.

"DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—I dined yesterday at General Grosvenor's, where his brother told me your ladyship had commissioned him to say that no

excuse would be admitted if I did not attend you and Lord Blessington on Sunday, and I informed him that I should be most happy in that honor.

"Now the impression on my mind was (I know not why) that Sunday se'night was the day intended.

"To have mistaken one Sunday for another, particularly while communicating with a parson, may be unpardonable in the opinion of the Church; but if to-morrow be the day intended, I must entreat your ladyship to afford me remission for my fine of non-attendance, for to-morrow I can not avoid dining out of town, in consequence of a promise which I am now absolutely obliged to fulfill.

"With kindest regards to Lord Blessington, I have the honor to be, dear madam, your ladyship's faithful and obedient servant, G. COLMAN."

## THEODORE HOOK.

Funny men, "diseurs des bons mots," smart sayers of good things, "fellows of wit and humor," always expected to be jocular in conversation, and rich and racy, "et toujours prêts," in anecdotal lore, are indispensable, even in the best circles of fashionable intellectual celebrities.

"Your professed wags are treasures to this species of company," says Sir Walter Scott.

Extremes meet by no means unfrequently in such circles.

These droll people, who have to "set the drawing-room in a roar" wherever they are invited, are not often remarkable for the very highest order of moral or intellectual excellence. The thing that is truly surprising in fashionable circles is how much of vulgar mechanism there is in the facetious performances which are produced for their intellectual entertainments; how theatrical-like is the *éclat* of the getting-up, and the coming-off of those amusements.

The lionizing propensity of people in fashionable and literary society had no commendation from Sir Walter Scott.

The Russian Princess Galizani, being in the heroic vein on the arrival of Sir Walter in Paris, sent to assure him, "Elle voulait traverser les mers pour aller voir, Sir W—— S——," &c.

"This is precious tom-foolery," quoth the good Sir Walter.

James Smith's account of the palmy days of "the Poet of Fashion" might serve for an illustration of those fleeting epochs

of success in fashionable society of all the tribe of humorists in high life.

“ His book is successful, he’s steep’d in renown,  
 His lyric effusions have tickled the town ;  
 Dukes, dowagers, dandies, are eager to trace  
 The fountain of verse in the verse-maker’s face ;  
 While, proud as Apollo, with peers *tête-à-tête*,  
 From Monday till Saturday dining off plate,  
 His heart full of hope, and his head full of gain,  
 The Poet of Fashion dines out in Park Lane.

Enroll’d in the tribe who subsist by their wits,  
 Remember’d by starts, and forgotten by fits,  
 Now artists and actors the bardling engage,  
 To squib for the journals, and write for the stage.”

The author of “ Sayings and Doings,” “ The Parson’s Daughter,” “ The Widow and the Marquis,” “ Gilbert Gurney,” “ Gurney Married,” “ Maxwell,” “ Jack Brag,” “ All in the Wrong,” “ Fathers and Sons,” “ Precepts and Practice,” “ Peregrine Bunce,” “ Horace Vernon,” &c., whose rich humor, ready wit, singular talent for repartee, and facility of improvising verse are so well known, occasionally frequented Gore House. Like many fellows of “ most excellent fancy,” “ went to set the table in a roar,” Hook—the humorist, all mirth and jocularly abroad—at home was subject to violent revulsions of feeling, to gusts of sadness, and fits of dejection of spirits, which temporary excitement, produced by stimulants, did not much tend to remedy or remove. The results of his disordered and embarrassed circumstances became too manifest to his private friends in impaired energies of mind and body, in his broken health, and depressed spirits, and furnished a melancholy contrast with the public exhibition of apparently irrepressible animal spirits, that rendered him a welcome guest at all tables.

Theodore Hook was the son of a celebrated organist and musical composer. He was born in 1788. In 1809 he made his appearance at Roll’s Theatre. He attended public dinners, improvising and reciting for a short time, and made his way eventually into the highest circles, where his wit and humor were greatly admired. He commenced writing for his bread before

he was of age. His first work was "The Man of Sorrow." In 1812, the lucrative situation of the Treasurership of the Mauritius was given to him, an office of nearly £2000 a year, for which he was wholly unsuited. His unfitness was soon discovered by a large deficit in his accounts; this led to the loss of his situation, and to heavy claims of government, and large liabilities, which continued hanging over him during his life. Hook, on his return to England, found a good market for his satirical talents; he sold them to his royal highness the Prince Regent, and gave the first value for the prince's patronage in a publication entitled "Tentamen," against the queen, espousing the cause of his patron prince against his royal highness's "greatest enemy," the queen.

Various publications of Hook's, advocating high Tory politics, appeared, but seem to have failed for his support. Again he took to the stage. In 1820 "The John Bull" was established. He became connected with it, and for many years he derived a clear income of £2000 a year from it. This paper was set up specially to abuse the queen's friends, against "*the Brandenburg House party*."

In 1824, "Sayings and Doings" were published: the several series produced altogether about £2000. "The Ramsbottom Letters" attracted universal attention.

"Maxwell" appeared in 1830. "Gurney," and the sequel to it, had a very large sale. "Jack Brag" did not succeed. "Births, Marriages, and Deaths," in 1839, was likewise unsuccessful. "Peregrine Bunce" was not more popular. He owned one half of "The John Bull," but sold his moiety for £4000 about 1830.

His embarrassments from this period went on from bad to worse—sometimes he was in actual want. The 13th of August, 1841, he died at Fulham. He ended his miserable career, worried to death by creditors, attorneys, and bailiffs.

After his death, all his effects were seized by the government for his Mauritius debt, and sold by auction. They realized the large sum of £2500.

He left five children. A sum of £3000 was subscribed for

his family. Few of his noble friends contributed: they refused on the grounds of his extravagance, &c.; their protest against it was coincident with their interests.

## LETTER FROM THEODORE HOOK.

‘Athenæum, Monday.

“DEAR MADAM,—I was on the point of writing to Mrs. Fairlie when I received your ladyship’s note, and therefore, in order to save time, will say *here* what I was about to say to her.

“It is neither unwillingness nor occupation (for all other business should be laid aside for that) which has hindered me from doing the lines, but absolute want of power to do them. I have tried over and over again, and can make nothing fit to be published.

“This is the plain, real truth, and I never regretted my own stupidity more earnestly; perhaps your ladyship will have the goodness to say this, and assure Mrs. Fairlie how happy I shall be to be of use in any other way to her publication, to which I wish all manner of success.

“Believe me to remain, dear madam, your ladyship’s faithful servant,

“THEODORE HOOK.

“P.S.—I have not the engraving in town, but it shall be sent to Gore House on Wednesday.”

## JAMES SMITH.

In the calendar of Saints it has been said there is no lawyer to be found. In the Martyrology there are, no doubt, a vast number of their clients; and probably, if we turn to Lactantius, we shall find in the long list of persecutors of the Church, in its richest days, many legal gentlemen and eminent English literati.

With respect to the category of poets, very many lawyers and jurists, and, what is more singular, London solicitors, nay, even conveyancers’ clerks, are to be found among the inditers of odes, lyrics, satires, and sentimental pieces, and miscellaneous writers.

James Smith was a London solicitor.

Proctor, alias Barry Cornwall, was a London solicitor.

Henry Neele, the author of various “Poems, dramatic and miscellaneous;” the editor of “Friendship’s Offering,” the author of “The Romance of History,” was a solicitor.

Sharon Turner, the Anglo-Saxon historian, who not only wrote, but published poems, was, in his early days, a London solicitor.

Among barristers, Blackstone, Sir John Davis, and Sir Will-



iam Jones, all flirted with the Muse. Sir Walter Scott was a clerk of the Court of Sessions when he wooed and became wedded to the divinity.

James and Horace Smith were the sons of Robert Smith, an eminent solicitor, who held for many years the office of Solicitor to the Ordnance. This gentleman was a member of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, "had an occasional dalliance with the Muse," and was one of those legal literati ever and anon

"Who pen a stanza when they should engross ;  
Compose by stealth, and blush to find themselves in print."

His eldest son, James, thus named after his maternal grandfather, James Boyle French, a wealthy London merchant, was born in that city in 1775. He was in early life placed at a school of some celebrity at Chigwell, in Essex, and there displayed considerable smartness, aptness to learn, and a very pranksome disposition.

On his removal from school he was articled to his father. He was subsequently taken into partnership, and eventually succeeded his father in business, and to his appointment of Solicitor to the Ordnance.

In 1801 he took a leading part in private theatricals, got up on a grand scale by a society called the Pic-Nic Club, established chiefly by Colonel Henry Greville, at the old Concert Rooms in Tottenham Street. The Pic-Nic Society was abused by the press. Colonel Greville established a weekly Pic-Nic paper for its defense, and his coadjutors were the two Smiths, Mr. Cumberland, Sir James Bland Burgess, Mr. Croker, Mr. J. C. Herries, and some others. The editor, Mr. Combe, a very eccentric person, of bookish habits, was the only salaried person connected with it. He resided in the rules of the King's Bench, and, for his convenience, the weekly meetings at Hatchard's were always held after dusk. "The Pic-Nic" paper merged into the "Cabinet;" and, like all merging of unsuccessful periodicals into others differently named, the change in the case of the "Pic-Nic" was only a verging to dissolution, which event took place in July, 1803.

James Smith manifested in his earliest writings a decided

tendency to parody and burlesque. He and his brother wrote many of the prefaces to a new edition of "Bell's British Theatre," published under the sanction of Cumberland's name.

From 1807 to 1810 the Smiths contributed to "The Monthly Mirror," in which periodical originally appeared, a little later, the poetical imitations entitled "Horace in London." "The Rejected Addresses," by the brothers, appeared in 1812—one of the luckiest hits in literature. "Judicial Anticipation, or Candidates for the new Judgeship," in 8vo, 1812; "Horace in London," in a separate form of publication, in 8vo, Smith published in 1813. James Smith was the author of "First Impressions," a comedy; "The Runaway," a novel, in 4 vols. 12mo; "Trevanion, or Matrimonial Errors," 4 vols. 12mo.

The authors of "the Rejected Addresses" have been gathered to their fathers some years. James died first. His brother Horace, whom I had the pleasure of knowing, resided in Brighton for many years before his death. The Smiths possessed the same description of talents; they were both humorists, ready witted, quick of perception, observant of character, prone to *envisager* every subject on the ridiculous side, tolerably acquainted with the classics, and intimately so with genteel society; they wrote verses with facility; they composed *jeux d'esprit* for literary and fashionable *conversazioni*; they read up ancient *ana* and *facetiæ*, of various times and climes, for dinner parties; they were the soul of London society twenty years ago. Horace was not only a man of wit, but a man of wealth. He dabbled in the stocks in the morning, and dallied with the Muses in the evening. Tom Campbell used to say of him, "Horace's odes were inspired by a divinity who dwelt in Bull Alley. His addresses to her never were rejected. She winked at his flirtations with the nine young women of Helicon." James Smith was a man of versatile talents, with a remarkable vivacity of mind and manner, quick in seizing ludicrous aspects of persons and things, excellent at repartee, but a little too fond in society of engrossing conversation, and, in all companies, of bringing in his old jokes and comic songs, in season and out of season.

Lady Blessington observed of James Smith that, "had he not

been a man of wit, he would have achieved a much higher reputation." He contented himself with the fame of "a fellow of excellent humor," which procured for him "a welcome reception wherever he went, and a distinguished position in society."

He contributed largely to Charles Mathews's Entertainments; his "clever nonsense" surpassed all other nonsense in cleverness. The merry conceits were more merry and less conceited than the quips and cranks of other professed jokers.

He was a man of singularly fascinating manners, excellent temper, and a cheerful, amiable disposition, with a comely aspect, and a dignified and manly carriage and deportment.

In the notice of James Smith, written by his brother Horace, prefixed to his "Memoirs, Letters, and Comic Miscellanies, in Prose and Verse," published in 1840, to which I am indebted for some of the information I have given, it is observed :

"In the wide circle of his London acquaintances, one of the houses at which he most delighted to visit was that of Lady Blessington, whose conversational powers he highly admired, and to whose 'Book of Beauty' he became a contributor. To this lady he was in the habit of sending occasional epigrams, and complimentary or punning notes." . . . "He liked to mingle with persons of celebrity, and at these houses his wish was seldom ungratified. Among his personal friends he had the highest regard for Count D'Orsay, not only adducing him as a specimen of a perfect gentleman, but often declaring that, in the delightful union of gayety and good sense, he was absolutely unrivaled."\*

For some years before his death he suffered a good deal from gout; he became a cripple; but, while hobbling on his crutches, or wheeled about in his Bath chair, he retained an almost youthful buoyancy of mind, referring with glee to the merry meetings of former times, indulging in his pleasant modes of jest and anecdote, or singing with his nieces from morning to night.

He died on the 24th of December, 1839, in his house in Craven Street, as he had lived, a merry bachelor, "with all the calmness of a philosopher," we are told, but of what school we

\* Memoirs of J. Smith, vol. i., p. 50.

are left in ignorance. Peace, however, to the ashes of James Smith, which are deposited in the vaults of St. Martin's Church.

Mr. Horace Smith died at Tunbridge, of disease of the heart, on the 12th of June, 1849, aged seventy. His principal works of fiction were "Brambletye House," "The Tor Hill," "Zillah," "Jane Lomax," and "Adam Brown."

Any person who has a remembrance of the scenes in Seamore Place when James Smith, Count D'Orsay, and Dr. Quin were the chief actors, and poor Monsieur Julien, le Jeune de Paris—the secretary, in the early days of the Revolution, of Robespierre—was an unconscious performer in those exceedingly comic exhibitions, which took place for the entertainment of Lady Blessington and her guests, may appreciate some observations of a very distinguished literary man, in a letter to Lady Blessington, in relation to D'Orsay's tact in drawing out *les petites ridicules* of peculiar people in society.

At a large assemblage of celebrities, including Dickens and Forster, at Gore House, on one occasion, there was a remarkable display of D'Orsay's peculiar ingenuity and successful tact in drawing out the oddities or absurdities of eccentric or ridiculous personages, mystifying them with a grave aspect, and imposing on their vanity by apparently accidental references of a gratulatory description to some favorite hobby or exploit, exaggerated merit or importance of the individual to be made sport of for the Philistines of the fashionable circle, which exhibition is thus noticed by one of the parties present in a letter to Lady Blessington, dated April 13th, 1848:

"Count D'Orsay may well speak of an evening being a happy one to whose happiness he contributed so largely. It would be absurd, if one did not know it to be true, to hear D—— talk as he has done ever since of Count D'Orsay's power of drawing out always the best elements around him, and of miraculously putting out the worst. Certainly I never saw it so marvelously exhibited as on the night in question. I shall think of him hereafter unceasingly, with the two guests that sat on either side of him that night."

On an occasion similar to the one referred to, the scene of

which, however, was Seamore Place, among a large evening circle at Lady Blessington's, there were present James Smith, Monsieur Julien, and Dr. Quin.

Julien scarcely ever presented himself at Lady Blessington's that he was not called on to recite a dolorous poem, to which I have referred elsewhere, entitled "Mes Chagrins Politiques;" and poor Julien invariably considered himself, while thus compelled to recite his public sorrows, necessitated to weep and groan in a very dismal manner. There was one part of the poem, toward the conclusion, descriptive of his unsuccessful pursuit of happiness throughout his early revolutionary career—intended to be very pathetic, but which appeared to his audience to be ludicrously absurd—wherein he was supposed to be chasing the capricious fugitive, Happiness, in all directions; and these words were frequently and very vehemently repeated:

"Le bonheur! le voilà!  
Ici! Ici! La! La!  
En haut, en bas, en bas!"

At this particularly moving part of the *Chagrins*, Dr. Quin, a person of remarkably juvenile appearance for his years, had entered the salon; the venerable figure of James Smith, with his fine bald forehead, and his crutch stick in his hand, was to be observed on one side of Julien, and the noble one of D'Orsay on the other. Julien had no sooner concluded, with the usual *applaudissemens*, than D'Orsay whispered something in the ear of Julien, pointing alternately to Quin and Smith. Julien, greatly moved, repeated the words aloud, "Ah, que c'est touchant! Ah, mon Dieu! Cet tendre amour filial comme c'est beau! comme c'est touchant!" Here D'Orsay, approaching Quin, and pointing to Smith, exclaimed, "Allez mon ami embrassez votre père! embrassez le, mon pauvre enfant!" Smith held out his arms—Quin looked very much amazed. D'Orsay approached him nearer, and in a *sotto voce* uttered some words, which were a kind of jocular formula he frequently used in addressing the doctor, "Ah, ce sacre Quin! Imbecille! Ah, qu'il est bête!" and then, sufficiently loud to be heard by Julien, "C'est toujours comme ça,

toujours comme ça ce, pauvre garçon—avant le monde il a honte d’embrasser son père.” Quin needed no further intimation of D’Orsay’s design. He sprang from his chair, made a desperate rush at Smith, and nearly capsized the poor old gouty man in the violence of his filial transports, and then, while they were locked in each other’s arms, tender exclamations were heard, frequently repeated, “Oh fortunate meeting! oh happy reconciliation! oh fond father! oh affectionate son!” And all this time D’Orsay was standing before them, overcome with apparent emotion, smiling blandly; while Julien, with his handkerchief to his eyes, kept gulping and sobbing, and crying out, “Ah, mon Dieu, que c’est touchant! pauvre jeune homme! pauvre père!”

This was one of the latest appearances and performances of James Smith in Seamore Place, and a very memorable one it was.

## LETTERS FROM JAMES SMITH TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

“27 Craven Street, Thursday, 14th February.

“DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—I write to return you my thanks for your obliging personal inquiries after my health, and I much regret that I was absent when you favored me by a visit. I had gone to the Union Club on a ballot; all the candidates, by a stretch of good humor very rare in these degenerate days, were admitted. It was observed that the College of Physicians made but a sorry sight (externally) compared with its neighbor, our newly-painted club. ‘Oh!’ quoth a wag, ‘the reason is obvious; they have painted theirs in distemper.’

“General Phipps called on me last Tuesday, and told me the following. Horace Smith walking with a friend at Brighton, the latter pointed out to the former the following inscription over a public house: ‘Good *Bear* sold here,’ commenting, at the same time, on the bad spelling. ‘Pooh!’ replied Horace, ‘he ought to know best—it’s his own *Bruin*.’ And now for my last.

“You ask me why *Pontefract* borough could sully  
Her fame by returning to Parliament Gully?  
The ethnological cause I suppose is,  
The breaking the *bridges* of so many noses.

“I have had an inflammation in my leg, which, however, Bransby Cooper has allayed. I mean that this limb, aided by its sound fellow, shall soon convey me to Seamore Place.

“Your ladyship’s faithful and devoted

JAMES SMITH.”

“Craven Street, 5th April.

“DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—Please to send me the portrait. My hand is daily improving, and I should like to have time to study the subject. I have not yet seen the ‘New Monthly.’ Has any scribbler, as Martial in London, animadverted upon your ‘Conversations with Lord Byron?’ The newspapers tell us that your ‘new carriage is very highly varnished.’ This, I presume, means your wheeled carriage. The merit of your *personal* carriage has always been, to my mind, its absence from all varnish. The question requires that a jury should be im-*paneled*.  
JAMES SMITH.”

“A COLLOQUY OF THE SUN AND MOON.

“Dear brother, quit with me the sky  
(Thus spoke the Queen of Night),  
And radiant walk the earth, while I  
Dispense my milder light.

On Malta’s rock I’ll take my stand,  
To calm the seamen’s fears;  
And you shall brilliantly command  
O’er barbarous Algiers.

Each godhead straight on earth alights,  
With such a potent blaze,  
That Malta long was ruled by *Nights*,  
And Algiers long by *Days*.  
JAMES SMITH.”

“27 Craven Street, Wednesday, 15th February.

“Many thanks for your message. I regret to learn that you have been unwell. I too am a sufferer from gout in my ankle and knee, which has confined me at home since yesterday.

“I have just seen a plan of the projected Richmond Rail-road, and find that it passes through your garden and the count’s: Tom Moore says ‘they may rail at this life;’ and Shylock talks of railing a seal off a bond; but to rail away half a garden is to imitate the Dragon of Wantley:

“‘Houses and churches  
Were to him geese and turkeys.’

“I am told Lord L—— has returned from Paris with a model of a wig. Have you seen him?

“B—— told Poole that he meant to call his new magazine ‘The Wit’s Miscellany;’ but that, thinking the title too ambitious, he altered it to ‘B——’s Miscellany.’ ‘Was not that going from one extreme to another?’ inquired Poole. Jerdan has withdrawn from the Garrick Club because the committee found fault with his noticing in his paper a dinner given to Charles Kemble. Considering the object, and the place of meeting (the Albion Tavern), I do not think it was much of a secret. General Phipps came up from Brighton to

canvass for his nephew, Augustus, last Monday, at the Athenæum, who got in, notwithstanding. There is a writer at Graham's whose sole business it is to pare the thumb nails of the members. This is pairing off without going to St. Stephen's. I have no more news.

JAMES SMITH."

"NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"30th April, 1836.

"You who erst, in festive legions,  
Sought in *May Fair Seamore* Place,  
Henceforth in more westward regions  
Seek its ornament and grace.

Would you *see more* taste and splendor,  
Mark the notice I rehearse—

Now at Kensington attend her—

'Farther on, you *may fare* worse.' JAMES SMITH."

"27 Craven Street, Friday, 19th June, 1835.

"When you next see your friend, Mr. Willis, have the goodness to accost him as follows :

"In England, rivers all are males—  
(For instance, Father Thames)—  
Whoever in Columbia sails,  
Finds there *mamselles* or dames.

Yes, there the softer sex presides,  
Aquatic, I assure ye :

And Mrs. Sippy rolls her tides  
Responsive to Miss Souri.

"Your ladyship's faithful and devoted servant, JAMES SMITH."

"27 Craven Street, Wednesday, 7th February, 1838.

"Many thanks for your kind inquiries. I have been confined to the house by gout and rheumatism for a month. My first visit abroad shall be to Gore House. How are you in health? The latest news with me is a letter from the widow of George Colman (late Mrs. Gibbs); they are about to put up a tablet in Kensington Church, and have asked me for an epitaph. I have sent her the following :

"Colman, the Drama's lord, the Muses' pride,  
Whose works now waken woe, now joy impart,  
Humor with pathos, wit with sense allied,  
A playful fancy, and a feeling heart ;  
His task accomplished, and his circuit run,  
Here finds at last his monumental bed.  
Take, then, departed shade, this lay from one  
Who loved thee living, and laments thee dead.

"Sincerely yours, JAMES SMITH."



## LINES ON MRS. GRAHAM IN THE COURT OF ALDERMEN.

Inclosed in a Letter to Lady Blessington.

“ She fell on a slope land,  
 Said Alderman Copeland.  
 That duke is a man sly,\*  
 Said Alderman Ansley.  
 He looks with a queer eye,  
 Said Alderman Pirie.  
 He tumbled out drolly,  
 Said Alderman Scholey.  
 Leaving her in the lurch,  
 Said Alderman Birch.  
 To get out as she could,  
 Said Alderman Wood.  
 Without leave or with,  
 Said Alderman Smith.  
 ’Twas funny fakings,  
 Said Alderman Atkins.  
 The heat made it warp,  
 Said Alderman Thorp.  
 She could not away get,  
 Said Alderman Heygate.  
 I felt for her then,  
 Said Alderman Ven-  
 Ables. Soon she came down,  
 Said Alderman Brown.  
 What baldness that duke has,  
 Said Alderman Lucas.  
 From air kept and son,  
 Said Alderman Thompson.  
 Terra firma for me,  
 Said Alderman Key.  
 I’ll not mount in aur—*i. e.*,†  
 Said Alderman Laurie.  
 I agree with you there, brother,  
 Said Alderman Farebrother.  
 I would not five inches stir,  
 Said Alderman Winchester.  
 Nor I, sir, I tell ye,  
 Said Alderman Kelly.  
 She tumbled a sow on,  
 Said Alderman Cowan.

\* The Duke of Brunswick, the companion of the æronaut.

† Aldermanic Latin, from the English word air.

I saw it the hills on,  
 Said Alderman Wilson.  
 You're talking too harsh all,  
 Said Alderman Marshall.  
 Your tone will alarm her,  
 Said Alderman Harmer.  
 Then hush, don't affront her,  
 Said Alderman Hunter.

JAMES SMITH.

"8th Sept., 1836."

"18 Austin Friars, Thursday morning.

"It will give me great pleasure to join your party at the Adelphi Theatre this evening, provided I can shake off a stiff neck, which I obtained by riding yesterday in a Paddington omnibus. The 'air' proceeded from a quarter uncongenial to singers, namely, from the back of the head in lieu of the inside of the throat. I, as a melodist, ought to have known that Horace long ago warned the sons of song from venturing in such vehicles—'*Omnibus hoc vitium est Cantoribus.*'

JAMES SMITH."

ALPHABETICAL ANSWER,

FROM J—— S—— TO LADY B——.

"8th January, 1836.

"Dear Lady B——,  
 'Twixt you and me  
 The difference all may tell.  
 Both canvas gain,  
 From artists twain,  
 Whose names begin with L.

But locks, I vow,  
 Adorn your brow,  
 By beauty's judges prized;  
 While bare to view,  
 And void of Q,  
 How bald appears my Y Z!

The River D  
 Runs to the C,  
 Expansive to the view;  
 Thus led by grace,  
 To Seamore Place  
 I always follow U.

Your style's so terse  
 In prose and verse,

No critic sting can trouble you ;  
 'Twould take a score  
 Of pens and more,  
 In grace of style to W.

As final grants,  
 Four consonants,  
 Fast dropping from my pen, see ;  
 To Nature's part  
 (Conjoined with art)  
 U O your X L N C !

JAMES SMITH."

"27 Craven Street, Monday, September 13th, 1836.

"Mrs. Torre Holme (whom we last night likened to Minerva) has a daughter Emily, now at Ramsgate, but soon to return to Shere. This premised, read the following :

"EMILY: A MYTHOLOGICAL SONNET.

"Round Thanet's cliff disputing naiads twine ;  
 Huge Triton on the billow sails his shell,  
 And yellow Ceres, on that face of thine  
 Gazing in fondness, sighs a sad farewell,  
 Oblivious of her long-lost Proserpine.  
 Nymphs elastic, heel and eye of fire,  
 Hygeia, Esculapius' daughter, now  
 Invokes for thee her death-averting sire,  
 And pours the cup of gladness on thy brow.  
 But hark ! maternal love from inland shire,  
 Jove's favorite daughter chides thy longer stay :  
 A goddess calls thee ; hearken and obey.  
 Severe Minerva bids thee halt not here,  
 And woos thee homeward to the shades of Shere.

"I have sent a copy of this to the goddess, apprising her of her installation.  
 "Your faithful and devoted  
 JAMES SMITH."

"Saturday (P.M., 1836).

"I send you a report.

"REX. v. WARD.

"This was an indictment for projecting a pier into the River Medina, at Cowes.—*Morning Herald*.

"Debrett the wondrous fact allows,  
 You'll find it printed in his book :  
 The pier that stemm'd the tide at Cowes,  
 Could only be *Lord Bull in brook*.  
 JAMES SMITH."

“27 Craven Street, Monday, 26th September, 1836.

“I have accidentally alighted upon the foundation of Madame de Staël’s ‘Corinne’—Dodsley’s Annual Register, 1776, Chronicle, p. 176, 31st August. ‘They have a custom at Rome of solemnly crowning extraordinary poetical genius in the Capitol: nor is the honor confined to men. Porfetti and Petrarch were the last Italian poets who obtained it. This day it was conferred on a young lady of the name of Morelli Fernandez, called *Corilla* Olympia by the Academy of the Arcades, who had long gained the admiration of Italy by her extempore verse on any subject proposed. She was conducted to the Capitol by the Contessas Cardelli, Dandini, and Ginessi. The Chevalier Jean Paul de Cinque placed the laurel upon her head,’ &c.

“I wish Madame de Staël had retained the original name. Corinne is debased (at least to English ears) by Swift’s Corinna, *Pride of Dunbar*, not to mention Curl’s Corinna.  
JAMES SMITH.”

EPIGRAM TO COMTE D’ORSAY.

“September 27th, 1837.

“From Mount Street, Phipps to distant Venice hies,  
 And breathes his last sigh on the Bridge of Sighs.                    J. S.”

LETTER FROM HORACE SMITH TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

“Tunbridge Wells, June 27th, 1843.

“DEAR MADAM,—Your ladyship’s last letter has been forwarded to me at this place, and I deeply regret to learn that you have been such a sufferer lately, both from ill health and the more trying privation of relations so dear to you. Most sincerely do I hope that your early convalescence, and the healing influence of time, will completely restore your usual spirits.

“Never having had the honor of seeing Lady Arthur Lennox, I fear that I could hardly do her justice in attempting to illustrate her portrait; and it would be a bad compliment to trust to my imagination for lines that can not be other than encomiastic.

“Not having my papers with me here, I have nothing to offer as a substitute, so I have scribbled a few lines of the prescribed shortness, which, if you think them worthy insertion in your Annual, are very much at your ladyship’s service. I have the honor to remain yours very faithfully,

“HORATIO SMITH.

“Youth, beauty, love, delight,  
 All blessings bright and dear,  
 Like shooting-stars by night,  
 Flash, fall, and disappear.

While cynics doubt their worth,  
 Because they’re born to die,  
 The wiser sons of earth  
 Will snatch them ere they fly.

Though mingled with alloy,  
 We throw not gold away ;  
 Then why reject the joy  
 That's blended with decay !

H. S."

## MONIMIA.

BY ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF "REJECTED ADDRESSES."

TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

[No date.]

"A sorrow has shadow'd thy heart,  
 A thorn in that bosom is set ;  
 Monimia, that sorrow impart ;  
 To speak is, in time, to forget.  
 When Sympathy soothes and it cheers,  
 The wounds of Affliction she cures ;  
 How freely a man of my years  
 May talk with a woman of yours !

I see that I truly have scann'd  
 The cause of thy sad discontent ;  
 That cheek that reclines on thy hand,  
 That dark eye on vacancy bent ;  
 Those lips in mute silence compress'd,  
 Those tresses dishevel'd that rove,  
 All speak of a feeling distress'd,  
 And tell me that feeling is love.

Alas ! that Adversity's storms  
 Thy happy horizon should cloud !  
 Envelop that noblest of forms,  
 That finest of faces enshroud.  
 To hear thee thy sorrow relate,  
 My long-dormant feelings hath wrung ;  
 I heed not the rich and the great,  
 But I feel for the lovely and young.

All tokens of memory shun ;  
 Those jewels, so tastefully set,  
 Seem but to remind you of one  
 Whom now 'tis your task to forget.  
 In frightful effulgence they gleam,  
 No longer imparting a grace ;  
 Like the vest of Alcides, they seem  
 To poison the form they embrace.

You smile at expressions like these,  
 At wisdom so threadbare and poor ;  
 And ask, since she sees the disease,  
 If Wisdom can point out a cure.  
 Ah, no ! such a cure is unknown ;  
 A theme too well known I pursue :  
 I once had a heart like your own—  
 I once was a lover, like you.

With an eye, while I write, filled with tears  
 At the long-faded passion of youth,  
 I look through a vista of years,  
 And scarcely believe it a truth.  
 Yet, though Love's enchantment I miss,  
 Mild Reason her solace has lent ;  
 I shrink from the palace of Bliss,  
 To thrive in the vale of Content."

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## CHAPTER XV.

CAPTAIN MARRYATT, R.N., C.B., AND CHEVALIER OF THE LEGION  
 OF HONOR, F.R.S. AND F.L.S.

CAPTAIN MARRYATT, born in London in 1792, was descended from one of the French refugees who settled in England after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He was the second son of Joseph Marryatt, Esq., an eminent West India merchant, Chairman of Lloyd's, and M.P. for Sandwich. "A little Latin and less Greek," a good deal of mathematics, and some "polite literature," more than sufficed for him when he entered the Navy in 1806 as a first-class boy on board the *Imperieuse*. For more than a quarter of a century Marryatt followed his profession, braved all its perils, discharged all its duties, risked his own life repeatedly to save the lives of others, attained honors and preferments, and in 1830 set his foot on shore for good and all, in every respect a first-class man.

Captain Marryatt turned his leisure to a very profitable literary account. He may be said to have created a new kind of novel literature, illustrative of naval life ; and in that line, though followed and imitated by many, he has been equaled by

none. The excellence of his productions, and the great success they met with, considering the large number of them, is remarkable.\*

The "Metropolitan Magazine" was ably edited by Captain Marryatt for some years. He was a contributor to several other periodicals, and a writer, in reviews of a graver character, of articles of great merit on subjects relating to his profession. In politics he was strongly Conservative; but, however strong he wrote against Whigs and Whiggery, in his friendship he knew no difference between Whigs and Tories, no more than he did of distinction in his dealings with men of different religions. It was not in his nature to be otherwise than just and generous toward all men with whom he came in contact whom he believed to be honest. But when he had to do with political opponents on paper, whom he did not know personally, and allowed himself to be persuaded by others of his party, who were not sincere and upright, he opened on them all his guns, and raked the enemy fore and aft, very desperately exasperated during the engagement, and often surprised, when it was over, at the extraordinary vehemence of his anger.

Captain Marryatt was one of Lady Blessington's most intimate friends and especial favorites. "Full of talent, originality, and humor," says Lady B——, "he is an accurate observer of life—nothing escapes him. Yet there is no bitterness in his satire, and no exaggeration in his comic vein. I have known Captain Marryatt many years, and liked him from the first."† Miss M—— might not have agreed with Lady Blessington's opinion with respect to the character of the satire.

One of Lady Blessington's correspondents, the first and most distinguished of living litterateurs, indulged in some quaint and

\* "Frank Mildmay," "Letters in Canada," "Masterman Ready," "Children of the New Forest," "Newton Forster," "King's Own," "Peter Simple," "Jacob Faithful," "Pasha of Many Tales," "Japhet in search of a Father," "Mr. Midshipman Easy," "Snarley-Yow, or the Dog Fiend," "The Phantom Ship," "Poor Jack," "Joseph Rushbrook," "Percival Keene," "Privateersman," "Olla Podrida," "Little Savage," "Valerie," "The Mission," "Diary in America," "Narrative of Travels of Monsieur Violet," "Borneo," &c., &c., &c.

† Idler in France, vol. ii., p. 86.

jocular observations on one of Marryatt's sea-life novels, and the effects on a landsman of a long voyage of perusal over three volumes of salt-water subjects, in which the author was continually splashing in grand style.

"I have been reading 'Peter Simple.' It is very good. But one is never on land for a moment. I feel *grogged* and *junked* after it."

Nevertheless, the writer eulogized the talents and the worth of the author.

The surest and best test of moral worth and social excellence is to be found in the appreciation of a man's character by his own people in the immediate precincts of his own hearth and household, in the small circle of friends and relatives—those nearest and dearest to him.

By that test if Marryatt be judged, the fine, manly, and kindly qualities of the man will be found in no respect inferior to those intellectual ones of the author, which are now generally admitted.

Captain Marryatt died at his residence, Langham, in Norfolk, August 2d, 1848, in his fifty-sixth year.

#### LETTERS FROM CAPTAIN MARRYATT.

"Spa, June 17th, 1836.

"MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—I have received all your packets of letters, and am very much obliged to you, not only for the letters, but also for thinking about me when I am so far out of the way, which, you know, is not very usual in this world, and therefore particularly flattering to me. As you will perceive, I am now at Spa, after a month's sojourn at Brussels. Spa is a very beautiful and a very cheap place, but it is deserted, and it is said that there will be no season this year. There are only two or three English families here, and they are all *cock-tails*, as sporting men would say.

"We are therefore quite alone, which pleases me. I was tired of bustle, and noise, and excitement, and here there is room for meditation e'en to madness, as Calista says, although I do not intend to carry my thoughts quite so far. I write very little, just enough to amuse me, and make memorandums, and think. In the morning I learn German, which I have resolved to conquer, although at forty one's memory is not quite as amenable as it ought to be. At all events, I have no master, so if the time is thrown away, the money will be saved.

"I believe you sometimes look at 'the Metropolitan;' if so, you will have



observed that I commenced my *Diary of a Blasé* in the last number. They say at home that it is very good light Magazine stuff, and is liked. I mean, however, that it shall not all be *quite nonsense*. I hope the 'Book of Beauty' goes on well. I know that you, and Mrs. Norton, and I, are the three looked up to to provide for the public taste.

"Stanfield, I understand, is getting on very well indeed with the drawings for my history. I think, with respect to yours, I would next year make some alteration. Instead of having the letter-press in detached pieces, I would weave them together, much in the same way as the 'Tales of Boccaccio;' some very slight link would do, and it should be conversational. It is astonishing how much a little connection of that kind gives an interest and a reality to a work. In the 'Tales of a Pasha,' a great part of the interest is in the conversations between the Pasha and those about him, and the stories become by it framed like pictures. In any work whatever there should never be a full stop. It appears to me there will be a new era in annuals, and that, in future, they will become more library works, and not so ephemeral as their present title indicates; but it will first be necessary that the publishers of them discover their own interest to be in making them what they ought to be, and going to the necessary expense.

"Of course I do see the English papers, and I am very much disgusted. Nothing but duels and blackguardism. Surely we are extremely altered by this reform. Our House of Lords was the beau ideal of all that was aristocratical and elegant. Now we have language that would disgrace the hustings. In the House of Commons it is the same, or even worse. The gentleman's repartee, the quiet sarcasm, the playful hit, where are they? all gone; and, in exchange for them, we have, *You he*, and *You he*. This is very bad, and, it appears to me, strongly smacking of revolution; for if the language of the lower classes is to take the precedence, will not they also soon do the same? I am becoming more Conservative every day; I can not help it: I feel it a duty as a lover of my country. I only hope that others feel the same, and that Peel will soon be again where he ought to be. I don't know what your politics are, but all women are Tories in their hearts, or perhaps Conservatives is a better word, as it expresses not only their opinions, but their feelings.

"I never thought that I should feel a pleasure in idleness; but I do now. I had done too much, and I required repose, or rather repose to some portions of my brain. I am idle here to my heart's content, and each day is but the precursor of its second. I am like a horse, which has been worked too hard, turned out to grass, and I hope I shall come out again as fresh as a two-year old. I walk about and pick early flowers with the children, sit on a bench in the beautiful *allées vertes* which we have here, smoke my cigar, and meditate till long after the moon is in the zenith. Then I lie on the sofa and read French novels, or I gossip with any one I can pick up in the streets. Besides which, I wear out my old clothes; and there is a great pleasure in having a

coat on which gives you no anxiety. I expect that by October I shall be all right again.

"I am afraid this will be a very uninteresting letter; but what can you expect from one who is living the life of a hermit, and who never even takes the trouble to wind up his watch—who takes no heed of time, and feels an interest in the price of strawberries and green peas because the children are very fond of them? I believe that this is the first epoch of real quiet that I have had in my stormy life, and every day I feel more and more inclined to dream away my existence.

"Farewell, my dear Lady Blessington; present my best wishes to the Count D'Orsay, *beau et brave*. I have found out a fly-fisher here, and I intend to be initiated into the sublime art. There is a quiet and repose about fly-fishing that I am sure will agree with me. While your line is on the water, you may be up in the clouds, and every thing goes on just as well. Once more, with many thanks, adieu.

F. MARRYATT."

"Wimbledon, January 3d, 1840.

"Many thanks for your kind wishes, and your invitation, which I am sorry to say that I can not accept, being confined almost totally to my room. I regret this the more, as you are aware how very much I admire Mrs. Fairlie, and how happy I should have been to meet her and her husband, as well as Count D'Orsay and you.

"And now permit me to enter into my defense with respect to the lady you refer to. I was fully aware that I laid myself open to the charge which you have brought forward, and, moreover, that it will be brought forward as one in which the public feelings are likely to be enlisted; if so, my reply will be such in tenor as I now give to you.

"The lady has thought proper to vault into the arena especially allotted to the conflicts of the other sex. She has done so, avowing herself the *champion* of the worst species of democracy and of infidelity. In so doing, she has *unsexed* herself, and has no claim to sympathy on that score. I consider that a person who advocates such doctrines as she has done at this present time, when every energy should be employed to stem the torrent which is fast bearing down this country to destruction, ought to be hooted, pelted, and pursued to death, like the rabid dog who has already communicated its fatal virus; and allow me to put the question whether you ever yet heard, when the hue and cry was raised, and weapons for its destruction seized, that the populace were known to show the unheard-of politeness of inquiring, before they commenced the pursuit, whether the animal so necessary to be sacrificed was of the masculine or feminine gender? I wage war on the doctrine, not the enunciator, of whom I know nothing, except that the person, being clever, is therefore the more dangerous.

"As for your observation that the lady never wrote a line in 'The Edinburgh,' I can only say, that, although it is of no moment, I did most truly and

sincerely believe she did, and my authority was from her having been reported to have said to a friend that 'she had paid me off well in "The Edinburgh."' That she did say so I could, I think, satisfactorily prove, were not my authority (like all other mischievous ones) under the pledge of secrecy; but the fact is, I cared very little whether she did or did not write the articles, though I confess that I fully believe she did.

"As for the attacks of petty reviewers, I care nothing for them. 'I take it from wherever it comes, as the sailor said when the jackass kicked him;' but I will not permit any influential work like 'The Edinburgh' to ride *me roughshod* any more than, when a boy, I would not take a blow from any man, however powerful, without returning it to the utmost of my power. But a review is a legion composed of many; to attack a review is of little use: like a bundle of sticks strong from union, you can not break them; but if I can get one stick out, I can put that one across my knee, and, if strong enough, succeed in smashing it; and in so doing I really do injure the review, as any contributor fancies that he may be the stick selected.

"The only method, therefore, by which you can retaliate upon a review like 'The Edinburgh,' is to select one of its known contributors, and make the reply *personal* to him. For instance, I have advised 'The Edinburgh' to put a better hand on next time. Suppose that it attacks me again, I shall assume that their best hand, Lord B——, is the writer of the article, and my reply will be most personal to *him*; and you must acknowledge that I shall be able to raise a laugh, which is all I care for. You may think that this is not fair; I reply that it is; I can not put my strength against a host: all I can do is to select one of the opponents in opinion and politics, and try my strength with him. This I am gratified in doing until the parties who write a review put their names to the article; as long as they preserve the anonymous, I select whom I please, and if I happen to take the wrong one, the fault is theirs and not mine. So recollect, that if I am attacked in 'The Edinburgh' (should I reply to the article when I publish my 'Diary of a Blasé' in June next), my reply will be to Lord B——, and will be as bitter as gall, although I have the highest respect for his lordship's talents, and have a very good feeling toward him. Many thanks for the 'Governess,' which I have just read. My mother finished it last night, and pronounced it excellent. I prefer giving her opinion to my own, as none will ever accuse her of flattery, although you have me. I read it with some anxiety, owing to my having intended to have made the sister of 'Poor Jack' a governess for a short time, and I was afraid that you would have forestalled me altogether. As far as the serious goes, you have so; but you have left me a portion of the ludicrous. I think I shall portray a stout, well-formed girl of nineteen, kept up in the nursery by a vain mother, with dolls, pinbefores, and all other *et ceteras*—that is, if I do venture to come after you, which will be hardly fair to *myself*. Are you not tired of writing? I am most completely, and, could I give it up, I would to-morrow; but, as long as my poor mother lives, I must write, and therefore, although I detest it, I wish to write a long while yet.

"I have just returned from Norfolk, where I was wet through every day, and, to escape cold, filled myself with tobacco smoke and gin: these antagonistical properties have had the effect of deranging me all over, and I am miserably out of tune, and feel terribly ill-natured. I feel as if I could wring off the neck of a cock-robin who is staring in at my window.

"This is a long letter, but it is your own fault; you have sowed wind, and have reaped the whirlwind. If I have written myself down in your good opinion, I must, at all events, try to write myself up again.

"F. MARRYATT."

"Monday, Jan. 3d, 1842.

"I write you this shabby-looking note to thank you for your kind present. I intended to call upon you, but have been prevented, and must now defer it till my return from the country at the end of the week. I leave now directly.

"You will be surprised to hear that Mr. Howard is dead. He went out to dine with a friend on Christmas day, and after dinner was, I believe, well; but broke a blood-vessel. He could not be removed from the house, but lingered until Thursday evening, when he expired.

"That is all I have heard. Poor devil! perhaps it is all for the best, as his prospects were any thing but encouraging.

"Kind regards to Miss Power, and *the* count, par excellence.

"F. MARRYATT."

"Manchester Square, June 8th, 1841.

"If you can not command the services of your friends when you are unfortunate, they are of little value.

"I do not therefore think you are wrong in asking me again, and I assure you that if I can find any thing to help your book, I will do it with pleasure.

"The misfortune with me is, that I can not force ideas—they must be spontaneous; and the very knowledge that I am to do so and so by a certain time actually drives all ideas out of my head, and leaves me as empty as a drum.

"If you do not have it, I can only say it will not be my fault.

"F. MARRYATT."

"3 Spanish Place, Manchester Square, September 6th.

"In reply to your kind inquiries, allow me first to observe that I have two most *splendid grumbles* on my list, so splendid that I hardly know how to part with them. *Now for grumble the first*: When Sir James Graham was at the Admiralty, he was pleased to consider that my professional services entitled me to some mark of his majesty's approbation, and accordingly he asked his majesty to give me the star of the Guelph, and knighthood. To this request his majesty, King William, was pleased to reply, in his usual frank, off-hand way, 'Oh yes—Marryatt, I know—bring him here on Thursday' (the day of application having been Monday). But it appears that, while my

'greatness was ripening,' some kind friend informed his majesty that I had once written a pamphlet on Impressment. And when Sir James saw his majesty on the Wednesday, the king said to him, 'By-the-by, Marryatt wrote a work on Impressment, I hear' (whether for or against, his majesty did not deign to inquire). 'I won't give him any thing;' adding, in his wonted free and easy style, 'I'll see him d—d first!' Now the request of a cabinet minister is supposed to confirm the claim, and it is not usual for the sovereign to refuse; indeed, his majesty seemed to be aware of that, for he said, 'The *Guelph* is *my own* order, and I will not give it unless I choose.' Sir James Graham, of course, did not press the matter after his majesty's opinion so frankly expressed. And there the matter dropped; so that, instead of the honor intended, I had the honor of being d—d by a sovereign, and have worn my traveling name ever since. You'll allow that that is a *capital* grumble. *Now for grumble No. two:*

"Twenty-six years ago, soon after the peace, I was requested by Lloyd's and the ship-owners to write a code of signals for the merchant service. I did so, and in the various annual reports of these societies, they have stated that the saving of lives and property by the means of these signals has been enormous. They were, at the request of Lloyd's, supplied to the British men of war, to enable merchant vessels to communicate their wants, &c.; and eventually they have been used in all the English colonies and dependencies by the government, to communicate with vessels, &c., along the coast. The French, perceiving their advantage, had them translated, and supplied to their men of war and merchantmen.

"Now, independent of the value they may be to the country in saving lives and property, and the claim which I have on that account, I have one also in a pecuniary way, for during *the twenty-six* years that they have been established they have always been supplied *gratis* to the British navy; and if it is considered how many vessels we have had in commission, had this been paid for, it would have amounted to a very large sum. For this service I have never received any remuneration whatever from our own government. When I was at Paris some years ago, Admiral de Rigny, the French first lord, sent for me, and, without any application on my part, informed me that, in consequence of the important advantages derived by the use of my signals, the King of the French had been pleased to give me the *Gold Cross* of the Legion of Honor (equivalent to the C.B. in England); so that I have been rewarded by a nation for whom the signals were not written, and from my own government have received nothing. I beg pardon, I did receive something—a letter from Lord Palmerston, *forbidding* me to wear the distinction granted to me by the King of the French. Now I call that also a *capital* grumble. I have asked Sir Robert Peel to give me employment, and I did so because I consider that I have done some service to the Conservative cause—at all events, I have worked hard, and suffered much in purse. The contest of the Tower Hamlets cost me between *six and seven thousand pounds*, which is a serious affair

to a man with seven children, all with very large ideas and very small fortunes; and I have felt the loss ever since. I have invariably labored very hard in the cause, never neglecting to infuse Conservative ideas in all my writings. I have written much in the newspapers, and never yet sent any article to the 'Times' which was not immediately inserted. One Conservative paper, which was dying a natural death, the 'Era,' weekly paper, I re-established, and it now circulates upward of five thousand; I did this out of good will to the proprietor and zeal for the cause, for I never received a sixpence for many months' labor. The 'Era' is the Licensed Victualers' paper, and I argued that wherever that paper was taken in, the 'Weekly Dispatch' would not be; and that where the man who draws the beer is a Conservative, those who drink it will become the same. It is well known that it was chiefly through the exertions of the Licensed Victualers that Captain Rous was returned for Westminster.

"As to my professional services, it is to the Admiralty that I must look for remuneration; and as for my literary reputation, it is an affair between me and the public; but I think you must acknowledge that I have claims for *omission* and claims for *commission*; and when I see the Whigs giving away baronetcies to Easthope, &c., for literary services, and Clay, my opponent at the Tower Hamlets, for contesting elections, I do feel that the party which I have supported, now that I have decided claims upon the country, should not throw me away like a sucked orange; if they do, why—virtue must be its own reward. It will be all the same a hundred years hence.

"I have now let it all out, and I feel a great deal better.

"F. MARRYATT."

LETTER FROM SIR R—— P—— TO LADY BLESSINGTON, IN  
REFERENCE TO CAPTAIN MARRYATT.

"Whitehall, September 24th.

"I beg leave to return you the accompanying letter from Captain Marryatt.

"The applications which I have received for employment in the public service from parties qualified for it in point of character and acquirements, and with claims on a Conservative government (which each party deems unquestionable in its own case), so far exceed any probable means on my part of meeting even a small portion of them, that I do not feel justified, by vague assurances of a disposition to oblige, in encouraging expectations which I have little hope of being able to realize.

"For the consideration of professional services, I must refer Captain Marryatt to the department to which he is attached.

"I can not say that I think foreign distinctions ought to be recognized in this country, except under very special circumstances.

"I have the honor to be, dear Lady Blessington, your faithful servant,

"R—— P——."

## LETTER FROM LADY BLESSINGTON TO CAPTAIN MARRYATT.

“Gore House, November 18th, 1840.

“MY DEAR CAPTAIN MARRYATT,—Many thanks for the ‘Olla Podrida,’ which I doubt not will afford me the same pleasure that all your books do. I have not seen Sir E. Bulwer for three weeks. He was then about a week returned from Germany, and I thought him looking ill. He has been staying at Knebworth with his mother.

“I send you a ‘Keepsake,’ not that I think you will take the trouble to read it, but that I believe you will like to offer it to your mother. Did you get your copy of the ‘Book of Beauty?’ Will you name to-morrow (Thursday), Friday, or Saturday to dine with me *en famille*? Alfred D’Orsay leaves town on Sunday, so I specify these days, that he may have the pleasure of meeting you.

“My brother has returned from New Brunswick, and is now staying with me. He sends you kind greetings.

“Believe me, always your cordial friend, M. BLESSINGTON.”

From Captain Marryatt :

“February 1st, 1833.

“Split a cod’s head, and put it with two haddocks, my dear countess, into a kettle containing two quarts of cold water, and an onion chopped fine. When it has boiled a quarter of an hour, take out all the fish, cut off the heads, trim and fillet the haddocks, pick out the best part of the cod’s head—such as under jaw, tongue, &c., and lay them aside. Put back into the kettle the remains of the cod’s head and trimmings of the haddocks, and let them boil until the liquor is reduced to a pint and a half, and then strain off.

“Thicken the soup with the yolks of two eggs well beat up; add some chopped parsley and a little salt; then put in the fillets of haddock (each cut into four pieces) with the portions of the cod’s head; boil till sufficiently done, and you will have a capital soup *à tres bonne marché*. F. MARRYATT.

“I quite forgot to ask the count and B—— A—— to give a letter or two for my brother Horace. Do you renew the proposal for me, as I shall have no peace. I like Lord O—— very much, he is so frank and manly. Kind regards to Mademoiselles Marguerite and Ellen.”

“February 4th, 1841.

“You are very right in what you say. I think not only that the title may be as you wish, but, moreover, that we may, throughout the whole, soften down the word to *unmentionables*. If you think it necessary, I will do so, if you please, after it is in type, or you may alter it in any way which you think fit, as you have a nicer sense of what a lady will object to than a rough animal like me. F. MARRYATT.”

“Langham, June 5th, 1843.

“I wrote to Sir William Seymour for particulars, but only received a piece of note paper, which contained more about his son than the story I mentioned to you. However, I have, out of his meagre account, contrived to dramatize to four or five pages, putting speeches into their mouths which they never made, and, in fact, saying what they *ought* to have said, if they did not say it. It is short, but, by considering how little there was to work from, &c., I think it will be interesting.

“All things are better short, except a woman, who, as Byron says, ought not to be dumpy. Kind regards to the count and the two *gals*.

“F. MARRYATT.”

“120 Pall Mall.

“I send you my new publication, consisting chiefly of old matter. Never mind; if they abuse it, why I wrote it years ago, and therefore it proves that I improve; if they praise it, why then all the better. I don't care which, so long as they try it.

“What has become of Sir E. Bulwer? I have not seen him for an age. I hope he is not ill. I am awful busy, chiefly with a code of signals for the marine, but the printers are so stupid that they can not comprehend them. I hope D'Orsay (I beg Miss Power's pardon), I hope Miss Power and D'Orsay, as well as you, are all *bien portant*. No war, and therefore no ship for me, which is a bore, as I wished to go afloat, and wash out all my sins of authorship in salt water.

F. MARRYATT.”

From Lady Blessington :

“Gore House, July 19th, 1843.

“I have seldom been more annoyed than in receiving the inclosed half an hour ago. I had thought that, with the omission of the objectionable word, the story, which is full of racy humor, would have been a real treasure for the book, but the ridiculous prudery of a pack of fools compels me to abandon it; for well do I know that, were I to insist on the insertion of the Buckskins, Heath and his trustees (should the sale of the book be less than formerly) would attribute it to you and me.

“After all the trouble I have given you, I dare not ask you for any thing else, though there is no name which I would be more proud to see in my list of contributors than yours; but I must ask you to pardon me for all the trouble I have inflicted on you.

M. BLESSINGTON.”

A. FONBLANQUE, ESQ.

John de Gremer Fonblanque, Esq., an eminent equity lawyer, senior king's counsel, and senior Bencher of the Honorable Society of the Middle Temple, died in January, 1837, in his seventy-seventh year. He was descended from an ancient noble French



family of Languedoc, and inherited the title of Marquis, though he never assumed it in England.

He was called to the English bar in 1783.

He published several works on professional subjects, and entered Parliament in 1802, and represented the borough of Camelford until the year 1806. His eldest son, John Samuel Martin Fonblanque, who was called to the bar in 1816, is a Commissioner of Bankrupts.

Albany Fonblanque studied for the bar, but relinquished his profession for that of a public journalist, and in the conduct and management of "The Examiner" made a character than which no higher was ever gained by the effective discharge of editorial duties, and the devotion to them of brilliant talents and sound judgment.

In 1837 he published a remarkable work, "England under Seven Administrations."

Mr. Fonblanque was one of the most highly-esteemed friends of Lady Blessington. Of his intellectual powers, there are ample evidences in her papers that she entertained a very high opinion.

Her knowledge of eminent or prominent persons figuring in literary, political, and artistic life was not more extensive than her power of appreciating worth and talent, and of estimating character, was remarkable.

She certainly possessed great power of discrimination and observation, singular tact in discovering remarkable mental qualities, and excellent judgment in forming opinions of the merits of those who presented themselves to her notice. Her estimate of the intellectual powers of Fonblanque was certainly not lower than that of any of the celebrities with whom she came in contact. His profound penetration, sound judgment, sobriety of mind, his power in composition as a public journalist, his ability in influencing public opinion, his caustic style, perspicacity, and force of expression, his effective sarcasm, and, withal, apparent simplicity of character, were well calculated to be appreciated by her. An American writer very ill-advisedly thought fit to lower the estimate of the former editor of "The Examiner" in his own land. The attempt was rebuked by

some friend of Fonblanque in a way not likely to be forgotten by the writer of the obnoxious strictures.

LETTER FROM A. FONBLANQUE TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

“Rue d'Algra, October 31st, 1831.

“MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—Though I am almost blind, I must write to say how much I admire Count D'Orsay's letter on the Brougham affair. It seems to me that nothing could be happier in tone and modest dignity. Here it was the subject of universal praise.

“The falsehood that Count D'Orsay had any thing to do with the hoax was sufficiently refuted by all who knew him, by the two circumstances that it was stupid and cruel; and the unique characteristic of D'Orsay is, that the most brilliant wit is uniformly exercised in the most good-natured way. He can be wittier with kindness than the rest of the world with malice.

“Lady Canterbury gave me a most friendly recognition, and we dined with them, and found the family very agreeable. If I had been a Tory, Lord Canterbury could not have been more attentive; my recommendation being the stronger one, of which I am not a little proud, of being numbered among your friends. You will be glad to hear that Bulwer is doing extremely well here, and making himself, as he must be every where by his amiable qualities, very popular. . . . My dear Lady Blessington, ever faithfully yours,

“A. FONBLANQUE.”

JOHN GALT.

Mr. Galt was born in Irvine, in Ayrshire, in 1779. During his schoolboy days he wrote several poetical pieces, some of which were published in a provincial paper. He was educated for mercantile pursuits, and embarked in trade in London with a Mr. MacLaghlan. This speculation proving unfortunate, he entered at Lincoln's Inn, and commenced the study of the law. This pursuit, however, he soon abandoned, and set out for the Continent. In 1809 he met Byron at Gibraltar, traveled with his lordship in the packet to Malta, parted with him there, and met him the following spring at Athens.

In his diary, December 1st, 1813, Byron says, “Galt called . . . We are old fellow-travelers; and, with all his eccentricity, he has much strong sense, experience of the world, and is, as far as I have seen, a good-natured, philosophic fellow.”\*

In 1812 he published his “Voyages and Travels in the years

\* Moore's Byron, p. 211, ed. 8vo, 1838.

1809, 1810, and 1811, containing Statistical, Commercial, and Miscellaneous Observations on Gibraltar, Sardinia, Sicily, Malta, and Turkey." Soon after his return to England he became connected with the "Star" newspaper, and married the daughter of the editor of that paper, Dr. Alexander Tilloch. For some time he was editor of the "Courier." After several engagements in the affairs of public institutions and mercantile companies, Mr. Galt was appointed agent to a Canadian company for the management of emigrant colonization in Canada. In this occupation he quarreled with the government, and after some time returned to England.

The author of "The Ayrshire Legatees," "The Annals of the Parish," and "The Entail," is not likely to be soon forgotten by the novel-reading public. The quaintness of style and phraseology, humor and liveliness, and the rich vein of common sense that runs through all his productions, were sufficient to obtain for his works the hearty commendation of Sir Walter Scott. (See Gentleman's Magazine, 1839, p. 93.)

The old malady that ends the career of so many literary men, paralysis, having prostrated the powers of poor Galt by repeated shocks, the fourteenth attack of that disease proved fatal to him on the 11th of April, 1839. He died at Greenock, aged sixty, leaving a widow and family in adverse circumstances.\*

\* The same year in which he published his voyages and travels (1812), he produced "The Life and Administration of Cardinal Wolsey," 4to, and "Reflections on Political and Commercial Subjects," 8vo, and no less than four tragedies the same year, "Maddalen," "Agamemnon," "Lady Macbeth," "Antonio and Clytemnestra."

"Letters from the Levant" appeared in 1813; "The Life and Studies of Benjamin West" in 1816. "The Magola," a tale, appeared in 1816, in 2 vols. 8vo. All the above-mentioned works were published previously to his departure for Canada; and subsequently to his return to England, the following works of his appeared: "Pictures from English, Scotch, and Irish History;" "Lawrie Todd," a tale; "Southennan," a tale; "Annals of the Parish;" "The Entail, or Lairds of Guppy;" "Sir Andrew Wylie;" "The Provost;" "The Earthquake;" "The Ayrshire Legatees;" "The Steamboat;" "The Last of the Lairds;" "Mansie Waugh;" "Ringan Galbaize, or the Covenanters;" "Rothelan, a Romance of the English Historians;" "The Spaewife;" "The Bachelor's Wife;" "The Radical;" "The Life of Lord Byron" (1830); "Bogle Corbet, or the Emigrant;" "Stanley Buxton;" "The Stolen Child;" "Apotheosis of Sir Walter Scott;" "Autobiography of John Galt" (1833).

## LETTERS FROM JOHN GALT, ESQ., TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Liverpool, 27th July, 1822.

"MY DEAR MADAM,—On Monday evening I was so distinctly impressed with the repugnance which your ladyship feels at the idea of going to Ireland, that I entered entirely into your feelings; but, upon reflection, I can not recall all the reasonableness of the argument, a circumstance so unusual with respect to your ladyship's reasons in general, that I am led to think some other cause at the moment must have tended to molest you, and to lend the energy of its effect to the expressions of your reluctance; for I have often remarked that the gnat's bite, or a momentary accident, will sometimes change the whole complexion of the mind for a time. But, even though nothing of the sort had happened, the scores and hundreds, and the thousands of the poor Irish in quest of employment whom I have met on the road and seen landing here, and the jealousy with which they are viewed by the common people, and the parochial burdens which they may occasion in the contemplation of the best of the community, many of whom are loud in their reflections on the Irish absentees, all combine to form such a strong case for my lord's journey, that nothing but the apprehension of your ladyship's indisposition can be filed against it. The journey, however, to be really useful, should be one of observation only, and I am sure you will easily persuade him to make it so, and to be resolved not to listen to any complaint with a view to decision in Ireland, nor to embark in any new undertaking. If he once allow himself to be appealed to on the spot, he must of necessity become affected by local circumstances and individual impartialities, by which, instead of doing general good (all a personage of his rank can do), he will become the mere administrator of petty relief, which, in their effect, may prove detrimental to higher objects; and were he to engage in new undertakings, to say nothing of pecuniary considerations, his thoughts would become occupied with projects, which, of every kind of favoritism, is the most fatal to the utility of a public character, such as my lord seems now fairly set in to become. In speaking thus, I address you more as an *intellect* than a *lady*, and the interest I take in all that concerns my friends must be accepted as the only excuse I can offer for the freedom.

"Since my arrival, the object of my journey has occupied much of my time. I find many of the merchants disposed to renew the appointment, from the experience they have had of its advantages, and also to allow the agent to be free with respect to other business, which is not the case at present. In this way it would be a most desirable appendage to my other concerns, but as an exclusive office it would not be of sufficient consequence. My reception has been exceedingly flattering, and not the least influential of my friends is that excellent bodie, Sir Andrew Wylie; but the election is a more serious affair than I had imagined.

"The merchants consist of five different chambers, constituted by their re-

spective branches of trade. Each chamber, by a majority, chooses a delegate, and the delegates choose the agent; and, as he is required to be agreeable to the member, the election will not take place till the successor to Mr. Canning is returned. At present, the public opinion looks toward Mr. Huskisson, and his favor toward me could be decisive in the event of returning him. Should Mr. H—— not stand, Mr. Robinson is spoken of; but Mr. Gladstone, the merchant, is understood to have some intention of offering himself, in which case, from what I know of his sentiments, the office would not suit me.

“I really know not what apology to make to your ladyship for all this impertinence; but somehow, since I have had the honor and pleasure of knowing you and my lord so freely, I feel as if we were old friends; indeed, how can it be otherwise? for no other human beings, unconnected by the common ties, have ever taken half so much interest in me, or at once added so much to my enjoyments and consideration. I am sensible not only of having acquired a vast accession of what the world calls advantages, but also friends who seem to understand me, and that, too, at a period when I regarded myself as in some degree quite alone, for all my early intimates were dead. Your ladyship must therefore submit to endure a great deal more than perhaps I ought to say on so short an acquaintance; but as minds never grow old, and frankness makes up at once the intimacy of years, I find myself warranted in saying that I am almost an ancient, as I am ever your ladyship’s faithful and sincere, friend,

JOHN GALT.”

“Edinburgh, 13th August, 1822.

“I need not say that, although I regret that the journey to Ireland is not to take place, I am much more concerned on account of the cause which has occasioned the change than the loss of the pleasure I should have had in visiting Mountjoy. Perhaps I may still go that way; in the mean time, I wish you every benefit and enjoyment that the excursion to France is expected to produce. But for my agency project, I should have rejoiced to have had the honor of accepting my lord’s invitation, had it been only as far as Paris. I shall, however, write to himself to-morrow, when I hope to be able to send him a review of his pamphlet,\* which Blackwood has obtained from Dr. Maginn, of Cork—a man, he says, of singular talent and great learning; indeed, some of the happiest things in the Magazine are from his pen.

“Here, all are on tiptoe for the king; but my worthy countrymen proceed so very considerably in their loyalty, that nothing amusing has yet occurred. The best thing I have heard of is the ladies who intend to be presented practicing the management of their trains with table-cloths pinned to their tails. Some tolerable poetry has been spoiled on the occasion. I inclose two specimens; the one is by Walter Scott, and the other (it is in his old style, but I think of a more elevated character than his poetry in general), I think, is by Lockhart; but *Ebony* is very mysterious on the occasion. The wor-

\* Query. On what subject was this pamphlet of Lord Blessington?—R. R. M.

shipful magistrates of Glasgow and other royal boroughs are wonderfully grand.

“But nothing in all the preparations is so remarkable as the sacrifice of lives; what thousands have been swept away by the besom of destruction and the mop of cleanliness!

“The most Machiavelian trick of all, however, is a picturesque flight of the poetical baronet. In order to get his ‘own romantic town’ rid of the myriads so disturbed, he has contrived a stupendous bonfire on the top of Arthur’s Seat, and induced the magistrates to issue a proclamation, inviting the loyal lieges to send their old furniture to augment the blaze. This is certainly one way of turning the royal visit to the benefit of the country.

“I see by the newspapers that Lord Mountjoy has come to Edinburgh; I will call to see him. I believe the Montgomeries, Lord Blessington’s relatives, are to be with my friend Mr. Gordon, where I shall meet with them.

“JOHN GALT.”

The poem entitled “Stanzas for the King’s Landing,” which Galt supposes to have been written by Lockhart, consists of ten stanzas. The first is as follows:

“The eagle screams upon Benmore,  
The wild deer bounds on Cheviot fell;  
Step boldly, king, on Albyn’s shore,  
Son of her lords, she greets thee well.  
The voice that hath been silent long,  
Awakes to harbinger thy path;  
Once more she weaves th’ ancestral song,  
Once more ’tis Rìgh Gu Brath.”

The poem attributed to Sir Walter Scott, entitled “Carle, now the King’s come!” or, “New Words to an old Tune.”

“A Hawick gill of mountain dew,  
Heised up auld Reekie’s heart, I trow,  
It minded her of Waterloo—  
Carle, now the king’s come!

CHORUS.

Carle, now the king’s come! Carle, now the king’s come!  
Thou shalt dance and I will sing, Carle, now the king’s come!”

“London, January 6th, 1823.

“Just as I had sent off my letter last week to Lord Blessington, I got a note from the publisher, telling me that he had written his lordship relative to the state of the publications. ‘The Sketches’ are all printed but the last sheet, and the ‘Magic Lantern’ also, all but a few pages: the latter would have

been published before this time, but he was in expectation of additional papers. He has, however, given orders to publish them together, to save the expense of double advertising. By-the-way, I observed in the Sunday's paper a notice of a new periodical under the title of 'The Magic Lantern.' I shall see it, and in my next tell your ladyship what sort of a luminary it is.

"I mentioned to my lord what passed with the speaker. The manner in which he has acted in the business, and in which he explained to me what he had done, had a degree of delicacy and kindness in it, that has given, if I may use the expression, something of the sentiment of friendship to the sense of a great obligation. This I owe to your ladyship, and how many other gratifications? But I should only deserve a rebuke were I to say more, and yet I know not why it is thought indecorous to express as one feels the pleasure of being under agreeable obligations. In summing up, at the close of the year, my estimate of its anxieties and enjoyment, I found such a vast amount of favors owing to your ladyship, that I confess at once my bankruptcy.

"Since my return from Scotland—indeed, for some time before, I have been quite an invalid, with feverishness and rheumatism, by which I have been almost constantly confined to the house, and unable to bear the motion of a carriage, but my illness has not been idleness. Since this day week, when I sent off the letter to Lord B——, I have been all-heart engaged in my new novel, 'The Scottish Martyrs.' The style I have chosen is that grave, cool, and in some degree obsolete, but emphatic manner which was employed by the covenanting authors; a little like (but of a bolder character) the manner of that most pious and excellent minister, your ladyship's old friend, Balquodder. I have got nearly the first volume finished, and Mrs. G—— says she likes it better than any thing I have yet attempted. I mean to publish on the 2d of May, the anniversary of John Knox's return to Scotland, and my own birth-day.

"I take it for granted that you have seen Cupid's 'Loves of the Angels.' What beautiful air-grown bubbles! Was ever such a string of pearly words so delightfully and so absurdly congregated before? The first seraph's *faux pas* is the old story of a moth burning itself in a candle. Who ever heard of a lady becoming enamored of a star, except of the Garter, or some other order? Tommy should have put his star on the angel's left breast, and given him 'a cherubim wig,' and called the damsel Lady Elizabeth. The second story is better, but then Jupiter and Semele is much better as a tale. As for the third, it is a darling for misses and masters in their teens. But still the poem is admirable as mere poetry, and is another proof, if such were requisite, to show, that in art, the execution, not the conception, is the primary quality. Byron's 'Heaven and Earth' I can scarcely say I have yet seen, but what I have read is superior in energy and passion to Moore's, owing solely, I think, to the ladies being the chief actors. It is not to be endured that such a genius as his should have stooped to prey on carrion in the manner he has done. To blend himself with the scurrilous politics of the passing day—'to give up to a party,' and such a party, 'what was meant for mankind'—it is

indeed the eagle sharing the spoil of a carcass with grubs and reptiles. I have no patience with him. I have inclosed a copy of my account of the king's visit, or, rather, of certain of his visitors, in a separate paper, which I shall send with this to Mrs. Purves, and if the postage, for it is not worth the tax, can be got rid of, it will go forward.

"Dr. Richardson told us on Sunday that you were not expected home till about the end of March. I am both sorry and pleased at this; sorry on my own account, sheer selfish sorrow, and pleased, because, if there is any consideration of health in the resolution, it will do both you and my lord good, and also because, in these times, when all the landed lords are crying out as if they had each severally a fit of the gout, the consequences of their war banquets, I am glad that my lord will be kept out of joining their unpatriotic clamor, a thing which he could by no resolution on the spot avoid; for, now that he has embarked his mind in national objects, it is of great consequence that he should be removed from the temptation of sample in such unworthy politics as those that seem to be so current at present. But I forgot that it is to him, rather than to your ladyship, I should so speak, and therefore I shall conclude, begging your acceptance of Mrs. Galt's best respects and wishes, and my own particularly to the sage and *parwie* Miss P——. JOHN GALT."

"Greenock, 24th March, 1835.

"I have sent by this post the second part of my strictures on the 'Two Friends,' to which I have given a most conscientious perusal *con amore*, and have not said one word more than I do think. It was my intention to have given more extracts, but the paper could not afford space, and therefore, being obliged to omit them, I enlarged my remarks. Your ladyship is, I believe, aware, that in whatever regards character or feeling, I am, on principle, never anonymous. I know not if the rule be a good one, but it was very early formed, and will account to your ladyship for the authentication by my signature. In this case I do not, however, regret my resolution; for, in the first place, it binds me to speak sincerely, and I am told my name in this district will be influential. Having no way here of seeing any of the London Reviews, I trust that they coincide in opinion with me regarding the general character of the book. A friend in London, to whose taste I am disposed to pay much deference, has read the work, and has given me a very favorable idea of the ability displayed in it.

"I am glad to see by the papers the elevation to the peerage of your friend, and I do think he will do much good in Canada. I consider him as destined to remain as civil commissioner. A very clever person, whom I knew in Canada as one of the editors of the papers, is here at present, and pretends that the mission will be unsuccessful; but I have a personal knowledge of Papineau, and other chieftains of that party, and I think them much less to blame than Englishmen allow. If Lord Canterbury considers them worth a little more attention than they have had, and without showing any want of



attention to the British, and no man can do it better, he may be able to effect much good.

"I shall soon have occasion to send your ladyship my little work, which is now making up, for my unfortunate restlessness of mind must have something to do, and I can do nothing that is not sedentary; for, to add to the trouble of entire lameness, my memory is often very ineffectual, and things of the nature of amusements more than business must, I fear, even with convalescence, be my occupation for the remainder of my life, if able to attend to them.

"JOHN GALT."

#### NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS, ESQ.

Mr. Willis is a native of Boston. While a student at Yale College, he made his first appearance on the stage of literature in a religious character. Some pieces, illustrative of passages in Scripture, published in periodicals, formed his first volume, and among these verses of his will be found some which could not be written by a man who deserved the character that has been given of him in some of the leading critical reviews of those countries.

The author of "Pencilings by the Way," "Melanie," "The Slingsby Papers," "Inklings of Adventure," "People I have Met," "Famous People and Places," "Laughs I have put a Pen to," was at one period a frequent visitor at Gore House, a favorite guest there, and regular correspondent of Lady Blessington.

I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Willis on many occasions at Gore House, to which reference is made in the rather too celebrated "Pencilings by the Way," and also at the soirées of the late Lady Charleville, in Cavendish Square.

Mr. Willis was an extremely agreeable young man in society, somewhat overdressed, and a little too *demonstratif*, but abounding in good spirits, pleasing reminiscences of Eastern and Continental travel, and of his residence there for some time as attaché to a foreign legation. He was observant and communicative, lively and clever in conversation, having the peculiar art of making himself agreeable to ladies, old as well as young; degagé in his manner, and on exceedingly good terms with himself and with the élite of the best society wherever he went.

During nearly two years that Mr. Willis spent in London, the

impressions which London fashionable society made on him, having been duly noted down, took a definite shape on the other side of the Atlantic, and came out under the title of "Pencilings by the Way," I think in 1835. The work was published soon after in London, and a second edition in 1839. The matter of this work had been originally communicated in the form of letters to a monthly review in the United States, with which Mr. Willis had been previously connected as editor.

In observing, in the Preface to the second edition, on the severity with which this subject had been handled by the Quarterly Review, Mr. Willis says, "There are some passages (I only wonder there are so few) which I would not re-write, and some remarks on individuals which I would recall at some cost, and would not willingly see repeated in these volumes."

Again, at page 357, he observes, "There is one remark I may as well make here with regard to the personal descriptions and anecdotes with which my letters from England will of course be filled. It is quite a different thing from publishing such letters in London. America is much farther off from England than England from America."

This publication, to my own knowledge, was attended with results which I can not think Mr. Willis contemplated when he transmitted his hasty notes to America—to estrangements of persons who, previously to the printed reports of their private conversations, had been on terms of intimate acquaintance. This was the case with respect to O'Connell and Moore. Moore's reported remarks on O'Connell gave offense to the latter, and aroused bad feelings between them which had never previously existed, and which, I believe, never ceased to exist. In another instance of indulgence in strictures upon individual character, and in the case, too, of offense given to one of the most able and estimable persons connected with journalism in London, a remonstrance was addressed to Mr. Willis, a copy of which exists among the papers of Lady Blessington, and which appears to have been forwarded to her without the name of the writer, who, in all probability, was some intimate friend of hers.

“April 28th, 1835.

“SIR,—I delayed replying to your letter until I had read the paper in question, which, agreeably to your request, Lady Blessington permitted me to see. With respect to myself individually, I required no apology; I have been too long inured to publicity to feel annoyed at personal reflections, which, if discourteous, are at least unimportant; and as a public man, I should consider myself a very fair subject for public exhibition, however unfavorably minute, except, indeed, from such persons as I have received as a guest. But in exonerating you freely, so far as any wound to my feelings is concerned, I think it but fair to add, since you have pointedly invited my frankness, that I look with great reprehension upon the principle of feeding a frivolous and unworthy passion of the public from sources which the privilege of hospitality opens to us in private life. Such invasions of the inviolable decorums of society impair the confidence which is not more its charm than its foundation, and can not but render the English (already too exclusive) yet more rigidly on their guard against acquaintances who repay the courtesies of one country by caricatures in another. Your countrymen (and I believe yourself among the number) are not unreasonably sensitive as to any strictures on the private society of Americans. But I have certainly never read any work, any newspaper paragraph of which America is the subject, containing personalities so gratuitously detailed as those in which you have indulged. I allude, in particular, to the unwarrantable remarks upon Mr. Fonblanque, a gentleman who, with so rare a modesty, has ever shrunk even from the public notice of the respectful admiration which in this country is the coldest sentiment he commands, and, I rejoice to add, for the honor of England, that, despite the envy of his fame and the courage of his politics, no Englishman has yet been found to caricature the man whom it is impossible to answer. Your description is not, indeed, recognizable by those who know Mr. Fonblanque, but it is not to be considered so much on account of its inaccuracy, as by the insensibility it appears to evince to the respect due to eminent men and to social regulation. You have courted my opinion, and I have given it explicitly and plainly. I think you have done great disservice to your countrymen in this visit to England, and that in future we shall shrink from many claimants on our hospitality, lest they should become the infringers of its rights.

“To N. P. Willis, Esq.”

It will be seen by a letter of Mr. Willis, without date, which, though probably not the latest of his letters, I have placed at the end of his correspondence, with a view to greater facility of reference, that in alluding to the preceding letter, which he had forwarded a copy of to Lady Blessington, he makes observations which do great credit to his character, and show him to be a

man very capable, on reflection, of perceiving errors he may have fallen into without consideration, and not so divested of right feeling and good qualities as he has been represented in some very angry and wholesale denunciations of him. •

LETTERS FROM N. P. WILLIS, ESQ., TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

“Gordon Castle, September 23d, 1834.

“MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—I am in a place which wants nothing but the sunshine of heaven and your presence (the latter by much the greater want), and I should while away the morning in gazing out upon its lovely park, were I not doomed to find a provoking pleasure (more than in any thing else) in writing to you.

“I am laid up with the gout (parole), and a prisoner to my own thoughts—thanks to Lady Blessington, sweet and dear ones.

“I left Dalhousie a week ago, and returned to Edinburgh. I breakfasted *tête-à-tête* with Wilson, who gave me execrable food, but brilliant conversation, and dined with Jeffrey, who had all the distinction of auld Reekie at his table, besides Count Flahault and Lady Keith. His dinner was *merveilleux* for Scotland, but I heard nothing worth remembering, and spent my time talking to an old solicitor, Cockburn (pronounced *Coburn*, I don't know why), and in watching the contortions of a lady who out-Broughams Brougham in *crispations nerveuses*.

“I went afterward to a ball, and then sat down, as I do after coming from your house, to make a mem. of the good things I had heard; but the page under that date is still innocent of a syllable. Oh! you have no idea, dear Lady Blessington, in what a brilliant atmosphere you live, compared with the dull world abroad. I long to get back to you.

“From Edinboro' I meant to have come north by Lochleven, but my ankle swelled suddenly, and was excessively painful, and the surgeon forbade me to set it to the ground, so I took the steamer for Aberdeen, and lay on a sofa in that detestable place for four days, when the Duke of Gordon wrote to me to come and nurse it at the castle; and here I am, just able to crawl down slipshod to dinner.

“The house is full of people. Lord Aberdeen, who talks to me all the time, and who is kind enough to give me a frank to you, is here with his son and daughter (she is a tall and very fine girl, and very conversable), and Lord and Lady Morton, and Lord Stormont, and Colonel Gordon, Lord Aberdeen's brother, and the Duchess of Richmond, and three or four other ladies, and half a dozen other gentlemen, whom I do not know: altogether a party of twenty-two. There is a lady something, very pale, tall, and haughty, twenty-three, and sarcastic, whom I sat next at dinner yesterday—a woman I came as near an antipathy for as is possible, with a very handsome face for an apology. She entertained me with a tirade against human nature generally, and

one or two individuals particularly, in a tone which was quite unnatural in a woman.

"I have had a letter from Chorley, who says Rothwell has done wonders with your portrait, and has succeeded in what I believed he never would do—getting the character all into his picture.

"I wish the art of transferring would extend to taking images from the heart; I should believe then that an adequate likeness of you were possible. I envy Rothwell the happiness of merely working on it. If he takes half the pleasure in it that I do in transferring to my memory the features of your mind, he would get a princely price for his portrait.

"I am delighted with the duke and duchess. He is a delightful, hearty old fellow, full of fun and conversation; and she is an uncommonly fine woman, and, without beauty, has something agreeable in her countenance. She plays well and sings tolerably, and, on the whole, I like her. *Pour moi même*, I get on every where better than in your presence. I only fear I talk too much; but all the world is particularly civil to me, and among a score of people, no one of whom I had ever seen yesterday, I find myself quite at home to-day—*Grace à Dieu!*

"I have no idea when I shall leave here, my elephant leg being at present the arbiter of my fate. I hope, however, to be at Dalhousie by the 1st of October. Shall I find there the presence I most value—a letter from your ladyship?

"Pray give my warmest regards to D'Orsay and Barry; and believe me, dear Lady Blessington, ever faithfully yours,  
N. P. WILLIS."

"Saturday morning.

"A letter turned up among my papers this morning of which I once spoke to you, and, at the hazard of its offending you by its American impertinence, I inclose it to you, as an exponent of the tone of reputation you have abroad. The remarks I refer to are on the back of the letter. The man is an extraordinary genius, self-educated, but full of talent, and his enthusiasm was suggested by my speaking of Rothwell's picture of you, and wishing he was here, to try his hand at a better.

"I am just through with my monthly labors, and with the corrections to my volume, and at leisure (the first hour these two months). The first use I make of it is to go quietly through your book, and I shall make to-morrow the *digest* for the 'Herald,' which I have so long wished to do.

"I shall send you, to-morrow or Monday, the sheets of 'Melanie,' which I hope you will like. The close is better than the beginning.

"N. P. WILLIS."

"Friday.

"My mind has run a great deal on your book since the delightful morning I passed with you, and several titles have occurred to me, only two of which

I think at all eligible; one is 'Risks in High Life,' and the other 'Under-Currents in High Life,' both of which seem to me taking titles, and descriptive of the plot. You will have seen that your plot is so varied and complicated, that it is exceedingly difficult to find a brief title that at all defines it. Reflection confirms me in the opinion that it is an admirable and racy design, and I will promise you success without having seen a line of it. Pray elaborate well the poetical passages which so struck me. Depend upon it, the reading world feels them, whatever the critics may do.

"Moore has called twice on me at the club, but I have not seen him. I look forward with the greatest delight to meeting him on Monday.

"I have not seen Proctor; but I have met him in thought, I doubt not, at the shrine where we both worship.  
N. P. WILLIS."

"Old Charlton, Blackheath, Friday morning.

"Though I knew what to expect of your warm-hearted nature, I was not the less gratified and grateful in receiving your kind reply to my request. With Count D'Orsay's generous influence added to your own, I am sure Lieutenant S—— can scarcely fail to get the appointment.

"I don't know whether you and D'Orsay have discovered the *rechauffées* of your own stories in my last book. Do you remember the count's telling us one evening the story of the Bandit of Austria, the Horse-stealer of Vienna? Your tale of the Roman girl is almost literally repeated in '*Violani Cesarini*,' wanting, it is true, the unrivaled charm of your manner as a *raconteuse*. You would recognize too, I think, the description of your house in Lady Roodgold's Romance. Indeed, dear Lady Blessington, you must look on every thing I have done since I first knew you as being partly your own creation, for never was a mind so completely impressed upon another as yours upon mine. But all this you know.  
N. P. WILLIS."

"Charlton, Thursday morning, April 2d, 1840.

"I must express to you the pleasure I had in making [ ] acquainted with you. She, like all who approach you, having formed an immediate and strong attachment, begs me to renew her adieux to you, and tell you how happy she shall be to meet you again on her return.

"I can not leave England without hoping, dear Lady Blessington, that I am counted among your friends the warmest and most attached. The best part of the many kind services you have rendered me is the presumption it gives me that you consider me a friend. Believe me, there are few I ever loved more, and none whose remembrance I more covet when I am absent. Once more, adieu.  
N. P. WILLIS.

"Kindest remembrance and farewell to Count D'Orsay. Should you see D'Israeli soon, will you tell him I still trust to his promise of visiting us on his way to Niagara?"

“137 Regent Street, Friday evening, January 24th, 1846.

“After some argument, with a reluctant heart, I have persuaded myself that it is better to say adieu to you on paper, partly from a fear that I might not find you alone, should I call to-morrow (my last day in England), and partly because my visit to you the other day forms a sweet memory, which I would not willingly risk overlaying with one less sympathetic.

“As a man is economical with his last sixpence, I am a miser of what is probably my last remembrance of you, believing as I do that I shall never again cross the Atlantic.

“I unwillingly forego, however, my expression of thanks and happiness for your delightful reception of my daughter's visit; and you are too tenderly human not to value what I could tell you of your impression on my mulatto servant. She saw you to love you, as any human being would who saw you as she did, without knowing the value of rank. Little Imogen talked a great deal of her visit when she returned, and your kind gift to her will be treasured.

“I hope, dear Lady Blessington, that the new though sad leaf of life that death has turned over for you will not be *left wholly uncopied for the world*. You would make so sweet a book, if you did but embody the new spirit in which you now think and feel. Pardon my mention of it; but I thought, while you were talking to me the other day, as if you could scarce be conscious how, with the susceptibilities and fresh view of genius, you were looking upon the mournful web weaving around you.

“I leave here on Sunday morning for Portsmouth, to embark, with the most grateful feeling for the kindness with which you have renewed your friendship toward me.

N. P. WILLIS.”

“New York, May 8th.

“In your gay and busy life, you will scarce think me gone when this letter reports my arrival on the other side of the world, seven thousand miles of travel having been accomplished between my letter and myself.

“The bearer of this is a person in whom Mrs. W—— is a good deal interested, an American actress. I hope to interest you in her, and I am sure you will at a glance understand a character which has been misunderstood and misinterpreted very often by the world. You may have heard her name, for she was in England some few years since, and played some melodramatic parts at one of the theatres; but she was then very young, and very ill directed as well as badly introduced. She has since made great advances in her art, and is now, I think, a very clever actress, or can easily be made one, by encouragement and judicious management. She is very well off in point of fortune, I believe, and can afford to wait her opportunity to appear to advantage in England. There are other circumstances which should be told you, however, which may come to you in the shape of malicious rumor, but the truth of which should, and will, commend her to your pity and kindness. She is the daughter of a person of low character, and has been brought up by vul-

gar and stupid people. She is excessively handsome too, and with these elements of ruin she has been considered easy prey by most of the roués who have seen her on the stage only ; my unwavering belief, however, and that of the American public, is, that a more innocent girl to this hour does not exist. She has traveled all over this immense country, playing every where, and has kept her name free from all reproach, even among the young men who have known her most intimately. I think she will always do so, and is a safe object of interest and regard. Would it be asking too much to request you to allow her to call on you, and get your counsel as to her theatrical career in London ? She wants fame more than money ; and with your wide-spreading influence, you can as easily make her the fashion as give her advice. One glance at her will show you that she is clever ; and a more complete ‘bon enfant,’ midshipman-hearted creature does not exist. I am sure you will like her ; and if she plays but tolerably, her very remarkable beauty will, I think, soften the critics’ judgment, and propitiate her audience. I introduce her to you in the confident belief that you will think her, considering the circumstances by which she has been surrounded, a curiosity, as well as an object of kindly interest and protection. I shall write to Count D’Orsay to beg him to aid in giving her a vogue, and on his kindness of heart in any matter I know well I can rely.

N. P. WILLIS.”

“Dublin, January 25th, 1848.

“Your very kind note was forwarded to me here by Saunders and Otley, and I need scarce say it gave me great pleasure. One of the strongest feelings of my life was the friendship you suffered me to cherish for you when I first came to England ; and while I have no more treasured leaf in my memory than the brilliant and happy hours I passed in Seamore Place, I have, I assure you, no deeper regret than that my indiscretion (in Pencillings) should have checked the freedom of my approach to you. Still, my attachment and admiration (so unhappily recorded) are always on the alert for some trace that I am still remembered by you, and so you will easily fancy that the kind friendliness of your note gave me unusual happiness. My first pleasure when I return to town will be to avail myself of your kind invitation, and call at Gore House.

“By the same post which brought me your note I received another from America, signed ‘Lady Blessington,’ and I must perform a promise to the writer of it, at the risk of your thinking both her and myself very silly, if not intrusive. She is one of the most beautiful girls I ever saw, and the daughter of one of our few acknowledged gentry, a gentleman who lives upon his fortune on the ———. She chances to be singularly like your picture by L. Paris, much more like than most originals are like their pictures. She has been told of this so often, and complimented so much in consequence, that her head is quite turned (literally indeed, for she always sits in the attitude of the picture), and for two years I have refused to do what she has prevailed



on me to do at last, to ask you to write to her!! She thinks of nothing but the hope of procuring this honor, and I positively think it has become a monomania. So now I have put myself into the 'category of bores,' but I have discharged my errand, and, after you have laughed at it, you will, I presume, think no more about it; still, if you took it into your head to gratify her, I should feel it as a very condescending and important favor to myself. She is a high-spirited, romantic, fearless girl, *tête montée*, as you may suppose, but magnificently beautiful; and as she has a large fortune, and will probably travel the first year of her marriage, she would doubtless call on you soon in London, and present her thanks very eloquently. Her name is Miss W——, of G—— H——; and if you should write, if you will be kind enough to inclose the note to me, I will forward it.

"I am in Ireland, picking up materials for one of Virtue's pictorial books, and next week I go to the Giants' Causeway, &c. I shall be in the country perhaps a fortnight, and in London probably in the course of a month.\*

"N. P. WILLIS."

"Manor House, Lec, Kent., Monday, 18th.

"I inclose you a copy of a letter I have sent to Captain Marryatt, who is abroad. I don't know whether you have seen his attack, but I have been advised to print and send to my friends the letter you now receive, while I am waiting for his answer. It will eventually be published, but meantime his abuse rests on my reputation. I scarce regret his attack, since it gives me an opportunity, once for all, of meeting these matters in a tangible shape; and, once for all, I shall carry the point well through.

"I have written quietly, and given Marryatt an opportunity to explain, which I hope he will do; but an explanation I must have. Pray write me your opinion of my document, for I am not much skilled in this kind of correspondence.

N. P. WILLIS."

\* I had some conversation with Tom Campbell on the subject of the above-mentioned undertaking of Willis "to do Ireland" for Mr. Virtue. Campbell worked himself into one of his fits of red-hot wrath at the idea of an American making a run over to Dublin, and taking on him to enlighten an English public on so dark a subject as the history, antiquities, monuments, manners, and customs of the people of Ireland. "What could he know of Ireland? How could any American know any thing about it?" On occasions of this sort, I was accustomed to add little fuel to the fire of the poet's amusing outbursts of anger, excited without any apparently sufficient provocation. I defended the undertaking of Mr. Willis, and the selection of an American for it, on the ground that he was naturally free from English prejudices, and a stranger to Irish feeling in general, and had actually been studying Ireland, politically, socially, and topographically, upward of fourteen days on the spot. "Fourteen days!" exclaimed Campbell; "all the knowledge he possesses of Ireland might have been acquired in fourteen hours."—R. R. M.

“ I send you a rough draught of my idea for Lady Buckingham’s picture. If you think it will do, I will elaborate it before you want it ; it is at present a little indistinct.

“ Fonblanque has written me a note, which, without giving me ground for a quarrel, is very unjustifiable, I think. Another friend of yours has written me too, and a more temperate, just (though severe), and gentlemanly letter I never read. He gives me no quarter ; but I like him the better for having written it, and he makes me tenfold more ashamed of those silly and ill-starred letters.

“ I shall soon have the pleasure to see you, I trust, and remain, dear Lady Blessington, ever faithfully yours,  
N. P. WILLIS.”

#### FREDERICK MANSELL REYNOLDS, ESQ.

This gentleman, the son of a well-known dramatist, owes his principal literary celebrity to a remarkable work, which attracted a good deal of attention a few years ago, entitled “ Misericordus.”

Mr. Reynolds was rather an amateur in literature than a professor. In his hands “ The Keepsake ” made its first appearance—the first and last of the tribe of Annuals—some thirty years ago. He continued to edit it till the year 1836, when Mrs. Norton became editress. In 1837, Lady E. S. Wortley became editress. For many years of his latter life Mr. Reynolds resided on the Continent, and for some time in Jersey. He died at Fontainebleau in 1850. A lady who was well acquainted with the friends of Lady Blessington thus speaks of Mr. Reynolds :

“ He was a man of very kind heart and generous disposition, hospitable, obliging, and very true in his friendship, but extremely eccentric, and especially so during the latter years of his life. His extreme sensibility and nervous susceptibility had so augmented with years and ailments, that he lived latterly with his family, wholly retired from the world. His last illness was long, and of painful suffering. He was very highly educated, and well informed, and had a good knowledge and excellent taste in painting and music, though not a performer in either art. He versified gracefully, but his prose writings partook much, in general, of a forced style and a fantastic humor. He has left a young wife, who was one of the most perfect models I ever saw of conjugal affection, obedience, attention, patience, and devotion,

whom he had known from her childhood, and whose education he had superintended."

LETTERS FROM MANSELL REYNOLDS, ESQ., TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Hillan House, St. Helen's, Jersey, March, 1847.

"MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—After having so recently seen you, and being so powerfully and so painfully under the influence of a desire never again to place the sea between me and yourself and circle, I feel almost provoked to find how much this place suits me in every physical respect. But truth is truth, and certainly I feel that this place is made for me; for illness has effected greater inroads on my strength than 'all the doctors in the land' can ever repair.

"You and Count D'Orsay speak kindly and cheerfully to me; but I am *un malade imaginaire*, for I do not fear death; on the contrary, I rather look to it as my only hope of secure and lasting tranquillity.

"In the lull which has hitherto accompanied my return to this delicious climate, I have had time and opportunity for ample retrospection, and I find that we have both laid in a stock of regard for Count D'Orsay which is immeasurable: any body so good-natured and so kind-hearted I never before saw; it seems to me that it should be considered an inestimable privilege to live in his society. When you write to me, pray be good enough to acquaint me whether you have been told verbatim what a lady said on the subject; for praise so natural, hearty, and agreeable was never before uttered in a soliloquy, which her speech really was, though I was present at the time.

"At the risk of repeating, I really must tell it to you. After Count D'Orsay's departure from our house, there was a pause, when it was broken by exclaiming, 'What a very nice man!' I assented in my own mind, but I was pursuing also a chain of thought of my own, and I made no audible reply. Our ruminations then proceeded, when mine were once more interrupted by her saying, 'In fact, he is the *nicest man I ever saw.*'

"This is a pleasant avowal to me, I thought, but still I could not refrain from admitting she was right. Then again, for a third time, the mental machinery of both went to work in silence, until that of the lady reached a *ne plus ultra* stage of admiration, and she ejaculated in an ecstasy, 'Indeed, he is the nicest man that can possibly be!'

"The progress of this unconsciously expressed panegyric from the modest positive to the rhapsodical superlative struck me as extremely amusing, and I only now derive pleasure from repeating it to you because it is literally true, and utterly unembellished by me.

"I have written to Heath on the subject of the 'Royal' Book of Beauty, to endeavor to dissuade him from the use of an epithet so vulgarized, and to induce him to substitute the word 'Regal,' ever entirely putting aside your association with a title in such bad taste.

"With our kindest and most affectionate regards to yourself and Count

D'Orsay, and also to the Misses Power, believe me, my dear Lady Blessington, always most faithfully yours,

MANSSELL REYNOLDS."

"St. Helen's, Jersey, March 30th, 1849.

"What has been determined with regard to the *Annuals*? Will they be continued? If they be, and you still think that I am capable of rendering you any assistance, it is scarcely necessary for me to state that I am now, as always, considerably at your service.

"Only the other day I was re-reading one of your last biographies, and I repeat to you, what I previously stated, that the improvement you have made in the art and tone of composition since I first had the pleasure and honor of becoming acquainted with you is really wonderful.

"MANSSELL REYNOLDS."

## CHAPTER XVI.

DR. WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D.

ONE of the most valued friends of Lady Blessington, in whose worth, moral and intellectual, she placed the highest confidence, was the author of "*The Heliotrope*," Dr. William Beattie. I had the good fortune to be the means of making Lady Blessington acquainted with Dr. Beattie.

In 1833, on the occasion of a morning call at Gore House, while waiting for her ladyship, I found a volume lying on the drawing-room table of newly-published Poems, without the author's name, entitled "*The Heliotrope, or the Pilgrim in Search of Health, in Italy*." The volume was a presentation copy to Lady Blessington, with these words on the fly-leaf: "I too have been in Arcadia." I had time, before the appearance of Lady Blessington, to read several poems at the commencement of the volume, and was greatly struck with the harmony of the versification, the elegance of style, the evident kindness of nature, and amiability of disposition manifested in them. I inquired of Lady Blessington if she knew any thing of the author, and was informed she had no knowledge of him whatever. Some days subsequently, I proceeded to the publishers in the Strand, and expressed a desire to know the author of "*The Heliotrope*." I was told the author had no intention of making his name known; he had intimated, in the Preface to the volume recent-

ly published, his purpose, if the work was favorably received, of completing the poem in another volume; but as the work was not pushed on public attention, and did not sell, the author had given up all idea of continuing it. I obtained a loan of the volume from Lady Blessington, and perused the entire poem with attention. After that perusal, my impression was so strong as to the merits of this poem (over-modestly introduced to the public), that I addressed a letter to the author, to the care of his publisher, encouraging him to proceed with his performance to its completion, and counseling him, so far from being disheartened by the bad reception given to his first volume, to rest assured of ultimate success. In return, I had a gratifying letter from the author, and subsequently a visit, and was indebted to my communication for a friend, whose friendship from that time to the present has been to me a source of uninterrupted satisfaction.

“The Heliotrope” was cast upon the waters by author and publisher without any apparent anxiety about its fate—to sink or swim on the stream of current literature, as it might please the stars of criticism: no effort was made for its success or safety. Two of the leading periodicals of the time, however, discerned the merits of this poem, and did justice to them.\*

Dr. Beattie is a native of Scotland. While he was at school he had the misfortune to lose his father. That loss, the result of an accident, was the beginning of severe family trials; “and from that hour,” to use Dr. Beattie’s words in reference to his own career, “the battle of life commenced, and has ever since continued.”

\* The “Metropolitan Magazine” said of it: “Every line in this book is written in the language of poetry; every expression is idiomatic of the Muses. Cadences can not be sweeter, nor verse more polished. The author has dipped his right hand in the waves of the Heliconian fount, and has drawn it forth strengthened with the waters glittering fresh upon it. He has caught the sweetest echo of the spirit of poetry, when she sings her most dulcet song in her secluded shades.”

The “Athenæum” said of it: “The faults of this poem are few, and the beauties numerous; among the beauties are a manly vigor of sentiment, and an elevation and flow of language. The picture of the fallen condition of Genoa is masterly. The destruction of Pompeii is well described. The eye of the poet and the hand of the painter unite in these fine stanzas.”

But one observation of his, in regard to that career, every one who knows him must dissent from: "All I am entitled to say of myself may be comprised in four words: 'Laboriose vixi nihil agendo.'" Dr. Beattie has led a life of labor and anxiety, never wearying of doing good to others; and in that respect he might indeed say,

"I count myself in nothing else so happy."

His life has been an exemplification of the theory of the duty of benevolence, inculcated in the words of Shakspeare:

"We are born to do benefits."\*

"There are many members of our profession who, although not eminently distinguished in strictly professional circles, nor even in medical science or practice, have nevertheless exhibited talent of no ordinary kind in collateral pursuits, and the gentleman whose name heads this notice is one of such. Dr. Beattie was educated at Clarencefield Academy between the years 1807-13, and from the latter period to 1820 studied at the University of Edinburgh, where he took his degree. He pursued his studies in London in 1822, and subsequently, in the years 1823, 24, 25, and 26, made the tour of Europe, visiting France, Italy, Germany, &c., and acquainting himself with the various modes of practice and theories taught in the most celebrated Continental schools. We may judge, therefore, that he was eminently qualified for the post he afterward filled for eight years—that of physician to the Duke and Duchess of Clarence, whom he attended during their three visits at foreign courts."

The writer of the preceding passage in an eminent medical periodical has omitted to state the royal remuneration received by Dr. Beattie for his eight years' assiduous attendance on his late majesty, when Duke of Clarence, and on the duchess, the late Queen Adelaide. The amount does not require many figures to specify it—a cipher, in the form of a circle, will express it. He was a wise physician, and had much dealings, no doubt, with royal English dukes and German princesses, who said of his royal *clientèle*, "Dum dolent solvent."

Dr. Beattie commenced practice in London in 1830. He is a

\* Timon of Athens, Act. I., Sc. 2.

graduate of the University of Edinburgh, and a member of the Royal College of Physicians of London. His practice has been very extensive, and highly advantageous and profitable to the poor and the unfortunate who have seen better days; to indigent clergymen, artists, actors, authors, and literati of all grades. Dr. Beattie belongs to a class of men who, having become renowned for their benevolence, *malgré eux*, are looked upon by all their friends in all their troubles as having a special mission given them to spend their time, and to be spent in alleviating human sufferings.

“The Heliotrope, or Pilgrim in Pursuit of Health,” in two cantos, comprising Liguria, Campania, and Calabria, was written in Italy in 1823–4, and published in 1833 in 1 vol. 12mo. A second edition, in four cantos (the two last comprising “Sicily” and “The Lipari Islands”), under the title of “The Pilgrim in Italy, with other Poems,” appeared in 184 . “John Huss,” a poem, was published in 1829. “Polynesia,” a poem, appeared in 1839. “The Courts of Germany,” visited in 1822, 25, and 26, in two vols. 8vo, appeared in 1827.

A series of splendidly-illustrated works—the letter-press by Dr. Beattie, the engravings chiefly from drawings on the spot by the late W. H. Bartlett—historical, topographical, and descriptive of scenery and inhabitants—was commenced in 1836, with the publication of “Switzerland,” in 2 vols. 4to. This was followed by “Scotland,” in 2 vols. 4to, 1838; and next, “The Waldenses,” 1 vol. 4to, 1838; then “The Castles and Abbeys,” in 2 vols. 4to, 1839; “The Ports and Harbors,” in 2 vols. 4to, 1839; “The Danube,” in 1 vol. 4to, 1844. Another illustrated work, entitled “Historical Memoirs of Eminent Conversationists,” was subsequently produced by the same publishers, but Dr. Beattie only contributed a portion of the Memoirs.

In 1838, one of those publications made its appearance to which Campbell was induced to give his name as editor, and not his labors: “Campbell’s Scenic Annual for 1838, containing thirty-six exquisitely finished Engravings of the most remarkable Scenes in Europe, &c., with a rich fund of Literary Matter corresponding with each Subject, and comprising Original Poetry

by the Editor, Thomas Campbell, Esq., author of 'The Pleasures of Hope.'"

Among the eulogistic notices of this Annual which appeared at the time of its publication is to be found the following, in a leading critical journal: "The name of Campbell is a sufficient pledge for the poetic, literary, and generally tasteful character of this Annual."

It was thus hailed in the "Gentleman's Magazine:" "We were most agreeably surprised by the sight of this Annual. In selection of scenery, in skill and elegance of composition, and in pleasing and picturesque effect in the engravings, it yields to none of its rivals, while in the splendor of the editor's reputation it far surpasses them all."

Nevertheless, all the poetical pieces, for which Campbell got the credit, and the publisher, by his name, the profit, with the exception of three, were written by Dr. William Beattie.

Dr. Beattie was a frequent contributor to the periodicals edited by Lady Blessington; and, without any disparagement to the abilities of the other contributors of acknowledged merit to those Annuals, it may be asked, if the lines addressed "to the Fountains in the Place de la Concorde," where the guillotine was erected "en permanence," hastily written at the request of Lady Blessington, in an emergency referred to in one of the letters, which will be found among those addressed by her to Dr. Beattie, have been equaled by any similar contribution in the whole series of those periodicals?

This brief notice may be concluded, I trust not inappropriately, with some lines addressed by Dr. Beattie to the author on his return from Africa in 1840—lines well calculated to show the talents of a writer who was a favorite contributor to Lady Blessington's periodicals, and a most intimate friend and correspondent of hers.

LINES ADDRESSED TO DR. MADDEN, BY DR. W. BEATTIE, ON HIS  
RETURN FROM AFRICA IN 1840.

"A pilgrim I stood, in a desolate realm,  
Where Faith had no anchor, and Freedom no helm;  
Religion no altar, no spirit, no voice,  
To cheer the benighted, and bid them rejoice.



For that region with darkness and idols was rife,  
 Its traffic the blood and the sinews of life—  
 Where the curse of oppression had blighted the plain,  
 And the cry of the captive was uttered in vain.

‘Is there no one,’ they cried, ‘to our anguish responds,  
 No hand from on high to unrivet our bonds?  
 Like beasts of the forest—like sheep of the fold—  
 How long shall our children be slaughtered or sold?  
 How long shall the spoiler pursue his career,  
 And our traders supply him with sabre and spear?  
 How long shall the veil of hypocrisy rest  
 On the craft or the guile of that trafficker’s breast?’

How sad was that voice! But its thrilling appeal  
 Has struck on the ear of a stranger, whose zeal,  
 Long tried and unflinching, was still at his post  
 When the victims of slavery needed him most.  
 He heard, and, like Howard, he turned not away,  
 For high thoughts in his spirit were kindling that day;  
 He rushed to the spot, in the struggle to share—  
 For the victim was bound, and his doom was despair.

The stranger was moved, and to sever the chain  
 Of the captive he labored, and toiled not in vain;  
 While the man-stealer’s sordid accomplice stood by,  
 And scowled on the stranger with truculent eye;  
 And by features distorted by impotent rage,  
 Foamed, fretted, and chafed, like a wolf in his cage;  
 Exclaiming, ‘Right dearly the price thou shalt pay  
 For the wrong thou hast done to my interests to-day.’

‘Thy threats I regard not,’ the stranger replied;  
 ‘My duty is done; by my act I abide:  
 I have labored, indeed, to unfetter the slave—  
 If wrong, let the record be writ on my grave.  
 But on that of the wretch who for lucre retains  
 Even man, his Redeemer once ransomed, in chains,  
 No record be read save the record of guilt—  
 Of the hearts he has broken, the blood he has spilt.’

And yet, while I gazed on that terrible scene,  
 And the slave-stealer frowned with a murderous mien,

While he trampled on freedom, and scoffed at the rood—  
 For its sign was rebuke to his traffic in blood—  
 These words were pronounced, and the stranger was cheered :  
 ‘ To the genius of Freedom thy cause is endeared ;  
 Through sunshine and tempest pursue thy career ;  
 The billows may roar, but the haven is near ! ’ ”

LETTERS FROM LADY BLESSINGTON TO THE AUTHOR OF “ THE  
 HELIOTROPE. ”

“ April 14th, 1833.

“ Lady Blessington has again to acknowledge the polite attention of the author of ‘ The Heliotrope, ’ and to thank him for the very acceptable present he has made her. Lady B—— feels much gratified that the beautiful poem is given to the public, for in the present degenerate days, when a taste for fine poetry is almost as rare as the genius for writing it, a few specimens like ‘ The Heliotrope ’ must do much toward leading back the mind to the true point of inspiration—nature—pure and refined, as portrayed in the admirable poem now published. ”

“ Seamore Place, June 12th, 1833.

“ The high opinion Lady Blessington entertains of the genius of the author of ‘ The Heliotrope ’ must plead her excuse for the request she is about to make him. Lady B—— has undertaken to edit the ‘ Book of Beauty ’ for this year, and many of her literary friends have kindly consented to assist her by their contributions. The work is to consist of twenty-five engravings from pictures by the best artists, the engravings to be illustrated by tales in prose or by poetry. The pictures are all female portraits of great beauty, and Lady Blessington is most anxious that a poem, however short, from the elegant pen of the author of ‘ The Heliotrope ’ should grace the pages of her book.

“ Lady B—— has many apologies to make for this liberty ; but the author of ‘ The Heliotrope ’ must bear in mind that few who have had the gratification of perusing that admirable poem could resist the desire of endeavoring to procure a few lines from the same pen for a work in which Lady B—— is much interested. ”

“ Sunday, June 16th, 1833.

“ Lady Blessington feels deeply sensible, not only of the consent the author of ‘ The Heliotrope ’ has given to comply with her request, but the amiable manner in which that consent has been conveyed. Lady B—— can not abandon the hope of becoming personally acquainted with an author whose admirable poem has so much delighted her, and requests that, if the author of ‘ The Heliotrope ’ is resolved to retain his incognito, she may at least have the pleasure of seeing his friend, Dr. William Beattie, whose name brings associations most agreeable, not only of the ‘ Progress of Genius, ’ but its hap-

piest results, as exemplified in 'The Heliotrope.' Lady Blessington sends a picture which she is most anxious should be illustrated in *verse*. The subject is beautiful, and therefore not unworthy the pen she wishes to consign it to."

"Seamore Place, Tuesday, Aug. 20th.

"DEAR SIR,—I inclose a proof-sheet of the beautiful poem you were so kind as to give me, that you may see if it is correctly printed. Will you be so good as to return it at your earliest convenience? I greatly fear that the *lateness* of my hours has more than once deprived me of the pleasure of seeing you; and, to prevent the recurrence of such a loss occurring to me again, may I entreat you to bear in mind that I receive *every evening from ten o'clock until half past twelve*, and that it will be most highly gratifying to me to see you at Seamore Place as frequently as you can favor me with your company.

"Your sincere and obliged

M. BLESSINGTON."

"Saturday morning.

"It appears that I am never to address you except to acknowledge some favor conferred. I have now to thank you for the lines sent to-day, and to express my gratitude for the admirable poem, with which I shall be proud to grace the pages of my 'Book of Beauty.'

"I should be wanting in candor were I not to acknowledge the high gratification your commendation of 'The Repealers' has given me. It is *such praise*, and from *such a source*, that it repays an author for being misunderstood by the common herd, among whom my book is not calculated to make much impression.

M. BLESSINGTON."

"Wednesday, July 3d, 1833.

"With such a gem in my book as the sketch you have sent me, I defy criticism, for *one* such contribution would redeem any work. How can I thank you sufficiently?

"I dare not believe the flattering things you say of my 'Repealers;' but pray remember it was written in *five weeks*—the only excuse I can give for its errors.

"I am generally at home except on Opera nights, and your presence can never fail to be most acceptable at Seamore Place whenever you have a spare evening at your disposal.

M. BLESSINGTON."

"Seamore Place, 29th November, 1833.

"I feel that the partiality of the friend (for so you must permit me to consider you) has silenced the criticism of the erudite reader, and therefore I fear to accept the commendations you offer me—commendations so valuable from an author whose brilliant genius is only equaled by the chaste elegance of the language in which it is displayed.

"The truth is, it is difficult for a mind like yours to peruse any work without decking it with some portion of that grace and beauty which evidently peculiarly belongs to your imagination, like the vase which, having long contained precious odors, lends a portion of their fragrance even to water when it passes through it.

"I regret that you are compelled to live in darkness, but, with 'the light within,' who can so well dispense with that without? Milton described what *he imagined*, and gained immortality; had sight been spared him, he might have only described what he saw, and gained only temporary fame.

"Though I pray that you may never resemble him in the cause, I trust you will emulate him in the *effect*, which was produced on his genius by loss of vision; for I am persuaded that the more frequently you draw on 'the light within,' the more will all lovers of true poetry be illumined.

"I hope you will indulge me with your society whenever you are able to face the *lamp*, that most destructive of all economical inventions, which sears the eyes and dulls the head.

M. BLESSINGTON."

"January 1st, 1834.

"The elegant lines I received this day can come from no pen save yours, so let me thank you for them. They arrived at a moment when the day had awakened a *melancholy train of reflections*—in which the recollections of the past year, and the fears for the future, had shed a gloom, which the fanciful and gay visions of your Muse dispelled. 1833 has peculiar claims to my gratitude for having bestowed on me the advantage and pleasure of your (will you permit me to say?) friendship, and for this I have bid adieu to it with regret.

"I am writing in a room with a circle of friends who are talking so loudly that I fear my note will be almost as unintelligible to you as my ideas are to myself; but three feelings are distinct in my mind, which are *gratitude* for your kindness, admiration for your genius, and genuine esteem for your many fine qualities, which no one, my dear sir, can estimate more highly than

"M. BLESSINGTON."

"January 16th, 1835.

"The bearer is Mr. Miller,\* the poet (and basket-maker), for whom I am anxious to procure *your* countenance. Who so well as you can appreciate a true poet, or who reward with kind words of encouragement one to whom *Fortune* has been so much less kind than Nature? M. BLESSINGTON."

"January 1st, 1836.

"One can forgive the coming new year, which reminds us of much that we wish to forget, when it brings verses like yours—verses in which a refined taste and a true genius are equally conspicuous. I put genius last; for though it is considered 'the gift, all other gifts above,' yet I rank it beneath that in-

\* Miller, the basket-making bard, author of "Fair Rosamond," &c.—R. R. M.

estimable gift, a *heart*, that endears you to every friend who has ever had the happiness of knowing you; and I do assure you, honestly and truly, that I have never been able to decide which I most valued, the brilliant genius you possess, or the noble, warm heart that shines through all your actions and thoughts.

M. BLESSINGTON."

"Gore House, March 28th, 1836.

"I last year gave you a subject which only a Muse like yours could adorn; I now send you one that might inspire a much less gifted one. It is the portrait of the Marchioness of Abercorn and her daughter, by E. Landseer, and, to my taste, is charming. The marchioness is daughter to the Duke of Bedford, and a descendant of Rachael Lady Russell, whose virtues she inherits. If I counted less on your friendship, of which I have had so many proofs, I should hesitate in demanding this new one; but I know that your Muse is ever propitious to the call of friendship.

"I hope you will soon come and see my new abode, and your cordial friend,

"M. BLESSINGTON."

"Gore House, Friday, April 15th, 1836.

"Will you forgive me for being so importunate? But your verses are to open my book, followed by Mr. Bulwer, and Sir William Gell's Essay.

"Printers have sometimes devils *in* as well as about them, and are prone to perplex those who dip their fingers in ink.

M. BLESSINGTON."

"Gore House, February 15th, 1837.

"I am a petitioner to you on the part of Mrs. Fairlie, my niece, for three or four stanzas. The children (for the illustration) are the three sons of the Duke of Buccleugh, whose duchess is a daughter of the Marquis of Bath. An allusion to the family adds interest to the subject, and *no one* can make such allusions with the grace that you do. The work for which the plate is meant is to be named 'Buds and Blossoms,' and is to give the portraits of all the children of the English aristocracy. It will be a beautiful work, and as it is the first which my niece has undertaken to edit, I am most anxious for its success. A few lines from your gifted pen will secure this.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

"Gore House, July 10th, 1837.

"I shall fancy that my 'Book of Beauty' can have no luck, and be sure it can have no *grace*, unless it contains some lines from your pen. The number of plates is now curtailed to twelve instead of nineteen, as formerly, and I have not one to be illustrated, having distributed my twelve before I knew that an alteration was to be made. My drawers are full of prose and verse, from the generosity of contributors, but I prefer one page of yours *on any subject* to piles from others. Let me therefore have a page, a sonnet, any thing of yours, and then I shall feel confident of success.

M. BLESSINGTON."

•

“Gore House, July 17th, 1838.

“I send an engraving of a fair lady as a petitioner to you for a few lines. If I knew any poet who could write half so well, you should not be so often troubled; but the truth is, you throw so much grace, truth, and beauty into your verses, that I can not resist trespassing on your kindness for an illustration which is so precious for my book. The portrait is Lady Valetort, whose husband is the son of Lord Mount Edgecombe. She is the daughter of Lady Elizabeth Fielding, and a very lovely as well as amiable young woman. The child is her first-born.

M. BLESSINGTON.”

“St. Leonard's-on-Sea, Victoria Hotel, September 15th, 1839.

“It was only yesterday that your ‘Polynesia’ was forwarded to me from home, and having perused it last evening, and again this morning, I can not allow a day to pass without thanking you, as I most heartily do, for the exquisite gratification it has afforded me. You have, indeed, found an irresistible mode for exciting the liveliest interest in favor of the *missionaries* and their converts, for I defy the coldest-hearted utilitarians to read your beautiful poem without feeling themselves melted into sympathy for the toils and triumphs you have so eloquently described. Poesy is, indeed, a blessed as well as a glorious gift, when, as in this case, it is made subservient to the highest interests of humanity, and I am delighted that your Muse (always skillful in awakening the tender feelings) has led you to adopt a subject so fraught with all that could inspire them. Her flight has this time been a very high one; but, like the angels who can soar to Heaven, and bask in its glories without becoming insensible to the ills of unhappy mortals, she, though flying through the highest regions of imagination, overlooks not the sufferings of those who are denied its gifts, and, while dazzling us by her splendor, forgets not to touch the heart while charming the mind; so that even when we are most delighted with the Muse, we reverence the Christian.

M. BLESSINGTON.”

“Gore House, November 30th, 1839.

“Your verses on the portrait of ‘Lady Clanricarde’ have met with universal admiration. No one ever wrote more appropriate or more delicate compliments. Her ladyship is beautiful and clever, so that your address to her portrait is happily applicable.

M. BLESSINGTON.”

“Sunday, July 19th.

“Nothing can be more happy or more graceful than ‘The Planet.’ Does not this prove that ‘poets excel most in fiction?’

“The loveliest portrait could not have inspired more charming lines. How beautiful are the two numbers you have sent me of your ‘Switzerland’ and ‘Scotland,’ two works more deservedly popular than any that have appeared for ages, and calculated to produce the most happy effect (that of refining the taste) on all who read them!

“How sweet is ‘The Vesper Hymn!’ It is a perfect gem, set in a frame of the finest granite (for your prose will last as long as that imperishable substance); and your poetry is not only the most graceful and highly finished, but the most perfectly musical I know; yet neither its high polish nor music are attained by the sacrifice of that greatest of all essentials in poetry, good sense, which, joined to a brilliant imagination and exquisite taste, pervade every line you write.

M. BLESSINGTON.”

“Friday evening.

“Read Dr. Hogg’s and Sir William Gell’s letters. I think the works named by both might be proposed to Messrs. Saunders and Ottley, who are my present publishers. They appear to be very excellent people, and have just brought out a beautiful work of Sir William Gell, on the ‘Topography of Rome,’ in a most creditable style.

M. BLESSINGTON.”

“Gore House, July 24th, 1841.

“I come a *beggar* to you at the eleventh hour for a few lines to illustrate a portrait of the Honorable Miss Forester, a very charming young lady. Will you therefore write me a page of verse for the portrait in question? The young lady is seated, with a little dog on her lap, which she looks at rather pensively; she is fair, with light hair, and is in mourning. She is sister to Lord Forester, and her sisters, Lady Chesterfield and the Hon. Mrs. George Anson, are remarkable for their beauty. Pray excuse this unreasonable request, and let your brilliant imagination picture the young beauty whose portrait is to be illustrated.

M. BLESSINGTON.”

“Gore House, May 24th, 1842.

“I send you a portrait of the queen, the Prince of Wales, and the princess royal, which is to form the frontispiece of the ‘Book of Beauty.’ Will you extend to me and my book the same kindness so often extended hitherto, and write a page or two for this picture? If I knew any poet who would do half so well, I would not trouble you, for I am really ashamed of trespassing so often on your kindness.

M. BLESSINGTON.”

“Gore House, Monday.

“Your kind letter of Saturday found me in the hour of need, for never did I more require your services. The proprietor of the Annual, and his printer, and his engraver, have all three been ill, which has delayed the progress of these works, until now, at the eleventh hour, I find myself pressed by a quantity of work hardly to be got through, even with industry. Will you then kindly come to my aid, and illustrate the plate I send, and which only came to my hand this morning? It represents the Place de Louis XV., so celebrated from being the scene of so many remarkable events. It was, during the first Revolution, converted into the Place de la Revolution, a permanent guillotine

being erected, which served for the execution of Louis XVII. and his unfortunate queen, and also for a great many of their nobility. In 1800 it became the Place de la Concorde. In 1815 it resumed its original name, Place Louis XV. Under the reign of Louis Philippe, the place has undergone great improvement. It has been admirably paved, lighted by forty magnificent candelabras for gas, and the obelisk of Luxor, seventy-two feet in height, graces the centre, with two noble fountains on either side. A page of verse to illustrate this plate, or two pages, if requisite, would greatly oblige me, treated as you wish. Might not the fountains be supposed to send their showers to efface the innocent blood shed on the spot? I ought to apologize for any hint or suggestion to one whose mind is stored with poetical images as well as with historical events.

M. BLESSINGTON."

LETTERS FROM DR. W. BEATTIE TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—I have endeavored to carry your wishes into effect, and have done so, if not successfully, at least speedily.

"Your truly obliged

W. BEATTIE.

"LINES TO THE FOUNTAINS IN THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE,  
WHERE THE GUILLOTINE WAS ERECTED 'EN PERMANENCE.'

"Flow on, ye bright waters, in harmony flow,  
Now mounting like crystal, now falling like snow :  
Cheer the night with the music and dance of your spray,  
And cool, with your freshness, the long summer day.  
Fan the sick with your breath, bid the weary repose,  
And wean the sad heart from a sense of its woes ;  
Wash out, if ye may, the dark record of blood  
That reddens the spot where the *guillotine* stood !

But no ; although Genius and Fancy may toil—  
Though trophies and sculptures embellish the soil—  
Though kings or republics surround you with light,  
And deck you with treasures that dazzle the sight,  
Their labor is vain. Through the splendid disguise  
That enchants the beholder, what spectres arise !  
Stern HISTORY opens her volume, and lo !  
That FOUNTAIN is changed to a scaffold of woe.  
An army of martyrs—starred, mitred, and crowned—  
Dragged on by assassins, encumber the ground—  
Their dungeon exchanged for the steel and the block,  
And the dismal arena, that thrills to the shock ;  
For the axe is descending—and Mercy takes wing—  
Foul hands are imbrued in the blood of their KING !



Again! for the vision grows darker in hue,  
 And the regicide weapons are whetted anew.  
 There—fairer and brighter than fancy may paint,  
 With the face of an angel, the faith of a saint,  
 The soul of a martyr, anointed of Heaven,  
 Their beautiful QUEEN to the scaffold is driven,  
 On the block, like her consort, to bow and to bleed. . . .  
 Oh Mercy—Humanity—blush for the deed!  
 Weep—weep for the crime whose indelible trace  
 No tears can extinguish, no time can efface:  
 The fountain may flow, the sculptor may toil,  
 But the red stamp of Infamy clings to the soil. W. BEATTIE.”

“6 Park Square, January, 1839.

“I beg to return you my grateful thanks for a very handsome and a very useful present. Having failed in two other attempts to do so in person, allow me on paper to wish you many happy returns of the season, and believe that your health, and fame, and happiness are objects of the most sincere interest at this fireside. Your ‘Governess’ has produced a most favorable impression. We can not, however, imagine how you can possibly write so much and so well—unless you have a familiar spirit; and that a *spirit* does abide in much that you write is apparent.

“I saw Dr. Madden for a few minutes since his return from the Havana, but he is now, I believe, in Dublin. I suppose he showed you the volume of MS. poems inscribed to him by the bards of Cuba (and some earlier lines addressed to him by a bard of Caledonia). I thought him greatly improved in health. W. BEATTIE.”

LINES ADDRESSED TO R. R. MADDEN, ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR THE  
 WEST INDIES IN 1833.

“Strong as some sainted amulet,  
 The link in memory’s chain  
 That tells where kindred spirits met,  
 No time can rend in twain.  
 And, mindful of her pledge, the Muse  
 One passing wreath would twine,  
 And trace, in every flower she strews,  
 A health to thee and thine.

The union of congenial minds  
 No distance can divide,  
 Unshaken in the shock of winds,  
 Unstemm’d by ocean’s tide.

It lives beyond the Atlantic main,  
 Where, basking 'neath the line,  
 A sun-bright shore, a palmy plain,  
 Shall welcome thee and thine.

Embower'd within the glowing west,  
 And circled by the sea,  
 Which laves 'the Islands of the Blessed,'  
 A health to them and thee.  
 And gentle stars, and generous hearts,  
 Their genial lights combine,  
 And all that halcyon peace imparts,  
 Descend on thee and thine.

Adieu ; the breath of friendship fills  
 The sail that wafts thee hence,  
 To lands whose radiant sky distills  
 Arabia's redolence !  
 Go : but a few brief summers flown,  
 Once more across the brine,  
 Thy country shall reclaim the loan  
 She lent on thee and thine !

W. BEATTIE.

"London, September 30th."

"Park Square, January 6th, 1841.

"In looking over some papers of a lamented friend yesterday, I found some pages of MS. inscribed 'Extracts from Lady Blessington's Works.' He was one of your greatest admirers, and has died in the prime of life, of consumption. Brought up in the army, he was a brave soldier, and, as I can speak from long experience, 'a centurion,' and unaffectedly 'devout.' He has left nearly all he possessed to the numerous public charities of London.

"W. BEATTIE."

Inclosed in the preceding letter :

"LINES ON THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN J— S— C—, 53D REGIMENT.

[Not published.]

"Oh, weep not for the fleetness  
 That closed his brief career !  
 For memory sheds a sweetness  
 And fragrance round his bier.

Though mouldering in their lowly bed  
 His lifeless relics lie—  
 Though cold in dust, *he* is not dead,  
 For virtue can not die.

Oh, never cloud with sadness  
 The heart that should rejoice,  
 For Hope, and Faith, and Gladness  
 Spoke in his parting voice.

His soul has found that brighter sphere  
 Where Faith her Sabbath keeps ;  
 While angels whisper round his bier,  
 'He is not dead, but sleeps.'

If we but lead the life *he* led,  
 We'll meet him on that shore—  
 That land—where death itself is dead,  
 And sin can tempt no more.

He passed our world in pilgrim haste,  
 Like one whose measured way  
 Was fleeting through this dreary waste  
 To reach eternal day.

Then weep not for the fleetness  
 That closed his brief career,  
 For memory sheds a sweetness  
 And fragrance round his bier.

W. BEATTIE.

"Park Square, Regent's Park."

"Park Square, February 30th, 1841.

"To-morrow (D. V.) I will take Prince Albert's likeness at a sitting. From a Conservative, and the editor of 'Conservative Statesmen,' it will be a curiosity. But I will take care that the sketch shall be executed in good taste (!), and shall be as pithy and concise as the enunciation of his royal highness's accomplishments will allow.

W. BEATTIE."

"November 20th.

"There are two sonnets of yours in the 'Book of Beauty' for the present year which are gems of feeling and expression, and, to my mind, afford more real pleasure than all that the artists have done, wonderful as their art undoubtedly is. Mr. Chorley's 'Stanzas to Marguerite' are pointed, graceful, and appropriate, and he is much happier than a hundred others, who have drawn their inspiration from a similar source. I was struck with the 'Lines to Mrs. Fairlie,' so playful and elegant in the structure and sentiment, as well as with the greater portion of the other contributions ; but the 'Sonnets' I can repeat, and I never repeat any thing that does not make a strong impression upon my mind.

W. BEATTIE."

I subjoin to these letters a copy of some remarkable lines of Dr. Beattie, which Lady Blessington requested me to procure for her from the author at the time of their appearance.

“TO THE POETS OF AMERICA

[Inscribed to Dr. Madden.]

“Bards of Freedom’s boasted land!  
 Brothers! foremost of the free!  
 Ye who, with impassion’d hand,  
 Sweep the chords of Liberty—  
 Ye to whom the boon is given  
 To win the ear and melt the heart,  
 Awake! and, waking earth and heaven,  
 Perform the minstrel’s noblest part.

Why stand ye mute when on the ear  
 A thunder-peal from sea to sea—  
 A peal earth’s darkest haunts shall hear,  
 Proclaims the slave shall now be free?  
 Long has he drain’d the bitter cup,  
 Long borne the scourge and dragged the chain,  
 But now the strength of Europe’s up—  
 A strength that ne’er shall sleep again.

Your Garrison has fann’d the flame—  
 Child, Chapman, Pierrepont, catch the fire;  
 And, roused at Freedom’s hallow’d name,  
 Hark! Bryant, Whittier, strike the lyre.  
 While *here*, hearts, voices, trumpet-toned,  
 Montgomery, Cowper, Campbell, Moore,  
 To Freedom’s glorious cause respond,  
 In sounds that thrill to every core.

Their voice has conjured up a power  
 No foes can daunt, no force arrest—  
 That gathers strength with every hour,  
 And strikes a chord in every breast—  
 A power that soon on Afric’s sand,  
 On Cuba’s shore, on ocean’s flood,  
 Shall crush the oppressor’s iron hand,  
 And blast the traffickers in blood.

Oh, where should Freedom’s hope abide  
 Save in the bosoms of the free—  
 Where should the wretched negro hide  
 Save in the shade of Freedom’s tree?

And where should minstrel wake the strain  
That cheers Columbia's forest wild?  
Oh, not where captives clank their chain,  
For Poetry is Freedom's child.

The minstrel can not, must not sing  
Where fetter'd slaves in bondage pine;  
Man has no voice, the Muse no wing,  
Save in the light of Freedom's shrine.  
Oh, by those songs your children sing,  
The lays that soothe your winter fires,  
The hopes, the hearths to which you cling,  
The sacred ashes of your sires—

By all the joys that crown the free—  
Love, honor, fame, the hopes of heaven—  
Wake in your might, that earth may see  
God's gifts have not been vainly given.

Bards of Freedom's foremost strand,  
Strike at least your loftiest key;  
Peal the watchword through the land,  
Shout till every slave is free.  
Long has he drain'd the bitter cup,  
Long borne the lash and clank'd the chain,  
But now the strength of Europe's up—  
A strength that ne'er shall sleep again.

W. BEATTIE.

e, June 24th, 1840."

## LETTERS FROM LADY BLESSINGTON TO R. R. MADDEN.

"Seamore Place, Friday.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I was both grieved and disappointed this day on discovering that you and Mr. Campbell had called before I had left my bedroom.

"I expressed to you last evening the extreme desire I have long entertained to make the acquaintance of a poet whose admirable productions no one can more highly value and admire than I do. Two months ago, Mr. Jekyll, one of my oldest friends, at my request wrote to Mr. Campbell, stating my impatience to be favored with his acquaintance; indeed, so well versed am I in Mr. Campbell's works, that I regard him with feelings of such respect and admiration as merit at least the advantage of being personally known to him.

"I must, therefore, request that you will present him my best compliments, and solicit the favor of his naming any day or time that I may hope to have the honor of seeing him. If it be possible, pray endeavor to bring him this evening to tea. Believe me, my dear M——, your sincere friend,

"M. BLESSINGTON."

“Monday March 4th, 1833.

“When I tell you that I have six hundred pages to write and compose, between this and the last day of the month, for a work which, unless completed by that period, I forfeit an engagement, you will understand why I can not read over the story that you have so kindly sent me, and which I feel persuaded is, like all that I have seen from your pen, graphic and full of talent. The moment I have got rid of my plaguing book, I will sit down to it with true gusto, and, en attendant, have to express the grateful sense of the active kindness with which you have rendered me this essential service.

“I am so pressed for time that I must conclude, though I have a thousand things to say about your interesting Greek heroine; the whole story of her redemption from slavery, her English marriage, her visit to you in London, &c., is a charming little romance.\*

M. BLESSINGTON.”

“Seamore Place, March 12th, 1834.

“I saw Dr. Beattie a few days ago. He continues to feel a lively interest in your welfare, and I am persuaded you have few more sincere friends.

“He is a man whose heart is as warm as his head is sensible and clever, and one such as the present time rarely offers in the number of our friends. He has just brought out the first number of a work, entitled ‘Switzerland,’ illustrated by beautiful engravings, and the style of the book is admirable, and highly creditable to him. Mr. Campbell I never see, and seldom hear of, either in the literary or social world. I hope he will soon give us his ‘Memoirs of Mrs. Siddons, for it is time they should come forth.

“I trust your pen is not idle. I look forward to a lively novel descriptive of ‘Life in the West Indies’ with no trifling impatience. It will give me pleasure to hear from you whenever you have a leisure half hour to give me.

“M. BLESSINGTON.”

“Gore House, December 17th, 1840.

“Many thanks for the very interesting work you have sent me, and which I have perused with pleasure. It will do a great deal of good to the ill-used race you have already exerted yourself so much for, by proving that they are worthy of sympathy.

“I was sorry not to have found you at home when I called. I hope you

\* The person referred to was a Greek girl named Yanulla, sold into Turkish slavery, and rescued from it in Alexandria, who was subsequently married to a British merchant of Alexandria, Mr. Agnew, a partner in the house of Messrs. Briggs and Co., after a sojourn in England for two or three years in Mr. Agnew’s family, having been sent to England with a view to her education. I had seen her and her mother in slavery in Candia, subsequently in Egypt. I was present at the liberation of both in Alexandria, and was visited in England by the former and her husband, Mr. Agnew, a few days after their marriage. They were then about to proceed to Candia, where, shortly after, Mrs. Agnew died.—R. R. M.

have no engagement for Saturday next, and that you will give me the pleasure of your company at dinner on that day, at half past seven o'clock.

“M. BLESSINGTON.”

From W. F. Strangways to Lady Blessington in relation to Dr. Madden :

“Foreign Office, June 8th, 1837.

“I have consulted with Mr. Byng on the subject of your note to me, and it appears to both of us that Dr. Madden *is in no danger from any representation against him*, as you perhaps apprehend.

“He has lately been *approved* of for his conduct, and things will, I hope, go on better when the new chief commissioner shall have arrived.\*

“Very sincerely yours,

W. FOX STRANGWAYS.”

From Lady Blessington :

“Gore House, Dec. 19th, 1840.

“I regret exceedingly not to have seen you before your departure for Africa. I had been unwell for some days, and am still an invalid, but snatched the first moment I was able to see any thing to ask you to come, little thinking you were so soon to leave London.

“It gives me great pleasure to hear that you have arranged matters so satisfactorily at Downing Street, and it proves how highly your services are appreciated there. Long may you continue to enjoy them in the full enjoyment of health, is my sincere and hearty wish.

“It would give me a melancholy satisfaction to learn every particular you can find out relative to poor L. E. L., for I entertained a deep sentiment of affection for her. I should like exceedingly to have a plain, simple marble slab placed over her grave, with her name inscribed on it, and I would willingly defray the expenses, as I can not bear to think there should be no record of the spot. When you arrive at Cape Coast Castle, you can ascertain if this be possible—I mean as regards her husband.

“It will give me great pleasure to hear from you whenever you are disposed to write, and if I can at any time be of use to you or yours, do not hesitate to employ me, for be assured I am your sincere friend, M. BLESSINGTON.”

“Gore House, Dec. 28th, 1842.

“Indisposition has prevented me from sooner answering your letter. My advice is, that you render your letter to Lord John as concise as possible. You need not enter into the merits of your case with him, or refute the cal-

\* The above letter was forwarded to me by Lady Blessington when residing in Cuba, holding the offices of “Superintendent of Liberated Africans” and acting “Commissioner of Arbitration in the Mixed Court of Justice at the Havana,” while battling with the slave-trade interests against very powerful and unscrupulous opponents.—R. R. M.

umnies of your assailants,\* as he is master of the subject; but merely state your motive in publishing a defense, which their attacks have rendered necessary. Inform Lord John, as briefly as you can, the persecution, in all forms, you have undergone previously to defending yourself in the papers. Lord John is so good a man that I wish you to stand well with him.

“M. BLESSINGTON.”

“Gore House, Tuesday.

“I have read, with great interest, the books, &c., which you confided to me, and which I now return. I send you a pedigree, on the authenticity of which you may rely.

“Mr. Edmund Sheehy, referred to as having been executed for rebellion, was my unfortunate grandfather. He lived at the Lodge, Bawnfoune, county Waterford, about seven or eight miles from Clonmel. I can not make out in what degree of relation he stood to Father Nicholas Sheehy, as my mother never referred to the subject without horror. She lost her father when she was only two years old.

“Musgrave refers to Edmund Sheehy in his book. I have heard that my grandfather was a chivalrous-minded man, to whom pardon was offered if he would betray others. I also know that he was nearly related to Father Nicholas Sheehy; but as no mention of this is made in the pedigree, I know not the degree of relationship. I should much like that justice could be rendered to the memories of my unfortunate relatives without any violation of truth. I shall look for your book with impatience, and do what I can to forward its circulation.

“I am so agitated by the increasing illness of my dear niece that I have had hardly time to write you these few lines.

“Father Sheehy was buried in a church-yard in the neighborhood of Clogheen. I regret that I can give you no other clew. I trust, when you next visit England, I shall see more of you, but Mrs. Fairlie's illness has kept me from seeing any of my friends of late.†

M. BLESSINGTON.”

\* English opponents of efforts for abolition of the slave-trade on the coast of Africa.—R. R. M.

† The books referred to in this letter were written by the author, to the second series of which there was an historical memoir prefixed, containing an extensive notice of the trial and execution of the Rev. Nicholas Sheehy and Edmund Sheehy, Esq., from the original records of the legal proceedings in both cases, still extant in the office of the Clerk of the Peace in Clonmel. At the time this work was written and published, the author was not aware that Lady Blessington was the granddaughter of Edmund Sheehy, and a relative also of the Rev. N. Sheehy. These facts he learned for the first time from Lady Blessington after her perusal of the work. While speaking at considerable length of those lamentable events and disastrous times, thus accidentally recalled, she was crying bitterly during the whole time that our conversation lasted.

It was on that occasion that Lady Blessington promised the author the pedigree



"Gore House, March 7th, 1843.

"I thank you for the book on Rome, which I have not yet had time to look at. I wish I could give you any information, or clew to acquire it, relative to the family of Father Sheehy, but unfortunately I can not, as for thirty years I have entirely lost sight of every one connected with them.\*

"M. BLESSINGTON."

"Gore House, October 19th, 1843.

"Those who imagine that you will descend one step in life by accepting the occupation you are about to fill in Portugal, entertain a very different opinion from me. Some of the most distinguished men have written for the press, and your doing so will, according to my notion, give you a new claim on the political party you have hitherto served.

"I am not sorry that you will be removed from Ireland at present, when affairs wear an aspect that must grieve and irritate every Irishman with noble and generous feelings. But women have, in my opinion, no business with politics, and I, above all women, have a horror of mixing myself up with them. I must content myself in wishing well to my poor country, which no one more heartily does. Wherever you go, or in whatever position, you will take with you my cordial good wishes for your prosperity and welfare, and for that of your family.

"I am now oppressed by writing to fulfill an engagement I entered into without being aware of the excessive fatigue it would entail on me, and am even at this moment so occupied that I have not time to say more than that I hope to see you before your departure, and that I am always your sincere friend,

M. BLESSINGTON."

of the Sheehy family, which he subsequently received, and published in the work above referred to, omitting, however, though not by her desire, the last passage in the document, which connected her name with the account of the family of the ill-fated Sheehys. There is matter for reflection in the vicissitudes of fortune which marked the career of the persecutors and the descendants of them in this case of frightful injustice, and also in those singular circumstances attending the elevation to the British peerage of two granddaughters of the unfortunate Edmund Sheehy, falsely accused and iniquitously convicted of a White-Boy offense, and ignominiously put to death for the same.

\* The book referred to is entitled "Reminiscences of Rome," by a Member of the Arcadian Academy," 1 vol. 8vo, 1838. I was greatly struck with this work, which fell into my hands by accident shortly after its publication. There was some allusion to the Sheehy family in the introduction, which made me inquisitive about the author. I ascertained the work was written by a gentleman of Irish descent of the name of Sheehy, private secretary of the Duke de Melfort, residing in Rome; and in the present year I met the author, and made his acquaintance in Ratcliffe College, Leicestershire, now a Roman Catholic priest of the order of Charity—a grand-nephew of Father Nicholas Sheehy.—R. R. M.

"Gore House, June 8th, 1847.

"I have been wondering why I have been so long without seeing you, and, had I known your address, which, unfortunately, had been lost, I should certainly have written to you to say so. I do not lightly form friendships, and, when formed, I do not allow any differences in political opinions to interfere with them. I have known you too long and too well not to feel a lively interest in your welfare, however we may disagree on some subjects.\* When I last saw you I was suffering such annoyance from being above a year without receiving a shilling of my rents from Ireland, that I felt unusual irritation on the subject on which we conversed. It was, however, but momentary, and never could produce any change in my sentiments toward an old and esteemed friend.

"I am not surprised, though greatly pleased, at the appointment offered you by Lord Grey,† for he is a man capable of appreciating merit, and you left so high a character wherever previously employed as to deserve future confidence. I only regret that you are going so far away. I have heard such favorable accounts of the climate, that I hope your absence from home will not be interminable, and that I may still see you return in health and comfort. It will give me great pleasure to see you before you depart, and to assure you of my unimpaired regard. Count D'Orsay charges me with his kindest wishes for your health and happiness, and my nieces send theirs. God bless you, my dear Dr. Madden. Let me hear sometimes from you, and count always on the good wishes of your sincere friend,

M. BLESSINGTON."

LETTERS FROM R. R. MADDEN TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"East Ascent, St. Leonard's, May 6th.

"I took Campbell to Seamore Place at a very unseasonable hour of the morning, having to leave town at noon, but I thought that, having once brought him to your door, like every other person who has once crossed its threshold, he would be very likely to find it again of his own accord.

"I can not tell you, Lady Blessington, what pleasure it gave me to pass once more a few hours in your society. Much as I have used my locomotive organs since we met in Naples in 1823 and 1824, I do not avail myself of the privilege which courtesy accords to travelers when I assure you I feel indebted for some of the most agreeable recollections of my life to the many pleasant hours I have passed in the Villa Belvidere ; but, like all other pleasures, these

\* The difference alluded to was on account of some observations made by Lady Blessington with respect to the peasantry of Ireland, and their recent sufferings during the famine. The only altercation I ever had with Lady Blessington was on that occasion. She was a little out of temper, and I was not a little vehement, I believe, in expressing an opinion that those who belonged to the people, and came out of their ranks, should deal leniently with their faults and sympathize with their sufferings.—R. R. M.

† That of Colonial Secretary to Western Australia.—R. R. M.

are now dashed by the painful recollection that death has broken up that once happy circle, and left all who were acquainted with it so many reasons for regret. I have met few men who possessed more genuine kindness of heart than poor Lord Blessington, or who was less indebted to his rank for the regard of those around him.

"I am indebted, dear Lady Blessington, to your kind note for this opportunity of assuring you I am not forgetful of the obligations I am under to you. I feel I might have remained to this day a very obscure son of Machaon in Naples had I not known your condescending notice at that period in early life, and at the outset of my career, when it was of most value to me.

"Yours, dear Lady Blessington, ever sincerely and gratefully,

"R. R. MADDEN."

"48 Sloane Square, Chelsea (1843).

"I thought you might like to see a work, and one that treats of the Eternal City, written by the *grand-nephew* of Father Nicholas Sheehy. The author is, I understand, a layman, now living in Rome, a secretary to the noble ecclesiastic of Scotch descent to whom his book is dedicated. I am very anxious to ascertain his address, and perhaps your ladyship's acquaintance with persons either resident there, or going thither from this country, might enable you to obtain some information for me on this point. The author of this book is represented to me as a man of refined taste, a scholar, and strongly attached to the faith of his fathers. But my informant knows nothing of his present abode.

"What relation could he be to Edmund Sheehy?\*

"In the pedigree there is an unfortunate hiatus where the latter's father is referred to. It does not mention whom he married, or how many children he had. Edmund alone is mentioned as his son.

"In the early part of next week I am going over to Ireland, and I am likely to be at Clonmel within eight or ten days. Can your ladyship give me the address of any person in that part of the country likely to assist me in my further inquiries there? I think the people of Ireland ought not to have left the graves of these martyred men without a monumental stone.

"Your ladyship will perceive by the note in the fly-leaves of the volume that there is nothing of the kind. The note is written by a very distinguish-

\* The work above referred to is entitled "Reminiscences of Rome, by a Member of the Arcadian Academy," post 8vo, London, 1838. It is dedicated to his grace Charles Edward Drummond, Duke of Melfort and Earl of Perth, in Scotland, and domestic prelate of his holiness Gregory XVI., apostolical prothonotary. The work is the production of a man of refined taste, well stocked with recondite Italian lore. He was a layman when he published those "Reminiscences of Rome." He is now a member of the order of the Brothers of Charity, founded by the Count Rosmini, attached to the Roman Catholic College of Ratchliffe, in Leicestershire.

ed scholar; and as there are some curious remarks detailed in it regarding the deaths of the Tipperary persecutors, I took the liberty of sending it for your ladyship's perusal.

R. R. MADDEN."

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO LADY BLESSINGTON ON LEAVING IRELAND IN 1843. (Vide answer to letter dated 19th October, 1843.)

"London, October, 1843.

"If Ireland was governed on just, fair, impartial principles, all my experience of other countries would lead me to believe that greater happiness might be expected for its people than for the inhabitants of any other country in northern or western Europe. The people are naturally a joyous, sprightly, social, easily amused, and easily contented people. The middle classes and mercantile communities of the cities and large towns are generally tolerably well educated, and many of both have a dash of gentle blood in their veins. They enjoy life, and, having acquired a competency, they have no idea of slaving themselves to death for the purpose of leaving enormous wealth to their children or to distant relatives. They are not disposed to carry on business longer than is absolutely necessary to realize a comfortable subsistence for their families. I have never seen in any foreign country a state of society in middle life so good as that which existed in Dublin and Cork about thirty years ago, in the mercantile and manufacturing communities of those cities. The Irish people only want to be fairly ruled, and to be dealt with by their rulers irrespective of their creeds. They are a tolerant, equitable, largely trusting, simply acted on people, prone perhaps to indulge a little too much in their social tendencies. The system of government that had been long adopted had been one devised, not for improving them morally or intellectually, but for weakening the people, by separating them, by educating them so as to make them detest one another's religions, by incensing them against each other, by making religious discord an element of strength for governmental purposes, by giving one faction which it favored power, the faction that was small numerically, but important in point of wealth and position. This favored faction, which is called the Orange faction, was not only fierce and fanatical, but insatiably covetous, and continues to be greedy of power, ambitious, unscrupulous as to the means of attaining its ends, whether by blood, intimidation, hypocrisy, and cajolery, or by indirect back-door official influence, by corruption, subserviency, and imposition.

"The people of England are utterly in the dark about the magnitude of the evil of Orangeism, or, as they please to call it, Protestant ascendancy, as the Roman Catholic people of Ireland, and especially the intellectual educated middle and upper classes, are affected by it. The magnitude of the evil is owing to the momentum and power long given to this intolerant system by the British government.

"With such governmental power and influence given to Orangeism under

any of its denominations, or Protestant ascendancy in any of its forms, as it has been given for centuries past, with exceptions, few and far between, like those of the rule of Wellesley, Anglesey, and Normanby, it is positively a calamity for an intellectual, high-minded Roman Catholic, firmly believing in his religion, and sensible of the wanton and outrageous insults offered to it, to live in his own land without having his feelings exasperated. I therefore confess to you I am not sorry to leave it. There is nothing in this world so galling as the endurance of an asserted superiority, moral, intellectual, and religious, on the part of an overbearing and besotted spirit of intolerance, pretending to be enlightened and religious.

“The fact of England lending its countenance to Irish Orangeism was always inexplicable to me on any ground of policy having for its ultimate object and its aim the promotion of British imperial interests. But I have no expectation that she will alter her course, though I am most firmly convinced that course will ultimately prove one of the main agencies that will contribute toward the decline and fall of her influence in the affairs of Europe.

“In the long run, however, all kinds of oppression are broken down; the laws of justice are not violated forever with impunity; whether the day of retribution come slow or fast, it will come surely. All history, ancient and modern, has this teaching for injustice and intolerance. The cry that is now ‘*væ victis*,’ will become, in due time, ‘*væ victoribus*,’ and perhaps the day is not far distant when the cry will come.

“But, in the mean time, of what avail is it to them to hear our brawling patriots—our newspaper Tells and Hofers—praising the fertility of our soil, the multiplicity of our havens, the loveliness of our rivers, valleys, and mountain scenery, the magnificence of our bays and estuaries, the beauty of the shores of Ireland! Would to heaven she were less beautiful, less fertile, less admirable for her havens and her shores, and more distant from all who will not be at peace with her religion or its professors! Would that she were more independent, better educated, more familiar with the history of other nations, and the evils in them of all connection between Church and state, and of all interference of the ministers of religion in temporal and political affairs! Would that she had more food for her people, and more force and union to employ against her foes! Ireland has its analogies with Italy, and the sighs of her children have their similitude with the aspirations of the poets and the people of Italy.

“You have written against Roman Catholic demagogues and agitators, but you never wrote a line against Orangeism and Protestant ascendancy; you never wrote a line against the persecutors of your religion, who brought your grandfather to the scaffold.

“Do now, dear Lady Blessington—you to whom Nature has given noble gifts, use them for a new account in literary labor, for a better one than fashion, for the advantage of the country that gave you birth, and against those pernicious interests that have been so long inimical to its peace.

“By the influence of your opinions, the distinguished people you draw around you may be made serviceable to Ireland; and pardon me, Lady Blessington, if I remind you that Ireland has a claim on your pen, and a *controversy with it*. Your country is now entitled to other services at your hands than the production of political novels, pleasing to her enemies and painful to her friends to read. Employ some portion of your leisure in the reprobation of a system of government which administers its powers against the great bulk of the people of a country on account of their religion, and with a special view to the promotion of selfish purposes, pursued under the name and guise of Protestant zeal for the interests of true religion. R. R. MADDEN.”

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## CHAPTER XVII.

B. SIMMONDS, ESQ.

THIS gentleman possessed talents of a higher order than are frequently found belonging to those who are known only in literature as contributors to Annuals. He was a man of considerable talent, refined taste, and cultivated mind; one of Lady Blessington's contributors, for some years, to the periodicals edited by her, and the author of several tales and sketches, and short poetical pieces, of a great deal of merit. Some of his stories, illustrative of Irish character, are extremely clever, and his descriptions graphic. Mr. Simmonds never pursued literature as a career. He held a lucrative appointment in the Inland Revenue department in London. In society, his quiet and reserved manners gave the impression of a man fond of retirement—*peu démonstratif*. But when he felt at ease in company, and found himself in the midst of those he knew and esteemed, and was drawn out by his friends, he was highly agreeable and effective in conversation, and exhibited talent and intelligence of a high order. Mr. Simmonds was certainly a man of more than ordinary ability, and deserving of being better known in the literary world than it was his fortune to have been hitherto.

A writer in the “Notes and Queries” (for April, 1854, page 397) thus refers to the subject of this notice: “Will you allow me to ask for a little information respecting B. Simmonds? I believe he was born in the county of Cork, for he has sung in most bewitching strains his return to his native home on the

banks of the Funcheon. He was the writer of that great poem on the 'Disinterment of Napoleon' which appeared in 'Blackwood' some years ago." The writer adds, "I believe he died in London, in July, 1852." But he is mistaken in the date. The public will be indebted to the inquiry for a search after information on the subject of it that has not been fruitless.

The following details are the result of extensive inquiries made of the early associates and townspeople of Bartholomew Simmonds: He was a native of the small town of Kilworth, in the county of Cork. His ancestry had connection with the aristocracy, but no relations save those of servant and master. His grandfather, Bartholomew Simmonds, had been the butler of the Earl of Mountcashel, whose seat of Moore Park lies near the town of Kilworth (which place gave the title to the eldest son of Lord Mountcashel). After Bartholomew Simmonds had retired from the service of the earl, he became proprietor of an inn in the town, which was the theatre of a frightful tragedy some thirty years ago—the death of Colonel Fitzgerald by the hand of the late Earl of Kingston. His lordship's sister had been the victim of an unhappy passion, and the person who was supposed to have wronged her was Colonel Fitzgerald, a cousin of the lady. He had gone down to Kilworth with the expectation of seeing her, and the Earl of Kingston, then staying at Moore Park, hearing of his arrival, proceeded immediately to Simmonds's hotel, where the colonel lodged. He rushed to the bedroom of Colonel Fitzgerald with a loaded pistol in his hand, burst into the room, and took deliberate aim at the colonel, who was in bed reading. Fitzgerald had only time to exclaim, "Fair play, at all events," and was in the act of springing on his feet, when Lord Kingston fired, and the unfortunate man fell dead on the floor.

The inn of Simmonds was patronized by the Kingston and Mountcashel families, and prospered accordingly. Old Bartholomew Simmonds left two sons; one succeeded his father in the business, the other was made a gauger. The latter married a Miss Cuddy, sister of a Dr. Stephen Cuddy, of the Royal Artillery. From that union there were three children, two sons and

a daughter; the elder son, Bartholomew Bootle Simmonds, the subject of this notice. His father died while he was young, but his widow and children were not lost sight of by the Earl of Mountcashel. They were located in a small but comfortable house near the entrance to the Moore Park demesne. The boys, Bartholomew and Stephen, were sent to a school kept in Kilworth by a Mr. Birmingham, an excellent English teacher. The Simmondses were delicate boys. Bartholomew was a quiet, studious lad, devoting to books and pictures all the leisure time which his classfellows gave to play. He wrote a beautiful hand, and was very proud of that accomplishment. He was not fond of the society of his schoolmates; few of them were, however, of a respectable station in life. Young Simmonds's taste for poetry was then forming, and manifesting indications of the passion which it proved a few years later. From Birmingham's school he was sent to a classical one kept by a gentleman of the name of Quigley, where he acquired a knowledge of Greek and Latin, a general proficiency in learning, and a love of literature, that made him ambitious of a wider sphere for the exercise of his talents than Kilworth afforded.

Simmonds's family, in the parlance of Kilworth people of the old faith, "ought to be Catholic;" but Irish inn-keepers have more confidence in the patronage of lords on earth than in that of saints in heaven. The Lords Mountcashel carried the day with them against the whole calendar, including the martyr whose name was given to the young Simmonds. So Bartholomew was brought up in the way a child should go in Kilworth, who might possibly one day or other become a gauger, like his uncle. Some of the Kilworthians of ancient days are skeptical on this point, but there is evidence of the fact in his poems. In one of them, entitled "Columbus," a stanza thus begins, apostrophizing the great discoverer:

"Thou Luther of the darken'd deep!  
Nor less intrepid too than he  
Whose courage broke earth's bigot sleep,  
While thine unbarr'd the sea."

Through the interest of the old patrons of his family, the



Mountcashels, he obtained an appointment in London in the correspondence office of the Excise department.

He had become a contributor to "Blackwood" before he quitted his native place; and it does great credit to the editors of that ably-conducted magazine that they encouraged the very earliest productions of this unknown young contributor of theirs, writing from a small provincial town in Ireland, appreciated his talent, and never paused to inquire whether he was an aristocrat or a plebeian, a Tory or a Whig, an Orangeman or a Roman Catholic, leaving those considerations for the miserable provincial politics that creep into the control of the periodical literature of his own land. It was sufficient for the large-hearted Christopher North that his young Irish contributor was a man of talent and of worth, and we find him introducing one of the early poems of Simmonds to his readers with these words: "Here are verses by one who writes after our own heart."

Mr. Windele, of Cork, a celebrated antiquary and litterateur, informs me that "Simmonds and himself, many years ago, were contributors to 'Bolster's Magazine,' which was published in Cork, and that Simmonds at that period resided at Kilworth. Simmonds's first effusions were published in that magazine (one of considerable literary merit), which made its appearance in February, 1826." In the introductory observations to this periodical, which, for an Irish magazine, had rather a long existence of six years, and reached its fourth and final volume in the year 1852, the following passages occur, the sentiment of which are very analogous to thoughts expressed in several of his poems, and which would apply to the early separation of Simmonds from his native land, and from those literary pursuits in it which find so little encouragement:

"While political economists contend that the system of absenteeism produces no ill effects on the prosperity of a country, it will not, we think, be denied by the most desperate theorist that the expatriation of native talent causes a positive decrease in the great fund of national intellect." . . . "The ills attendant on the emigration of a *lackland* man of genius are balanced by no such comfortable compensations (as those attendant on

the absenteeism of a lord of the land); his wealth lies in a small compass, but it is indivisible, and must accompany the possessor. He leaves no representative behind to cherish the blossoms of literature, or cultivate the plants of science, which would have sprung up at his bidding. . . . In truth, it is a melancholy fact, that the talent for which this country is confessedly remarkable seems to droop till it is transplanted, and has become, as it were, an exotic in the land that produced it."

He was a constant contributor to "Blackwood's Magazine," in which his name appears (always at the head of his articles) for the years 1834, 1836, 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842, 1843, 1844, 1845, and 1848.

In "Blackwood," June, 1834, there is one of the longest of Simmonds's poetical compositions, extending to 370 lines—"The Vision of Caligula, a Fragment." There are some beautiful lines in this poem, but the whole piece is dull, unimpassioned, and wearisome.

In "Blackwood," December, 1836, there are lines of Simmonds's on a visit of Lady E. S. Wortley to Madame Letitia, the mother of Napoleon, with the following comments by Christopher North: "We are delighted once more to number Mr. Simmonds among our poetical contributors. These lines are not unworthy of the author of the noble 'Ode on Napoleon,' which none who read it once in our pages can ever forget."

In "Blackwood's Magazine," February, 1840, there is a poem of Simmonds's entitled "Song of a Returned Exile," descriptive of the feelings of a native of Kilworth returning after a long absence to his native place, on catching the first glimpse of the mountain of Corrin, and the hills which inclose the beautiful valley of the Blackwater and the Funcheon. Most assuredly the man who wrote these lines was no ordinary verse-maker.

In the same magazine for the following month there is an "Ode on the Marriage of the Queen of England," by Simmonds, very labored, heathenishly pious, and mythological.

In "Blackwood" for February, 1841, appeared his remarkable lines on "The Disinterment of Napoleon's Remains at St. Helena;" and in the same number, also, lines of his entitled

“The Flight to Cyprus;” and lines written in 1828, addressed “To an Emigrant Lady.” In a later number of the Magazine for the same year he published a short poem, “The Suit of the Minstrel.”

In the January number for 1843 appeared “The Curse of Glencoe.”

In the same year he published (printed by Blackwood) a small 12mo volume entitled “Legends, Lyrics, and other Poems.” In these we find frequent mention of the scenes of his early years: the Galty Mountains, Cairn Thiarka, the Blackwater, Funcheon, Cloglea Castle, &c.

The “Athenæum” of May 26th, 1843, in noticing this volume, said: “Of these poems, the larger number of them have previously appeared in ‘Blackwood’s Magazine.’ The author has many poetic qualities, fancy and freedom of hand—that *daren doe* which puts no restraint upon its own imaginings, and a command of melody for their utterance. It might be worth while, had we space or a more profitable occasion, to inquire why, with these and some other elements of poetic success of a high order, the result is so unsatisfactory. But we will merely remark that the legends are the best portion of this volume, because the author affects a picturesque style—an almost pageantry of language—which lends itself well to the romantic legend or heroic ballad, but overcharges the simplicity, and disturbs the tenderness of the lyric.”

In “Blackwood” for June, 1844, there are two poetical pieces, one entitled “Columbus,” very verbose, grandiloquent, and dull; another, “To Swallows on the Eve of Departure,” in which the peculiar merits of his poetry, and his penchant for early scenes and associations, are abundantly displayed—tenderness of feeling and a love of nature—a constant turning of thoughts to absent friends—a yearning after home.

The following are the concluding lines of the last stanza but one of the poem, “To the Swallows,” &c.

“A few short years when gone,  
Back, back like you to early scenes—  
Lo, at the threshold stone,

Where ever in the gloaming,  
Home angels watched his coming,  
A stranger stands and stares at him, who, sighing, passes on."

In the January number for 1845 a contribution of his appeared, "Vanities in Verse, or Letters of the Dead;" and in the June number, "Stanzas to the Memory of Thomas Hood," perhaps the most beautiful lines he ever wrote.

In the September number for the same year there were lines of his entitled "Mahmoud, the Ghaznavide."

In 1846 and 47, his contributions to any periodical were very few; but in "Blackwood" for September, 1848, some excellent lines of his appeared, "To a caged Skylark in Regent Circus, Piccadilly."

Simmonds made his way in London into the best literary society. He was a favorite guest at Gore House. But he never forgot his native village, and his mother and sister. He was mindful of them; affectionate, kind, and generous to them; and his liberality was long continued and carefully regulated. The following notice of the estimation in which he was held in the home of his childhood is from the pen of an estimable lady, who knew him intimately and from his earliest years: "When it was known in the village that Bartholomew Simmonds was about to revisit his native place, his arrival was watched with solicitude; and when he came back, he was welcomed by all who had known him in youth, and was regarded with pride as well as affectionate interest, for he was not only talented and enlightened, but he was an amiable man, sincere in his friendships, modest and unobtrusive, and, above all, he was a good and a loving son, and a fond brother."

He never married. A few years before his death he met with an accident, by the blowing up of a small steamer on the Thames. The external injury, fortunately, was not much, but the shock seriously affected a constitution naturally delicate—he had in him a consumptive tendency—and it is supposed this accident was the remote cause of his death.

So early as 1841 he had been obliged to return to his native place, and to remain there for some time on account of impair-

ed health. In 1842, we find by his letters he was still residing there. He was frequently obliged to obtain leave of absence on account of indisposition, and always betook himself at such periods to his much-loved native place.

He died in London, rather in embarrassed circumstances, but still retaining his appointment, the 21st of July, 1850, in his 46th year.

## LETTERS FROM B. SIMMONDS, ESQ., TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

“4 Ashley Crescent, Saturday morning.

“DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—Business of an urgent and tormenting nature (which very seldom troubles me) has prevented me from thanking you before now for your new book, with a copy of which I was favored some days ago. It is the only thing I have had time to look into for several evenings, and it has refreshed and delighted me at every perusal. I prefer it, for several reasons, to its predecessor, principally for a strain of graceful feminine fearlessness that pervades several portions of it. It is, perhaps, impertinent in me to make this remark, but you can not know how inseparably you, who have so triumphantly asserted by those most potent of earthly spells (when united), beauty and genius, our poor country’s supremacy, are associated with the natural pride of your countrymen. Indeed, I could give you some amusing instances of this feeling, which I have noticed among my compatriots since I came to London, if it were not presumptuous in me thus to take up your ladyship’s time.

“With every sentiment of respect, your ladyship’s faithful and very humble servant,  
B. SIMMONDS.”

“4 Ashley Crescent, City Road, June 26th.

“With the proof which I return, I received through the medium of your fair secretary the second print you wished me to illustrate for the Annual, and it is with grief and contrition I have to confess that, as yet, I have been unable to do any thing for it. I not only agreed to supply the people beyond Tweed with a hymn of triumph on the queen’s escape (a most impracticable subject), but also an article for six consecutive numbers of their magazine, and which has absorbed nearly all my spare time; and now I dare say your people are waiting for *copy*, and all is at the eleventh hour. If this is not the case, I should be glad to show you that I am not insensible to your wishes. But should you be at a loss for the services of some of your ‘Genii of the Lamp,’ I think Mr. Plunkett would be happy to give his talents and attention to illustrate the print in question, which I retain until I hear farther from you.  
B. SIMMONDS.”

"4 Ashley Crescent, City Road, April 27th.

"I beg to return 'Gersant,' with a thousand thanks. With half the De Staël's works at my fingers' end, I could not have believed the French language capable of the power of passionate eloquence of the book. It is full, too, of melancholy truth, which, though perhaps not very new, I never remember meeting brightened up with such enchanting fancy before.

"B. SIMMONDS."

"Saturday night, June 26th.

"To offer the inclosed verses for one of your books is perhaps like placing a gauntlet among the *bijouterie* of the Graces. If, however, you don't think there's too much clangor in them, it is not unlikely they will please at the other side of the Atlantic, where I believe you are as popular as in Europe.

"I have lauded the States, and one who is above all praise—Washington Irving—and have quoted an old and valued friend of mine (and countryman), Isaac Wild—perhaps you know him?—the traveler, who published the beautiful quarto on Killarney long ago.

B. SIMMONDS."

"4 Ashley Crescent, City Road, April 2d, 1840.

"My health has been very unfavorable this time back to composition; but if you will be kind enough to let me know *the very farthest time* at which I must produce the illustration, I shall be glad to be industrious in your cause. I may, perhaps, ask you for a corner in both the Annuals (for I understand the 'Keepsake' is now under the same auspices as the 'Book of Beauty'), sufficient to give me a claim for a contributor's copy of those books, which are a source of gratification far away, deep in the mountains, among a host of country cousins. I thank you for associating me with your ladyship and Ireland. I passed last autumn there, and assure you that you interfere with the popularity of Messrs. Moore and O'Connell (and that is saying much), those magnates of the villages. The priest and the doctor drink your health, and never by any chance say 'Lady,' but the 'Countess of Blessington,' a kind of Oriental grandiloquence that the Irish are the more profuse of the poorer they grow.

B. SIMMONDS."

"4 Ashley Crescent, City Road, April 27th, 1840.

"I send you an alarming manuscript as an illustration for the drawing, and I hope the verses may meet your approbation. The stanza is a rude imitation of that in Sir L. Bulwer's beautiful poem of 'Milton' (which you will doubtless remember), and has been carried to the highest point of art in *Lycidas*.

"I shall offer two very short things for the 'Book of Beauty,' should you be graciously disposed to receive them.

"You should know how deeply I remember you as the friend of the two greatest poets of the age—Byron and Moore, and with what pride I contemplate your magical influence over our literature and times, to learn the pleas-

ure I derive at finding that any of my unworthy compositions can afford your ladyship a moment's gratification. B. SIMMONDS."

"4 Ashley Crescent, City Road, 12th Nov., 1840.

"Do you remember that greedy creature in Roman story who, on her betraying the city to the Gauls for the sake of the gold chains upon their bucklers, sank under the shields which they flung upon her as they entered, and so perished miserably ?

"I assure you I feel at this moment something like the traitress in question ; you have overwhelmed and punished me for my shabby request of last summer by the reproachful costliness of the books I have just received. But as, in the words of your familiar adage, 'Little said is soon mended,' I shall merely say that your present is worthy of that magnificent spirit which characterizes every thing connected with you, and that if any thing were wanting to enhance its value, you have supplied it in the gratification afforded me by the perusal of one of the articles in those volumes—your admirable, faithful, and useful story of *The Old Irish Gentleman*. B. SIMMONDS."

"January 2d, 1841.

"I have just seen my friend, Mr. Arthur Plunkett, who tells me there is some alarming superstition connected with the bestowal of presents with points, which, however, he says, may be averted by the exchange of a small piece of silver. If the mischief, then, be neutralized in proportion to the smallness of the coin, let me hope that the *moneys* I beg to inclose will completely propitiate the fairy people, whose influence, I presume, is dreaded upon such occasions. B. SIMMONDS."

"Sunday, July 5th.

"Under the supposition that the Rhapsody I sent you on yesterday has found favor in your sight (you are generally indulgent to my vagaries), and being on the eve of departure for Ireland for some weeks, I am going to make what in our country is called a modest request : it is, that you will order me, when the book is printed, a *large paper copy* of the Annual that contains the verses inscribed to Lady Jane Moore, as I would not think of offering her a small paper one. B. SIMMONDS."

"Kilworth, January 1st, 1842.

"I have just been honored with the flattering and valuable proofs of your kind remembrance. I wish I had deserved them better. In thanking you deeply, as I now do, for giving my humble name a place in your recollection, and for your recent note of inquiry through Miss Power, I beg of you to believe that, though silent and at a distance, I never forget your friendship ; and that when louder and livelier visitors have passed away, you will be remembered, as ever, with pride, admiration, and gratitude. B. SIMMONDS."

## JOHN KENYON.

In 1838, John Kenyon published a volume of poems, many of which were of a much higher order than the ordinary "Vers de Soci  t  ," written by the mere literary hangers-on of coteries of fashion, where there is a kind of under current, which carries off the floating productions of those ephemera   of literature. Several of Mr. Kenyon's pieces, illustrative of Italian scenes and scenery (well known to the author), are executed with great spirit, elegance, and taste, and some of them might pass for portions of Rogers's Italy. Those pieces of least merit, and least worthy of their amiable, refined, and kindly-disposed author, are satires, some of which have an air of malignant virulence about them.

Among the miscellaneous poems there is one entitled "Music," singularly beautiful, from which I venture to extract two stanzas, the first and last, to show what talent this man possessed, who was one of Lady Blessington's especial favorites.

"Awake! thou harp with music stored,  
 Awake! and let me feel thy power;  
 Fling forth, or turn from ev'ry chord,  
 The thronging notes in ceaseless shower  
 Following thy measures as they rise,  
 Upfloating forms of ev'ry hue  
 Shall flit before my half-closed eyes,  
 And I will dream the vision's true.

'Tis soft as evening's dewy sigh,  
 Sweeter than summer's balmiest breath;  
 Half conscious—half entranced I lie,  
 And seem to touch the verge of death.  
 And thus beguiled, how bless'd it were  
 To cross that dark and dreaded sea!  
 Then just escaped this world of care,  
 To wake, and—Nea! dwell with thee."

The detached poems of this gentleman lead one to form an opinion of his talents of a very favorable kind. No separate work of his, I believe, exists. He was a man of refined literary tastes and acquirements, and was held in high estimation by



eminent literary people for his high character and his amiable disposition.

LETTER FROM JOHN KENYON, ESQ., TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

“38 Rue de Neuve, St. Augustin, Paris, 15th June, 1840.

“DEAR MADAM,—You will wonder at this note from one who ought in all modesty to conclude that you have, by this time, forgotten him. But if you happen to have thought of me at all, I trust you will have inferred that my absence from Gore House has been caused by absence from London. It will be one of my duties, on my return home, to show, as far as an early call may do so, that I have not forgotten all your obliging attentions. My present object is to offer a few stanzas to you, a pepper-corn offering, which perhaps I am, after all, not justified in doing—for probably the Muses, like other ladies, should wait till they are asked—and to inquire whether you can make any use of them, such as they are, for your forthcoming Annual. I have endeavored to condense into them the associations which grow out of Italy. Who can judge better than you can whether I have succeeded well or ill? But do not, I beg of you, think yourself bound to accept my offering. I shall not turn vindictive, like Cain, though your discretion may refuse it. I shall still continue to think the verses excellent verses, and only conceit that they do not happen to suit your particular views for this year’s book, and you will have too much courtesy and kindness to clear away my delusion.

“Should you, however, care to make use of them, may I be allowed to request that they may be printed as I send them? Is this modesty or vanity? Whatever *casuists* or *motive-mongers* may choose to decide, I hold for the former. The robust wings of the eagle will bear handling; the butterfly’s are ruined, touch ’em ever so lightly. Very truly yours,  
JOHN KENYON.”

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS.

From Lady Blessington to Charles Bianconi, Esq. :

“Gore House, Kensington, December 2d, 1846.

“DEAR SIR,—Accept my best thanks for the statistical statement you have sent me. I have perused it with warm interest, and feel, as all must who have read it, that my native land has found in you her best benefactor. I thank you for discovering those noble qualities in my poor countrymen which neglect and injustice may have concealed, but have not been able to destroy. While bettering their condition, you have elevated the moral character of those you employ. You have advanced civilization while inculcating a practical code of morality that must ever prove the surest path to lead to an amelioration of Ireland. Wisdom and humanity, which ought ever to be inseparable

arable, shine most luminously in the plan you have pursued, and its results must win for you the esteem, gratitude, and respect of all who love Ireland. The Irish are not an ungrateful people, as they have too often been represented. My own feelings satisfy me on this point. Six of the happiest years of my life have been passed in your country, where I learned to appreciate the high qualities of its natives, and consequently I am not surprised, though delighted, to find an Italian conferring so many benefits on mine.

“When you next come to England, it will give me great pleasure to see you, and to assure you in person how truly I am, dear sir, your obliged

“MARGUERITE BLESSINGTON.”

To Lady Blessington, from a correspondent whose signature is F—— W—— T—— :

“November 24th.

“Your sister took me by surprise ; but what I blundered out was still the truth : I felt the necessity of withdrawing myself from the fascination of your society, and from motives which I could not explain, but left you and her to guess. To your sister they were such as should rather flatter than offend.

“I have now nothing more to add *but this*, that no suspicion of your want of friendship *has ever* crossed my mind. I feel conscious that I have never deserved to forfeit your good opinion ; and, so far from believing you capable of saying or doing toward me aught that would lessen you in my opinion, I should not hesitate at this very moment to place my life or (what I value more) my honor in your hands. But still I must persist in the course I have marked out for myself, and avoid you.

“As a friend, I have never betrayed ; as a foe, I should disdain to deceive any one ; and I am confident these expressions do not refer to me.

“I shall only add, that in reflecting on our relative positions, my judgment and my feelings, my ——\* head and my warm heart, equally press on me the conviction that he who has known you as I have done, and felt the influence of your attractions as I have done, can not degenerate into an acquaintance. My philosophy knows but one way to escape the fascination of the syren, and that is to avoid her.

“I am just setting out for B——, to pay my Christmas visit to your old friend. Adieu ; may every blessing be yours. F. W. T.”

From Lady Blessington to a contributor to the “Book of Beauty:”

“Gore House, Saturday.

“MY DEAREST FRIEND,—I have this moment received the proof which I send you. Are you not sorry for poor Prince Louis’s madness ? for I look on his attempt as nothing short of it. How are you ?

“M. BLESSINGTON.”

\* Word illegible.

From Lady Blessington to Lady —— :

“November 29th, 1841.

“MY DEAR MADAM,—Severe indisposition has prevented me from sooner thanking your ladyship for the two charming books you were so kind as to send me. I would not employ any pen but my own to tell you the delight that their perusal has afforded me—delight that has often soothed the hours of pain and languor peculiar to long illness. I found in both books thoughts as original as they are beautiful, and sentiments fraught with grandeur and truth. Our sex may indeed be proud of one who paints woman in all her excellence, and yet excites an interest for her that ‘the sinless monster which the world never saw’ never creates.

“Your heroines are the very beau ideals of women, but there are so many natural and exquisite touches in the painting, that, like some of the finest pictures in the world, they bear evidence of being true portraits. I beg to subscribe myself, dear madam, your ladyship’s obliged

“MARGUERITE BLESSINGTON.”

To Lady Blessington, on the subject of the publication of her Memoirs, from a distinguished litterateur :

“Brighton, December 1st, 1844.

“I am very much flattered that you should wish to have my suggestions with respect to your next work. I suggest ‘Anecdotes and Recollections of a Literary Life.’ You may add the latter part of the sentence or not. I think two most interesting volumes might be written by you on such a subject, commanding a great sale, and yet not laborious. You have only to remember all the distinguished persons you have known (now dead ; I would not, except in rare cases, take living persons), and give sketches and recollections of such. Consider the artists, actors (such as Kemble), authors, statesmen, royal persons, foreigners, &c.

“If you disliked this, I think a very pretty, taking work might be written, called ‘Modern Life,’ consisting of short tales, illustrative of manners and morals of our time, for which the ‘Contes Moraux’ of Marmontel furnish an admirable example. They exactly describe the philosophy and manners of his day. Something of the same kind, equally faithful to ours, might be prettily got up, and even illustrated, if desirable.

“I can also imagine a charming lady’s book written, called ‘The Book of the Drawing-room.’ In this, we suppose the authoress in her drawing-room ; her recollections of it—snatches of dialogue with the people who have been there — recollections — reflections — *the life in-doors of an intellectual feuille woman*. If these do not strike you, turn over the French correspondence and memoirs of the last century ; ponder a little over that delightful chit-chat and philosophy of the *salons*, and I think something similar will occur to yourself, which your peculiar mind would yet make original. Much which a woman only can do may be done in this line, new with us, but always captivating.”

From the same to Lady Blessington, on the same subject :

“Kingston, February, 1848.

“I think that you might find good terms and a ready publisher for a work after the plan I once suggested to you, viz., reminiscences of eminent persons, and specimens of their conversations. You could do this, I think, without infringing the least on your dignity or the rules of social intercourse. You need only take public characters, and those chiefly dead.

“If your memory and your journal supplied materials for this, you might, in disposing of it, make a condition to take the other biography too, which could follow it; consider. At all events, I think you will find it desirable to hit on some other work, which a publisher will agree to *beforehand*, and make the condition of taking the one the condition of taking the other you have done or commenced. What say you to Mr. Newby? I see he publishes and adventures with spirit. I know nothing of him.”

From D. Stuart, of Erskine, Esq., on the part of editors of the “Glasgow University Souvenir,” to the Countess of Blessington :

“University of Glasgow.

“MADAM,—The high honor which your ladyship formerly conferred on the students of this University by contributing to a small volume of original compositions edited by them, and entitled ‘The University Souvenir,’ induces them, while they desire to express their most sincere acknowledgments for past favors, again to request, for a similar publication, a renewal of your ladyship’s distinguished patronage, and a contribution, however small, from your very able pen.

“We remain, madam, your ladyship’s most obliged and obedient servants (signed in the name of the editors),  
D. STUART, of Erskine.”

From the Duc de Guiche (present Duc de Grammont) to Lady Blessington :

“Versailles, 16th February, 1835.

“MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—I can not send you this letter for Alfred without telling you how highly pleased we are at the hope he has given us of possessing shortly your last work, which I understand has had so much vogue in England. I feel quite sure it would likewise be gratefully accepted by the public here, was it translated into French; for our literary men, or amateurs, are generally indifferent English scholars. It is quite a good fortune to us, with our retired and monotonous habits, to pass a few hours reading a book with the double interest the work and the success of its author will excite in us. We have not heard any thing more about your friend. She is, I am told, grown very handsome at first sight, and seemingly inclined to leave people under the influence of that first impression.

“My sister\* is gone to London as Embassadrice ———. Is it not strange ?

\* The Comtesse Sebastiani.—R. R. M.

but what will appear to you still more so is, that this extraordinary change, at their time of life, is the operation of love, by which influence no couple of sixteen had ever been more subdued. I, who feel daily old age creeping on, hope that some like occurrence will in twenty years' time set me up again. I however trust that, through our numerous acquaintances and connections with English society, she will be *bien reçu*, and that people will recollect the Comtesse de Sebastiani is *née de Grammont*.

“Believe me, my dear Lady Blessington, you ever faithfully attached friend,  
“GUICHE.”

From the Duke de Grammont (written in the spring of 1849, a few weeks before the death of Lady B——):

“MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—My aunt, the Duchesse de Polignac, desires me to tell you that, unwilling to have recourse to the formality of a letter between you and her, to request you to dine with her on Sunday next, she called this day upon you, to make herself the invitation; not having had the pleasure to find you at home, she hopes that yourself, your amiable nieces, and Alfred, will not forget that you had agreed upon accepting that *réunion de famille*.

“I received a letter from Lady Tankerville, who was quite enchanted with the prosperous sale of your furniture at Gore House, but lamented the cause of it. I can not agree with her in that respect, for a little egotism is allowable in such circumstances, and we gain too much by it.

“Your ever most attached and devoted

GRAMMONT.

“Wednesday, A.M.”

From W. C. Macready, Esq.:

“5 Clarence Terrace, Regent's Park, April 18th, 1843.

“DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—The news of your sad bereavement gave me the deepest concern. I was not aware at first of the full extent of your loss; but even in the partial account that reached me, I feel how much you had to grieve for.

“All who are acquainted with a disposition like yours, so quick to befriend and so sensible of kindness, would wish that such a nature should be exempt from suffering, while they feel with what extreme severity affliction such as you have been called upon to bear must press upon you.

“I do indeed sympathize with your griefs, and wish, with condolence, there were consolation to offer; that is only to be drawn from the resources of your own mind and heart, so rich in all that is most amiable. But there must be something akin to comfort in the reflection of how very many mourn for your sorrows.

“Among those, you may truly number, dear Lady Blessington, yours most sincerely,  
W. C. MACREADY.”

“Bristol, March 11th, 1840.

“MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—It is a real regret to me that I am engaged on Sunday next, and obliged to relinquish the pleasure you hold out to me in your invitation. What a pity it is that we have not a choice of languages, like the Italians—conversational and poetical—instead of being obliged to resort to the same expressions for declining what we would wish or would avoid.

“Let me tell you, that if you say such kind things to and of my boys, you will counteract my grand philosophical experiment in their education, which is the extirpation of vanity, for you corrupt the teacher, and make him proud, while you ruin his pupils.

“Always, my dear Lady Blessington, most sincerely yours,

“W. C. MACREADY.”

From Washington Irving, transmitting a contribution for Lady Blessington's Annual :

“Newhall, May 2d, 1835.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I inclose a nautical anecdote, written down pretty much as I heard it related a few years since by one of my seafaring countrymen. I hope it may be acceptable to Lady Blessington for her ‘Annual,’ and only regret that I had nothing at hand more likely to be to her taste. However, in miscellaneous publications of the kind, every humor has to be consulted, and a tarpaulin story may present an acceptable contrast to others more sentimental and refined.

“I beg you to present my kindest remembrances to Lady Blessington, and believe me, my dear sir, with high interest and regard, very faithfully yours,

“WASHINGTON IRVING.”

From William Godwin :

“13 New Palace Yard, May 7th, 1835.

“DEAR MADAM,—I ingenuously confess that I trespassed upon your ladyship's good-nature too far when, as Polonius says, ‘by laborsome petitions, I wrung from you your slow’ consent to write to me your observations on London. It would have given me great pleasure to have received them in that form. But I feel that I took an unbecoming liberty in so pressing you. I therefore, by these presents, give you a full discharge from the effect of your promise, in the same manner as if it had never been made. I am, dear madam, with sincere respect and admiration, your ladyship's most devoted servant,

“WILLIAM GODWIN.”

From Ronald Cutlar Ferguson, Esq. :

“London, January 25th, 1830.

“DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—There begins to be a little stir in the political world. It is said that the duke's strength in the House of Lords is unassailable, and as he has got, it is also said, almost all the borough holders, his majority is expected also to be great in the House of Commons.

"There will be possibly a split among the Whigs. Several of the Whig lords are believed, and I think truly, to be with him. Among others, the Duke of Bedford and Lord Fitzwilliam, and also Lord C——. It is said that Lord Darlington will move the address, and that Mr. Ward, the city member, will second it. Lord Palmerston is to lead the opposition in the Commons, and Lord Melbourne in the Lords.

"It is said that the king has been very averse to the nomination of the Prince of Saxe-Coburg to the throne, or whatever else it may be called, of Greece, but that he has at last yielded. The Duke of Cumberland is much with the king. It is thought there will be a division on the first day of the session of the House of Commons; but these are all reports, and they are given you by a person who is not in the secret of any party. I have seen Lord Rosslyn and Sir J. Scarlett, and delivered your 'Souvenir' to them. My kind remembrance to the count and countess, and to your sister.

"Very truly yours,                                  RONALD C. FERGUSON."

From Colonel Mackinnon :

"Sunday morning.

"Colonel Mackinnon's compliments to Lady Blessington, and incloses the lock of Lord Nelson's hair given to him by Captain King, who was first lieutenant of the Victory at the battle of Trafalgar."

From Colonel D'Aguilar :

"Dublin, January 12th, 1837.

"DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—I was with your sister yesterday. She repeated to me her intention of going to you after her visit to Mrs. Dogherty, whither she proceeds on Monday next. Her stay there will be six weeks or two months, after which she means to join you by way of Bristol.

"The success of Bulwer's play has gratified me extremely, although the first accounts were any thing but satisfactory. I have since read the critique, and extracts in the 'Examiner;' of the former I say nothing till' the play is before me. Of the latter I can have no hesitation in deciding that they unite the profoundest tact and delicacy with the profoundest wisdom.

"I can perfectly understand, at the same time, how entirely the coarseness of an actor might destroy the one and neutralize the other.

"Inclosed is a lock of poor Mrs. Hemans's hair, which you have desired to have. I give it to you as to one who knows how to appreciate her virtues.

"By-the-by, is the fair S—— the lady my friend is said to have been once partial to? She is no beauty; but beauty, I believe, is, after all, the least attraction. There are a thousand things short of beauty that decide a man's fate ten times in his life, if nine were not sufficient for the purpose.

"Remember me always most kindly to Count D'Orsay, and believe me ever, dear Lady Blessington, faithfully yours,                                  GEO. D'AGUILAR.

"I have sent you 'Fiesco' for no other earthly reason than because you were good-natured enough to ask to see it.

“It is a very boyish production, being translated so far back as 1805, when I was an ensign in India, and it is as crude and unfashioned as the worst-natured critic could desire; but I did not venture to alter a line.”

Letter signed R—— C—— M—— to Lady Blessington :

“Camp, Isthmus of Corinth, September 18th, 1827.

“DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—I was exceedingly gratified to find that, notwithstanding my bad conduct in never writing after I went to England from Naples—I not having had the pleasure of seeing you when I passed through Pisa—that you still remembered me, and that with friendship. You may be assured that I have always preserved the same, the very same sentiments for you, Lord Blessington, and that little circle of friends with whom I have passed so many happy days; and every now and then I am faithless in my thoughts about our neighbors the Turks, to think of friends as unlike Turks as people can possibly be.

“My cousin, if you see him, will tell you how we are going on. Had we money, our heads would be worth more than the Turks; without money, we are not always sure of keeping out of a scrape. How little people know of this country who think that the Turks could ever conquer it, if trifling resources, in comparison to the wants of other armies, were sent to it. Our situation here is picturesque and interesting: the Isthmus of Corinth, and a large gunboat marching across it from one gulf to another; the army in very rustic bivouacs of all colors and shapes; Turks near us, but indolent; our people anxious to march, but the want of bread repelling every attempt at activity. The field of Athens was surely a *bloodstained* field; but honor made us fight, and not necessity, as appeared afterward, although at the moment we thought the garrison of Athens could not hold out a day for want of provisions. Two victories have been obtained by my troops *within a march*, and above one thousand Turks and Arabs have been killed. My position (what stuff to write to a lady) is that which keeps the Turkish main army at bay. In a day or two, however, I hope to be moving, if (and it really depends upon it) I can raise sufficient money to give the men enough to buy a pair of shoes each.

“Make my cousin tell you every thing. I was exceedingly delighted with Lord Blessington’s letter. I hope often to hear from him, and sometimes from your ladyship. Our head-quarters are not brilliant. We have no tents, consequently a wet day is a great bore; still worse, a wet night. Our horses are good, and when we are marching we are gay enough. I care not one fig about the Turks or Arabs.

“A thousand remembrances to Lady Gardiner and to Miss Power—I hope they are both in good health—and to D’Orsay, if you have not all forgotten me.

“Adieu, dear Lady Blessington. Ever very sincerely yours,

“R. C. M.”



## Letter signed C. Nizzensitter to Lady Blessington:

"12th March, 1827.

"Of news, the first and best I can give you is the health and spirits of all at Wilton Green. I am sure you would not think Mrs. Purves in looks an hour older since you saw her last, while in every other respect that can engage admiration and respect there is a constant increase and improvement, or rather addition, for as to improvement there is not room for it. Well, that's my judgment, and I hardly think there lives in the world the person who could or would attempt to gainsay it, if they knew her as well as I do. Louisa and Mary are what the world call very nice girls, though such a description does not one quarter do them justice—admirably disposed, well educated, well mannered, and good tempered—Louisa bearing the palm, as you will readily conceive, as to beauty; the lesser ones of the troop, Margarett and Elly, dear little girls—and John wonderfully improved by Eton, and a fine, healthy, ingenuous boy. God prosper them all! I say, from the bottom of my heart. Now for a few words more interesting to others, though not so to me. Who is to be prime minister? every body asks; but it is all question, for none of us can get an answer; and yet the mystery can not last much longer. The government has been walking without a head for more than three weeks, and even legendary lore does not give a precedent for so lengthened a walk (*sans tête*).

"Lord Normanby dined with me on Saturday; but he is come over alone, leaving Lady Normanby at Florence, where they seem almost to be domiciled; so, I suppose, the private theatricals thrive there as well as they did at Rome.

"I can not help wondering that you did not prefer Florence to Pisa. Well, be this as it may, and be you where you may, from the bottom of my heart you have always, and in all places, my most hearty good wishes, of whatever value they are. You will be glad to hear my trio of children are quite well. The two boys are at Eton.

C. NIZZENSITTER."

Extract from a letter respecting a proposed notice of Lady Blessington's novels in the "Edinburgh Review:"

"Edinburgh, April 10th, 1838.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It was not from any sort of neglect, you may be assured, that your letter of the 7th was not immediately answered. Your proposal was only for the summer number, and I therefore concluded that it would be time enough to write you when this number should be off my hands. Such is the plain fact.

"Had the proposal for an article on Lady Blessington's novels come from any one but yourself, I should have given it a negative, because, though her ladyship's claims are undeniable, they are not so permanent as to justify an article upon a class of works in which there are female competitors, who, I think, rank above her. But I defer to your judgment; and believing you would not propose an article without having something to say that you your-

self think the public would like to hear, I gladly accede to your obliging proposal. Permit me, however, to stipulate, *first*, that the article shall be of moderate length; and *next*, that it will for certain be with me in time for the next number. I have already commenced printing, having one or two articles on hand . . . .”

### From General Phipps to Lady Blessington :

“Brighton, 11th January, 1836.

“DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—I was delighted with the good sense, the good feelings, and the good writing in which your book—‘The Conversations of Byron’—abounds. I usually, in books worthy of such notice, make pencil-marks on the margin, to note passages that strike me as peculiarly good, and never marked so many in any other book, or omitted to mark so many I thought worthy of notice, that I might not mark every paragraph.

“I knew Lord Byron a little; you have made me know him thoroughly. In your book you have made his ‘evil manners live in brass,’ but you do not ‘write his virtues in water.’ Could he have known how justly you would represent him, he would have said, ‘After my death, I wish no other herald, no other speaker, of my living actions to keep mine honor from corruption but such an honest chronicler as Blessington.’ Whom ‘men’ most hated living, thou hast made ‘them,’ with thy religious truth and modesty, now in his ashes honor.

“There would be no need of short-hand writers if there were such good reporters from memory as you show yourself to be. What gave the greatest value of the book to me was the writing on the leaf before the title-page.

“I was much concerned to read in the newspapers the alarm you had on the next house being on fire; but as you had not suffered, and were ‘*quite pour la peur*,’ I did not trouble you with a letter. I am glad to see by the newspaper that in removing from Seamore Place you do not go out of the reach of a morning call or an evening visit. Ever, dear Lady Blessington, yours affectionately,  
EDMUND PHIPPS.”

“Saturday, August 13th.

“I called yesterday on your sister, the bride and bridegroom, to congratulate them on the approaching nuptials. I wish to give them a dinner *de nocēs* in the course of next week, if you and your party will do me the honor and the favor to meet them; that will make us, myself seven; there will be room for three more, as I can accommodate ten (enough for a small room in this warm weather); who shall the other three be? It is in vain to invite the speaker. Whom else do you suggest? What think you of Lord Wilton? Lord Tullamore? and either Jekyll or James Smith? As I can neither carve joints nor cut jokes, I must ask some one to do so for me. Jekyll can do the latter, but not the former. James Smith can do both, and therefore the preferable person of the two upon this occasion. Our friend George Colman is

in France ; I would have invited him to cut jokes and joints had he been at home.

E. PHIPPS."

From D. Wilkie, Esq. :

"7 Terrace, Kensington, Nov. 28th, 1836.

"DEAR MADAM,—I fear I shall appear very troublesome in what I am about to ask ; but wishing to introduce into a picture I am now painting an Italian greyhound, might I request that your ladyship would give permission for the very beautiful one which you possess to be brought to me by one of your people, to give me one or two sittings for that purpose ?

"Requesting your particular and obliging excuse, I have the honor to be your ladyship's very obliged servant,

DAVID WILKIE."

From B. R. Haydon, Esq. :

"March 28th, 1836.

"DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—I have not had the honor of calling on leaving town, but I hope you are well—indeed, I heard yesterday you never looked better.

"I wish now to ask you if you have seen a miserable caricature of one of my best little pictures, 'Lord Grey musing?' I have sold the picture to Lord Audley ; it was well engraved, and I sold the copyright. Would you believe, after I had sold it, the head was totally altered to a peevish expression? . . . . I wrote to Lord Grey, as I found I had no remedy by law, who answered me most kindly ; told me I had been incautious, as he had no doubt it was bought to be caricatured ; but he begged me to be easy about it, as it would be only one caricature added to the one thousand and one with which he had been honored.

"I offered to repay the purchase money, and remit the purchaser above the expense incurred, but he refused. . . . You will be pleased to hear I am flourishing, having orders enough for two years at least. I am faithfully yours,

B. R. HAYDON."

"I shall be ready to begin your ladyship any day next week you will honor me by fixing.

"I have settled the attitude such as I saw you one day in the drawing-room ; your ladyship shall now see if I understand you with your cap on well. Yours faithfully,

B. R. HAYDON."

From J. Uwins, Esq. :

"10 Paddington Green, April 3d, 1839.

"MADAM,—May I be allowed, without the charge of impertinence, to tell your ladyship how much delight I am getting from the 'Idler in Italy?'

"To hear tell of scenes and characters so well known to me, and to follow your ladyship's discriminating pen through delineations as faithful as they

are interesting, is a pleasure that none can enjoy more than your humble servant.

“Year after year, since my return from those delightful regions, I have been looking for such a book from Lady Blessington; the delay, perhaps judicious—at any rate, the book loses none of its freshness, and, in many cases, may even be read with additional zest derived from the lapse of time. Like every thing done by your ladyship, it seems to appear exactly at the proper moment.

“May I hope your ladyship will find time to come and see what I have been doing this year in the same ground? I have got eight small pictures ready for exhibition, all Neapolitan; one of the bay, executed for Lord Lansdowne, the beginning of which you saw last year.

“They will be visible till the 9th instant.

“Your ladyship’s humble servant,

J. UWINS.”

From George Dallas, Esq.:

“MY DEAR MADAM,—I find Mr. Mills has mentioned to your ladyship a poem of my son’s, awfully beautiful in my estimation of it, but which, for personal reasons, I did not intend showing to you while he is here. Since, however, Mr. Mills has mentioned it to you, and applied to me for the loan of it to bring under your eye, I think it better to do this myself. It appeared twice in the paper which gave it to the world, with the following notice, viz., ‘We reprint the admirable poem we gave to the public a few days since, from the great demand for it in our office.’

“Its origin was as follows: Mrs. L—— W—— was an old and intimate friend of ours, for whom we had a very great regard, and who leaned much on us during her misery. My son R—— had been known to her from his childhood; and in the interest he took in her cause, he attended the trial while it was on in Chancery, and at its close, before tardy judgment was given, under the virtuous indignation of a young and generous mind, horrified by its details, he took up his lyre, to avenge in the manner you will read the wrongs and the memory of his martyred friend. On this explanation I submit it to your ladyship. Have the goodness to return it to me when done with.

“I have the honor to be, my dear madam, your ladyship’s most faithful and humble servant,

GEORGE DALLAS.”

From Henry Cook, Esq.:

“18 Corso, Rome, May 27th, 1843.

“MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—But yesterday I heard there was a possible chance of your visiting the Eternal City, and, as I have taken apartments for a year, I look forward with hope and pleasure to the delightful prospect of perhaps, in your society, gazing on the relics of the marvels of the past.

“I will forward you a copy of a poem which I wrote in Florence. It is short, and I think will please you, at least as much as ‘The Bride,’ or any of

my juvenile efforts. Beyond all conception am I delighted with the mode of life in Rome; no words can describe the pleasure resulting from its entire freedom from almost all the vices and drawbacks of London society. We have had again some most delicious 'Idlers,' with a pleasure immeasurably heightened by being or having been one. Often have I been struck with the perfect truth and justness of your opinions on that most intricate subject, 'fine art.' Could you have laid bare my heart ere I left London, and could compare it with that now beating within me, what a change would you behold; you could scarcely conceive the extent to which this visit has humbled me. I then knew perfectly well I had much to surmount, but I now know that I have every thing to surmount—that I have been like a child playing with a prism, unconscious of the glorious rainbow which was arching above my head. I have, I believe, mastered the Italian, and most delighted am I with it, as it pleases me far more than the French. Will you, dear Lady Blessington, should you find time to write to me, be so very good as to tell me your impression as to the progress of art, as deducible from the exhibitions, and also from the cartoons? I had made many studies for a cartoon, and most bitter was my disappointment in being compelled, by the impossibility of finding a studio, to give it up. The subject I have chosen is one of boundless scope. Ever, dear Lady Blessington, yours, &c.,

"HENRY COOK."

From C. R. M. Talbot, Esq.:

"Morgan Park, Taiback, Glamorganshire, December 4th, 1848.

"MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—I beg you to accept my best thanks for the present of your two beautiful books, which I received very safely. Nothing can exceed the manner in which they are got up; and as works of art, it is no exaggeration to say the engravings are not to be surpassed. I am particularly struck with the one representing Lady Constance Gower, and also with that of Lady Elizabeth Lascelles, as being the very perfection of female loveliness. Certainly the 'Keepsake' ought to be a popular work with *ces dames*. But if any thing can prove the superiority of imagination over reality, it would be the pictures of the Queens of England. Only regard those magnificent eyes of our earlier queens (I marvel that you can speak of Queen Mary as unlovely)! Believe me ever most truly yours,

"C. R. M. TALBOT."

From C. White, Esq.:

"Place de Hamur, Brussels, 3d October, 1845.

"MY DEAR COUNTESS,—A young and very pretty acquaintance of mine is desirous to appear in your next year's 'Book of Beauty,' and, in truth, will do full honor to the title. Her name, so long as she may remain single, is, and will be, Miss Annie M——, a daughter of the defunct general of that ilk, and a niece of the Watson Taylor. The celebrated Gallait has done a full-

length of her, now in the Brussels Expositor, and some one else has done a miniature very charmingly. The latter will be forwarded to you on your consenting to the damsel's longings. I will add some four or five couplets about rose-buds and beauty.

"Ronge is making head. I am not disinclined to think that he is the tool of a party. It is curious to see Ronge in Germany and Pusey in England acting as sets-off to each other; and certainly Ronge has numbers on his side, and perhaps reason—I mean, as relates to religious matters. These subjects are, however, quite secondary for the moment, in comparison with the lamentations over failing potatoes. One hears no other subject mentioned. So that instead of saying, 'How are your wife and children?' men greet each other with, 'Good day! how are your karloffler?'

"Pray remember me to Count D'Orsay, and believe me always truly and gratefully yours,  
C. WHITE."

Letters signed L—— R—— to Lady Blessington :

"17th April.

"DEAR MADAM,—Although the stormy tides of the world have swept me away so far and so long from the eminence where your ladyship stands, I take the chance of your still retaining some recollection of me.

"To ask you to give me any trifle of yours, either in prose or verse, for the work I am now editing, and accept in return one of mine, I am afraid you will think is reversing the story of the Arabian Nights, and offering old lamps for new ones; but as the vendor in that case counted upon the covetousness of his desired customers, I rely upon the generosity of mine.

"At the same time, I beg you will not suppose there is any necessity for granting *both* clauses of my request, unless you should be so inclined; it is hard enough to lose a real gem without being compelled to exhibit a false one in lieu of it.

"Believe me to be, dear madam, with grateful recollections of your kindness and politeness, your ladyship's faithfully,  
L. R."

"Monday.

"My friends have long been anxious that I should abandon literature, and take to some more reputable profession; and truly, after the experience of half a dozen years, I begin to think they are not far in the wrong. At any rate, a letter I received a day or two ago has brought me to the point, by requiring me to say 'yea or nay,' whether, in the event of their procuring me a small collectorship of the customs, or other similar situation, I would accept of it.

"Now, in my situation, it would be extremely unwise to run counter to the advice and wishes of my friends, but, at the same time, I desire, if possible, to modify their plan a little. I would not like to go into a small country town for the rest of my life, to consort with oxen like a second Nebuchadnezzar.

Literature is with me a passion, which may be prudently directed, but can not altogether be repressed; and besides, I am not beyond the age when a man dreams of attaining to distinction, as well as to worldly competency.

“If I could obtain a situation in a public office in London, having been educated for business, I could discharge its duties, as many other men do, without withdrawing entirely from the world of letters. In the event of this not being readily come-at-able, one of the smaller consulships abroad would afford room for promotion, if I showed that I deserved it; or a seat in one of the commissions occurring so frequently at home, two of which are, I think, at this moment to fill up, would at least, though not permanent in itself, place me in the way of public employment.

“It has occurred to me as possible that your ladyship might feel sufficient interest in the fortunes of a literary man to obtain for me the necessary influence . . . . Having hitherto struggled through the world, not only without the aid of interest, but in defiance of more than common obstacles, I feel some diffidence in making this request, or in troubling you at all with my small affairs. Were you merely a lady of high rank, I should never dream of such a thing; but it seems to me, whether I am right or wrong, that there is a sort of freemasonry in literature, which removes from between the initiated much of the coldness and seeming heathenism of society. L. R.”

From George Hill, Esq., to Lady Blessington :

“Omagh, September 7th, 1835.

“Complaints are often made to me of the very tardy manner in which the Chancery suit is going on, and of the very heavy expense attending it. It is now nearly seven years, and nothing appears to have been done.

“The colonel has lately made an application to sanction his borrowing money to pay off some of the charges on this estate, which looks any thing but like things coming to a close. I advised our friend strongly against this. Could not the principal persons most deeply interested not make a grand effort together, and insist on knowing what has already been done, and try every thing in their power to get out of Chancery? I often fancy, if they do take some decisive step, they might urge on a decree, which certainly would be for the benefit of all parties. I wish, Lady Blessington, you would tell me your opinion on this subject, as I know you are quite capable of forming a correct one, and would easily find out whether Mr. P—— thought any thing could be done. Miss Gardiner and her aunt have arrived in Dublin, and Miss G—— is expected here in a few days, to stay for a month. In her last letter to Mrs. Hall she mentioned that Lady H—— was to follow her to Dublin in a few days. I believe they all intend to spend the winter in Dublin, though in a former letter she talked of going to Leamington.

“Mrs. Hill had a long and very agreeable letter from Mrs. Power last month, in which she stated that they were all quite well and happy, and that their new house at last was beginning to progress rapidly. Your ladyship’s much obliged and faithful servant,  
GEORGE HILL.”

From the Abbot of Mount Melleray to Lady Blessington :

“Cappoquin, December 14th, —.

“The Abbot of Mount Melleray presents his most respectful compliments to the right honorable the Countess of Blessington, and presumes most earnestly to entreat her ladyship to honor the abbey with a visit before she quits Ireland. The abbot ventures to hope that the countess will not regret such an act of condescension, if it be possible for her ladyship to accede to his humble request.”

Letter from Signore Giuseppe Pazzi, the celebrated Astronomer Royal of Naples, the discoverer of the Planet “Ceres :”

“Napoli, 21 Febrajo, 1826.

“Ubbidisco, miladi, ai graziosi comandi, di cui vi siete degnata a onorarvi e quali si siano eccovi li miei carateri. Possano dessi perfetamente attestarvi, la mia riconoscenza e il mio rispittosa attaccamento. Se mi grave che siete per muovere de questa classica terra, mi conforta la speranza che sarete per fare ben presto di ritorno. In questa dulce lusinga col maggiore assequeo ho l'honore di essere. Devotissimo servo,

GIUSEPPE PAZZI.”

Letter from Mademoiselle Rachel to Lady Blessington :

“Londres, 4ième Juillet, 1844.

“MADAME,—Lorsque j'appris que Monsieur de Chozeul avait le bonheur de vous voir et de vous entendre quelquefois, je lui témoignais (desirant vivement que cela vous fut repeté) mon chagrin et mes regrets de s'avoir pas osé vous approcher l'année dernière lorsque vous aviez la bonté d'employer quelque-tems à des vers charmants adressés à la jeune artiste. Les jours, les mois s'étaient succedés rapidement, je n'osais plus reclamer le *pardon* d'une faute *impardonnable* ; si vous refusez de m'entendre me justifier c'est bien audacieux à moi, madame, mais je sens si fortement tout ce que j'ai perdu que rien ne saurait m'arrêter aujourd'hui pour reconquérir votre bienveillance. Avec l'espoir qui me reste permettez-moi, madame, d'oser vous offrir (quoique trop tard pour vous espérer le soir) une loge pour la représentation de Bajazet. Si ma bonne étoile me donnait la joie de vous entretenir, j'oserais vous en aller demander le lendemain chez vous l'impression que vous aurait laissé mes fureurs de la veille. Agréez, madame, avec toute vôtre indulgence, une hardiesse naturelle, puisqu'elle est avec le désir vif de vous voir, et l'expression de mes sentimens les plus distingués.

RACHEL.”

Lines on various subjects, by Lord Erskine, given by his lordship to Lady Blessington :

EXTEMPORE, ON A YARD OF FLANNEL.

“Who, when rheumatic I complain,  
Gives sweet oblivion to my pain,  
And makes me feel quite young again ?  
A yard of flannel.



Who, when my tooth begins to ache,  
 And keeps my anxious eye awake,  
 Bids me refreshing sleep to take ?  
 A yard of flannel.

Who, when my ear is chill'd with cold,  
 And her accustom'd sound withhold,  
 So kindly lends her fleecy fold ?  
 A yard of flannel.

Who, when my throat is stiff and sore,  
 Does perspiration's reign restore,  
 And save from quinsy's threat'ning power ?  
 A yard of flannel.

Do you desire to find a friend,  
 Where warmth and softness gently blend ?  
 Then I would beg to recommend  
 A yard of flannel."

Conclusion of a speech *attributed* by Lord Erskine to Lord Viscount Stafford :

"The evidence against me, my lords, is so vague, so contradictory, and so confused, that if an angel from heaven were to appear at your lordships' bar, and to attest its truth, you would say he was a fallen angel, and that he would return no more to the sphere from whence he had descended."

ON WALTER SCOTT'S POEM ENTITLED "THE FIELD OF WATERLOO."

"How prostrate lie the heaps of slain  
 On Waterloo's immortal plain ;  
 But none by sabre or by shot  
 Fell half so flat as Walter Scott."

ON PRESENTING BONAPARTE'S SPURS TO THE PRINCE REGENT.

"These spurs Napoleon left behind,  
 Flying swifter than the wind ;  
 Useless to him if buckled on,  
 Needing no spur but Wellington."

AN INSCRIPTION FOR A COLLAR OF THE LAP-DOG OF THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

"Whoever finds, and don't forsake me,  
 Shall have naught in way of gains ;  
 But let him to my mistress take me,  
 And he shall SEE HER for his pains."

Translation of a Portuguese' song, sent under cover to Lady Blessington :

“ Know'st thou the land where citrons scent the gale,  
 Where glows the orange in the golden vale,  
 Where softer breezes fan the azure skies,  
 Where myrtles spring, and prouder laurels rise—  
 Know'st thou the land ? 'Tis where our footsteps bend,  
 And there, my love, and there, my love, and there  
Our course shall end.

Know'st thou the pile the colonnade sustains,  
 Its splendid chambers, and its rich domains,  
 Where breathing statues stand in bright array,  
 And seem, ' What ails thee, helpless maid ? ' to say—  
 Know'st thou the land ? 'Tis where our footsteps bend,  
 And there, my love, and there, my love, and there  
Our course shall end.

Know'st thou the mount were clouds obscure the day,  
 Where scarce the mule can trace his misty way,  
 Where lurks the dragon and his scaly brood,  
 And broken rocks oppose the headlong flood—  
 Know'st thou the land ? 'Tis there our course shall end ;  
 There lies our way, there lies our way, and thither  
Let our footsteps bend.”

Letter from B. Cochrane, Esq. :

“ May, 1849.

“ MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—It is so idle to tell you what you so well know, that you have left a vacancy here which can *never* be filled up. It makes me quite sad to know that your absence is for a lengthened period, as I can assure you that it calls forth one common expression of sorrow from all your friends, that is, from all who had the honor and delight of your acquaintance. I quite concur in all you say respecting M—— ; he is a most admirable and honorable man ; but, alas ! it is, in these days, in political as in naval matters, the ship that can tack and veer is ever the most valued.

“ Yours ever truly,

B. COCHRANE.”

Letters from H—— R——, Esq., to Lady Blessington :

“ Rue de la Paix, Paris, 13th October, 1840.

“ I have been here an anxious spectator of the perils which menace this fleet vessel of France, with its gibbering crew and queer pilots. The wind has caught the chaff once more, and it whirls it upward. Another breath

may fan the spark to flames. Sparks, did I say ! they are no sparks ; they are the unextinguished embers of that great funeral pile of the monarchy and aristocracy of France, which has been burning and smouldering for fifty years.

“ Ah, no ! if I write to you, let me rather talk to you of the sunshine, the leisure, the scenery, the peasantry, the fruit, the billows of the South. From Bordeaux to Marseilles we traveled along the valley of the Garonne, the plains of Languedoc, the shores of the Mediterranean. I reveled in the beauty of the country, the exuberant fertility of the land, the enchanting clearness of the sky. In Provence I visited the coast of Hyeres, with its woods of orange-trees and palms, and I made a solitary pilgrimage to Vaucluse.

“ Ever most faithfully yours,

H. R.”

“ 13th June, 1842.

“ Your directions, many weeks ago, to ask me for a few lines to some fair lady’s eyebrow, in the ‘ Book of Beauty,’ I have left unfulfilled, and, what is worse, the note unanswered, for I did not quite like to confess to myself, much less to another, that I was grown so dull and old (a Benedict !) that rhymes for me have ceased to flow.

“ Prose, my dear Lady Blessington, prose is the true language of happiness ; poetry the language of the want of it. Prose pays the rent and the butcher ; poetry starves the poet, and, still more, his wife and children. In short, I have only to assure you that I tried hard to write something, found I could not, and then perceived that the beadle must have whipped away all poetical ideas, which I only regret, inasmuch as it makes me very useless and uncivil.

H. R.”

“ 2d February, 1843.

“ In my position, I have at least more aptitude to share in the griefs of my friends than those who are not stricken from the herd. And I most deeply feel for you in the loss you and your nieces have sustained. That child had in her such gifts of affection, and such a clear, active spirit, that even her natural infirmities seemed to be those of a superior being. But she was of those whose maturity must needs be elsewhere, where alone are the best hearts and truest souls.

H. R.”

“ April 28th, 1849.

“ I chanced to be absent from London for some little time previous to your departure, and, indeed, a few days earlier we might have gone to Paris ; but I hope you will allow me the privilege of an old and grateful friend in expressing to you my sincere and lasting regret for the loss we all sustain by your removal. London is, I believe, the place in the world in which we are least given to express what we feel ; and a thousand circumstances and impediments are forever occurring to make us appear much more dull and miserable than we really are.

“ Yet I believe no acts of kindness or recollections of pleasant hours are lost in that deep and turbid water ; and, for my own part, as I wander onward on my solitary way, I have a thousand emotions connected with the past, which *revolve* though they seldom *exhale*. Among how many of those remembrances, dear Lady Blessington, do your kindness and hospitalities keep their place ! Our lives are like those hollow Chinese balls, which they carve one within another, each including all that preceded it, and of these the clearest and most ornamental is marked ‘ Gore House.’

“ In after times that house will have its place in literary and social history, and I am afraid, in our time, we shall not see its fellow until you come back to us. H. R.”

Letter from Richard M. Milnes, Esq., to Lady Blessington :

“ September 12th.

“ DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—I don’t know Monsieur Louis Blanc, nor sympathize with his opinions ; but having seen him in the Assembly on the 15th of May, and having carefully read the *enquete*, I am convinced in my own mind that the act of the Assembly was a surprise to him, and that his manner when in the Assembly was deprecatory, and not discouraging. I thought, certainly, he seemed to desire to get them away. I remain yours very truly,  
“ RICHARD M. MILNES.”

## CHAPTER XIX.

### EPISTOLARY CURIOSITIES, ETC.

Letter to Lady Blessington, endorsed by her ladyship, “ A curious communication from a Mr. J——, relative to a mysterious occurrence :”

“ Brussels, 26th October, 1835.

“ MY LADY,—An utter stranger to you, I find it very difficult to apologize for the liberty I am taking ; but your ladyship has seen much of life, and you possess great talent ; the latter consideration influences me to address you on a very extraordinary subject, sure you will help me to find out the object of my search.

“ Thirteen years ago, I was asked by a very old friend (an apothecary) if I would undertake an accouchement under very extraordinary conditions. I consented. In a few days I was requested to be at the corner of Downing Street, at ten o’clock in the evening, and a pledge of honor was exacted that I should never disclose the affair I had undertaken, or make any effort to find out the parties interested ; and that, if accident ever revealed them to my knowledge, I should never disclose the facts or names to any one ; to all this I consented, and made no terms of any kind for myself, leaving the remunera-

tion to the parties. On the night named I was at my post, and my old friend, Mr. Lee, saw me into a carriage, the blinds of which were up, and not a ray of light entered the space in which I was. How far we traveled I am totally unconscious, as I fell asleep. I was awoke by the door of the carriage being opened at a gate which to all appearance led into a shrubbery; from this my conductor, who was the man that drove the coach, and who had very much the appearance of Mr. Lee, conducted me across a kitchen garden, and thence into a small house; here I was detained about twenty minutes; from thence I was taken a few steps to a large house, and ushered by the coachman or driver into a very large room. A female soon appeared, who told me, as my services would not be required probably for a day or two, I had better take some refreshment and repose: a bed was prepared, and I availed myself of it. How long I slept I know not, but I got up when tired of bed, and in a short time breakfast was announced. The windows of the rooms I occupied were never opened; books were provided me. From the luxurious appearance of every thing about me, I had no doubt that I was in one of the first-rate houses in the country. Three days must have passed in this way. On the 21st of March I was called from my bed, and followed the same female, who attended me into a very splendid apartment, where I found my patient and two other persons, females; there was but one lamp in the room, and that at a considerable distance from the bed. I soon found that the labor would be a natural one, and that the mother was in perfect health, and I should think about from twenty to twenty-eight years of age. She never spoke or uttered a sound of any kind; in a few hours a female child was born. I gave the proper directions as to her treatment, and quitted the room. I remained four days more, seeing my patient twice every day. I never spoke to any but the female who attended me, who certainly was not accustomed to that kind of service.

“I was on the fifth night taken to Downing Street, where I arrived at about five o'clock in the morning. I went home, where I found Mr. Lee awaiting my arrival. He said I had conducted myself entirely to the satisfaction of the parties, and was charged to present me with £100, for which he gave me his check. Of course, I asked no questions; he had no occasion to ask me any, I am sure. A few weeks after, he asked me if I would take charge of the child I had introduced into the world; he would undertake to make the charge advantageous. I consented, provided I was secured against loss, and to have the entire control as a father. The infant was delivered into my hands, and the sum of £100 per annum settled to be paid six-monthly until it was ten years of age; then she was to be allowed £200 per annum. Things went on very regularly for four years, when I was requested to take the child to Richmond to be christened; this I could not comply with, so it was agreed that she should be taken to St. George's, Hanover Square, where she was baptized Frances D'E——, daughter of Colonel and Lady D'E——. The persons who undertook this office I had never seen before, and we parted at the

doors of the church, and I have never seen them since. What their motives for baptizing the child were, I know not; but as I had engaged not to ask any questions, I let the whole pass in silence. Two years after that, Mr. Lee died suddenly. I tried in vain to find among his papers any trace of the affair; I waited in expectation of hearing from some other quarter; from the day of his death up to this hour I have not heard one word. I brought the child to Paris, placed her under the care of my wife, who is one of the daughters of Mrs. K——, widow of Admiral G—— K——: she has been with me up to this moment as my daughter. I have given her my name, and I love her as my own child, having lost my own.

“She has received a first-rate education, and is highly talented and beautiful. Misfortune has overtaken me. I am now suffering extreme privation. Fanny is at a school where I pay £100 per annum. She is my only care, as Mrs. J—— is at Prague with her mother, who is insane.

“What I would ask of your ladyship is to consider if, about the period I name, 21st March, 1822, any lady of rank or fortune was absent, under extraordinary circumstances; if there is any family who might take the name of D'E——; if there is any Colonel or Lady D'E——. I think the register at St. George's Church was about September or October, 1826. Frances has been with me at Paris about eight years; I have never been in England since, as I am attending to chemistry and scientific objects, but I would cheerfully lay aside every thing to secure the child a provision.

“I have never made till this hour any kind of communication or research into this matter; bound by my word, I have kept it. Frances knows and loves me, yet she has some vague idea that my wife is not her mother. I think I am, under these circumstances, absolved from secrecy, as it is the fault of the parties to leave the dear child to chance. If I were able to support her, as I have done since the death of Mr. Lee, I would never trouble any one on this head. Mr. Lee died poor, and he never was rich; he was one of the most honorable men I ever knew. I am almost wild about this dear child; her future fate preys upon my heart and spirits. She must be the child of some person of consequence; she shows blood in every thought and action.

“I have thought Lady W—— D'E——, or some of that family, may know something of the matter, but I have never made any inquiry into the case; now I am forced to do so by circumstances. I never saw the features of her mother or any of the parties, nor do I know what part of the country I was taken to. It could not be far from London, from the time, and I should think, from the stars which I saw as I got out of the carriage, the house I was taken to must bear S.W. of London, but I may be deceived in this point; being under a promise of secrecy, I determined not to notice any thing, so that I might be better able to keep my promise. I am sure no deceit has been practiced on me by Mr. Lee, as he was ever beforehand with the payments he undertook, and often has borrowed money of me soon after he had made the payments; he never asked me for a receipt for any moneys. It was an affair

upon honor, and he also was bound to secrecy, as we never spoke on the subject. I have dined with him, and have been introduced to several persons, who have often asked to see my daughter; but whether they had any particular motive for so doing I know not; she must have some one to whom she is dear. Will your ladyship find out, if possible, if Lord G—— knows any thing of this child? I have no grounds for the supposition beyond the name, which is very uncommon in England. The great caution used in the affair, and the profound mystery connected with it, with the obvious riches of the proprietor of the house where the lady was confined, convinces me that they can not be common persons.

“Begging your pardon for this trouble, I am, my lady, your most obedient,  
humble servant,  
H. C. J.”

From Lola Montes à Monsieur Th. Guerin :

“106 Bond Street.

“MONSIEUR MONSIEUR GUERIN,—Pourquoi ne finessez vous pas le portrait ici? Quoique un peu indisposée hier, je compte sur vous de venir demain—soir, ou le matin, pour achever votre joli ouvrage, qui est fort admiré par tout le monde. En attendant je vous la renvoie.

“MARIE, Comtesse de Landfeldt.”

To Lady Blessington, transmitting two letters, endorsed “Curious Correspondence indicative of the Triumphs of Popery.”

MRS. MARTYR'S LETTER THE MORNING AFTER MISS YOUNG'S MARRIAGE TO  
MR. POPE.

“DEAR MADAM,—Permit me to be one of the first in offering congratulations. I have no doubt of your happiness, for I will confess that if his holiness had *attacked* me, I should not have had the resolution, as good a Protestant as I am, to die  
A. MARTYR.”

ANSWER.

“DEAR MADAM,—Accept my best thanks for your congratulations. This is not an hour for criticism; but I will whisper softly to my friend that Pope's ‘Essays’ are in perfect harmony with Young's ‘Night Thoughts.’

“Yours, &c.,

E. POPE.”

The Pilgrim, alias Octogenarius, of Mount Radford, Exeter :

Among the anonymous correspondents of Lady Blessington there was one who usually styled himself “The Pilgrim,” evidently a person far advanced in years, of eccentric habits and modes of thinking, with a dash of gallantry, and a strong tincture of southern travel and literary tastes in his quaint and laconic compositions. Who the Pilgrim was I have not been

able to learn, nor does it appear that he was personally known to Lady Blessington. Occasional verses, having reference to the current event of the times, or the subjects of leading articles in the Annuals edited by Lady Blessington, furnished the customary themes of his singular communications.

“THE PILGRIM’S” IMPROMPTU ON THE MOVEMENT OF CERTAIN  
OXFORD DIVINES TOWARD CATHOLICISM:

“Oxford, renowned in days of yore,  
The seat of arts and classic lore:  
From Oxford who could now expect  
This Rome-ward march of intellect?”

“Mount Radford, Exeter, Nov. 22d, 1843.

“The ‘old Pilgrim’ rejoices to see the name of ‘Lady Blessington’ announced as the editor of the new annual ‘Book of Beauty.’ He remembers with feelings of gratitude the divine condescension shown toward him by ‘the Priestess of Minerva’ in her acceptance of his minute volume of Poems, and by admitting it within the *precincts* of her temple, having rendered it a visible object in the literary hemisphere.”

To the Countess of Blessington from “The Pilgrim,” alias Octogenarius, of Mount Radford, Exeter:

“A round, delicate aperture is the avenue to a small cavern, wherein, upon a bed of coral, is deposited a ‘pearl’ of exquisite whiteness; and all ‘young mothers’ can duly appreciate the value of this beautiful *gem*.”

“It would be needless to *tell* Lady Blessington that the first *tooth* of an *infant* is here described. And if any one of her fair votaries in the Temple of Minerva would avail himself of such a sweet subject for a poetical offering in the next ‘Book of Beauty,’ it is much at her service from

“OCTOGENARIUS.”

From G—— J——, Esq., to Lady Blessington:

“Saturday evening, May 11th, 1844.

“Mr. G—— J—— presents his compliments to the Countess of Blessington, and with a full appreciation of the value of time, solicits knowledge regarding that given by her ladyship as to the receiving of visitors; for, with all his desire to breathe the classic air of Athens, he should regret if it were received at the hazard of intrusion in the land of Attica.

“Will not the mind of Lady Blessington appreciate the declaration of Mr. J—— when he writes that the evening of Friday last is placed within his memory as one of the most intellectual in his enthusiastic life? He will rest in the belief, at least, that his grateful sentiment will be received.

“When Mr. J—— saw a certain miniature by Sir William Ross, he con-



ceived it to be the *ideal* of the artist's thought; but having been now convinced that the supposed poetry of Sir William was caught from the *original*, Mr. J—— begs to present his compliments to Miss Power—a subject to create a poetic *pen* as well as *pencil*."

From Mr. A—— S——, Professor of Languages, to Lady Blessington :

"March 10th, 1840.

"MADAM,—The storm, whose disastrous gloom the smiles of your ladyship's countenance so sweetly dissipated, has passed away, and a prosperous sunshine seems to have begun.

" ' Non sempre è mal quel che ne afflige e duole  
Anzi talvolta son nunzie le pene  
Di non sognato bene  
Doppo la poggia al fin respande il sole.'

"I have been for the last five months professor of languages in ——, with an income of £200 per annum, and pupils increasing. Such is the strange vicissitude of man's uncertain pilgrimage! Tyrant of Syracuse to-day, to-morrow schoolmaster at Corinth; schoolmaster in Canada to-day, to-morrow King of the French! Indeed, at every point of his existence man is but a chrysalis, equally claimed by the past and the future, based on nothing, an ill translated book, taken out of one language without being put into another—a rootless tree leaning on a tottering ruin! Five months ago I was a miserable, derelict, homeless outcast, now I am richer in wealth than desires, courted by the rich, respected by all, and enjoying myself, as your ladyship does, the secret, the sublimest pleasure of 'clothing the naked and feeding the hungry.'

"My object in addressing your ladyship again is twofold: to give your ladyship the joy of this intelligence, with which I know you will sympathize, and to evince my gratitude by the only means in my power. Deprived of my birthright, accessories of rank Parnassus have given me a palace, and from that everlasting court I crave your ladyship's patronage, as of Polymnia, the muse of song.

"I am about to publish a song entitled 'Oh, life is not a dream!' Shall I be deemed presumptuous in hoping for the honor of dedicating it to your ladyship? Helicon has honors for none more than for your ladyship, and all her sons should weave conjointly for a Blessington a wreath of her immortal bays.

"In conclusion, honored madam, your ladyship has touched the heart of one who feels intensely good or ill, and I have read your kind letter over and over again with intense delight: misfortune batters in vain when woman's entrancing voice of pity is heard in the respite intervals of the storm.

“Tengou dunque ver me l'usato stile  
Amor Madonna, il mondo e mia fortuna  
Chi' i' non pensa esser mai si non felice.”

“I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your ladyship's most obedient  
humble servant, A—— S——.”

From Mr. J. C. W. R—— to the Count D'Orsay :

“ July 12th, 1835.

“MY LORD,—I am very sorry to encumber you with a request, but ‘*necessitas non habet leges*’ is an old but true proverb. There was a time when I could smile, but now I am like a good many more fools whom experience made wise. Upon my honor, there is nothing so provoking as to be reduced to absolute poverty, for it excludes a man of feeling from all intercourse with mankind. Sports of all descriptions were my leading passions, but how the devil can a man act when he has all and every thing before him that is, as he imagines, innocently good? I am a bit of a litterateur also, so that one quality is always conjoined with another. But, to tell you the honest truth, we are all a set of fools in this world, for as long as we have it to spare, the devil an enemy you can find; and he could not even play the ‘*vouloir être*’ with all the imaginary powers possible. The short and the long of the story is, I am in want of a trifle of money; if you can spare me a few shillings, I will gladly and thankfully receive it. Can you perhaps spare an old coat off hand, or an old pair of trowsers, or any thing that you have designated a pensioner? Whatever answer you may have for me, please to leave it, *under cover*, with one of the servants of your noble mother-in-law, the Countess of Blessington, from whence I will fetch it. I don't want the servants to know my unhappy situation. My dear family press hard upon me.

“I remain sincerely yours, my lord, truly grateful,

“(Signed),

J. C. W. R——N.

“P.S.—By-the-by, are you not a Freemason? Excuse this rude question, for I am one.”

Letters from L—— N—— to Lady Blessington. [The writer was evidently an exceedingly eccentric correspondent, laboring under some very singular delusions.]

“ February 22d, 1839.

“HONORED AND ESTEEMED MADAM,—However reluctant I am to intrude on your ladyship, I trust you will do me the kindness not to consider the present letter an unwelcome epistle; while, in referring to my last of the 29th ult., I beg leave to acquaint you that as I have not been favored with a reply, it will be requisite for me to prepare for my journey to Paris, where I must endeavor to obtain a livelihood by being instructed in the art of miniature painting. I had the happiness (after much pushing and squeezing, to obtain a seat in the pit) of seeing our beloved queen at Drury Lane Theatre, and of being placed

at a convenient distance from the maids of honor, who were in the circle adjoining the royal box. Her majesty and these ladies had an opportunity of catching a glance of me, which I believe they did; for I perceived more than once their opera-glasses were directed toward me, while there was some conversation held with the Earl of Albemarle, whose attention was also diverted toward the pit; and myself being so well known to the public, hundreds of eyes were riveted there, so that no doubt could be entertained on the subject. In fact, when the queen entered the house, she almost immediately recognized her lover, while she was unanimously applauded by one of the most numerous and brilliant audiences I ever beheld in that theatre. If I were to confess the emotions of my heart at beholding the elegant and graceful manners of my sovereign, coupled with the captivating smile by which her features were adorned, expressive of the happiness she felt in meeting with so loyal a reception from her subjects, I should, without hesitation, allege the queen has made a conquest of it. The delightful scene was highly colored, and rendered doubly interesting by the applause of the whole theatre after the performance of the anthem.

“Her stature is short, and inclined to embonpoint; my own is not tall, and therefore might not suppose there would be a great deal of disproportion in our height if we were married, so as not to appear conspicuous, if my age was not so much beyond her majesty’s. This, however, you are aware, is more apparent in some persons than others. My health is, thank God, much the same, and therefore might not imagine it would be thought an overwhelming obstacle to our union, should it be so arranged, pursuant to the royal marriage act of Parliament in that case to be made and provided. I should be anxious, however, before I take my departure from England, to have an opportunity of kneeling at the queen’s feet, and offering the homage of my love and respect.

“This distinguished honor could not be obtained, I believe, without an application to the secretary of state, and perhaps then there would be some difficulty in the way, without an introduction at court; and although *I am ready to espouse her majesty in a week (if wished)*, I have no opportunity of obtaining a private interview, which might hasten the completion of my hopes, viz., marriage with the queen, Victoria the First.

“To describe to your ladyship the effect the recent work published by Messrs. Longman, Orme, and Co., entitled ‘Love’s Exchanges,’ has had on the public mind, is not within my capability. Every lady that I meet seems full of anxiety on the subject, observing, ‘Not yet in the petticoats!’ The gentlemen say, ‘What! still in the same dress!’ Thus I will leave your ladyship to judge what I go through from day to day, while my likeness is portrayed as an elegant woman in all the picture-shops in London. Why, therefore, I may say, should not the first ladies in the land have the society and friendship of one of the fairest flowers? Should I, by being in petticoats, be transgressing the rules of morality or propriety? Probably not. *Could I, by*

*acting as I wish, obtain forgiveness after M . . . . ?* A guarantee to that effect would tend to relieve my anxiety of mind, and remove my scruples if I am now thought over-fastidious. Being without encumbrance, could I not say why should I hesitate? My dress would be respectable without being gaudy.

“My time is short, and my funds are exhausted, while I am fearful I shall have a painful struggle to provide for my necessities. Should I be generously aided with pecuniary means to forward my prospects in France (in the event of not being united to her majesty), that help, when forwarded to me by your ladyship and your friends, will be refreshment to the weary, as Petrarch beautifully expresses it in his commentaries: ‘*Crede mihi non est parvæ fiducia polliceri opem decertantibus, consilium dubiis lumen cæcis, spem dejectis, refugium fessis; magna quidem hæc sunt si fiant, parva si promittantur.*’

“In the fervent hope that this will find your ladyship in good health, please to accept my prayers for a continuance of your happiness in this world and in the world to come. I have the honor to be, with sincere regard, your faithful and affectionate friend,  
L. N.”

From the same :

“Lincoln’s Inn Fields, June 7th, 1840.

“HONORED MADAM,—The duty and profound respect I must always feel bound to entertain for my sovereign lady the queen (for the public say that illustrious lady now patronizes me), as well as sincere regard toward yourself, would induce me, without hesitation, to consent to the apparent wish of clothing me in petticoats, if I could be favored with a specific authority for such a very important change in my habits, as well as exterior appearance (for I am sure I should look like an old washerwoman in female attire); and notwithstanding which, I could not but feel highly honored by her majesty’s condescension in thus selecting me to occupy a situation (governess, I presume, in the royal family, and to reside in the palace), if such duties could with strict propriety be considered to fall within the scope of my knowledge, which, matured by experience, might be useful in such a capacity; and if it even were so, my endeavors to meet the queen’s approbation would be at all times exercised with sound judgment and energy; but I may, while thus expressing my ideas confidentially on so interesting a subject, be still greatly mistaken, while my awkwardness in petticoats would expose me to the ridicule of all the distinguished guests at the palace.

“The ladies of the capital say I shall look like a fine woman. The gentlemen say I could not wear stays without springs, and they don’t think I should look handsome in a bonnet, and therefore I had better remain in breeches.

“If they are all in error on the subject, then I trust you will do me the kindness to afford me a solution of the mystery. If the public are wrong (*illa errant quidem gravissime*), who is to put them right?

“In the event of funds being forwarded to me (in a parcel sealed up and

directed as above), I will occupy furnished lodgings at Kensington, for I am in impoverished circumstances, and if £50 is sent to me it will be very acceptable and useful these hard times.

“Hoping this will find your ladyship in good health, I remain very truly your faithful and affectionate friend,  
L. N.”

From the same :

“London, May 28th, 1841.

“HONORED AND MUCH-ESTEEMED MADAM,—Although still (after a lapse of three years’ written communication) without a single reply either in the affirmative or the negative, and having been personally present at your abode nine times without having been favored with an appointment or an interview, I take leave to offer an explanation to your ladyship on the subject of a bond of indemnity (which I mentioned in the postscript of my last letter), a legal instrument cased with armor, to be a defender against the poisoned darts from the venomous tongue of the rocky-hearted slanderer, a shield against the malicious and mischievous deeds of the secret enemy.

“The obligor is the party bound, whereby he or she obliges themselves, their heirs, executors, and administrators, to indemnify and save harmless the obligee, which surety without the condition is called *simplex obligatio*; but with the covenant, a specialty, the dangers therein being particularly specified in writing, and the contracting parties’ seal, while regularly acknowledging the same duty and confirming the contract, being affixed thereto, thus rendering it a security of a higher nature than those entered into without the solemnity of a seal.

“But if it be to do a thing that is *malum in se*, the obligation itself is void, for the whole is an unlawful agreement, and the obligor could take no advantage from such a transaction; and if the condition be possible at the time of making it, and afterward becomes impossible by the act of God, the act of law, or the act of the obligee, there the penalty of the obligation is saved, for no prudence or foresight of the obligee could guard against such a contingency.

“My playing, therefore, a second character in this drama (by acting a woman’s part) would depend *in toto* on my own conduct for honor and integrity. Could I therefore, with safety, enter upon such an engagement without the liability of being a *particeps criminis* in any unlawful action which might subsequently follow? My opinion from the first was that it would be an impracticable scheme, and I think my friends will admit I have taken a correct view of this extraordinary design of the projectors; for, baffled and frustrated in all my efforts to become the husband of the lady agreeable to the wishes of the public, the disguise of a gentleman in the apparel of a lady, with an intention of having a conversation with his sweetheart at a ball (such a plan being suggested in my letter of July 8th, 1839), would, as that lady is married to another, be now entirely out of season; what motive, therefore, there can be now for exhibiting my portrait (in *flagrante delicto*) in female

clothes is to me incomprehensible, and I remain in hope your ladyship will do me the kindness to afford me a solution of the enigma.

“Whatever is the object, it has inflicted on me manifold injury and mischief by the construction put upon it. Even at this time more calumny is issuing from the press, and the work entitled ‘De Clifford, or the Constant Man,’ has very much astonished the public.

“My proposal to raise £1000 by way of loan being unattended to, I am of opinion the most judicious plan of arrangement and relief would be for me to quit my native country; and if I had £50 a quarter allowed me for my maintenance in the city of Brussels, I would go and reside there, from which capital I would correspond with my amiable friend.

“Your ladyship’s most obedient humble servant, L. N.

“P.S.—If your ladyship could honor me with your company for a few weeks in the summer season at Ostend, not only for the benefit of sea-bathing, but also to assist you and your friends in the completion of works for the press, I should esteem it a favor, and learn much from you.”

## CHAPTER XX.

### CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE MATHEWSES.

From Lord Blessington to Charles Mathews, Sen. :

“Mountjoy Forest, August 2d, 1823.

“MY DEAR MATHEWS,—I am determined to build a house here next spring, and I should like to give your son an opportunity of making his *debut* as an architect.

“If you like the idea, send him off forthwith to Liverpool or Holyhead, from which places steamers go, and by the Derry mail he will be here (with resting a day in Dublin) in five days; but he must lose no time in setting off. I will bring him back in my carriage.

“Remember me most kindly to Mrs. Mathews, and believe me, ever yours truly, BLESSINGTON.

“I suppose it would be utterly useless my asking you to come with Charles; but if you wish to spend a week in one of the most beautiful spots in Ireland, eat the best venison, Highland mutton, and rabbits, and drink the best claret in Ireland, this is the place; and you would be received with undivided applause, and I would give some comical dresses for your kit. Yours, B.”

Letters from Charles James Mathews, Esq., to Lady Blessington :

“Torre del Annunciata, Napoli, Wednesday evening (1824).

“DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—On Wednesday last, at half past twelve o’clock precisely, we started from Pompeii, and arrived in excellent health, covered

with dust, hoping your ladyship is the same. After a scientific walk through a few of the houses, we returned to our quarters, and sat down to dinner, which we performed with ease in less than five-and-thirty minutes. We then went to bed, thinking that the best way of passing the evening, and though we had no 'curtained sleep,' we managed uncommonly well, and it perfectly answered our purpose. Angell says that I snored, but persons are very fond of throwing their own sins upon the backs, or rather the noses, of others.

"On the following morning, at break of day, we were again at Pompeii, and spent the whole of the day i.e. combining, analyzing, and arranging our plan of study. The result was this, that we found nothing in the whole city worthy of being measured and drawn 'architecturally' (by which I mean outlined with the scrupulous accuracy of measurement usually adopted by architects) except the two theatres and the amphitheatre, picturesque sketches and notes of the other subjects of interest being quite sufficient for our object.

"On Friday morning we commenced, and by our united efforts have completed the measurement of the small theatre, which, by-the-by, was unquestionably an odeum. We are now engaged upon the other, which I hope to see concluded in three days; from all which it appears probable that I shall have the happiness of seeing you all again about Wednesday next—which was to be demonstrated.

"Our weather has been 'charming and very,' and seems likely to continue so. We are at a delightful inn (locanda I call it when I speak Italian), and live in the public room, which is quite private. The bedrooms are fitted up with peculiar taste; mine contains an iron bedstead with one leg shorter than the other (which, on the first night of my arrival, deposited me safely on the floor—N.B. stone), a wash-hand basin one inch and a quarter deep and six inches in diameter, a small piece of broken looking-glass, and half a table. It is an airy room, with four doors, which we should in England call glass-doors, only these have no glass in the openings. However, they are easily closed, for they have shutters which won't shut above half way; however, a couple of towels and a bit of board keep them together very snugly. The walls are stuccoed and painted in the same manner as the houses at Pompeii, only that they are quite white and entirely without ornament of any kind.

"We take two meals a day besides a luncheon. In the morning a little boy, with dark (I won't say dirty) looking hands and face, brings us some coffee in a little tin pot. The coffee is poured over into the saucer, which saves the boy the trouble of washing it out. We can always tell how much we have had, for the coffee leaves a black mark on the cup wherever it has touched it. Upon the whole, it would be a very nice breakfast if the eggs were new, the butter fresh, and the bread not quite so sour. But the dinner makes up for all. We begin always with maccaroni—I have learned to eat it in the Neapolitan fashion; it is the prettiest sight imaginable, and I am making great progress. We then have lots of little fish (from which they tell me they make *seppia*) fried; they taste pleasantly, and black all your teeth

and lips. They dress their fish with their scales on, too, which makes them look very pretty. We next generally choose a 'pollastro delizioso,' because it is the tenderest thing we can get. We each take a leg, and tug till it comes asunder, which it usually does in a few minutes. They are very fine birds, and when you happen to hit upon a piece which you can eat, it makes a particularly agreeable variety. When the chicken has disappeared, we call for fruit, and they sometimes bring it. The hot baked chestnuts would be delicious if they were ever warm—they never are so; but then the grapes are so hot that it comes to the same thing. When we tell the man to bring some water to wash off the dirt that is always about them, he wipes them in his own apron, which is certainly better and surer.

"We finish our repast with a ditto of the coffee that we have had in the morning, only thicker and of a darker color. This is not the dinner we always have. There are varieties in the bill of fare which your ladyship little dreams of. I will mention two or three, with their prices, as specimens :

|   | Grains. |
|---|---------|
| Froggiolino al brodo—small embroidered frogs.....   | 5       |
| Fetti de cazzio carvallo—feet of a cart-horse ..... | 7       |
| Bolito de vaccina—a boiled cow, only .....          | 5       |
| Fetti de Genevese—Genoese feet.....                 | 2½      |
| Calamario arrostito—a roasted inkstand.....         | 6       |
| Frita de negro—a fried negro.....                   | 5       |

Other delicacies are to be had by paying higher prices for them; but as we are only artists, and not gran' signori, we are contented with little.

"I am delighted with my new acquaintance and his well-informed friend. Angell is a very intelligent, amiable man; I like him so much that I even let him smoke in the dining-room—a thing unheard of, as you may suppose, in these refined regions. Poor fellow! I am sorry to say that the cause of his breathing so hard is but too well accounted for—he has a decided asthma, which at times troubles him sadly. We get on famously together, and work very hard.

"I hope you are all quite well, and enjoying the 'gloomy month of November.' I long to be back and comfortably seated at my firm *whole* table, surrounded by kind friends. Pray thank Lord Blessington for his knapsack, which is invaluable here.

"With best remembrance to Count D'Orsay and Miss Power, believe me, dear Lady Blessington, your most affectionate and respectful servant,

"CHARLES JAMES MATHEWS."

From Charles J. Mathews (recovering from illness) to Lady Blessington :



"Palazzo Belvidere

"DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—

"I'm so much better that I should like to come and have a snack,  
 Only Dr. Reilly says I mustn't eat, or do any thing but lie on my back ;  
 So I'll stop here in the dark as quiet and patiently as ever I am able,  
 Though I shall certainly think most affectionately of you all about the time  
 that the roast potatoes are upon the table."

Lady Blessington in reply :

"MY DEAR CHARLES,—I will run all risks, and send you something to eat,  
 as I can not bear to think that we are all eating while you are starving. God  
 bless you, and enable you soon to join us."

From Charles James Mathews, Esq., to Lady Blessington :

"Kentish Town, November 26th, 1824.

"The only clog to the happiness I have experienced on my return has been  
 the impossibility, up to the present moment, of imparting any portion to your  
 ladyship, from whom I trace the greater part of it. But I am sure you will  
 have made allowance for the bustle and confusion of the first week's visiting  
 and calling. At Paris I fully intended writing, but as I found that Mrs.  
 P——s had left before my arrival, I thought it would be better to wait till I  
 had seen her, as the interest of my letter almost entirely rested upon the power  
 of assuring you all of her health.

"Last Wednesday I arrived in London, after a most fatiguing journey, full  
 of hardship, and consequently of amusement. Various incidents might be  
 worked up into good stories if I thought my paper would last me, such as  
 passing the Garigliani in the character of a German officer without paying ;  
 quelling a dispute at Beauvoisin as prefect of the village, and very narrowly  
 escaping a broken head upon the discovery of the cheat. I shall, however,  
 only touch upon one, which is interesting, inasmuch as it is linked with the  
 never-to-be-forgotten Borghetto. At Florence, not having time to get my  
 passport viséd, the courier persuaded me to take a one-horse carriage, and drive  
 out of the town, as if to some villa, and wait for him without the walls. Of  
 course, it was all the same to me how I effected my journey, so that I did  
 but 'keep moving,' and I therefore accepted his offer, to the great astonish-  
 ment of Mr. Bailey, with whom I was to have dined, and who, after staring at  
 me for a quarter of an hour, very gravely assured me that I should most prob-  
 ably be secured and thrown into prison, or, at least, be arrested at Genoa, as  
 the Austrians (he supposed—I was well aware) thought nothing of sending  
 a man back three hundred miles if his passport were not in order. Notwith-  
 standing his prudent assurances, I pro and suc-ceeded in my rash measure,  
 nor should, I believe, have much minded, except on account of the delay, a  
 day or two's imprisonment, being, as you know, very fond of witnessing for-  
 eign customs and manners. All, however, went well, and I secured my place

as far as Turin ; but the next morning, on arriving at Pietro Santo, a village consisting of a post-house and two ruined cottages, in the midst of a pouring rain, the courier, with that natural politeness for which foreigners are so justly celebrated, informed me that there was no place for me any farther. I began to feel 'rather contemptible than otherwise.' 'But,' said I, 'I have just paid for my place as far as Turin, and we are not yet half way to Genoa.' '*Mi dispiace, signore,*' said he, 'but there is no room for you.'

"The idea of being left in this wretched hole, in such weather, without any means of conveyance, was a great deal too absurd, and I was beginning to grow excessively disagreeable to the courier ; but, finding that bullying did not advance me one jot with my little fat friend, who was comfortably buttoned up in his independence and his over-alls, and seeing that my situation was much too critical and dangerous to be serious about, I began to banter and joke the little choleric officer, till I absolutely laughed myself into his good graces and his mail. When I say his mail, I mean it literally, for as there was no room in the regular part of the gig, we emptied the letters from behind, and I traveled ninety miles over the most dreadful Borghetto road, now worse than ever, in the courier's letter-box !

"Arrived at Genoa, I found the mail-carts all engaged, so went on by vettura to Turin, and with many little adventures reached Paris in nineteen days, having only slept one night on the road—at Turin. I was tired enough, but not half so much so as some of my fellow-travelers, who had only been up two nights, and a *bain de voyageur* at Paris perfectly restored me to what Sir William Gell would call my 'natural loveliness.' After waiting a couple of days at Calais, eight hours carried me over from thence to Dover, nor was I at all anxious to lengthen the passage.

"I will, however, put an end to my journey, or you will be more fatigued from the recital than I was myself from the reality. I will only add that, from my excellent management and forethought, I found myself at Genoa without a farthing—my letter being on Turin, ditto Lyons, &c., &c.—and so I only reached London by borrowing money from the coach-office upon my luggage.

"As soon as I arrived in town, I called on Mrs. Purves, and am sorry to say found her excessively low ; though, on dining with her on Tuesday, I was happy to see her much gayer, and her spirits altogether improved. I shall refrain from saying a word upon the cause. She has already explained it to you, and it is unnecessary for me to say what pain I feel on account of it, dear Lady Blessington.

"I shall do myself the great pleasure of bestowing some more of my tediousness upon you very soon, and will try and write better, and more composedly.

"CHARLES J. MATHEWS."

"Ivy Cottage, December 25th, 1824.

"Week after week has passed away since I last wrote to you. My thoughts,

however, have the more continually been with you, if indeed those thoughts can be so at one time more than another, which are unceasingly reverting to the happy time passed in your family.

“We are going to spend a delightful day with Mrs. Purves, and, could impossibilities be effected merely by the sincerity of the wishes suggested by our affection, you would all be there, to make our happiness complete. But buoyant fancy can not overcome dull reality, and therefore I must take advantage of the mode which nearest resembles being with you, that of writing to you, and converse as if with a deaf and dumb person, upon paper, with this only difference, that I shall have all the talk to myself.

“First and foremost, then—Business. Books. I have been buffeted about in the most unfeeling manner from Mr. Longman to Mr. Lee, and back again from Mr. Lee to Mr. Longman, till I am tired of their very names. Mr. Lee tells me a vessel starts on a certain day, and Mr. Longman says he will be ready, and is not. Ditto Mrs. Purves, milliner. Upon this, vessel No. 1 is to set sail. Vessel No. 2 will be off in a few days, I am told, and both the dress-maker and the bookseller have promised me to be ready the day after to-morrow; but the first declares she is dependent upon her ‘young women,’ who are all engaged with their sweethearts at Christmas time, and the second assures me that his delay is all owing to his dilatory binder.

“But I have given the dress-maker a good *dress*, and *trimmed* her in such a manner that she is quite *hemmed* in, and I think can not *try the thing* on any longer; and as to the binder, he is plainly *bound*, for he has been so *pressed* and *lettered* by me, that, should he fail, it would stamp disgrace upon his name, and I should certainly pull his *dog’s ears* well, and cover his *calfskin* back with stripes. Thus being, I think, pretty secure of my people, I have been to the vessel, and the package, I am happy to say, is at last booked.

“Now that business is done, let me proceed to pleasure, and tell you what you already know, the state of happiness and comfort I am in at dear home. On my journey my feelings were divided—sweet flowing tears at the approaching meeting frequently mixed themselves with the bitter brine of parting; but now I have time to dwell upon all I have left at Naples. I can not, while I rejoice at being where I am, resist the wish that I were still with you. But the advantage of being-in two places at once is known to ‘birds alone.’ The pleasure with which I reflect upon all the scenes that passed at the dear old palazzo and the dear new villa is not unmixed with melancholy—that of knowing that I never shall visit them again with the same dear party. Every thing that I have seen in Naples has a double interest for me from the associations connected with it. The scholar remembers with enthusiasm all he has beheld, because it is the confirmation of all he has previously read. But I have still more to dwell on; I have the gratifying remembrance of having visited these magic scenes in the society of the dearest and kindest friends in the world, under circumstances which of themselves alone would form subjects for pleasing retrospection for my whole life.

"I am very much to blame in not having yet written to Lord Blessington, after his flattering command, which I had before this intended to obey; I well know that in writing to you, dear Lady Blessington, I do, in fact, the same thing.

"Pray give my best regards also to Count D'Orsay, and say that his kind permission gave me at once the greatest pleasure and the greatest pain—pleasure that he should conceive a letter from me worth receiving, and pain at knowing that I never shall be able to express in French half the admiration and regard I feel for him. Pardon my making your ladyship my message-bearer; but I do it because I know you are always ready to be the conveyer of kindness to every one. To Mary Anne, if you please, my best love; and to Sir William Gell and Mr. Strangways, if still at Naples, my affectionate remembrance.

"To Lord Blessington and yourself I can only say that I am, and shall always be, affectionately yours,  
CHARLES J. MATHEWS."

"Great Russell Street, Friday evening (1835).

"We left my father in most satisfactory health, and able to gratify his wish of proceeding to Devonshire, and returned to town quite in spirits about him; but this morning we have received a letter from Plymouth, where he now is, which announces that he is not so well. Any change for the worse in his state is alarming, and my mother and I are therefore on the point of setting out, at an hour's notice, to join him there.

"It is a sad journey for her to undertake; but, unfortunately, we have not been able to persuade him to London, where he ought to have been from the first, his distance from us making his situation more cruel. I trust, however, we may find him better again, as his health, of course, varies very much from day to day.  
C. J. MATHEWS."

Letters from Lady Blessington to Charles J. Mathews, Esq.:

"Villa Gallo, January 1st, 1825.

"MY DEAR CHARLES,—Your account of your journey was most amusing, and excited a portion of that risibility that you have so often excited in *propria persona* in other days, and which has been rather a stranger to us since your departure.

"We can laugh at your perils by flood and field *now* that we know you are safely nestled beneath the dear maternal wing at Ivy Cottage; but had we anticipated the probability of all the embarrassments you encountered, we should have been, indeed, most uncomfortable.

"You will have seen in the papers the melancholy and shocking account of the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, close to your old haunt at Pæstum. They were a very young and interesting pair; the gentleman not more than twenty-four, and the lady nineteen years old, and only a year married. They had spent the summer at Naples, and had been to Pæstum, from whence they were

returning, when they were assailed by six armed brigands, who demanded their money. Mr. Hunt gave them some money, and remonstrated with them for ill-treating his servant, when they threatened to shoot him if he did not keep silent. Seeing them still continue to beat his servant, he stood up in the carriage, which was an open one, when two of the miscreants (one at each side) fired, and at the same instant mortally wounded the husband and wife. Mr. Hunt fell from the carriage on the road, and his wife sunk on the seat, in which state they were found by three midshipmen of the 'Revenge,' who were also returning from Pæstum, and who arrived in half an hour after the fatal catastrophe. The brigands fled almost immediately after the murder, fearing that the midshipmen would arrive; for it appears that they had a perfect knowledge of the number of the persons, and the property they possessed, which it is thought they got intelligence of at Eboli, where they had slept the night before. The midshipmen assisted Mr. Hunt, who was perfectly sensible, and who detailed the affair, and placed him in the carriage with his wife, of whose wound the whole party were ignorant. Thinking she had fainted from fright, they opened her cloak to give her air, and found her weltering in blood, the ball having taken off some of her fingers in passing through her breast, and passed out through her shoulder-blade, carrying away the lobe of her lungs. A gold chain and locket which she wore, as also the part of her dress next the place, were forced into the wound, and the poor unhappy woman suffered the most violent torture. The midshipmen, finding the danger they were in, thought it best to return to Pæstum, which was the nearest place; and Mr. Hunt becoming delirious, they placed him in your old wretched lodging at Pæstum, while his wife was conveyed to the farm-house next it. The husband only lived four hours and a half after the wound, and the poor wife thirty-three. I must not omit telling you that the midshipmen, who were total strangers, behaved like brothers to the poor couple, but particularly Mr. Hornby, whom you may remember in the 'Revenge,' who never left Mrs. Hunt until she breathed her last. Some of the brigands have been taken up on suspicion, and the event has made a deep impression here.

"Pray tell me all that is going on in the literary way in London, and be assured that your letters will always be welcomed by, my dear Charles, your sincere and affectionate friend,

M. BLESSINGTON."

"Friday evening, June or July, 1833.

"A thousand thanks, my dear Charles, for the verses, which are beautiful, but, alas! a *little* too warm for the false prudery of the public taste, though not for mine. Were I to insert them, I should have a host of hypercritical hypocrites attacking the warmth of the sentiments of the lines, and the lady editor, and therefore I must ask you to give me a tale, or verses more prudish—prettier ones you can hardly give me. I have been so long a mark for the arrows of slander and attack, that I must be more particular than any one else; and your pretty verses, which in any of the *Annuals* could not fail to be ad-

mired, would, in a book edited *by me*, draw down attacks. I find I have another clear week to give you for the composition of an illustration for Alice, and entreat you to write. I keep the verses, for they are too beautiful not to find a place in my album.

“What a misery it is, my dear Charles, to live in an age when one must make such sacrifices to cant and false delicacy, and against one’s own judgment and taste.

M. BLESSINGTON.

“Pray urge your father and mother to give us frequent tidings of you, as you may be well assured that after *them* there are *none* who can feel a deeper, truer interest in you than we do.”

### Letters from Lady Blessington to Mrs. Mathews :

“Villa Gallo, Naples, October 18th, 1823.

“DEAREST MRS. MATHEWS,—I can, at the present moment, enter much better into the feelings that dictated your letter addressed to me a year ago than when it reached me. You were then parting with Charles, and wrote under all the feelings of anxious affection ; judging by what I now feel, when, after a year’s residence with us, he is on the point of leaving us, I am sensible of what a sacrifice you made in resigning him, and what your joy must be in having him restored to you. I believe that your letter desiring his return was the first that you ever dictated that gave pain ; it threw a gloom over our whole circle, Charles excepted, whose heart is too devoted to you not to throb with rapture at the idea of again seeing you after so long an absence, and I see the embarrassing situation he is placed in, between his wish of not appearing ungrateful by participating in our regret at parting, and the delight he naturally feels at rejoining you. Long may his honest and noble heart be filled with the same ingenuous sentiments that dictate all his actions at present, for it would be indeed a pity if it ever became sullied by a contact with the world. Without one half of the estimable qualities which Charles possesses, his talents, various, brilliant, and amusing as they are, always render him a guest too agreeable to every society to be resigned without real regret, as he is found to enliven and be the charm of every circle in which he moves ; but when one knows, as I do, that those talents, delightful as they are, constitute his least merit—that to those he unites the kindest heart, the most ingenuous nature, the best principles, and unvarying good temper, and perhaps, what endears him still more to me, a delicacy of sentiment almost feminine, it is impossible not to feel sad and sorrowful at giving him up, even to a mother whose happiness he forms. It is my consolation that I restore him to you, my dearest friend, as pure, as amiable, and as unsophisticated as when he left you ; and it is with as much pleasure as truth that I declare that, in a year’s residence beneath my roof, and almost constantly beneath my eye, I have not discovered a single fault, action, or inclination that would give a moment’s pain to your heart, which gives me the gratifying conviction that, through life, he will prove a source of pride and comfort to you and all his friends, and

among that number (and after yourself the most affectionate and interested) I beg you will consider me. I send you two little souvenirs of Naples; they have no other recommendation than that of being the production of this country, and a very trifling memorial of an affection which, though less inflammable than the lava that forms them, retains its warmth much longer; as for you it never can end. Say every thing that is kind for me to Mr. Mathews; and when Charles and you are enjoying one of those dear, quiet, happy *tête-à-têtes* in your dear snug little room, pray give a thought to a friend who would gladly steal away from the bustle and noise of a heartless world to make a trio with you. Write to me often; Charles has promised to do the same, and ever believe me, my dearest Mrs. Mathews, your sincere and affectionate friend,

MARGUERITE BLESSINGTON."

"Après avoir passé une année dans l'intimité avec Charles, il ne m'est pas possible de vous considérer comme étrangère; c'est pour cette raison, madame, que je prends la liberté de vous dire combien nous regrettons votre fils, qui emporte avec lui notre sincère amitié ainsi que notre parfaite estime; s'il nous quitte après en, c'est pour le retrouver plus tard j'espère, et lui prouver, s'il est possible, la vérité de l'amitié que je lui ai vouée. J'espère aussi être bien reçu de vous présenté par votre sincère amie Lady Blessington, et par votre cher fils, les deux personnes que je connais qui vous sont le plus attachés—et c'est en même temps que je me féliciterai connaître Mr. Mathews, de qui la voix publique, et l'amitié privée donne tant le desir d'être connu de lui. L'ami de votre fils,

COMTE D'ORSAY."

"Palazzo Belvidere, Naples, November 21st, 1823.

"Your amiable and excellent Charles has been at Pompeii for ten days past, so do not be uneasy at not hearing from him. With the affection and esteem I feel for you, my dearest Mrs. Mathews, as well as the regard I entertain for Mr. Mathews, you may be assured that I shall take a warm interest in your son, and do all in my power to contribute to his present and future comfort; but, putting those sentiments aside, Charles has so many excellent qualities, and is so agreeable a member of society, that he must always be esteemed and valued for himself; and, I assure you, so much do we prize his society, that nothing but the sense of the advantage he would derive from a ten days' residence at Pompeii could have induced us to relinquish it; and we find his absence leaves a chasm in our little circle, that, although he has only been some days gone, renders us already impatient for his return. Sir William Gell has taken such a fancy to Charles (as indeed has every individual to whom we have presented him), that he takes quite an interest in his plans. It was Sir William who introduced him to a very clever, intelligent young architect (Mr. Angell), with whom he has gone to Pompeii, which is much more agreeable than would be a solitary sojourn there; and I expect to see Charles return with a portfolio of sketches that will hereafter charm

your eyes, and convey to you a lively idea of this land of wonders. Never does Charles see an interesting object or beautiful view without wishing for you, and I hope I need not add that in those wishes I most heartily join.

“Pray write to me whenever you have resolution enough to seize the pen, and, in return, I will, from time to time, give you an account of Charles. Lord B—— promises to take us to Sicily in February, and we anticipate with delight seeing that interesting country, where there are some of the most admirable remains of antiquity to be viewed. MARGUERITE BLESSINGTON.”

“December 6th.

“Lord B—— unites with me in congratulating Mr. Mathews on having so far carried his point as to look upon it as now settled that the monument to our immortal bard will be erected, and Mr. Mathews will be entitled to the thanks of all the admirers of Shakspeare, in which list are comprised all the people of taste and genius the country can boast, for being the means of carrying so desirable an object into effect. I do not know Sir C. Long, but I understand he is not only a man of very fine taste, but a most amiable person, and I think Mr. Mathews will have great satisfaction with him in this project. I return you the dear little count's letter, which is, like himself, very short, very sweet, and full of heart. M. BLESSINGTON.”

“Villa Gallo, January 1st, 1825.

“Your letter of the 8th of December reached me on Christmas day, and was truly gratifying, though you far overrate the services that you conceive we have rendered Charles. You had laid the foundation so solidly of every good and essential quality, that you have left nothing to be added, except, it may be, a few of the ornamental decorations, that are given to finish a work; and those he has an intuitive tact and quickness in acquiring, that renders the assistance of friends unnecessary. I speak to you, my dearest Mrs. Mathews, with all the candor and frankness that I should do in addressing myself to a sister, and without one shade that the flattery of friends in general think necessary when speaking to a mother of her son; and in the true spirit of candor I declare to you, that after a year's daily intercourse with Charles, I regard him as one of the most faultless characters I ever met, and possessing more amiable, as well as more amusing qualities than have fallen to the lot of any of my friends and acquaintances. Enjoying the charms of his society as you now do, you may conceive what a chasm his absence has left in our circle; there is not a day in which we do not miss the sunshine of his well-timed gayety, or an evening in which we do not name him with affectionate regret. I assure you that it gives me real pleasure to hear from you that Charles feels for me a portion of the regard and interest that I entertain for him; and pray tell him that I will yield to no other, except his mother and his wife, the place I wish to hold in his affection, as through life he may count upon me, after the two I have named, as the woman in the world the most sincere-



ly his friend. I am glad to hear that you have been staying with my dear sister at a moment when she needed the consolation the presence of valued friends can alone afford. Separated from her by such a distance, it is a balm to my heart to think that she has in you a friend who can supply my place, and I trust you will see her as often as you can.

“MARGUERITE BLESSINGTON.”

“Paris July 6th, 1829.

“I thank you for your kind letter; and feel deeply sensible of the sympathy of you and your excellent family, under the cruel and heavy blow that has fallen on me, in the loss of the best of husbands and of men. These are not mere words of course, as all who know him will bear witness, for never did so kind or gentle a heart inhabit a human form; and I feel this dreadful blow with even more bitterness, because it appears to me that, while I possessed the inestimable blessing I have lost, I was not, to the full extent, sensible of its value; while now, all his many virtues and good qualities rise up every moment in memory, and I would give worlds to pass over again the years that can never return. Had I been prepared for this dreadful event by any previous illness, I might, perhaps, have borne up against it; but falling on me like some dreadful storm, it has forever struck at the root of my peace of mind, and rendered all the future a blank. It is not while those to whom we are attached are around us in the enjoyment of health and the prospect of a long life, that we can judge of the extent of our feelings toward them, or how necessary they are to our existence. We are, God help us! too apt to underrate the good we have, and to see the little defects to which even the most faultless are subject, while their good qualities are not remembered as they ought to be until some cruel blow, like that which has blighted me, draws the veil from our eyes, and every virtue, every proof of affection, are remembered with anguish, while every defect is forgotten. Oh! could we in our days of health but ask ourselves the question of how we could support the loss of a friend to whom we are attached and endeared by habit, the examination of our hearts would render us more anxious to show that tenderness, and give those proofs of an affection that often lies dormant there, and the extent of which we are not aware until the object is forever torn from us. What renders my feelings still more bitter is, that during the last few years my health has been so bad, and violent attacks in my head so frequent, that I allowed my mind to be too much engrossed by my own selfish feelings, and an idea of my poor, dear, and ever-to-be-lamented husband being snatched away before me never could have been contemplated. Alas! he who was in perfect health, and whose life was so precious and so valuable to so many, is in one fatal day torn from me forever, while I, who believed my days numbered, am left to drag on a life I now find a burden. Excuse my writing to you in this strain; I would not appear unkind or ungrateful in not answering your letters, and my feelings are too bitter to permit my writing in any other. Believe me, dearest Mrs. M—,

deeply interested in your affairs, and in that of your excellent husband and son. Your truly affectionate friend,  
M. BLESSINGTON."

"Paris, October 7th, 1829.

"Your letter is so like yourself, kind, gentle, amiable, and soothing, that its perusal has had nearly the same effect on my feelings that an interview never failed to produce during the too brief period of your stay at Paris. I quite agree with Mrs. Manners Sutton that you are admirably adapted to afford consolation to the afflicted. I too have experienced it, and never will neglect any opportunity of benefiting from its salutary influence. If you knew how often and fondly you have been remembered by us all, you would at least give us credit for warm hearts; but, above all, Comte D'Orsay rarely passes a day without speaking of you with all the esteem and admiration you are so well calculated to inspire, and even Charles admits that he can appreciate you as well as if he were English, which is a great deal for a foreigner. Pray do not, dearest Mrs. Mathews, feel any apprehension as to the effects of any communications you may make to me; alas! I have no longer any illusion as to the real feelings of one whom for so many years I considered as my second self, and explanations are as useless, and would be almost as undignified as reproaches, neither of which shall I ever condescend to make to her. I view her conduct with much more of pity than of anger, and nothing she can do shall ever urge me to a reprisal; on the contrary, had she occasion for my services to-morrow, she should experience that, though I can not forget, I can forgive. If, however, it is painful to you to tell me any thing she writes, let it pass; unhappily, all that I can learn must fall infinitely short of what I already know; and as I have no longer any illusion, I never can again be deceived or wounded in that quarter. She can not dislike my going to England as much as I do, for death has deprived me of the *friend* who could have rendered my visit there as happy and prosperous as all my days were when he lived. The contrast between the past and present would and will be most poignant; but, should our affairs require it, I shall certainly go; but I wish that she would be persuaded that *business* alone could take me, and that I never can accept the civilities or hospitality of those who were wanting in both to the *truest* and *dearest friend* I ever had, and her *greatest benefactor*, whose name I am proud to bear, and shall ever respect. Poor Charles has been and still is unwell, but his illness is not serious, and with care he will, I trust, soon get well. I hope you know he is in good hands, Comte D'Orsay and his doctor, and we all take as much care of him as we can. I have been much annoyed at its appearing in the papers that I had been to the theatre; this is to believe that I am equally wanting in feeling and decency. I wish it could be contradicted.  
M. BLESSINGTON."

"Monday, October 20th, 1829.

"I have great pleasure in telling you that your dear and excellent Charles

is nearly quite well, and that you may make your mind perfectly easy about him, as a few days can not fail to restore him to his wonted health and strength. You may be assured that I would not suffer him to depart while I saw a trace of illness hanging over him; he is too dear to us all to admit of our letting him commit any imprudence. He proposes setting off on Thursday, but I have requested that he may wait until Monday, to make assurance doubly sure of the impossibility of any relapse. We have too much enjoyment in his society, and desire it too much, not to seize with avidity any opportunity of retaining him, the moment we had your sanction for so doing; but he appears so very anxious to set off, and his health is so much better, that I can oppose nothing but my wishes for retarding his departure.

“M. BLESSINGTON.”

“Paris, December 14th, 1829.

“You can so well make allowance for omission in correspondence, for having unhappily too often felt the difficulty of writing even to those most loved, that I will make no other apology for not having sooner replied to your letter of the 19th of November, than that it found me, as I still am, ill in mind and body, and unequal to the exertion of writing even to you. Indeed, my health suffers so much, that I fear I shall be obliged to give up residing at Paris, and be compelled to try the effects of English air; and this will be very painful to me, after having gone to so much expense and trouble in arranging my rooms here, where I am so comfortably lodged; besides which, a residence in England, under my present circumstances, would be so different to all that I have been accustomed to, that I can not contemplate it without pain. But, after all, without health there is no enjoyment of even the quiet and sober nature which I seek—a cheerful fireside, with a friend or two to enliven it; or, what is still, perhaps, more easily had, a good book, for I am a little of Mr. Mathews’s opinion, that conversation and society, such as I should prefer, can not be had in Paris. I have never had a day’s health since I have been in France; and, though I do all that I am advised, I get worse rather than better. I heard from Mr. Powell yesterday, and find he has as yet done nothing either in discovering the author of the scandalous attacks against me, or in preventing a renewal of them. You are wrong in thinking that Colonel C—— has been actuated by annoyance of slighted attentions, &c., &c.; he never paid me any more than politeness required during the many years of our acquaintance, so that wounded vanity can not have caused his conduct.

“Mary Gardiner has been at Paris for three weeks, and left last Saturday. She is all that is most perfect—her dear father’s kind, noble, and generous heart, with a manner the most captivating. I adore her, and I believe she loves me as few girls can love a mother. All charge me with a thousand affectionate regards to you.

M. BLESSINGTON.”

“Paris, January 18th, 1830.

“MY DEAR, DEAR FRIEND,—A report has reached me that has filled my mind with terror and regret, and perhaps, of all created beings, I am the one who can the most truly and deeply sympathize in your feelings at this crisis. It is because I know, by bitter experience, the utter hopelessness of all attempts at consolation at such a moment, that my writing to you has only one object—that of assuring you that my heart bleeds for and with you ; and as I know the sincerity of your affection for me, my sympathy, which is, God knows, true and heartfelt, can not be deemed obtrusive. You, like me, have lost the kindest and truest of friends—a loss that will be felt with anguish all your days. I, who knew your affection and devotion to him, can well feel all the bitterness of your grief ; and I, who knew also how well he merited it, and who felt for him the most sincere friendship and respect, can fully estimate your cruel bereavement. But you, my dearest friend, have a consolation that was denied to me ; you have a son, who will share, and, if possible, lighten your sorrow, while I am alone, with estranged and ungrateful friends. Think of Charles, who has only you left him for consolation, and let this thought give you force to bear up against your grief. Change of scene would, I am certain, be of use to you ; my house and heart are open to receive you, and here you will meet with the truest sympathy. M. BLESSINGTON.”

“Paris, May 7th, 1830.

“I lose not a moment in replying to your letter of the 3d, and regret that I can not at all enlighten you on the subject you name. All that has occurred on the subject of the attacks in the ‘Age’ I shall now lay before you. Mr. P—— is the only person to whom I ever named you as having given me any information relative to the subject ; and this I only did because I conceived, from a passage in one of your letters, that he had had a conversation with you on the affair. I wrote to Mr. P——, urging him to commence a prosecution against the editor, and stated to him that Lord S—— de R—— had advised me to do so, as the only means of putting a stop to these attacks. Mr. P—— was of a different opinion, and advised our treating the attack with contempt ; and so the affair ended. I never heard of Lord S—— writing to England on the subject, and am sure he is too indolent to take the trouble, when he was in no way interested.

“When Colonel C—— returned to Paris in February, and came to see me, I told him my information as to his being the author of the attacks ; but this I did without ever hinting at my informant. He declared his innocence in the most positive terms, gave his word of honor that he had never written a line in his life of scandal for any paper, and never could lend himself to so base and vile a proceeding. His manner of denial was most convincing, and so it ended. Two months ago, Captain G——, of the Guards, who had been very severely attacked in the ‘Age,’ went to London, and took a friend with him to the editor of the ‘Age,’ who even gave him a small piece of the letter

sent from Paris, which Captain G—— sent Comte D'Orsay, and which is a totally different writing from Colonel C——'s ; and so here ended the business, as it was useless to do any thing more, except commence a prosecution, which I still think ought to have been done. Mr. P—— has never given either Comte D'Orsay or myself the least information, since last January, on this subject; and now you know all that I do on this point. I have never seen a single number of the 'Age,' do not know a single person who takes it in, and never hear it named, so that I am in total ignorance as to the attacks it contains.

"I can name as yet no definite period for my going to England. Pecuniary affairs prevent me at present, though I am anxious to go, in the hope that change of air may do me good, my health and spirits being very, very poorly. *This month*, as your heart may tell you, is a great trial to me ; it has renewed my grief with a vividness that you can understand ; for it is dreadful to see all nature blooming around, and to think that the last time I welcomed the approach of spring, I was as happy as heart could wish, blessed with the best and most delicate of friends, while now all around me wears the same aspect, and all within my heart is blighted forever ! M. BLESSINGTON."

"Paris, Monday, August 9th, 1830.

"Thanks, my dearest Mrs. Mathews, for the kind solicitude expressed in your letter of the 2d, which reached me this day, and which I hasten to remove as speedily as possible, by assuring you that we never were, during the whole tumult, exposed to the least personal danger, and that now every thing is so perfectly tranquil here that we have nothing to dread. The scenes we have witnessed form an epoch in our lives ; we may truly say the Revolution was a triumph of liberty over despotism, and unstained by a single act of cruelty or pillage. Private property has been respected in every instance ; and while the mass of the people have been, as it were, animated but by one feeling, a just indignation against their oppressors, no example of robbery or cruelty can be cited against them. It is impossible to have witnessed their conduct without feelings of warm admiration and respect, and without remarking the striking effects of the march of intellect. M. BLESSINGTON."

"Sunday, 14th August, 1831.

"I fully enter into all the feelings and troubles that have oppressed you up to the last. Perhaps I can the more deeply enter into them at this period, as your letter found me sinking under all the nervous excitation natural for a sensitive person to feel under such painful and embarrassing circumstances as I find myself placed in. M. BLESSINGTON."

"Seamore Place, December 7th, 1831.

"What shall I say in return for the many sweet but too flattering things your partiality has prompted you to address to me ? All I shall say is, that

if it had been my lot in life to have met with many hearts like yours, I might have become all that your affection leads you to believe me ; or if, in my near relations, I had met with only kind usage or delicacy, I should now not only be happier, but a better woman, for happiness and goodness are more frequently allied than we think. But I confess to you, my beloved friend, a great part of the milk and honey of nature with which my heart originally overflowed is turned into gall ; and though I have still enough goodness left to prevent its bitterness from falling even on those who have caused it, yet have I not power to prevent its corroding my own heart, and rusting many of the qualities with which Nature had blessed me. To have a proud spirit, with a tender heart, is an unfortunate union, and I have not been able to curb the first or *steel* the second ; and when I have felt myself the dupe of those for whom I sacrificed so much, and in return only asked for affection, it has soured me against a world where I feel alone—misunderstood—with my very best qualities turned against me. If an envious or a jealous crowd misjudge or condemn, a proud spirit can bear up against injustice, conscious of its own rectitude ; but if, in the most inveterate assailants, one finds those whom we believe to be our trusted friends, the blow is incurable, and leaves behind a wound that will, in spite of every effort, bleed afresh, as memory recalls the cruel conduct that inflicted it. Cæsar defended himself against his foes, but when he saw his friend Brutus strike at him, he gave up the struggle. If any thing can preserve me from the *mildew of the soul* that is growing on me, it will be your affection, which almost reconciles me to human nature.

M. BLESSINGTON."

"Monday, 14th November, 1831.

"Count D'Orsay has just arrived, and has described to me (not without tears) the distressing scene he witnessed at Ivy Cottage.

"I am miserable at your continuing there this night, and would give any thing on earth that you were with me. Do let me entreat of you to come to me to-morrow, and remain here until all is over ; believe me, it is best for every reason. As long as your presence could be of use to the faithful and excellent creature who is departed, I would not have proposed your leaving him for a day ; but now all is over, your staying in such a scene will only destroy your already shattered nerves and injured health, which must be preserved to console poor dear Charles.

M. BLESSINGTON."

"Thursday evening, April 26th, 1832.

"It is strange, my dearest friend, but it is no less strange than true, that there exists some hidden chord of sympathy, some 'lightning of the mind,' that draws kindred souls toward each other when the bodies are separated. I have been for the last four days thinking so much of you, that, had this day been tolerable, I should have gone to you, as I had a thousand misgivings that something was wrong, when lo ! your little note arrives, and I find that you

too have been thinking of your absent friend. I shall be so glad to hear that Mr. Mathews is returned, and in better health and spirits. I feel all that you have had to undergo; that wear and tear of the mind, that exhausts both nerves and spirits, is more pernicious in its effects than greater trials. The latter call forth our energies to bear them, but the former wear us out without leaving even the self-complacency of resisted shocks. I shall be most glad to see you again, and to tell you that, in nearness as in distance, your affection is the cable that holds my sheet anchor, and reconciles me to a world where I see much to pity and little to console. La Contessa Guiccioli is arrived in England, and this day came to see me. She is a very interesting person, gentle, amiable, and unhappy; you would, I am sure, like her, and, if you think so, you shall meet her here at dinner with me when you like.

“M. BLESSINGTON.”

“Monday evening, April 3d, 1832.

“You have such a good and kind heart, my dearest friend, that I know it will give you pleasure to hear that your friend has seen her error, made the *amende honorable* without any communication from me, and that all is at present *couleur de rose*. I could not sleep without telling you this. Why do we live so far asunder? I am sure it would add years to my life, and oh! how much happiness to those years, to see you often. Your presence not only makes me happier, but makes me *better*; there is a soothing influence in your looks, manner, tones, and voice, that comforts and tranquillizes my feelings, like a delicious twilight, that is so dearly valued because felt to be so fleeting; not that I should appreciate your dear society or twilight less were both as lasting as they are delightful; but, alas!

“‘All that’s bright must fade.’

“M. BLESSINGTON.”

“Sunday, June 24th, 1832.

“I have had all the horrors of authorship on my hands the last week, so that I really have not had an hour to call my own, and retire at night so fatigued as to be unable to sleep.

“I have disposed of my ‘Journal of Conversations with Lord Byron’ very advantageously; they are first to appear in the ‘New Monthly,’ and after in a separate volume. I tell you all this, knowing the interest your dear, kind heart takes in all that concerns me. You may be assured that it delights me to hear of dear Charles’s success in every branch to which he turns his talents; and I foretold from his earliest youth that he must succeed in all that he tried.

“M. BLESSINGTON.”

“Seamore Place, Sept. 20th, 1832.

“I have had my father with me for the last fortnight, and he only left me to-day. My brother is at Palace Yard, but I see him every day. You must

never imagine for a single moment that there exists that person that could rival you in my affection : there is but *one* Mrs. Mathews in the world, though there may be, and are, a thousand amiable and charming people ; and though La Contessa Guiccioli is among the thousand, and perhaps unites more good qualities than fall to the share of many of the number, still she is not formed to occupy a place that ever had been filled by you. Alfred charges me with all that is grateful, affectionate, and sincere to you. You have not, after Charles, on earth, a *male* heart more truly devoted to you, nor a *female* one that feels for you a more *true, warm, and constant* affection than your most cordial friend,

M. BLESSINGTON."

"Friday, Sept. 20th, 1832.

"You will, I know, be sorry to hear of the death of dear, good Madame Crawford. She died at Paris on the 13th, lamented by all who knew her, and deeply so by me, to whom she was most deservedly endeared by a friendship as warm as it was unchanging, of which she gave me many proofs. Though, from her advanced age, being in her eighty-fifth year, a protracted existence was not to be expected, still her heart was so warm, and her affections so fresh and devoted, that one could never consider her as an old woman ; and if age was to be considered by feelings instead of years, how much younger was dear, good Madame Crawford than many of those who have not half her years ! Your friend, and I may safely use the term in its true acceptation of the word, as he is your true and affectionate friend, Cte. Alfred, is deeply grieved, for he truly loved his grandmother, as she did him. He begs me to offer you his most affectionate remembrances, and to Mr. Mathews his kind regards. Pray make mine also acceptable to him. I had seen notices of dear Charles's whereabouts in the newspapers, and was truly glad to have them confirmed by you. That his expedition will be most serviceable to his health and spirits admits not of a doubt, and that it will be advantageous to his future prospects is, I think, equally sure ; for the intimacy of the influential family with whom he is domesticated can not fail to be cemented by a warm friendship, as Charles has as many solid qualities to insure esteem as he has brilliant talents to win admiration, and those he met as acquaintances he will leave as friends.

M. BLESSINGTON."

"Saturday, 29th Sept., 1832.

"I wrote a line to Charles at Newport to apprise him of the necessity of his appearance at Lincoln's Inn on the 1st. I must repeat the regret I feel at taking him from you and his father, when the helplessness of the latter renders his son's attention so necessary for you. I so well know the devotedness of your affection for those you love, that a sacrifice of personal comfort costs you, perhaps, less than any one else ; but when I reflect on the fearful accident, and its consequences, that has reduced Mr. Mathews to his present distressing state, I feel pained beyond expression at depriving him and you of



Charles's assistance at such a crisis, though but even for a few days. The newspapers, that in general magnify misfortunes, in the case of poor Mr. Mathews reduced them, by stating that a few hours after his accident all traces of it had disappeared; would to God it had been so, as I really feel more than all, *save you*, could imagine at finding how much more serious the misfortune has been. Yes, you are right, my beloved friend, in supposing that your silence can never by me be mistaken for want of affection or interest. I *know your heart*, and I *rely on it*, because I judge it by my own, which neither time, distance, nor circumstances can change toward you. I detest writing, but I do not love my friends less because I do not tell them so more frequently; the sentiment is engraved in indelible characters on my heart, and each impression is but as a new seal with the same legend. I like to hear often, very often, from those I love; but when they do not write, I conclude that, like me, they are silent, but not forgetful. My friend, Mr. John Fox Strangways, is third cousin to Lord Holland, being brother to the present Earl of Ilchester, who, with Lord Holland, descends in line direct from Sir Stephen Fox (of the reign of Charles the Second), whose eldest son was created Earl of Ilchester, and the second son was created Baron Holland.

"Your constant and attached friend, Alfred, paid a visit to the cottage five days ago; the cage was there, but, alas! the bird was flown; and he came back to tell me that, lovely as the day was, the cottage looked gloomy and melancholy without its owners.

"I like the Isle of Wight: it is endeared to me by the recollection of having passed a delightful fortnight there with my ever-to-be-lamented husband, the only *tête-à-tête* we ever enjoyed during our marriage, and which we both felt as children do their first vacation from school. How many souvenirs does each thought of it excite.

M. BLESSINGTON."

"To-morrow, Saturday, I have the nuisance of having some people to dinner, invited days ago; but I shall leave my sister and Count Alfred to entertain them, as I am too suffering to attempt it; indeed, my spirits are as low as my health, and my thoughts are much more with you and your house of mourning than with any thing passing around me. Conquer the feelings that the last sad event will excite by recollecting what I had to bear when all I most valued was torn from me, and I left with strangers in a foreign land.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

"Thursday, August 19th, 1835.

"Well can I understand, my dearest friend, the total break-up in your habits and hours. All that you are now undergoing I have undergone, with the additional misery of having *him* whose loss I must ever deplore snatched away from me in the midst of apparent health, without the preparation for such a fatal event by one day of illness, or the melancholy consolation of having cheered his bed of sickness, or soothed his last hours by a knowledge of how

he was valued. Time is the only consoler. Every day brings us nearer to those we have lost, and who have only preceded us by at most a few fleeting years. I shall call on you at four o'clock on Saturday next, unless I hear that you are engaged, and can not receive me.

M. BLESSINGTON."

"Tuesday night, December 2d, 1835.

"I can well enter into your feelings, every one of which finds an echo in my heart. Little do we think, when we are enlivening birth-days and anniversaries, that we are laying up cause for future sorrow, and that a day may come when, those who shared them with us being snatched away, the return of past seasons of enjoyment brings only bitterness and sorrow. All that you feel I felt and do feel, though years are gone by since the blow that destroyed my happiness took place. Without the constant occupation I have given myself, I should have sunk under it, when the memory of it comes back to me with all the bitterness of the past, though I try to chase it away. Lady Canterbury charges me to offer you her congratulations on Charles's success, and her affectionate regards. God be thanked that his efforts have been crowned with unequalled success: every one talks of his acting in raptures.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

"Monday night.

"It was only on Saturday that I first read of your intended voyage to America, and my knowledge of the delicacy of your health during the last year led me to think the statement totally destitute of truth, so that until your letter of yesterday reached me I disbelieved it. But what can not affection and a sense of duty effect in a mind like yours? I am not surprised at your determination, because I know you; but I believe there is not another woman in England, in your delicate health, that would have courage to undertake such a voyage, and such an absence from Charles. May God bless and reward you for it, and may you reap all the advantages from it that you deserve. I had wished much to see you, for I was anxious to tell you honestly, and in all sincerity, the real delight I experienced at seeing the performance of Mr. Mathews the last night. Never—no, not even the first year of his performance, was it more brilliant, more vigorous, or more successful, and I was enchanted to find that this was the sense of the whole house. I have thought all day of your departure, and mourned over it as though we were often together, instead of being, as we have lately been, almost as much separated as if different countries held us; but even though friends do not meet, it is always a comfort to know that they are within reach, and a pang shoots through the heart when a year of absence is contemplated.

M. BLESSINGTON."

"Monday night.

"I had thought it very long, my dearest friend, since I heard from you; and dear Charles having told me that you had been ill and suffering did not

console me. I have been so constantly and fatiguingly occupied in copying and correcting since I saw you, that I have not had a moment to myself, and the only recreation I have enjoyed is the having gone to see 'The Wolf and the Lamb,' which, I do assure you, delighted all our party, some of whom did not know the author. I should have sent you the 'Monthly,' but that I could not bear that you should read any thing of mine in the same book that unfavorably noticed Charles's production. I can not account for the editor's ill-judged and ill-placed severity; but I believe that so high a report of Charles's talents has gone forth that miracles are expected of him, and that any thing short of a comedy of five acts would be considered as *infra dig.* for him.

"M. B."

"Tuesday night.

"Your agitated letter of this day has just reached me, and never did I feel the annoyance of indisposition so heavily as during the last two days that it has kept me from going to you, perhaps (and God in heaven grant it may be!) the last occasion on which I could be of use in consoling you, or, rather, let me say, in sharing your sorrow, for in cases like this there is no consoler but Time. But still, when one's feelings are understood—and who can understand yours like me, who have drunk the cup of bitterness to the very dregs!—though sorrow is not *removed*, it is *lightened* by being shared. Alas! I have too keenly, too deeply felt the want of friends to consider the rank or position of any one who had served or loved me or mine, and therefore well can I understand *all* that you feel at the loss of the amiable, the noble-minded creature who has gone before us to that kingdom where rank loses all its futile, its heartless distinctions, and we are judged of by our deeds and our hearts, and not by our names. Though I have not been with you in person, my mind, my soul has been with you, and my tears have flowed in sympathy with yours.

M. BLESSINGTON."

"Gore House, July 1st, 1840.

"You do me but justice in thinking that you are not forgotten, though my not going to you would seem to imply it; but when I tell you that I have no less than three works passing through the press, and have to furnish the MS. to keep the printers at work for one of them, you may judge of my unceasing and overwhelming occupation, which leaves me time neither for pleasure, nor for taking air or exercise enough for health. I am literally worn out, and look for release from my literary toils more than ever slave did from bondage. I never get out any day before five o'clock—have offended every friend or acquaintance I have by never even calling at their doors—and am suffering in health from too much writing.

M. BLESSINGTON."

From Lady Blessington to a friend of Mrs. Mathews:

“Paris, November 30th, 1829.

“You are one of the few, dearest, who do not forget me. I have experienced such ingratitude and unkindness, that, added to the heavy blow that has fallen on me, I really dread becoming a misanthrope, and that my heart will shut itself up against all the world. If you knew the bitter feelings the treatment I have met with has excited in my breast, you would not wonder that it has frozen the genial current of life, and that I look, as I am, more of another world than this. Had God spared me my ever-dear and lamented husband, I could have borne up against the unkindness and ingratitude of friends estranged; but, as it is, the blow has been too heavy for me, and I look in vain on every side for consolation. I am wrong, my dearest, in writing to you in this gloomy mood, but if I waited until I became more cheerful, God alone knows when your letter would be answered. You are young, and life is all before you; take example by me, and conquer, while yet you may, tenderness of heart and susceptibility of feeling, which only tend to make the person who possesses them wretched; for, be assured, you will meet but few capable of understanding or appreciating such feelings, and you will become the dupe of the cold and heartless, who contemn what they can not understand, and repay with ingratitude the affection lavished on them. I would not thus advise you if I did not know that you have genius; and who ever had that fatal gift without its attendant malady, susceptibility and deep feeling? which, in spite of all mental endowments, render the person dependent on others for his happiness; for it may appear a paradox, but it is nevertheless true, those who are most endowed can the least suffice for their own happiness.

“The Princess Esterhazy has been a fortnight at Paris, and was scarcely a day away from Madame Crawford, whom she considers just as a mother. The poor lady has been ill, and still keeps her room, but is getting better. She inquires every post-day for you, as does the general.

“M. BLESSINGTON.”

# APPENDIX.

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## No. I.

### CORRESPONDENCE OF COUNT D'ORSAY.

#### LETTERS FROM COUNT D'ORSAY TO W. S. LANDOR, ESQ.

"Rome, 8th December, 1827.

"MON CHER MR. LANDOR,—Nous avons tous été obligé d'aller à Naples, pour faire le mariage Protestant, car la première insinuation que l'on donna au Duc de Laval, fut qu'il était preferable que cela eut lieu avant la cérémonie Catholique, ainsi voila ce grand imbecille d'un ministre confondu. Son ignorant entêtement est prouvé. Je viens de lui écrire, pour lui dire que lorsqu'on est complètement ignorant des devoirs de son ministère on doit alors en place d'entêtement s'en rapporter à l'opinion des autres, et que malgré tout l'embarras que nous avons eu à cause de lui, d'entreprendre ce voyage, nous avons été à même de juger de F——, qui comprend tout aussi bien les devoirs de son ministère, que la manière de recevoir les personnes de distinction.

"J'espere qu'il prendra mal ma lettre, car j'aurais grand plaisir, de lui couper le bout de son Bec. Je vous écris ces details car je sais même par Hare, qu'en veritable ami, vous avez pris chaudement notre parti ; je ne m'en etonne pas, car il suffit de vous connaitre, et de pouvoir vous apprecier, pour être convaincu que tout ce qui n'est pas sincère, n'a rien de commun avec vous. Toute la famille vous envoie mille amitiés, nous parlons et pensons souvent de vous.

"Votre très affectionné

D'ORSAY."

"74 Rue de Bourbon, 4th September, 1828.

"J'ai reçu, mon cher Mr. Landor, votre lettre. Elle nous à fait le plus grand plaisir. Vous devriez être plus que convaincu, que j'apprécierais particulièrement une lettre de vous, mais il parait que notre intimité de Florence, ne compte pour rien à vos yeux, si vous doutez du plaisir que nos nouvelles doivent produire dans notre interieur. Si tôt que je recevrai les tableaux je ferai votre commission avec exactitude. Je desirerais bien que vous veniez à Paris, car nous avons de belles choses à vous montrer ; surtout en fait de tableaux. A propos de cela, je vous envoie ci-joint le portrait du Prince Borghèse que vous trouverez j'espere ressemblant. Vous savez que Francis Hare promene sa moitié sur le Continent, il ira probablement à Florence la laisser jouer sur le Theatre de Normanby. Car maintenant qu'elle a changé de vocation, Francis ne sera plus aussi strict.

“ Nous parlons et pensons souvent de vous, il est assez curieux que vous soyez en odeur de sainteté dans cette famille, car il me semble que ce n'est pas la chose dont nous vous piquiez particulièrement d'être.

“ Lady B—— et toutes nos dames nous envoient mille amitiés, et moi je ne fais que renouveler l'assurance de la sincérité de la mienne.

“ Votre très affectionné

D'ORSAY.”

“ Paris, 22 Août, 1830.

“ Je viens de recevoir votre lettre du 10. Il fallait un aussi grand événement pour avoir de vos nouvelles. Le fait est que c'est dans ces grandes circonstances que les gens bien pensant se retrouvent. Vous donner des détails de tout l'heroïsme qui a été déployé dans ces journées memorables, et difficiles, il faudrait un Salluste pour rendre justice, et d'écrire cette plus belle page de l'histoire des temps modernes. On ne sait qu'admirer de plus, de la valeur dans l'action, ou de la modération après la victoire. Paris est tranquille comme la veille d'un jour de fête, il serait injuste de dire comme le lendemain, car la réaction de la veille donne souvent une apparence *unsettled*, tandis qu'ici tout est digne et noble, le grand peuple sent sa puissance. Chaque homme se sent relevé à ses propres yeux, et croirait manquer à sa nation en commettant le moindre excès. Vous véritable philosophe seriez heureux de voir ce qu'a pu faire l'éducation en 40 années; voir ce peuple après où à l'époque où La Fayette le commanda pour la première fois, est bien différent; en 1790—l'accouchement laborieux de la liberté, eut des suites funestes, maintenant l'on peut dire que la mère et l'enfant se portent bien. Notre present Roi est le premier citoyen de son pays, il sent bien que les Rois sont faits pour les peuples, et non les peuples pour les Rois. Si Charles Diz eut pensé de même s'il eut été moins Jésuite, nous aurions encore cette race Capétienne, ainsi comme il n'y aucun moyen curatif comme pour guerir de cette maladie, il est encore très heureux qu'il ait donné l'excuse legale pour qu'on le renvoye.

“ Vos *Torys* en Angleterre regrettent qu'il n'y ait pas eu d'excès commis pour tacher notre revolution. Le fait est qu'ils sont jaloux de nous voir si grands.

“ La Comtesse et Lady B—— ont été d'un courage sublime; elles se portent bien.

“ Ma sœur compte accompagner son mari. Elle se porte bien.

“ J'espere recevoir encore de vos nouvelles, ainsi. Adieu, pour le moment.

“ Votre très affectionné

D'ORSAY.”

“ 7th February, 1842.

“ I read your admirable letter in the Examiner, and I am so delighted with it that I must instantly thank you for it. Lieutenant Elton has an ample consolation in the sympathy that he excites in every generous heart, and I hope that the House of Commons will unanimously condemn the atrocious sentence

of that despicable court-martial. I am in a state of fury about this injustice, and I could have embraced you with all my heart when I read your letter. I am assisting you in this by keeping up a continual fire on the subject, and by enrolling members to vote according to your wishes and mine. My only regret now is, not to have been the guest of Elton, as I would have given the finest licking to Captain W—— that a man ever received, you may tell him from me, if you meet him ever.

“*Au revoir*, my dear Landor. Your affectionate friend, D'ORSAY.”

(No date.)

“I think that Henry the Eighth was at Richmond-on-the-Hill when Anne Boleyn was beheaded. They say that he saw the flag which was erected in London as soon as her head fell. Therefore, as you make him staying at Epping Forest at that time, and as I am sure you have some good reasons for it, I will thank you to give them to me.

“We regretted much not to have seen you at Bath, and I was on the moment about to write to you, like Henry the Fourth did to the brave Crillon after the battle :

“Pends toi, brave Landor, nous avons été à Bath, et tu n'y étais pas—”

“You will be glad to hear that the second son of my sister has been received at the Ecole of St. Cyr, after a ticklish examination. Hoping to see you soon, believe me yours, most affectionately, D'ORSAY.”

“Gore House, 3d January, 1845.

“It is a fact that my brave nephew has been acting the part of Adonis, with a *sacré cochon*, who nearly opened his leg ;\* his presence of mind was great ; he was on his lame leg in time to receive the second attack of the infuriated beast, and killed him on the spot, plunging a couteau de chasse through his heart—*luckily the wild boar had one*. The romantic scene would have been complete if there had been another Gabrielle de Vergy looking at this modern Raoul de Courcy. We think and speak of you often, and are in hopes that you will pay us a visit soon. Poor Forster is ill, and miserable at the loss of his brother. I am sure that Forster is one of the best, honestest, and kindest men that ever lived. I had yesterday a letter from Eugene Sue, who is in raptures with Macready as an actor and as a man. We saw lately that good, warm-hearted Dickens—he spoke of you very affectionately. I will write to my nephew and sister your kind messages.

“Most affectionately,

D'ORSAY.

“Lady B—— is quite well, writing away like a steam engine. ‘Strathern’ is very much praised by the Chronicle, &c., &c. There are some good scenes in it, with profitable reflections for those who can reflect. I am poetizing, modeling, &c., &c. In fact, I begin to believe that I am a Michael Angelo *manqué*.”

\* An allusion to an injury sustained by the Duke de Guiche from an attack of a wild boar while hunting.—R. R. M.

“ P.M., January 10th, 1845.

“ The verses are charming. I will send them to my sister. You have forgotten Proserpine, who flatters herself that she had a great deal to do with the resurrection of Adonis.

“ I find only one fault with your verses, that you never did address any to Lady B——, your best friend among all your best friends.

“ Yours affectionately,

D'ORSAY.”

LETTERS FROM COUNT D'ORSAY TO JOHN FORSTER, ESQ.

“ Gore House, 13th Sept., 1844.

“ Pends toi, brave Forster, nous irons à Greenwich, et tu n'y seras pas. Merci pour l'Hypocrite. Je vais l'envoyer à Sue. Nous esperons que vous viendrez diner ici Mardi. Nous arrangerons nos excursions avec mon neveu, et nos plans de campagne futures.

“ Votre tout dévoué

D'ORSAY.

“ You promised to come with Maclise, therefore we expect you on Tuesday next. Pray don't disappoint us. You will meet Dr. Madden, who will interest you about Cape Coast Castle.”

“ Gore House, 31st October, 1844.

“ Je ne pouvais concevoir la raison de la lenteur de votre reponse. Je conjecturais que vous étiez parti pour Liverpool pour recevoir M.—mais il paraît que votre diable de santé vous tourmente cruellement. Vous avez une patience angelique. Si Lord Shrewsbury l'apprend il vous prendra pour une seconde Estatisca de Candellarigo, que dit donc ce sacré \* \* \*

“ Oui, 'le Constitutionnel' pretend qu'il y'a un General Gomer, qui certainement est moins celebré que Mr. Poudrette l'artificier dans Paul de Kock. Au surplus si notre homme n'est pas il vero Pulchinello, il aurait du l'être. \* \* \*

“ Que dites vous de la grande burlesque de la cité, le lord maire avec sa botte, les chevaux de Ducrow dansant en depit des aldermen, si tôt qu'ils entendirent la musique, le Duc de Wellington, criant à nue tête que sa statue etait beautiful, les Life Guards revenants ivres comme de Templiers, la reine ennuyée et le montrant à tout le monde. On dit que c'était reellement tout ce qu'il y'avait de plus risible. Tout Gore House vous regrette beaucoup et vous attend avec impatience.”

“ 15th October, 1844.

“ Je vous renvoie la lettre du bon Maclise, ce voyage lui fera grand bien, et je suis convaincu qu'il le prouvera bientôt. Dites lui de venir diner Mercredi, il me doit cela. Les ignorants discutent et disputent sur l'origine du nom de Gomer, frigate du roi. Un imbecille nommé le General Rumigni pretend que le nom est d'après celui d'un general d'artillerie assez inconnu. Cela rapelle l'histoire d'un General Français qui n'envisagerait Moise que comme un bon general d'infanterie. Tous ces messieurs envisagent tout



sous le point de vue militaire. La frigate Gomer a été nommé d'après Gomer fils de Japheth, qui selon quelques auteurs était père des Gaulois, et qui vint dans la Gaule environ 2175 ans avant la naissance de Jesus Christ. Ceci, vous conviendrez, est plus probable que le general d'artillerie.

“ Votre affectionné

D'ORSAY.”

“ Gore House, 25th October, 1841.

“ Il y a réellement un siècle depuis que vous étiez absent. C'est une mauvaise plaisanterie. Quand viendrez vous donc ? Il est vrai que le Temps est très temptant. Old Gomer is perfectly well ; he has created a great sensation. Mon neveu est parti. Son dernier mot était de dire adieu à Forster.

“ Macready m'avait envoyé un papier de Boston ou j'ai lu avec grand interest son succès. Macbeth dans l'Eglise rappelle l'Histoire Napolitaine de Eco il vero Polichinello. Je n'ai pas vu De la Roche Maclise. Dites lui mille amitiés.

“ Eugene Sue, devient de plus en plus admirable ; il vous mene à la morale par de chemins tout soit peu perilleux, mais une fois arrivé la, vous la trouvez pure et belle. La fecondeté de son imagination surpasse tous ses precedents ouvrages, les Jesuites sont enfoncés, les convents démollis, et la classé ouvriere va s'élever sur leurs debris. Amen.

“ Votre bien dévoué

D'ORSAY.”

“ 29th Janvier, 1845.

“ Donnez nous de vos nouvelles. J'espere qu'elles seront meilleures. Quand aurons nous la chance de vous revoir ?

“ J'ai toujours oublié de vous demander si vous aviez lu le grand papier que je vous ai envoyé sur mes affaires d'Irlande. Je suis anxieux d'avoir votre opinion. Lady B—— m'a charmé en me racontant l'effet du Chronicle sur ce cher —— . J'admire tellement la franchise de sa belle nature. Un autre de nos amis aurait affecté, not to care a d—— about it.

“ Je crains que vous ayez cherché dans Mr. de Polignac\* ce qu'il était impossible de trouver. Je voulais que vous jugiez des evenements de 1830, au point de vue de Charles Diz, et de l'article 14 de la Charte, et voyez s'il y avait moyen de s'en retirer autrement que par les ordonnances.

“ J'étais, et je suis contre cette dynastie, qui selon moi était aussi usée que vos Stuarts. J'étais contre les ordonnances, mais pourtant je confesse que le rapport de Mr. de Chantelange sur l'Etat de la France à cette époque est admirable, et que Charles Dix n'avait pas d'autre remede. Amen.

“ Votre affectionné

D'ORSAY.

“ L. P. va poser la première pierre du tombeau de Napoleon, et devrait prendre celle qui bouche la porte du château de Ham.”

\* This allusion is to a political memoir by M. de Polignac, defend'ug his conduct in 1830.  
—R. R. M.

“ January, 1845.

“ We are really in despair to see what a martyr you are, and we hope to hear better accounts of yourself. Have you seen ——, and what are you doing?

“ I send you some distractions, as you require them in bed. You will see that the wild boar is trotting in Landor's head. Proserpine will be jealous not to be included in the poem, as it was to her interference that Adonis came up again. I send you the tremendous case, which will be the real *bore* for you.

“ I am reading ‘ Strathern,’ and I am in the middle of the second volume. I think that the traveling scene between Fitzwarren and Knebworth is the most perfect one I ever read. I could write an amplification of as many pages, to show the truth, the depth, and the moral of it. I have just been complimenting Lady B—— about it. I have a great deal to tell you about two sisters and another person. You must remind me of it.

“ Yours affectionately,

D'ORSAY.”

“ Sunday.

“ Je suis très loin d'être offensé de l'article de ——, je l'ai trouvé très amusant et très à propos, and very good-natured to me.

“ Je l'aime beaucoup mieux que l'article de ——, qui se croit obligé de payer un mauvais compliment au Duc de Wellington à cause de ma statue.

“ Je vous félicite d'être obligé de garder la maison ; la Sibirie doit être un joke en comparaison de ce pays, la terre de notre jardin est passé à l'état de granite, c'est un additional chapter pour l'auteur des ‘ Vestiges of the Creation.’

“ Mille amitiés de tout Gore House. Votre affectionné D'ORSAY.”

“ Gore House, Jeudi.

“ J'allais vous écrire lorsque votre billet est arrivé, car je savais que l'infidel était allé exprès au bout de l'Angleterre pour nous désappointer. Nous remetters cette partie là à Dimanche en huit.

“ Mais si le temps est beau Dimanche prochain, il faudra que nous allions à Hampton Court et que nous revenions diner ici. Nous en parlerons ce soir si vous venez comme nous l'esperons.

“ Torpedo avait lancé une galvanic bruit à Lady B—— hier ; son postscript ressemble à la queue d'une comète. Vous serez assez amusé d'apprendre que nous avons trouvé dans le temps passé l'immense ressemblance de negro avec ——, c'est une veritable tête d'ogre.

“ Votre bien dévoué

D'ORSAY.”

“ Mercredi, 18me June, 1845.

“ J'ai pensé depuis long temps qu'il serait très important pour la securité publique des travelers sur le rail-road, qu'on établisse un surveillant sur le

derrière de la dernière voiture du train, de manière, que par un wire, qui communiquerait avec l'engine, il pourrait tirer une cloche, qui indiquerait qu'il y a quelque chose *out of order*. Alors on pourrait arreter de suite, cet accident du Great Western le prouve, car du moment que le *sand* a été jetté en l'air, c'était souffisant pour demontrer au garde de derrière, qu'il y avait une des voitures hors du rail.

“ Ecrivez un article je vous prie la dessus, même dans la forme d'une lettre venant de moi, car il faut attirer l'attention de tous les directeurs des railroads sur un point, qu'il est si facile d'améliorer. J'étais un jour dans ma voiture, qui était placé sur le dernier truck du rail ; ma voiture avait été mal securè, j'étais agité comme le fouet de poste, d'un postillon Français, je me sentais comme le bout de la queue d'un serpent qui *waggait his tail*. A la fin les courroies des vaches se sont detachés d'un coté et je les aurais perdu si par bonheur je n'étais arrivé à la station. C'est alors que je me suis dit, combien il était necessaire d'être protégé par derrière, puisque les engineers ne pensent qu'en avant. L'accident d'hier est une bonne excuse pour la lettre. Ecrivez la et vous me ferez grand plaisir.\*

“ Votre tout dévoué

D'ORSAY.”

“ 30th Juillet, 1845.

“ Il n'y a rien de tel que de poursuivre une bonne et charitable idée. Ces sacrés directeurs de rail-road ne veulent pas adopter mon idée par economie, et vous voyez par l'accident ci-joint qu'on aurait pu l'éviter. F—— est tout à fait de mon opinion qu'il faut les attaquer jusqu'à ce qu'ils pensent à la *safety des passengers*.

“ Voici donc l'occasion. S'il y avait eu un garde exprès, pour la queue du train, il aurait eu soin d'avoir la lampe allumée, et il aurait entendu l'engine venir derrière lui ; c'est un cas ou il devrait avoir une trompette, enfin un moyen de faire savoir dans la nuit qu'il est là, dans le cas qu'un engine le poursuivre, et que la lampe soit éteinte. C'est une precaution indispensable que de forcer ces directeurs à l'adopter.

“ Nous esperons vous voir bientôt. Votre tout dévoué

D'ORSAY.”

“ P.M., August 4th, 1845.

“ Je suis determiné de poursuivre les directeurs, jusqu'à ce qu'ils adoptent mon plan, et si vous m'aidez nous réussirons ; ces accidents continuels, ont établis un *raw* que nous assaisonnerons continuellement de Cayenne pepper, et à la fin ils prendront les réels moyens de cicatrizer la plaie. Mon idée est, qu'il y ait un siege derrière la dernière voiture de chaque train, comme un coachman des Hanson's cab. Il sera en communication avec l'engine, par

\* Count D'Orsay's allusion is to a project which had engaged a great deal of his time and attention—a contrivance to effect instantaneous communication between the guard of a railway train and the driver of an engine on the approach of danger or the occurrence of any accident.—R. R. M.

une longue corde qui passera le long du roof des voitures, et sur le coté, en tirant la corde un marteau frappera sur un gong près de l'engine, et indiquera qu'il faut de suite arreter. Ce garde s'occupera exclusivement des lampes de l'arrière garde, et on lui donnera de ces lights d'artifice, qui dans un instant s'allument comme les allumettes chimique, et produisent une clarté, comme en plein jour, cela serait dans le cas qu'il serait poursivi par un engine, par ce moyen il eviterait le carembollage, si par accident la lampe de dessous s'é-tait eteinte. Le garde *derrière* le train, peut très bien entendre un engine qui le poursuit tandis que dans toute autre situation du train on ne pourrait rien entendre. La depense de cette precaution ne sera rien, et donnera une grande securité morale et physique aux travelers, et ce n'est qu'en fonçant cela, avec un marteau dans la tête des directeurs que nous réussirons. La corde passera dans un anneau sur le coté de chaque voiture, cet anneau s'ouvrira par un spring, dans le cas qu'on veuille retirer une des voitures intermediates. La corde peut s'allonger et raccourcir, en proportion de la longueur du train. Enfin alambiquez tout cela, et soyez convaincu que vous rendrez un grand service à l'humanité voyageuse. Nous esperons vous voir bientôt.

“ Votre tout dévoué

D'ORSAY.

“ On employe ces lights d'artifice pour decouvrir la nuit, les poachers. On la frappe contre un arbre, cela s'allume et donne une clarte blanche qui dure deux ou trois minutes et même plus. J'en enverrai chercher pour vous les montrer.”

“ Mercredi, 13.

“ Je ne trouve pas la reponse de ‘Mechanicus’ concluante. Premièrement quand la corde sera usée on en changera. Secondement elle ne peut *s'entangler* avec les bagages, puisqu'elle passe sur le coté du roof dans des anneaux, et troisièmement il ne peut pas y avoir une difference telle dans la longueur du train en montant et descendant, puisque toutes les voitures sont attachées les une aux autres. Les buffers ne sont pressés inward que par un choc, et non pas par la simple pression d'un train descendant un inclined plane. Il ne faut donc pas lui laisser eluder la question, qui est d'avoir un garde derrière, je ne tiens pas particulièrement à ma corde, mais je tiens à ce qu'on trouve le moyen soit in striking a large gong behind, or firing a large gun fixed on the last carriage de donner avis qu'il faut arreter.

“ Mechanicus est probablement un directeur economie. Pensez vous qu'il serait bon que vous repondiez à cet article ?

“ Votre tout dévoué

D'ORSAY.”

“ October 29th, 1845.

“ J'espère que vous êtes toujours sur le *qui vive*, à l'égard des accidents sur les rail-roads, et vous avez du voir que si on avait suivi mon conseil Mr. Boteler serait vivant. Il est je crois necessaire de rafraichir la mémoire de MM. les Directeurs ; à force de frapper sur leurs têtes ils finiront par nous comprendre.

“S’il y avait eu un garde sur la dernière voiture avec une de *nos* fusées, il aurait pu donner le signal à temps.

“Quand viendrez vous diner pour que je fasse votre portrait dans le fameux costume ? Il y a bien long temps que vous manquez à Gore House.

“Votre tout dévoué  
D’ORSAY.”

“Vendredi.

“Je suis charmé que vous trouviez comme moi, que ‘Mechanicus’ est un présomptueux mécanicien, qui elude la question ; arrangez le proprement Samedi. Je brûle tous les soirs dans le jardin, de ces allumettes d’artifice qui éclairent comme en plein jour pendant huit minutes.

“J’ai decouvert la raison de la parfaite indifférence avec la quelle vous traitez vos bons amis de Gore House ; Bobadil gave me the hint.

“Yours most faithfully,  
D’ORSAY.”

“Gore House, September 25th, 1845.

“I am sorry to tell you that Lady Blessington a reçu des nouvelles très alarmantes sur la santé de Lady Canterbury. Elle est positivement mourant graduellement, entourée de gens qui aiment à l’aveugler sur son état. Ils croiront qu’elle est très mal lorsqu’elle sera morte. Ainsi je pense qu’il est mieux que vous diriez à notre cher ami Dickens, car il faut abandonner nos projets pour le moment. J’aurais bien voulu aller avec vous à Knebworth ; nous arrangerons d’y aller ensemble lorsque j’irai au jour.

“Imaginez cette pauvre Lady Blessington perdant dans si peu de temps, sa nièce, sa petite nièce, son neveu, son beau frère, et sa sœur mourante. Et ce qu’il y a de plus triste c’est, qu’elle sent très vivement, et retombe dans un autre chagrin au moment qu’elle commençait à se rendre raison de la perte qu’elle venait d’éprouver.

Votre tout dévoué  
D’ORSAY.”

“Monday, 1846.

“As we must see you, and as it is very ridiculous to stay so long without seeing one’s friends, come and dine here on Saturday at seven o’clock. . . .

“Tommy Duncombe imagines that it must be opposed, and is pledged, it appears, to his constituents, to do it ; but I think, que j’ai mis un peu d’eau dans son vin. \* \* \*

Yours affectionately,  
D’ORSAY.”

“19ième Fevr., 1846.

“Lisez cet article, et vous verrez que si les directeurs de rail-road avaient suivi mon conseil cet accident aurait été évité.

“J’étais sur le point de vous écrire de la campagne, il y a quelque temps, pour vous dire que Lady C—— et Lady Sophie de V—— venaient de Derby par le rail-road ; elles étaient dans leur voiture la dernière du train. Une des courroies s’est cassée, la voiture était ballottée à droite et à gauche avec une telle violence que ces deux malheureuses personnes se croyant perdues, se mi-

rent à faire flotter leurs mouchoirs hors de la portière. Elles crièrent, personne ne les vit, personne ne les entendit ; et heureusement qu'elles arrivèrent à la station, car un peu plus tard, la voiture n'aurait pu résister. Vous voyez donc qu'un garde en pareil cas aurait encore été le protecteur. Pensez vous qu'il est mieux que nous abandonnions le sujet où de la faire revivre ?

“ Au revoir, brave Forster.

D'ORSAY.”

“ Wednesday, 1846.

“ The best contradiction to the paragraph about Prince Napoleon will be this extract of the will of his father. Will you have the kindness to have it inserted ?

“ Are you waiting for bad weather to come and see us ? Shall we go to the country one of these days ? What do you think of it ? I suppose that our friend is landed at Lausanne. How you would like Soliman Pacha ! He dined with us yesterday ; he is the type of the troupiér de l'empire, who remained pure from having escaped the restoration. He went in 1815 to Egypt, and comes back as fresh in the French history as if we were in 1816. His life in the East is a dream in a long entre acte.

“ Au revoir ; always yours, most faithfully,

D'ORSAY.”

“ July, 1846.

“ Many thanks, dear Forster ; the little article is perfect, and will give great pleasure to Prince Louis.

“ Most unfaithful of friends ! (as I know that you dine sometimes with others) really, it is too ridiculous to see the attentats du Prefet de Police de Paris.

“ Your old friend, quand même,

D'ORSAY.”

“ Monday night, March 16th, 1847.

“ Prince Napoleon told me to-night at the French play that he read in an evening paper (the ‘Globe,’ I think) an article copied from an Irish paper, stating that I had made a statuette of O'Connell, and praising it, &c. I suppose that it is from Osborne Bernal, who is in Ireland. But I would be glad it were known that I have associated him in the composition with the Catholic Emancipation, and also that I intend to make a present of the copyright to Ireland, for the benefit of the subscription for the poor.

“ Yours most sincerely,

D'ORSAY.”

“ Gore House, 25th April, 1848.

“ I send you one of the most remarkable pamphlets I ever read, giving the truest picture of the present deplorable state of France. I think it is calculated to effect much good, which can only be done through the medium of the English press, for, since the establishment of the republic in France, it would be difficult to find a paper courageous enough to speak of it.

“ Yours sincerely,

D'ORSAY.

“Don't forget we are to go to Mr. [ ]'s one of these days, to see his bust of Milton.”

“May, 1848.

“I find that my friend would be capable to imagine that I have rendered him a bad service by attracting attention to his brochure to be attacked, although I agree with you in many passages of the article. He is not a Legitimist, but a Royalist, and don't know where to find a man to put on the throne, as he is disgusted with the old Bourbons, and a great deal more with the new. I mean the Philippists.  
Au revoir, D'ORSAY.”

“Gore House, 6th August, 1848.

“It will do admirably, and if this don't open the eyes of those blind directors, it won't be our fault. We must have an angry introduction of your own, blaming them, and rendering them responsible to the public if they don't adopt the proposed plan at once. Even the last accident of yesterday could have been prevented, because the cold observator guard behind would have felt the tail of the train wagging by the extra speed, and would have given warning in time.

“My plan, you may be sure, will be adopted all over the world. Come and see us.  
Yours most faithfully, D'ORSAY.”

“Lady B—— thought that derangement was better than disarrangement. What do you think of it? I think it is *bonnet blanc, blanc bonnet*.”

“Bournemouth, Hants, 9th September, 1848.

“Nous sommes dans le plus joli endroit du monde, un espèce de Wheemly Hill avec le mer: c'est à 3h de Southampton. Venez nous voir! Vous en serez enchanté, c'est parfait pour se baigner, et le temps est superbe, c'est l'accumulation de l'été. Que pensez vous de cet impudent robber? Lisez l'article que Nelly vient de copier dans le 'Times' d'hier. Ce Williams est un cool hand! Il me vole mon idéé qu'il assaisonne un petit peu. Je compte sur vous, brave Forster, pour lui porter un coup de jarnac.

“Nous sortons complètement victorieux, et vous verrez que vous serez la cause que nous sauverons la vie de beaucoup de voyageurs. Ces dames vous envoient mille bonnes amitiés. Venez nous voir, quand celà ce serait que pour deux ou trois jours. Vous serez enchanté.

“Votre tout dévoué

D'ORSAY.”

“Gore House, 18th Oct., 1848.

“Grand merci pour votre lettre. Je vous envoie celle de votre ami, qui est parfaitement sensé et aimable.

“Pauvre petit Louis Blanc! dont on fait l'Hydre de Lerne, lui qui circule en Angleterre comme l'agneau Pascal, et qui met de la coquetterie à refuser toutes les invitations des Chartistes, qui veulent l'exploiter. Je l'ai vu ce

matin, il n'ira pas en Ecosse. Les affaires en France se compliquent chaque jour, il crois en ne veut donc pas trop s'eloigner de Paris. Dites à votre ami, que L. Blanc n'a eu aucune communication directe avec Cranstown, qui pourtant avait chargé une personne à Londres d'offrir une appartement à L. Blanc, qui n'a pas même répondu à cette invitation, et qui a refusé cinq personnes qui s'étaient offertes pour être ses cicérons à Edinburgh.

“ Quel admirable poème de ce cher Proctor !

“ Votre bien sincere

D'ORSAY.”

“ 38 Rue de la Ville l'Evêque, Paris, 23ième Avril, 1850.

“ Miss Power vous a bien exprimé, combien je vous aimais et combien de fois nous causions de vous. Le fait est que je vis entièrement de mes souvenirs, et ils sont tellement melangés de chagrins et de plaisirs, que je redoutais souvent d'ecrire à ceux qui etaient les mieux calculés pour me comprendre. Imaginez que jusqu'à ce jour, je n'ai pas ecrit à Edward Bulwer. Vous me comprendrez j'en suis convaincu. Hier je dinais avec Lamartine et Victor Hugo chez Girardin, et dans le courant de la conversation, Lamartine me dit qu'il venait de lire un article faux et abominable de L. Philippe deguisé sous la plume de ———. Je l'ai engagé de repondre de suite avec sa plume d'aigle au Quarterly Review qui a si injustement inseré ce tissu de faussettes ecrites avec la plume de ce *cock sparrow*.

“ Ne m'oubliez pas aupres de Fonblanque. Dites mille amitiés pour moi à Dickens et à sa femme, et embrassez mon filleul pour moi. Je compte aussi sur vous pour parler affectueusement de moi à Macready et à sa femme, et à ce bon Maclise. Il me semble que je vous ai quitté hier, my recollections are so vivid, que c'est réellement du daguerreotype du cœur, que rien ne peut effacer. J'adore ma vieille Angleterre et je tremble d'y retourner. Jamais homme n'a souffert autant que moi par la perte que j'ai éprouvé.\*

“ J'admire ces gens religieux qui adoptent la haute religion pour le consolier *tres vite*. Ils ne sentent pas, les imbecilles, qu'il y a une grande et bien plus grande religion dans un vrai chagrin qui ne le cicatrise pas.

“ Adieu mon brave ami, comptez toujours sur mon affection.

“ D'ORSAY.

“ Une autre fois je vous parlerai politique, c'est trop degoutant pour le moment. Lamartine me disait hier ; plus je vois des representants du peuple, plus j'aime mes chiens.”

“ May 3d, 1850.

“ Fancy the visit I had yesterday ! Old General Damas, of the Lady of Lyons, poor fellow ! who lost his wife. I was glad to see him, and he felt it. In fact, the English coming here consider that I am their property, and I feel proud to have been adopted by the good old John Bull.

\* The above letter was written about ten months after the death of Lady Blessington.—  
R. R. M.



“When you write to Landor, tell him that I have adopted for the monument his last epitaph. I have been very much touched by his little poem that I saw lately in the ‘*Examiner*’; I felt so well what he described so feelingly.  
 In haste, D’ORSAY.

“P.S.—You saw, by the election of Eugene Sue, how right I was about public opinion here. It is extraordinary to see how *power* blinds the people.”

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CHARLES JAMES MATHEWS, Esq.

The only son and sole surviving child of the celebrated comedian, Charles J. Mathews, was born at Liverpool. At an early age, by the friendship of Sir John Silvester, the recorder, he was placed on the foundation of Merchant Tailors’ School, and there received into the family of the Rev. Mr. Cherry, head master. Being of a very delicate constitution, the boy’s health became seriously affected by close confinement, and with great reluctance on the part of his family, he was taken away from that institution, with all its advantages, present and future, when he had attained a very high position in the school. By the recommendation of Messrs. Charles Kemble, Young, Terry, and Liston, whose sons were pupils of Mr. Richardson, of the Clapham Road, Charles was confided to that gentleman’s care, and made such progress, that it was proposed, when his preparatory studies were completed, to send him to college. It had been his father’s great object to educate his son for the Church, and it was not without disappointment that he discovered his strong predilection for the profession of an architect. On his quitting school in 1819, he was established in the office of Mr. Pugin, the architectural draughtsman, to whom he was articled for four years, during which period several of his architectural drawings were exhibited by his master at Somerset House.

In 1822, young Mathews appeared in a private theatrical performance at the English Opera House (the site of the present Lyceum), in the character of *Dorival*, in the French vaudeville of the “*Comédiens d’E’tampes*,” in professed imitation of the celebrated original actor in that part, Perlet,\* and afterward in “*Werter*,” in the burlesque of that name. The house was filled to overflowing. An audience of people of fashion and intellectual celebrities was collected by the interest in the hero of the night, and son of one of the most popular actors of his time. His remarkable success led to a general report that young Mathews had determined on relinquishing the profession of an architect for that of an actor. He had no such intention, however, at that time, and only acted one night.

In 1823 he accompanied the Earl of Blessington to Ireland in his professional capacity, his lordship having determined on building a mansion on his Tyrone estate of Mountjoy Forest.

After all the expense and trouble had been gone to of taking an architect

\* One of the flattering results of his performance of the French character was an offer from the manager of the French theatre, in London, of an engagement.

from England to the north of Ireland, making the necessary plans and specifications, his lordship abandoned the idea of building, and returned *re infecta* to London. His lordship's powers of volition were so singularly weak, that he rarely was enabled to bring any matter whatever to an accomplishment which he willed and undertook. On his return to London, he expressed his desire to take young Mathews to Naples, where he had left his family some weeks before, and to which place he was then returning. Consent being given by the parents of young Mathews, he took his departure for Naples with his patron, and remained with the Blessingtons for one year, at the Palace Belvidere, making from time to time excursions to various parts of the kingdom of Naples, wherever ancient monuments and old architectural remains were to be seen and studied with advantage.

On the occasion of Lord Blessington's proposal to take young Mathews to Italy, the following letter was written by his father :

“ Highgate, September 2d, 1823.

“ Indeed, indeed, my lord, I can not find language to convey the high sense I have of the honor and friendship you have conferred on me in the person of Charles, nor of the gratification I feel that you deem him worthy of the proposed distinction of residing with Lady Blessington and yourself during the winter. If I paused for one moment in giving my assent to so obviously advantageous a proposal, it was purely from regard to a fond mother's feelings at parting from her son for so long a period ; but I find her willing, and am anxious to waive all selfish considerations, in order to give him the whole advantage of your lordship's invaluable friendship, and, regardless of aught else, to insure his welfare in your continued kind feeling toward him.

“ With all thankfulness for so unexpected and great proof of it, she yields up Charles to your lordship's and Lady Blessington's entire direction, well assured and satisfied that under such auspices and associations he must acquire much, and improve in all things that can insure him present delight and lasting honor. May he, my lord, as fully deserve the distinction he now experiences in your good opinion and personal notice as I know he is sensible of its value, and just in his appreciation of his good fortune in having attained it.

“ Believe me, my dear lord, very gratefully and truly yours,

“ CHARLES MATHEWS.”

When I made the acquaintance of Charles Mathews at Naples he was scarcely twenty years of age. He sketched admirably, made a study of his profession, was full of humor, vivacity, and drollery, but gentlemanlike withal. Marvelously mercurial, always in motion, and his mind ever as actively engaged as his body. But, with all his buoyancy of spirits, and in the very height of his drollery and merriment in the society of Belvidere Palace, where all the *élite* of foreign society were wont to congregate, he never forgot himself for a moment, or, by the extraordinary vivacity of his humor, his sudden sallies of sportiveness in the way of epigrams, impromptus, witticisms, all sorts of grotesque antics, and ridiculous pranks and gambols, gave offense to any human being. He was certainly one of the steadiest, well-conducted, sprightly persons of his age—one of the most innocently amusing and legitimately entertaining young men in society I ever met with. His talents as a draughtsman were far above mediocrity. In architectural drawings he ex-

celled. A sketch of his, of the Belvidere Palace, displaying the colonnade and verandah of the front facing the Bay of Naples, possesses considerable merit and interest for all acquainted with the place, and the people who gave celebrity to it. He displayed peculiar cleverness in catching the salient points and *outré* characteristics of remarkable Neapolitan personages who figured in the courts, as story-tellers on the Molo,\* as Policinello in the theatre of San Carlino, as cantatrices on the boards of San Carlo, and as street-preachers holding forth in the evening, on stools and rickety tables, to the Lazzaroni on the pier at Naples. Of his talent for composing *vers de société*, burlesque poetry, and epigrams, the frequenters of the Villa Belvidere in 1824 and 1825 must have a lively recollection. Several specimens of these were given to me in the former year in Naples by Mr. Mathews. In that year an occurrence took place of an unpleasant nature between Mathews and D'Orsay, which was attended with some grave results, and a correspondence which passed through my hands, and which, with the kind permission of Mr. Mathews, I will avail myself of at the end of this brief notice. I will only observe, in reference to the subject here, that I consented to interfere in this misunderstanding with a determination, if possible, to bring it to a peaceful issue, and that I contemplated then the possibility of any other result to a misunderstanding that became a subject of such an explanation very differently to the way in which I now regard it, believing, as I now do, that the last recourse, to pistols or swords, in a controversy between parties who disagree in their opinions of one another, and give expression to their opinions inconsiderately, and angrily, and offensively, for the vindication of their sentiments, or from an apprehension of what others may think of them, is neither an evidence of the highest wisdom, the truest courage, nor the firmest belief in Christianity itself.

Young Mathews, in a diary he kept in Italy, October 19th, speaks of the mode of life of the Blessington party at the Villa Belvidere in Naples, "a paradise of a place, about a mile and a half out of Naples, situated on an elevation, enjoying a most splendid view of the Mediterranean and surrounding mountains, Vesuvius in the centre. Nothing can be more delightful than the exterior and interior. Lady B—— is more charming than ever. This is the place, with all its associations, to draw out the resources of her mind—to discover the superiority of her talents, and to be captivated by them. Miss Power is very much improved. Count D'Orsay is a man not only of the finest form and most elegant manners, but he is a most kind and amiable being, of a noble disposition, and the bravest of the brave, and yet quite a boy. Our evenings

\* Lady Blessington, in her Italian diary, thus speaks of Charles Mathews's remarkable powers of mimicry: "We returned to Salerno; the strangers who joined our party at Pæstum being no less delighted than surprised by the extraordinary facility or felicity with which Mr. Charles Mathews personated different mendicants who had assailed us for alms on our route in the morning, and of whom he gave such perfect imitations in the evening, that some of the party, who had previously bestowed their charity, reproached the supposed beggar for again demanding it on the same day."

are charming ; we have each of us a table in the same room, at which we prosecute our various studies, writing, drawing, reading, &c. All our conversations, which are frequent, are upon improving subjects : the classics, the existing antiquities around us. We write essays on various subjects proposed, which are read in the evening, opposed, and defended. I am treated as one of the family ; I make all my drawings in the same room with them, and am going to instruct Lady Blessington in architecture. It is proposed, as all of us desire to improve ourselves in Italian, that we should learn in a class, devoting an hour each day to that study. With respect to antiquarian research, we have all the ancient authors here to refer to and consult. In short, there never were any people so perfectly happy as we are. Whenever any excursion is proposed, the previous evening is employed in reading and informing ourselves thoroughly with what we are going to see."

After a residence of about a year with the Blessingtons in Naples, Charles Mathews returned to England and to his profession. In 1826 he was appointed architect to a mining company in Wales, where he made his first professional essay in the superintendence over works of considerable magnitude, and the constructing of store-houses and tram-ways.

While he was thus employed in Wales, he wrote his afterward popular ballad of "Jenny Jones," and a portion also of his father's well-known monologue "At Home." In 1827 he again quitted England for Italy, but on a professional tour that time, accompanied by Mr. James D'Egville, with whom he had been associated in Mr. Pugin's office. They visited Milan, Rome, Venice, &c., examined the ancient monuments of those places, and exhibited their architectural drawings in each of those celebrated academies. At Milan, Venice, and Rome, Mathews was elected a member of the several academies. At the former place, some drawings of his, of the Duomo D'Ossola, and other sketches, are still exhibited.

In 1829 they visited Florence, where Lord Normanby was then residing, and was entertaining the Florentines with private theatricals. Young Mathews (with his father's permission) appeared, at his lordship's request, in the following characters : Risk, in "Love Laughs at Locksmiths ;" Dogberry, in "Much Ado about Nothing ;" Tony Lumpkin, in "She Stoops to Conquer ;" Adam, in "The Iron Chest ;" Buskin, in "Killing no Murder ;" Simpson, in "Simpson & Co. ;" Falstaff, in "King Henry the Fourth," &c., &c., &c.

At the theatre San Clemente, the actors in the above plays, among others, were Lord and Lady Normanby (really admirable performers), Sir Hedworth and Lady Williamson, Lord Fitzharris, Lord Albert Conyngham, Messrs. Craven, Nightingale, Dundas, Aubry, Phipps, Bligh, Antrobus, Thelluson, Sitwell, St. John, E. Villiers ; Mrs. Dalton, Miss Augusta Stephenson, Miss Geraldine de Courcy, Miss Sitwell, La Principessa Belgiojoso, La Marchesa di Pucci.\*

He also performed Sir Benjamin Backbite in the "School for Scandal," on

\* Mathews, while at Florence, built Lord Normanby a small theatre, and painted a drop scene for it.

the single occasion of the comedy being performed at Lord Burghersh's, then ambassador at the court of Tuscany; on which occasion Lady Teazle was played by Lady Burghersh, Joseph Surface by the Marquis of Douro (the present Duke of Wellington), and Charles Surface by Lord Burghersh.

In July, 1830, Mathews and his companion revisited Rome, with a view to the acquisition of diplomas from St. Luke's Academy, which had been promised to them. During their stay a walking tour was organized and commenced; but young Mathews was seized with the fever of the country, which nearly proved fatal to him. He made an effort to return to Venice, where he had friends. Ultimately he lost the use of all his limbs; despairing of deriving any advantage from medical aid, he resolved, as he intimated to one of his friends, "to return home to die." He traveled day and night in a carriage with a bed from Italy to England, attended by an Italian valet, Nanini, whose name will be found mentioned in this correspondence, who lifted him about like an infant, and, on his reaching home, bore him on his back into the house of his parents, a most afflicting spectacle to them! In this helpless state he remained—for the most part in bed—twelve months, and for one year was only able to hobble about on crutches, so that he may be said to have lost two of the most valuable years of his youth. At length, the sad effects of his long illness gradually disappeared, and he resumed his professional studies.\*

In 1832, desirous of showing his friends that he was still in earnest in the profession he had chosen (which some seemed inclined to doubt), he presented himself as a candidate for the appointment of district surveyor of Bow and Bethnal Green (then vacant), and was elected by a large majority. This situation he retained until he appeared on the stage, when he entirely relinquished his previous profession.

Previously, however, in the intervals of study, he amused himself in writing for the stage; and in the year 1832 he produced at the Haymarket Theatre two very successful pieces, "The Wolf and the Lamb," and "The Court Jester;" and in 1833 two other popular dramas, "My Wife's Mother," and "Pyramus and Thisbe." In the Christmas of the same year, while on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Bedford at Woburn Abbey, some private theatricals were projected, in which he took a very prominent part in January, 1834,\* when he was announced in the bill of fare as "the celebrated Mr. Charles Mathews, from the Theatre Royal San Clemente, Florence."

He "opened" as Peter Simpson, in the farce of "Simpson and Co.," her grace the Duchess of Bedford performing Mrs. Simpson. His characters were, in addition to the above, Gradus, in "Who's the Dupe?" Buckskin, in "The Man and his Tiger."

The "company" consisted of the duchess, the Baroness de Clifford, Lady Georgiana Russell, Lady Rachel Russell, Lord C. J. F. Russell, Lord Francis Russell, Lord Charles Russell, and Captain Townsend, R. N., &c., &c., &c.

In 1835, having, during his father's absence, studied painting, in October

\* The performance "under the patronage of the Marchioness of Abercorn."

he sent a view of the *Lake of Perugia* to the Somerset House exhibition, which was accepted, although in an unfinished state. He had hurried it for exhibition, in order to surprise and gratify his father on his return from America; but his father *never saw it!*

Great pecuniary misfortunes had induced his father, Mr. C. Mathews, in the August of the previous year, to travel to America, in order to retrieve his losses; but his health giving way on his arrival in the United States, after some painful attempts to fulfill his undertaking, he returned to England in a hopeless state of health, and never reached home. He died at Plymouth in June, 1835, leaving his affairs necessarily much deranged and impaired.

Charles now undertook the management of the Adelphi Theatre, a property in which his father had purchased a share several years before, and which had hitherto been productive.

He wrote a piece for the opening, called "*Mandrin*," which succeeded; but all the promising hopes of the season were destroyed by an unfortunate contingency. Mr. Osbaldiston opened Covent Garden Theatre at the prices of the minor theatres; and, although his speculation failed ultimately to enrich himself, it so fatally injured the Adelphi for a time, that, after disbursing large sums to keep it open, it was deemed expedient to sell the property to the best bidder; and this was done for a trifling consideration, rather than have the ruinous expense of upholding an almost deserted building. This temporary failure (for such only it proved) of the Adelphi property led Charles's advisers to consider how he could form an immediately remunerative plan of life, architecture being reserved for older heads to thrive on.

In effect, many of his friends shared in the general opinion that he must turn actor; and with great reluctance he at length determined to abandon his original profession, and to accept an engagement from one of the London theatres. The Olympic, from its moderate size and drawing-room style of entertainments, appeared to his advisers best calculated for a novice, whose unpracticed powers might not be sufficiently effective in a wider sphere; and after only a fortnight's preparation, he made his first appearance on a regular stage on the 7th of December.\* The very successful result of this experiment, and his subsequent career as actor and manager, are too well known at this time to need any comment in these pages. The opening of the Adelphi Theatre, in December, 1835, was heralded in the "*John Bull*" paper as follows:

"Mathews the younger, in partnership with Yates, ascends the managerial throne. A new piece from his own pen is announced to-morrow (September 28), and the son of our popular favorite appears before the public in a varied character. As architect, he can build theatres; as artist, he can paint the scenery; as author, he can write the pieces—if he choose; as actor, could perform them."

\* In a short piece written by himself, and in a drama prepared for the occasion, called "*The Old and Young Stager*." I was present at this *début*.

CORRESPONDENCE OF C. J. MATHEWS, ESQ., WITH COUNT D'ORSAY.

[*Extracts from a Statement of Mr. Mathews of an Affair with Count D'Orsay.*]

“Saturday, July 31st. This evening the carriage was ordered for a drive to Pausilippo, and Lady Blessington, Miss Power, Count D'Orsay, and myself were to form the party. While they were dressing, and I was waiting their return, with my hat in my hand, Lord B—— (who, after taking a little wine, was inclined to be quarrelsome) said to me, ‘So, Mr. Charles, I understand that there are sad complaints against you on the score of idleness; Count D'Orsay tells me that you always take your sketch-book with you, but not always to make sketches.’

“‘In that there must be some mistake, since the count is perfectly aware I have been during that period engaged on my Pæstum drawing, which he has almost constantly superintended.’ I entered the carriage, galled with the *piquant* manner in which Lord B—— had mentioned it. We had not gone many yards before I, in a half-laughing way, said, ‘I have to thank you, Count D'Orsay, for the high character you have given me to Lord Blessington with regard to my diligence.’

“‘Comment?’ said the count.

“‘I saw the fire flashing in his eyes, and changed my tone. ‘I should have been more gratified had you mentioned to me, instead of to his lordship, any thing you might have . . . . .’

“‘Vous êtes un MAUVAIS BLAGUEUR, par Dieu, la plus GRANDE BÊTE et BLAGUEUR que j’ai jamais rencontré, et la première fois que vous me parlez comme ça, je vous CASSERAI LA TÊTE, et je vous JETTERAI PAR LA FENÊTRE.’

“Such words as these, before two ladies and the servants, I did not conceive were answerable and remained silent. Lady Blessington, in order to end the affair, said, ‘Count D'Orsay, I beg you to remember I am present, and that such language is not exactly what I should have expected before me.’ ‘Par-dieu,’ . . . said the count; and, I regret to say, proceeded to lengths in reply to her ladyship passing all I had believed possible. After walking in the garden with Lady Blessington a short time, we entered the house, and each retired to his own room. In my room I received the following note from the count:

“‘Si vous aviez une idée du monde—vous sauriez qu’il est indispensable d’y connaître sa place—ainsi donc c’est une chose qu’avant tout, vous devriez apprendre, vous vous éviteriez par ce moyen la peine d’apprendre que l’amitié qu’on a pour vous n’est pas une excuse pour prendre un ton qu’on est obligé de rabaisser surtout lorsqu’il s’adresse à une personne qui n’oublie pas ce qu’il est.

“‘Avec un ton comme il faut, vous eussiez appris qu’en conversation avec milady devant milord nous fîmes l’observation que vous aviez laissé échapper l’occasion de faire des esquisses à Caprée—et qui plus est, qu’il était dommage que vous ne pratiquiez pas davantage le dessin. Si dans ces mots vous trouvez de quoi être offensé, je ne m’y connais plus, et comme ces mots n’avaient été dits qu’en conversation par milady à moi, j’étais loin de penser que vous en seriez fâché. Au surplus sur aucun point, vous n’avez le droit de prendre un air d’arrogance en me reprochant mes paroles sur un ton inconvenant, vous

m'avez mis dans la cruelle nécessité, de vous remettre trop fortement à votre place, mais vous auriez tout évité, en sachant à qui vous parliez.'

"This note I thought best to leave unanswered till the morning, fearing that I might, from the feeling of the moment, act against my sober judgment. In the morning I dispatched the note in answer, which I received back again inclosed in an envelope, with the letter that follows mine."

To Count D'Orsay :

"August 1st, 1824.

"M. LE COMTE,—J'ai dormi et réfléchi sur votre lettre et sur les paroles dont vous m'avez honoré hier, et comme il me semble que ni la noblesse, ni la force supérieure vous donne le droit de m'insulter aussi fortement devant des dames, et surtout devant des domestiques, j'espère que vous ne me refuserez pas la satisfaction que je me trouve forcé à vous demander. M. le Comte, j'ai l'honneur d'être votre serviteur, C. J. M.'"

From Count D'Orsay :

"Votre lettre prouve encore le peu de connaissance que vous avez du monde, car vous saurez qu'on ne finit pas une lettre sur un ton aussi léger, et comme j'espère que toute cette querelle sera bon à quelque chose, profitez déjà de cet avis.

"Pour la satisfaction que vous desirez, je vous la donnerai tout qu'il vous plaira ; désignez le lieu, les armes, enfin tout ce que vous croirez le plus convenable à votre satisfaction personnelle. Je vous renvoie votre lettre parcequ'elle n'est pas sur un ton qui m'engage à la garder. J'ai l'honneur de vous saluer. CTE. D'ORSAY."

"I immediately set off to Naples on receipt of this letter, to the house of Mr. Madden, who promised, before I made known the affair or mentioned any names, to act as my second on the occasion. I then stated the circumstances, and he advised me, in order that nothing might be suspected from the rest of the family, to return to Belvidere, while he conducted the business. On arriving, I found this precaution useless, for in my absence Count D'Orsay had written to Lord B—— to ask him to become his second. This Lord B—— informed me of, saying, of course, that he could have nothing of the sort to do with two of his guests, and all he could feel was sorrow that the occurrence should have taken place. Finding the object of my return frustrated, and thinking it not quite agreeable to sit at table with the count, I determined to stay in town till the affair was concluded. Almost as soon as I got there I received the following note from Lord Blessington :

"Sunday.

"MY DEAR MATHEWS,—I considered it proper to state to Count D'Orsay that I could not take any part in the very disagreeable affair that has taken place, except that of a mediator. I assured Count D'Orsay that you had no intention of speaking to him in an improper tone, or questioning him in an impetuous or disrespectful manner. The count had imagined the contrary, and meant to express that if you did not change your tone toward him, he would have recourse to violence ; for the use of any words beyond the expression of such intention, he says as follows : "Si j'ai employé plus de paroles qu'il était suffisant pour lui exprimer mes intentions j'en suis fâché." The count says also, "Je n'ai pas eu l'idée de le rebaisser dans ses propres yeux." The count acknowledges to me his regret for the quarrel and the violence of his temper. That violence has not yet sufficiently subsided to make him perceive fully to what improper lengths it has carried him ; but as you declared to me that you had no intention of speaking improperly, and the count declares he



spoke from misconception, and is sorry for language used in anger, and without intention of lowering you in your personal esteem, I should wish you to speak further on the subject to your friend before you take any steps which must make the breach wider. Having consulted Mr. ———, I am sure he will give you the best advice, and you can this evening let me know his sentiments.

“I can not conclude without repeating that you were highly to blame in speaking on the subject at all, however deeply I regret the consequences that have arisen from your ill-timed and injudicious appeal.

“I wish I had sufficient influence over the count to persuade him to say every thing consoling to you, but his having denied the intention of wounding your feelings must be so far satisfactory, and “evil words hurt only the speaker.”

“Believe me yours very sincerely,

BLESSINGTON.

“Excuse the haste of this scrawl; you may guess why I hasten it.”

“Having handed this letter over to Madden, he told me that the note was all very well for Lord Blessington to write, but that he could not receive it as any thing regular from the count, and that he did not consider my honor would be satisfied by it; as, therefore, he did not imagine that it at all interfered with a letter he had written to the count, he dispatched the following instantly to him.”

From R. R. Madden to the Count D’Orsay :

“Naples, August, 1824.

“MONSIEUR LE COMTE,—On a subject of importance I can hardly trust to my bad French; I therefore have recourse to the only language I can distinctly make myself understood in

“If I felt less embarrassed in addressing you on the subject of a late unhappy misunderstanding between you and Mr. Mathews, I should hope to be able to convince you that the character of an officious man can not be more disagreeable in your eyes than it is in mine, and that I have undertaken the office of mediator on the present occasion (though not without reluctance), not less from my friendship for Mr. M—— than from *my high respect for you*. I should have done so, indeed, even had I not stood committed to Mr. M—— by promise before I was made acquainted with the name of his antagonist, when I considered that the *exposé* to a stranger of this misunderstanding might be prevented by the interference of a mutual acquaintance.

“Pardon me, Monsieur le Comte, if I presume to offer a few words in the way of counsel and observation. I have too high an opinion of your understanding to fear you will be offended by receiving them when honestly given, even from an humbler individual than myself.

“I can very well conceive some momentary annoyance (the cause of which might not be apparent to Mr. M——) extorting from you those expressions, which no gentleman should hear in the presence of a lady, although in a cooler moment, in all probability, by you forgotten or regretted. I can very well understand, in your observation about Mr. M——’s neglect with respect to drawing, &c., the friendliness of your intention, but permit me to add, *if what followed had been suppressed, the feelings of Mr. M—— had been spared a severe trial!*

“Depend upon it, Monsieur le Comte, that persons of inferior rank are ever tremblingly alive even to an imaginary slight or insult from a superior; and when you reflect that the epithets that stand for limits of separation between *noble* and *plebeian* are but arbitrary distinctions between man and man, you will best consult the nobility of your nature by practicing the honorable condescension of a brave man by making a trifling atonement for a hasty injury.

“It is with a full knowledge of your manly spirit that I demand an acknowledgment, on the part of Mr. M——, of your having been betrayed by anger into those hasty expressions, which only those who do not know you could think of attributing to intentional incivility.

“I have the honor to be, Monsieur le Comte, with the highest respect, your obedient humble servant,  
R. R. MADDEN.’

“Madden’s letter I thought very coolly written, and if any thing could bring the count to a sense of his being wrong, it was *that*; though, to own the truth, I considered him of so hot and violent a temper, and so accustomed to swords and pistols from his quarrels in his regiment, that I was perfectly prepared for the event. In the evening came his answer, as follows :

“MON CHER MR. MADDEN,—Je suis très loin d’être fâché que Mr. Mathews vous ait choisi pour son témoin, ma seule crainte eut été qu’il en choisisse un autre.

“Je suis aussi très loin d’être offensé d’un de vos avis ; lorsque j’estime quelqu’un, son opinion est toujours bien reçue.

“L’affaire comme vous savez est très simple dans le principe ; on me fit la question si Mathews avait dessiné à Caprée, je dis que non, mais qu’il importait toujours ses crayons et son album pour ne rien faire, que cela était dommage avec ses grandes dispositions ; Lord Blessington n’a pas eu le courage de lui représenter sans y mêler mon nom—et Mathews a pris la chose avec moi sur un ton si haut que j’ai été obligé de le rabaisser ; après lui avoir exprimé que ce n’était, que par intérêt pour lui, que j’avais fait cette représentation, il a continué sur le même ton, je lui dis alors que la première fois qu’il prendrait un ton semblable avec moi je le jetterais hors de la voiture et lui casserais la tête—je vous repete mot pour mot cette altercation ; la seule différence que j’ai faite entre lui et un autre, c’est que je n’ai fait que dire, que ce que j’aurais fait certainement vis-à-vis d’un autre qui prendrait ce ton avec moi si ; j’ai accompagné mon projet d’avenir, de mots offensants et inconvenants j’en suis aussi fâché pour lui que pour moi, car c’est me manquer à moi-même que d’user des mots trop violents.

“Pour votre observation sur la différence des rangs, elle est inutile, car jamais je n’attache d’importance au rang qui se trouve souvent compromis par tant de bêtes, je juge les personnes pour ce qu’ils sont, sans m’informer que c’étaient leurs ancêtres, et si mon supérieur eut employé la même manière de me reprocher qu’a pris Mathews j’aurais sûrement fait ce que je n’ai fait que dire à Mathews que j’aime beaucoup trop pour le rabaisser à ses propres yeux, et vous sentez qu’il serait ridicule à moi de ne pas avouer que j’ai tort de lui avoir dit des paroles trop fortes, mais en même temps je ne veux pas nier mes paroles c’est à dire mon projet de voiture, &c. Si Mathews veut satisfaction je lui donnerai tant qu’il lui plaira, tout en lui sachant bon gré de vous avoir choisi pour son témoin.

“Cette affaire est aussi désagréable pour vous, que pour nous tous, mais au moins elle n’altera pas l’amitié de votre tout dévoué  
C<sup>TE</sup>. D’ORSAY.’

“This cleverly worded note Madden handed to me, and I returned it to him without a word. I was determined that I would leave every thing to Madden, who, I was convinced, would not compromise me in any way. When he had read it again, he wrote a fitting answer to the count.\*

“In the evening Madden advised me to return to the Belvidere, and give my hand to Count D’Orsay. After thanking him for his friendship, I went home, but finding the letter had not been delivered then, I waited in my own room till twelve o’clock, when, seeing that there was no chance of the count’s getting it till morning, I went to bed.

“Aug. 1st. This morning I went as usual to the drawing-room, and in a few minutes the count came in. I rose and gave him my hand, which he received very cordially, and said, ‘J’espere mon cher Mathews, que vous êtes satisfait. Je suis bien fâché pour ce que je vous ai dit, mais j’étais en colere et’—

\* The copy of this letter has been lost.—R. R. M.

‘Mon cher Comte,’ said I, ‘n’en parlons plus, je vous en prie ; je l’ai tout-à-fait oublié.’ He then put his arm round my neck, and I felt as happy at the noble manner in which he acknowledged his fault as at the reconciliation.

“Aug. 4th. This morning, every thing having gone on as usual, I entered the drawing-room, where Lady B—— was lying on the sofa very unwell. Miss Power was there, and Count D’Orsay near her. As I entered I perceived the count in tears, and as I approached he said to me, ‘Mon cher Mathews, je vous demande encore bien pardon, devant milady, pour ce que je vous ai dit l’autre jour, et je vous prie seulement une chose, c’est ce que vous l’oublierez tout-à-fait. Vous me le promettez, n’est ce pas ?’ I was quite affected at his manner, and assured him over and over again that it had long been banished from my thoughts.

“Thus ended this unhappy business, for which no one could be more sorry than myself, though I am quite convinced that Count D’Orsay, whenever he reflects upon it, will perfectly exculpate me from the charge of having taken one step beyond what was necessary, or what he would himself have done under similar circumstances.—C. J. M.”

LETTERS FROM COUNT D’ORSAY TO CHARLES J. MATHEWS, ESQ.

“Capo di Monte, 31ier Decembre, 1824.

“MON CHER CHARLES,—Il est inutile que je vous repete combien nous vous avons regretté, vous vous en doutez bien. Au surplus qu’il vous suffice de savoir qu’il y a un grand vide à votre place que personne ne peut remplir.

“Depuis votre depart Naples est à peu près le même, à l’exception que l’ardeur des curieux est un peu calmé par l’horrible evenement arrivé à Pæstum. Vous aurez sans doute appris par les journaux que Mr. and Mme. Hunt y ont été assassinés, bientôt l’on sera obligé d’avoir une escorte pour aller à Pompeii. Il n’y a que les artists qui sont à l’abri de ces attaques, car les brigands savent qu’ils sont armés de *pied en cap*, canifs, compas, &c. Enfin malgré ces armes, je suis content de vous voir de retour de Pæstum, car votre maison ne me faisait pas l’effet d’être bien assuré. Dans ce moment il y’a à Naples, le peintre du cabinet de S. M. le Roi de Prusse, cela ne veut pas dire grand chose. Mais malgré cela, cet homme est arrivé gonflé de pretention, et enflé de presumption. Le brave Gell, protecteur general des *humbugs* s’est cru obligé de l’adopter. Il nous l’a présenté ainsi que ces dessins. Cet homme a passé deux mois dans l’interieur du Musée de Portici, et a *calqué* toutes les peintures, et malgré son grand desir de les manquer, cela lui était impossible, car rien n’est aussi facile que de *calquer* avec du papier de soie. Eh bien, Gell est enthousiasmé, il pretend que c’est un prophete qui arrive dans ce pays pour sauver les arts, et si certainement l’homme était réellement superieur, il dirait, Oh, *nasty boy* ; vous voyez que Sir Willy est toujours de même. Le description de votre voyage nous a beaucoup amusés, et si j’ai un conseil à vous donner pour imiter un prefet Français, c’est de faire tout ce qu’il y a de plus ridicule, vous êtes bien sur de ne pas manquer le rôle.

“J’oubliais de vous parler du Capitaine S—— qui est encore plus bête si cela était possible. Il a dans ce moment une peine de cœur depuis que je lui ai dit que ces cheveux étaient de la première qualité pour faire un coussin. En outre il a une peine de jambes en se rappelant que vous courrez mieux que lui, il n’y a pas deux jours qu’il me rappelait, que vous étiez plus jeune que lui, qui était la seule raison.

“Strangways est parti pour Smyrne ; Baillie est ici, et va probablement le suivre ; je suppose qu’il le rencontrera en Turquie, dans tous les cas il trouverait sa tête au dessus de la porte de serail du Grand Seigneur, car dans ce pays ils vous coupent la tête sans grande cérémonie.

“Nous parlons souvent de vous, et plus souvent nous pensons à vous, et si vous n’êtes pas un ingrat vous devez faire de même.

“Adieu, mon cher Charles ; écrivez moi, car je vous assure que l’amitié que je vous porte est trop sincère pour la laisser passer dans silence.

“Forever your devoted

COMTE D’ORSAY.”

“25th February, 1825.

“God bless our souls !—My dear *Matthias*, S——\* is gone, et se trouve probablement déjà sur cette route de Kent (d’heureuse mémoire) ; son départ nous a tous attristés—pour un quart d’heure ça il avait assaisonné son adieu d’une abondance de larmes qu’il avait conservé dans son réservoir pour cette heureuse circonstance. Enfin il est parti le cœur gros, et les poches pleines, nous lui avons tous fait un cadeau, et j’ai décidé Lord Blessington de lui donner cet infortuné *Cachet Marin* que Smith a reçu avec autant du plaisir que le commandement d’une frigate de seconde classe. Nous avons tous la même sensation qu’un malade au quel on a retiré son emplâtre.

“Je vous conseille de craindre plus les faux-pas de votre jument grise (si du vit encore par conséquence si elle tombe encore), que ceux que vous prenez dans la langue Française. Votre lettre était trop bien pour ne pas continuer, et vous savez combien nous vous aimons et que l’absence ne diminue rien, ainsi de temps en temps envoyez une épître Française, elle sera très bien reçue.

“Je suis fâché d’être obligé de vous parler d’un sujet très triste, mais il faut que vous sachiez qu’Elisabeth vient de manquer la robe rouge de sweet Mary. A dater de ce moment la guerre civile a été déclarée, et ce n’est qu’en sacrifiant Elisabeth pour reprendre Vincenza que les hostilités ont cessé. Vous voyez donc que Mary se porte mieux, puisqu’il s’agit de combat de robes, rouges, &c., j’oubliais de vous dire qu’il est définitivement connu que Vincenza porte perruque Mary en a eu la preuve en main dans un combat singulier. Je vous donne ces petits détails pour que vous n’oubliez pas si vite notre intérieur de famille. Ne parlez pas de cela à personne, car sweet Mary serait très fâchée. Il paraît que Williams et Blayney conservent partout leurs traits

\* Lieut. S——, a retired naval officer, who had the command of Lord Blessington’s yacht, the *Bolivar*.—R. R. M.

caracteristiques ; je perçois que le dernier regardait Polichinel pour savoir s'il etait plus ridicule que lui. J'ai reçu une lettre de Millingen qui *souffle* à Paris plus que jamais, et je pense que ses voisins l'ont fait deloger, à cause de son soufflement pulmonique, car il a été obligé d'aller du bruit de Paris où son asthme sera confondu avec les voitures que passent continuellement, rue neuve des Petits Champs où il loge maintenant ; je crains que ce cher antiquaire ne casse pas ses vieux os, et surtout, s'il apprend qu'il y a une conspiration formée contre lui, par un jeune temeraire que arrive sur l'horizon pour prouver que tout ce que James a écrit ne signifie rien. Vous pensez bien sans doute que Gell protège cet homme, mais malgré tout, je pense que Millingen sortira victorieux de sa lutte Etrusque. Et quoiqu'il soit d'un petit calibre ses boulets feront plus de brèches que les bombes des autres qui eclatent sans rien dedans. Au surplus s'il meurt je le ferais reduire en cendres et mettre dans notre lacrymatoire Etrusque il y a plus des places qu'il en fant, et c'est réellement un tombeau digne d'un maigre antiquaire : j'espere que vous n'avez pas oublié un complimenteur (cela veut dire un flatteur Français), son nom est Durand, que vous avez vu au Belvidere bien décidé à ne jamais quitter celle qui fait son bonheur, qui le console de toutes ses pechés et le dedommage de tous ses chagrins dans ce monde ici bas—c'est à dire sa collection. Eh bien M. Durand n'a rien eu de plus pressé en arrivant à Paris que de la vendre au Roi de France, pour une somme bien capable de le consoler d'une perte si cheri à son triste cœur—le voila donc veuf et décidé d'epouser des momies cas il va se donner dans cette branche d'instruction ou pour mieux dire de commerce.

“ B——, B——, and Co. ont fait banqueroute. Adieu medailles cigarres et autres agrements de societé. L'abbé perd par cette faillite, 700 guinées, mais il est bien décidé de les regagner par une route quelleconque Medici viera son passeport et Circelle le contresignera. P—— pretend que c'est un grand confort que de ne pas faire banqueroute. D'abord il n'a jamais eu grande idée de la maison B—— il pense très peu de F—— et encore moins de Rothschild, mais en revanche il pense beaucoup de D—— et de P——. Dans ce moment M. G. se fait faire des pantalons probablement sur le modèle des miens, mais c'est un coup de politique, c'est pour prouver aux tailleurs de la ville que sa maison tient bon ; malgré que M—— ne met jamais le pied dans le bureau il me l'a encore certifié sur parole d'honneur la plus sacrée foi de gentilhomme de Jersey et autres lieux, on a decouvert dans Pompeii des choses qui sont magnifiques et belles ; si on ne les veut pas trop vanter nous devons aller les voir quand cette fureur d'etrangers sera calmée—vous concevez qu'il est inutile d'aller à Pompeii pour voir tous les associés de Day and Martin, et de Barclay and Perkins. Vous n'avez pas d'idée de la figure des Anglais qui sont dans ce moment à Naples—ce sont réellement les Anglais pour vire. Je vous assure que si le Baron Stültz, de Clifford Street, arriva dans ce moment il fera une grande figure parmi ceux ci.

“ Je commence à m'appercevoir que ma lettre avance il me reste juste la place de vous souhaiter beaucoup d'instruction et de plaisir dans le bureau où

vous allez entrer. J'espere un jour voir votre merite mis à execution; ne croyez pas que cela soit à batir des *chateaux en Espagne*, car il y en a plus qu'il n'en faut. Enfin, mon cher Charles, si tout le bonheur que je vous souhaite vous arrive vous ne pouvez manquer d'être heureux. Lady B—— vous envoie un million d'amitiés, Lord B—— éloigne dans ce moment, sans cela je suis persuadé qu'il vous enverrait au moins 1500 choses aimables—pour Mary — elle vous dit tant de choses que je n'ai plus assez de place de les mettre—pour moi je vous assure de mon amitié inalterable et vous prie de presenter mes hommages à madame votre mère et mes compliments à votre père.

“Lady B—— se rappelle au souvenir de votre mère qu'elle aime de tout son cœur. Adieu, et pour toujours votre tres devoué  
D'ORSAY.”

“17ième Novembre, 1831.

“MON CHER CHARLES,—J'étais bien loin de penser lorsque je vous écrivais à Brighton, que vous seriez frappé aussitôt du coup deplorable qui fait souffrir toute votre famille ainsi que vos amis. Mon style eut été moins gai, car la perte que vous venez d'éprouver me fait un réel chagrin, ce fidele serviteur (Nanini) était tellement au dessus de sa classe qu'on ne pouvait le voir sans s'y attacher, et je conçois que dans votre vie, un événement aussi imprevu devient une époque bien sensible.

“Je sais, mon cher Charles, ce qu'il en est de perdre quelqu'un qu'on estime; ne regrettez pas de n'avoir pas assisté aux derniers moments du pauvre Nanini; c'eut été une source intarissable de souvenirs encore plus penibles, et son image defaite se représenterait continuellement à votre imagination, sans que ce souvenir puisse vous être d'aucune consolation positive. J'ai perdu mon pauvre ami Blessington et ma mère dans l'espace de deux mois; ils sont morts dans mes bras, et lorsqu'ils m'entrent dans l'idée c'est toujours leurs derniers moments qui se presente de preference. Je voudrais me les représenter dans d'autres situations de la vie, mais cela me devient difficile. Conservez donc du pauvre Nanini tout le souvenir de son attachement pour vous, tout le beau naturel de son excellente nature, et vous sentirez malgré vos regrets, que votre souvenir de lui apportera toujours quelque chose d'agréable dans votre imagination. Il y a peu de consolation à apporter à quelqu'un qui vient de faire une perte irréparable, mais enfin il est du devoir d'un ami sincere, de montrer sa sympathie, c'est ce qui m'a engagé à vous écrire.

“Votre affectionné

ALFRED D'ORSAY.”

“Londres, 1st September.

“MON CHER CHARLES,—J'étais trop lié avec votre bon père, et trop ami aussi avec vous, pour faire ce qu'on appelle une visite de condolence, ainsi vous m'excusez pour n'être pas allé m'attrister, plus que je ne l'étais par la perte que nous avons faite. J'étais encore l'autre jour à Goodwood, et je puis avouer en vertu de ma sincerité, que j'avais le cœur bien ulcéré, en étant sur le même spot, où l'année avant je plaisantait avec votre cher père. Vous ne

doutez pas, mon cher Charles, de tout l'intérêt que j'éprouve pour tout ce que vous concerne, et si j'ai commencé par une préface si longue de mes sentiments, c'est pour en venir à un sujet du quel dépend la nécessité de l'entreprise que vous avez sur les mains. Depuis le moment que j'ai su que vous avez pris l'Adelphi j'ai décidé avec Lord Worcester que nous ferions tout notre possible pour entraîner la société en votre faveur, à force d'y penser, et d'en parler. Je m'aperçois, que premièrement le plan de Y—— est, de vous faire succomber ; il vous abandonne personnellement, pour tacher de vous faire sentir qu'il est indispensable ; cette saison est un *trial* qu'il vous donne, esperant qu'en cas de *failure* vous rejettiez tout entre ses mains. Il faut donc y remédier bon gré malgré. Reeves aussi part pour l'Amérique. Mme. Honey est engagée ailleurs, enfin la plupart des vieilles associations de ce théâtre se retirent. Je viens donc vous conseiller d'entrer en arrangement avec le propriétaire du Queen's Theatre, qui transporterait sa troupe avec la votre, l'union ferait la force, et grâce à vos talents, vous triompherez complètement du piège que Y—— vous a tendu. Le Queen's Theatre a été très *successful* cette saison ; encore hier ils avaient £90 de recette ; c'est extraordinaire pour la saison. Chesterfield, Worcester et moi, y avons une loge, et nous avons envie d'en avoir une à l'Adelphi, et hier au soir en parlant de ce sujet à Bond, il m'a dit qu'il serait enchanté de réunir sa troupe à la votre, et de fermer par conséquence le Queen's Theatre. Pensez à cela, voyez si vous pouvez y trouver votre avantage, et dites le moi.

“Soyez mon interprète près de votre mère, de tous mes sentiments les plus affectionnés, et croyez moi votre ami sincère,  
Cte. D'ORSAY.”

“MON CHER CHARLES,—J'ai un très bel habit tout brodé du quel j'ai un peu *grown out* ; j'ai pensé que vous seriez bien aise de l'avoir, car un clever tailleur pourra arranger de manière que vous étonniez et l'Olympic avec ; venez le chercher car je vous le donne—il est tout neuf.

“Votre affectionné

D'ORSAY.

“My best love to the dear mother.”

“MON CHER CHARLES,—J'aime beaucoup votre nouvelle pièce, et vous l'avez très bien joué, il faut prier l'orchestre de vous accompagner un peu plus bas, car le tintamarre qu'ils ont fait ait empêché que l'on puisse comprendre le quart de votre grand aria. Vous ferez bien aussi selon moi, de retrancher deux couplets du Welsh song. Votre French lady est parfaite, c'est la meilleure qu'on ait encore représentée sur un Théâtre Anglais. Usez de votre influence pour faire mettre de suite un perruque noir à Oxberry, il sera l'image de George Wombwell ; il en a le costume et les manières dans la perfection, et cela fera un effet complet ; Wombwell n'en sera pas fâché, au contraire, et je pense que Liston ayant profité de moi on peut très bien prendre cette petite liberté qui profitera beaucoup. Donc établissez un petit perruque noir bien *curlé* avec deux petits favoris sur les cotés du bout du menton d'Ecco.

“Au revoir, cher Charles. Votre affectionné

D'ORSAY.”

## No. II.

LETTERS FROM COUNT D'ORSAY TO DR. FREDERICK FORSTER QUIN.

"Sième Août, 1831, 8 Seamore Place, May Fair.

"Cher et estimable Quin, regenerateur de l'humanité souffrante ! nouveau prophete dont les disciples s'essouffent à chanter les louanges, et qui finiront par triompher comme la civilisation regnante ; comment se fait il que vous oubliez entièrement votre disciple Alfred ? n'attendez pas en vain l'arrive d'un ange de ciel pour m'eclairer, mais deroulez vos papyrus pour y graver les progres de la marche gigantesque de cette *methodus medendi*, qui jointe à votre intelligence vous assure pour votre vieillesse un ombrage de lauriers dont l'epaisseur permettrait à peine que vous soyez encore plus eclaire par le rayon de gloire que le Ciel dirigera sur vous. Maintenant que je vous ai dit ma façon de penser à votre egard, parlons de moi dans un style *moins laconique*.

"Depuis mon arrivée dans ce pays il etait difficile de pouvoir donner un *fair trial* à la methode, étant toujours obligé à diner de boire un verre de vin, avec tous ceux qui ont soif. Ainsi je l'ai abandonné trop tôt pour me guerir, mais toujours à temps, pour me penetrer, que jusqu'à ce jour le genre humain a vegeté au lieu de vivre. Il faut donc que je recommence malgré que je souffre moins ; repenetez vous de ma santé, consultez vos oracles, et voyez à me reprendre en main comme vous l'aviez fait. Je suivrai ponctuellement vos avis, et vous aurez au moins la gloire d'avoir guerit un des trompettes de la renommée de la methode, et un ami sincere. Detaillez bien la manière de prendre les remèdes, et prescrivez non pas en *paraboles*, mais dans votre style persuasif. Notre ami Baillie est parti pour la Pologne, il veut voir de pres ces victoires dont ont parlé beaucoup, et qui n'arrivent jamais ; il sera probablement arreté dans sa route par les troupes de votre ancien ami et maître le Roi des Belges. Que dites vous de son idée d'avoir accepté le trone la Belgique. Comme son ancien medecin vous avez sans doute prescrit quelque remède pour le faire defendre et apprecier par 'les braves Belges.' Adieu, brave Quin. Je vous serre la main non pas de toutes mes forces, mais de tout mon cœur. Votre devouè et sincere ami,

ALFRED D'ORSAY."

"Crockford, Minuit.

"CHER QUIN,—Je passe ma vie à votre porte, et si le diable vous emportait, il ne pourrait le faire mieux que vous ne le faites. Aujourd'hui j'ai été de bonne heure chez vous pensant vous attrapper, mais c'est en vain. Je voulais savoir quelques details de votre entrevue avec Lord ——— ; car quoique j'ai moins d'amitié pour lui depuis sa conduite à mon egard, il faut pourtant que je cause encore de lui avec vous. Vous avez beau le defendre ; c'est l'homme le plus froid que la mèr du nord ait pu jeter sur les côtes d'Angleterre. Son indifference le rend complet sous ce rapport. Vous m'echauffez la bile en le defendant commes vous le faites. Je vous repete qu'il n'a plus d'amitié pour moi, et qu'il a transferé son attachment sur mes parens en



France, dont il a récemment fait la connaissance. Je l'ai rencontré l'autre jour en sortant de chez vous, et il m'a reçu d'une manière si refroidissante, que le vent d'Est ne m'a pas rechauffé depuis plusieurs jours. Je l'ai vu à l'opéra l'autre soir, où il n'a pas daigné tourner la tête pour me regarder. Je l'ai rencontré chez le peintre C—, où il m'a reçu si comiquement que Bouffé aurait été jaloux de ce rôle. Je l'ai vu chez notre ami le Duc de B—, où il m'a donné une main morte, et lorsque je l'ai regardé (très peu à la vérité), j'avais peine à concevoir que c'était le même bon camarade avec lequel vous et moi avons passé de si bonnes soirées, et eu de si agréables et spirituelles conversations. Vous me dites que c'est ma faute que nous ne sommes plus amis, et vous me grondez de *my thin skin*, et bien, pour me conformer à vos desirs j'ai été trois fois à sa maison. Il était sorti avec son polichinelle de ——. Enfin au milieu de tout cela je suis assuré de bonne part qu'il se donne les airs d'imaginer que je me suis conduit mal pour lui. Concevez vous cela, bon Quin, vous qui savez ce qu'il en est, et combien j'avais de l'amitié pour lui. Je desire donc que vous lui parliez : tachez de le voir—cela sera pourtant une chose assez difficile—car il se croit maintenant homme d'état, destiné à tenir le gouvernail des affaires de la Grande Bretagne ; de sorte qu'il est toujours entouré d'un tas de courtisans lesquels flattent son amour propre et l'empêchent de se servir de son bon sens. Comme il se leve à 8 heures du matin pour aller déjeuner avec le Premier, et qu'il se couche à 1 heure la nuit pour rever politique, choisissez adroitement un entre acte ; le fait est, bon Quin, que je suis assuré qu'il a beaucoup plus d'amitié pour vous que pour moi maintenant, chose qui incontestablement prouve son esprit et son jugement éclairé ; mais qui est néanmoins peu flatteur pour votre ami affectionné,

“ALFRED D'ORSAY.

“P.S.—Vous avez, mon cher, une manie insupportable, celle de toujours défendre les absens. Ne savez vous pas qu'il y a un proverbe Français qui dit ‘*que les absens ont toujours tort* ? Cette mode dure toujours, et que diable ! vous qui êtes le *pink of fashion*, devez suivre la mode.”

“Mercredi.

“MON BON QUIN,—Viens donc *drop in* à 7½ heures ; nous comprendrons alors ce que ces dames ne peuvent pas comprendre. Il est étonnant que l'homme que nous aimons le mieux au monde, soit à peu près celui que nous voyons le moins. Eh bien ! T. F. a rencontré mes parens à Paris et les a tellement bragué sur son amitié et admiration pour moi qu'ils se sont imaginés que c'était un attachement d'enfance que je les avais caché ; c'est pourtant à toi que je dois ce succès parmi toutes les choses que je te dois. Scélerat d'homme, je t'embrasse. Ton meilleur ami,

D'ORSAY.”

“Paris, Mardi.

“MON CHER AMI,—Je puis bien dire que dans toute ma vie je n'ai jamais ressenti un aussi grand chagrin que celui de perdre, pour un instant même,

l'illusion que vous étiez mon plus sincère ami, vous ! un ami d'enfance presque ; car Quin nous sommes ami depuis 1815, vous à qui je dois tant, même plus que la vie, et moi qui ne rêve qu'après le jour où je pourrai vous donner les preuves d'une affection plus que fraternelle. Le monde est bien méchant et bien envieux pour aller jusqu'à vouloir faire croire que vous êtes infidèle à l'amitié, je pense, et même j'insiste pour que vous alliez voir D—— et que vous lui demandiez de ma part qui à eu l'impudence de lui parler ainsi de vous. Vous direz à D—— que je n'ai pas pris la peine d'écrire à l'égard de L——, car je n'y attache pas d'importance. Vous c'est un cas tout particulier. D—— m'écrivait, ne comptez pas trop sur les amis d'Angleterre. Il me mettait même en garde contre A—— précisément dans le moment que je recevais deux lettres de lui dans la même semaine. Je n'ai pas pris la peine de relever aucune de ces insinuations, mais pour vous c'était trop fort, cela m'allait droit au cœur. Voyez le donc je vous en prie.\*

“ Je vous embrasse de tout mon cœur.

“ Votre affectionné

ALFRED.

“ P.S.—J'ai obtenu pour Mr. de C—— une des meilleurs places que l'on puisse obtenir en France, 16,000 francs par an, qu'on ne peut jamais lui ôter ; et retraite pour lui et sa veuve. Donc le mariage se fera le 22d de ce mois.”

“ Samedi, 1846.

“ Quin ! Blagueur imperturbable ! depuis que tu vis dans un espèce de Vatican, en Mount Street, tu te donnes des airs comme les successeurs des Césars ne s'en donnent pas ; et tu écris que je ne fais que m'amuser, lorsque je travaille huit heures par jour. Pense donc, qu'en m'arrêtant à ta porte c'est mon cœur qui m'arrête 'malgré' bon gré (comme dit la célèbre Step—), et que c'est une chance de hasard que je cherche pour te voir puisque tu a la petitesse de nous abandonner. Oh Quin ! *l'eusse* te cru !! Oui je te plains comme *un aurf*, de n'avoir pas vu ces dames depuis si long temps, et je te félicite de ne m'avoir pas recontré, car entre mon amitié si démonstrative et mon courroux si intempêtif je t'aurais remodelé, ce que aurait pu produire peut être une belle statuette pour la galerie de ton Palais Quirinale.

“ La comtesse chaque jour dit comme refrain, comme c'est drôle que Quin ne vient pas, et qu'il donne pour excuse qu'il est obligé d'aller voir des malades à Kensington.

“ Relis cette lettre souvent, elle te poignardera à l'endroit sensible, car tu as du cœur Quin, mais je crains qu'il engraisse.

“ Ton vieux pupille,

D'ORSAY.”

\* D'Orsay was laboring under an erroneous impression when he wrote this letter. Of all men, Dr. Quin is the last person who would be likely to prove forgetful of the obligations of friendship, either toward the absent or those present.—R. R. M.

“Octobre 6ième, 1846.

“Cher Quin, aimable ami, ne m'écris pas *si souvent*, car réellement je n'ai pas le temps de répondre à toutes tes lettres que tu ne m'envoies pas. Ah ! tu ne trouves pas six heures de disponibles pour faire une partie de campagne avec nous, et tu te sauves pour des semaines, plantant tous tes choleras, et tous tes malades, et amis inconsolables : aurais tu suivi l'exemple de L——, et serais-tu parti pour te marier ? S'il en était ainsi je te souhaite heures de bonheur—sacré vilain humbug. Ton ami malgré tout, ALFRED.”

“GALLANT UOMO,—Non cognosco Io il cuoco. C'est Galeotto Capece de Duci di Regina chi m'a detto ché era un stupendo ripostiere cuocissimo. Ainsi adressez vous à regina et ne me compromettez pas. Car je ne recommande les gens qu'à coup sur ; et si vous voulez absolument vous assurer du mérite de ce cuisinier, vous pouvez en donnant un diner chez vous, et m'invoquant être assuré que je vous dirai exactement ce qu'il en est.

“Reponse s'il vous plait et tout à vous.

“Votre ami affectionné,

D'ORSAY.”

“Ce Vendredi, 30eme Juillet, de l'année trente quatre de l'Homœopathie.

“L'AMI QUIN,—C'est sans doute parceque je me porte comme le Pont Neuf que tu ne passes plus chez moi. \* \* Je t'en prie, fais moi la grace de penser moins à l'Homœopathie et un peu plus à l'amitié. J'y gagnerai—sans quoi, je serai obligé de retomber malade expres pour avoir le plaisir de te voir ; ce n'est, certes, pas une raison parceque tes doses sont si reduites que tes visites doivent se ressentir de la methode. Adieu, brave Quin.

“Est ce que tu as juré de ne jamais plus diner chez nous ? il y a si long tems qu'on ne te voit plus que ma fois je commence à le croire.

“Tout à toi,

ALFRED.”

“Le 2d d'Avril, Kensington Gore.

“MAUVAIS FARCEUR DE QUIN,—Comme tu te moques de moi hier à C—— H—— ! et me fais avaler des bêtises et fais rire tout le monde à mes depens. Je ne sais diable comment tu fais, mais pas un dans tout le Grande Bretagne a le talent de me mettre dedans comme toi, avec tes sacrées histoires et ta mine si comiquement serieuse. J'avoue j'étais fairly sold mauvais plaisant que tu es. Mais mon bon Quin je t'en prie ne vas pas dire comme tu as fait hier—en riant c'est vrai—que je commence à baisser c'est à dire que je n'ai plus autant d'esprit qu'autrefois ; vois tu, si on repete cela dans le monde comme venant de toi, diable m'importe si on ne le croira pas ? et il y a un tas d'imbecilles qui seront enchantés de te citer comme l'ayant dit, et, badinage à part, cela ne me conviendra pas de tout. Je veux conserver non seulement la reputation de l'esprit que j'ai, mais bien plus, tout l'esprit qu'on me prête—comprends tu cela ? Soit donc bon enfant, sans quoi je dirai partout que l'homœopathie ne vaut rien.

“Cependant, ingrat que tu es, je suis malgré tout, aujourd’hui comme toujours, ton ami à la vie à la mort,  
ALFRED D’ORSAY.”

“38 Rue de la Ville l’Evêque, Paris, Mardi (Avril, 1849).

“MON BON QUIN,—J’ai eu un départ imprévu, heureusement, que je suis *safe* de ce côté. Il a fallu que je me décide de partir à 3<sup>h</sup> de la nuit pour ne pas manquer le Dimanche. Ces dames vous raconteront qu’une de mes premières pensées ici a été pour vous. Vous le voyez par ce peu de mots. Aimez moi toujours de loin, car je vous aimais bien de près.

“Votre meilleur ami,

ALFRED.”

LETTRE DE M. ALFRED DE VIGNY AU COMTE D’ORSAY.

“Je parlais pour Birmingham, cher ami, lorsque j’ai reçu livre et billet de ta part : me voici en pleine forge à présent, observant les Cyclopes dans leur antre—et j’en ai déjà les mains noires. J’oublie l’odeur du charbon en lisant le voyage de Lady Blessington, et il me semble que je respire un beau bouquet arrivé de Florence. Je vois passer bien des noms que je connais, et je serai heureux d’en parler avec l’auteur de ce charmant livre et des gracieuses fantaisies.

“C’est une aimable chose que cette galerie de portraits qui commence par celui de la voyageuse. J’ai et le peintre et les tableaux avec moi, cela me fait bien plaisir et je y reviendrai tous les jours.

“Comme la patrie nous fait toujours, Lady Blessington, au milieu de Venise, n’a pas résisté au plaisir de peindre une campagne Anglaise—c’est un paysage, c’est un tableau de genre d’une vérité charmante et dont l’étendu montre le plaisir qu’elle prend à cette promenade idéale qu’elle préfère bien au réel voyage. Et ce pauvre Byron, je le retrouve partout grâce à elle, que je la remercie d’en parler encore et en vers si mélancoliques. Je crois en vérité qu’il se promène et s’assoit entre elle et toi. Gore House est son Westminster Abbey. Que c’est bien, que c’est rare de savoir se souvenir ainsi—que l’on mérite d’être aimé pour cela. Garde ce souvenir de bonheur toute ta vie. N’oublie pas ton ami,  
ALFRED DE VIGNY.”

No. III.

LETTERS OF COUNT D’ORSAY TO R. R. MADDEN, AND SOME CORRESPONDENCE  
IN RELATION TO HIS STATUETTES, &c.

“You must have seen by the newspapers that I have completed a great work, which creates a revolution in the Duke of Wellington’s own mind, and that of his family. It is a statuette on horseback of himself, in the costume and at the age of the Peninsular war. They say that it will be a fortune for me, as every regiment in the service will have one, as the duke says publicly that it is the only work by which he desires to be known, physically, by portraits. They say that he is very popular in Portugal and Spain. I thought

possibly that you could sell for me the copyright at Lisbon to some speculator, to whom I would send the mould. What do you think of it? Inquire.

“D’ORSAY.”

“Gore House, May 9th, 1845.

“MY DEAR MADDEN,—I wish that you would protect, with all your strength, power, and eloquence, the contemplated project of a rail-road between Lisbon and Madrid. The name is Vaughan et Cie; my nephew, the Duke de Guiche, is one of the directors, and Tom Duncombe and General B—— will be the active men with the Portuguese government, as that government owes him a great deal of gratitude for his services, and Palmella and M—— are of opinion that he will succeed in obtaining the concession, because governments are very generous when they can oblige without putting their hands into their own pockets. B—— is going very soon to Lisbon; he will see you, and you must aid him, and I am sure that you will be glad to do it. We have received the Portuguese papers that you sent me, and what is very curious is, that, without knowing one word of that language or Spanish, I could understand them perfectly well.

“Lord H—— is a great friend of B——; in fact, he is a great favorite at Lisbon, which will aid the undertaking. The old instituteur of the king, and who is his chamberlain, is devoted to B——; Mr. Deutz, I think, his name is.

“Lady Blessington sends you her kindest regards.\*

“Believe me always yours most faithfully,                      COUNT D’ORSAY.”

“Gore House, Thursday.

“I was fain to believe that you had bolted at once to Ireland, particularly without saying adieu.

“I hope that you won’t find a ship direct for Havre.

“Miss Power has communicated your letter to me. It was precisely about Tojal† that I wanted to speak to you. I know his man of business in the

\* Count D’Orsay, in the difficulties of his position in 1845, vainly looked to various visionary speculations for the means of extricating himself from embarrassments that were, in fact, overwhelming and insurmountable. A schedule of his liabilities, which I have seen, was prepared by him in 1845, with a view to some arrangement with his creditors, whose claims then amounted to £107,000 (and these claims did not comprise many debts to private friends, which were not likely to be pressed, or which could not be enforced, probably amounting to about £13,000 more). In the event of such expected arrangement being made, an idea was entertained of procuring for him “the benefit of the act”—in plain terms, of declaring him a bankrupt; but there were difficulties in the way of identifying him with some legitimate commercial or agricultural pursuit. One of the most remarkable illusions at the period above referred to, which took possession of his mind, was the hope of making a vast and rapid fortune by succeeding in the attempt of the alchemists of old, of converting the baser metals into gold! Some foreign schemers and impostors had persuaded the count they had discovered the great arcana of alchemy, and all that was wanted was the necessary funds to set to work. The poor count lived to see the folly of this speculation; like that of many other schemes suddenly adopted in his difficulties, they began brilliantly, and ended in a bubble.—R. R. M.                      † The Minister of Finance in Portugal in 1845.

city, who deals largely for him in the funds. He has, I think, £200,000 in the Portuguese, and never gave the slightest hint as to any chance of *discomfiture* in that market. Certainly he must be wide awake as to his own interests, and must be in a good position to feel the pulse of the administration. Does he see only one side of the question, or is he one of those men who like to be blind? Let me have a resumé of the letter you showed me.

“Believe me yours most faithfully,  
COUNT D’ORSAY.”

“Paris, May —, 1852.

“MY DEAR MADDEN,—You go to St. Germain by the half past twelve o’clock train from the Rue St. Lazare. You find a carriage at the station at St. Germain, which will take you for three francs to Chambourcy and back.

“Go to the curate, Mr. Penon, and say you come from me. Send for the beadle, who will take you to *the tomb*. Yours ever,  
D’ORSAY.”\*

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No. IV.

LETTERS FROM R. R. MADDEN TO COUNT D’ORSAY.

“(1841), Sloane Square.

“MY DEAR COUNT,—I suppose a man like your classical friend, who had made the grand tour, and had sojourned a long time especially in Southern Italy, finding himself alone in a sponging-house in London, might thus soliloquize: ‘I have been all over Italy, traveled in vetturas, swum in gondolas, sailed in feluccas, rode on cuccias, performed divers pedestrian feats in Romagna and Liguria. I have seen St. Peter’s, Pompeii, Herculaneum, Vesuvius; sauntered through the Vatican, made pilgrimages to lovers’ tombs and the sites of poets’ birth-places. I have wandered among ruins of shrines and temples, lost myself in gorgeous palaces and great Gothic wildernesses of cathedral churches. I have been dazzled with the glories of the rising and the setting sun on the Bay of Naples, the Lago Maggiore, the Gulf of Spezia, the sea of the Mediterranean. I have drunk in odors, without stint or measure, of sweet and fragrant flowers. I have been inebriated in orange groves with the perfumed air of those trellised walks, with the interwoven branches of the vine, and mingling rose-buds. I have lived in the sweet South, and felt some influences thereof in waking dreams and reveries, feeling as if my senses were overpowered with the ecstasy of their enjoyments, and my soul gave itself up to the illusions of this Italian life, as if it would never awaken to encounter its realities in a gloomy sponging-house in a narrow street in London, redolent with vapors of stale porter and English gin, with fumes of tobacco, with which the dingy red curtains are thoroughly saturated, presenting from every dirty window a boundless contiguity of shade afforded by the

\* The above note, the last I received, was written to me while on a visit to Paris, in the latter part of May, 1852, a few weeks only before the death of poor D’Orsay: with it I received the key of the inner door of that tomb in which the remains of Lady Blessington were deposited.

surrounding brick walls, surmounted by chimney-pots in various degrees of dilapidation; a sombre sky, in which some demon has upset his inkstand, and a sanded floor, an utter stranger to the great moral influence of soap and water.' Yours, sincerely and truly, R. R. MADDEN."

"MY DEAR COUNT,—The announcement of your completion of a statuette of the Emperor of Russia gave me no pleasure. The tendencies of art toward hero-worship are rather too strong already.

"I would have been better pleased to have heard you had been devoting your fine talents to the representation of some living philosopher, if there be one alive, or some nobleman of nature of a literary turn, or some hero of humanity, if any such are left among us, than chiseling the poor innocent marble into the hard traits and facial angles of any great fighting fellow. It would be a small ambition to swell the throng of the hero-worshippers of our times, the idolaters of the war principle, the glorifiers of the work of Waterloo or Warsaw. Don't be angry, my dear count. Yours, R. R. M."

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No. V.

WORKS OF ART OF COUNT D'ORSAY.

The three works of art which D'Orsay prided himself on most were the statuettes of the Emperor of Russia, Napoleon, and the Duke of Wellington, upon which the following critical observations, made at the time of their appearance, may be interesting:

COUNT D'ORSAY'S STATUETTE OF THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

"The peculiar merits of the accomplished and versatile artist are displayed to great advantage in the dignified air, carriage, and soldierlike attitude of the emperor, and the strong resemblance to the original, despite the smallness of the scale and the difficulties of the material. Great skill is manifested in concealing the disproportion so manifest in the living figure—the excessive length of the lower extremity in relation to the trunk. The bright color of the bronze, approaching to the fine, faintly-obscured golden hues of the old Florentine bronze castings, adds not a little to the effect of this admirable statuette."

COUNT D'ORSAY'S EQUESTRIAN STATUETTE OF NAPOLEON.

"The taste of Count D'Orsay has long been recognized in the most polished circles of English society. In dress he has led the fashion, while as an artist he has evidenced a degree of talent very seldom met with in an amateur. Of late he has surprised the world by a further manifestation of talent. He has become a sculptor, and, by a series of brilliant statuettes of well-known characters, has given still another proof of the diversity of his genius. The statuette of Wellington was illustrated some time since: we are now en-

abled, by his kind permission, to engrave the companion work of art—the statuette of Napoleon—from a sketch furnished by Count D’Orsay himself. It has been drawn upon the wood by Gilbert, and engraved by Mr. W. G. Mason. The original is now at the birth-place of the conqueror. The Prince Demidoff having presented to the town of Ajaccio this statuette of Napoleon, it has been placed in the grand salle of the Hotel de Ville. The following account of the ceremony observed on the occasion is quoted from ‘The Journal de la Corse’ of the 14th of September: ‘The equestrian statuette of the emperor, by the Count D’Orsay, completes the small Napoleon Museum, which we owe to the munificence of Cardinal Fesch, which excites the admiration of all foreigners.’”\*

COUNT D’ORSAY’S EQUESTRIAN STATUETTE OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

“It seems as if the veritable war-horse of Job’s exclamation stood before us, ‘pawing the earth with his foot, and snuffing the battle afar off.’ But still he obtrudes not himself into the subject-matter of the testimonial, except as an effective foil, impressing more strongly the ideas to be conveyed by the whole. Cool, reflecting, and observant, the duke sits like a general who perceives the game already in his hand; but how much more sagacious calmness does the action of his restive horse convey, by the comparison of very opposite characters thus forced upon the attention of the spectator. Neither must it escape observation how much the depressed head and arching neck of the animal assist in producing that classic unity of effect which is produced in a grouped scene where a pyramidal outline has been successfully preserved. In features and form the duke is represented as he was a quarter of a century ago. The costume, also, is adapted to the time to which the statuette refers, and which may naturally be presumed to be the year of Waterloo. The two greatest generals of the day had not previously been actually opposed in personal command; and as Napoleon’s statuette, it is to be hoped, will always accompany our present subject, it is but right and proper, therefore, that these rival heroes should be represented as they contemporaneously appeared on that occasion, especially as, in future history, they will ever be mutually suggestive of each other’s career. The costume chosen strongly indicates the simplicity and truth of exalted genius. No blanket-like toga or stirrupless lower limbs detract from the dignity or the feeling of what ought to be the appointments and dress of an English field-marshal on active service; and we defy all comparison, for real classical effect, with all or any of the many sculptured absurdities in Greek or Roman attire which a wretchedly snobbish taste has succeeded in erecting in some of the finest situations in the metropolis. We admire exceedingly the character of the friezed cocked hat of the rank Count D’Orsay has chosen for his Wellington.”†

“One of the last of the late lamented Count D’Orsay’s studies was a stat-

\* The Pictorial Times.

† Ibid.



uette of the duke on horseback, the first copy of which, in bronze, was carefully retouched and polished by the artist. The work is remarkable for its mingled grace and sprightliness. The duke, sitting firmly back in his saddle, is reining in a pawing charger, charmingly modeled, and a peculiar effect is obtained by the rider dividing the reins, and stretching that on the left side completely back over the thigh. The portrait is good, particularly that of the full face, and very carefully finished, and the costume is a characteristically closely-fitting military undress, with hanging cavalry sabre.\* Altogether, indeed, the statuette forms a most agreeable memorial, not only of the duke, but, in some degree, of the gifted artist."†

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No. VI.

DEDICATORY LETTER OF SIR E. B. LYTTON TO COUNT ALFRED D'ORSAY.

"MY DEAR COUNT D'ORSAY,—When the parentage of Godolphin was still unconfessed and unknown, you were pleased to encourage his first struggles with the world. Now, will you permit the father he has just discovered to reintroduce him to your notice? I am sorry to say, however, that my unfilial offspring, having been so long disowned, is not sufficiently grateful for being acknowledged at last: he says that he belongs to a very numerous family, and, wishing to be distinguished from his brothers, desires not only to reclaim your acquaintance, but to borrow your name. Nothing less will content his ambition than the most public opportunity in his power of parading his obligations to the most accomplished gentleman of our time. Will you, then, allow him to make his new appearance in the world under your wing, and thus suffer the son, as well as the father, to attest the kindness of your heart, and to boast the honor of your friendship?

"Believe me, my dear Count D'Orsay, with the sincerest regard, yours very faithfully and truly,  
E. L. B."

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No. VII.

MEMORANDUM OF LADY BLESSINGTON RESPECTING THE EXPECTED APPOINTMENT OF COUNT D'ORSAY.

In 1841, an effort was made to have Count D'Orsay appointed to the office of secretary of the French embassy in London. All the influence of Lady Blessington was brought to bear on those persons with whom the appointment rested, especially on the Count St. Aulaire, the French ambassador at the court of St. James's. In opposition to these views, it was believed by

\* Mr. Walesby, of 5 Waterloo Place, London, has published Count D'Orsay's smaller and last equestrian statuette of the Duke of Wellington, in bronze. The statuette is sixteen inches in height, on a black marble pedestal, eighteen inches in height by twenty in width at the base, surrounding the edges of which are reposing lions, and a richly foliated wreath in bronze.

† Morning Chronicle, December 23d, 1852.

Lady Blessington that parties had represented to the British sovereign the Count D'Orsay in so unfavorable a light, that her majesty had *rayé* the count's name when a list of invitations to a ball had been presented to her.

Among the papers of Lady Blessington, there is a memorandum of hers, embodying the objections which had been raised to the proposed appointment, and her views in relation to them.

“ With regard to the inventions relative to our count, there is not even a shadow of truth in them. Alfred never was presented here at court, and never would, though I, as well as his other friends, urged it; his motive (for declining) being, never having left his name at any of the French ambassadors of Louis Philippe (not even at Count Sebastiani's, a connection of his own), or at Marshal Soult's, also nearly connected with his family, he could not ask to be presented at court by the French ambassador, and did not think it right to be presented by any one else. Prince Ernest he never knew, and consequently could not be presented by him; and the etiquette of not having been engaged to meet the queen unless previously presented at court is too well known to admit of any mistake. The Countess ——, the daughter of Nesselrode, could not be invited to a ball given by the Beauforts because she had not previously been presented at court. I enter into these details merely to show the utter falsehoods which have been listened to against Alfred. Now, with regard to his creditors, his embarrassments have been greatly exaggerated; and when the sale of the northern estates in Ireland shall have been effected, which must be within a year, he will be released from all his difficulties. In the mean time, he has arranged matters by getting time from his creditors. So that all the fuss made by the nomination being only sought as a protection from them, falls to the ground. There has been much hypocritical prudery in the affair. When the Duc de D—— fled London, and was lodged in a sponging-house, my old friend, the *Duc de Laval Montmorency*, paid the debt, 100,000 francs, and released him. He then, after this public exposure of his embarrassment, got himself named as *attaché* here to protect himself; and Lord Aberdeen, then, as now, at the Foreign Office, when appealed to on the subject, said he would do all in his power to save him from annoyance. I mention all these facts to show how ill Alfred has been treated. If the appointment in London is still deemed impracticable, why should not they offer him the secretaryship at Madrid, which is vacant?

“ Alfred intrusted the affair (of the appointment) to M—— and W——. He received positive assurances from both that he would receive an appointment in the French embassy here, and that it was only necessary, as a mere matter of etiquette, that St. Aulaire was to ask for his nomination to have it granted. The assurances were so positive that he could not doubt them, and he accordingly acted on them. The highest eulogies on Alfred's abilities, and power of rendering service to the French government, were voluntarily pronounced to St. Aulaire by Lord B——, the Duke of B——, and other persons of distinction. M. St. Aulaire, not satisfied with these honorable testimonies,

consulted a *coterie* of foolish women, and, listening to their malicious gossiping, he concluded that the nomination would not be popular in London, and so was afraid to ask for it.

“It now appears that the Foreign Office at Paris is an inquisition into the private affairs of those who have the misfortune to have any reference to it; a bad plan, when clever men are so scarce in France, and particularly those well born and well connected: a government like the present should be glad to catch any such that could be had. MARGT. BLESSINGTON.”

## No. VIII.

## COUNT D'ORSAY AND RICHARD J. LANE.

The most eminent of English lithographic artists, Richard J. Lane, Esq., was a very intimate friend of the count. The portrait drawings by the late Count D'Orsay, to the extent of one hundred and forty representations of the Villa Belvidere, the Palazzo Negroni, the Hotel Ney, Seamore Place, and Gore House, were lithographed by Mr. Lane, and published by Mr. Mitchell, of Bond Street. This collection is so remarkable, and includes so many portraits of eminent persons, which are in vain to be sought for elsewhere, that it would appear desirable to have a correct list of those admirably executed portraits laid before the public.

## COUNT D'ORSAY'S PORTRAITS.

Mr. Mitchell, of Bond Street, has published a series of the portrait drawings by the late Count D'Orsay, hitherto limited to private circulation: the entire series, with the exception of about twenty, is now given to the public, and has been received with general admiration.

|                               |                            |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------|
| Lord Byron.                   | Count Alfred Vidil.        |
| La Comtesse Guiccioli.        | M. Liszt.                  |
| Marquess of Conyngham.        | Ambrose Isted, Esq.        |
| Earl of Durham.               | Colonel John Lyster.       |
| Right Hon. B. D'Israeli, M.P. | Charles Standish, Esq.     |
| Colonel Stanhope.             | Sir Harry Goodricke.       |
| Viscount Enfield.             | George Herbert, Esq.       |
| Count Matouchewitz. (2)*      | Little Gilmour, Esq.       |
| Lord Allen.                   | Earl of Litchfield.        |
| Sir William Massey Stanley.   | The Count D'Orsay. (3)     |
| Theodore E. Hook, Esq.        | Marquess of Normanby.      |
| Thomas Carlyle, Esq.          | Earl of Chesterfield.      |
| William Jerdan, Esq.          | Duke of Beaufort.          |
| Lord Dudley Stuart.           | Marquess of Worcester. (2) |
| R. M. Milnes, Esq., M.P.      | Duke of Wellington.        |
| Tyrone Power, Esq.            | Lord Anglesey.             |

\* The number after the portrait denotes more than one drawing of the same person

- Sir C. Cunningham Fairlie.  
 Sheridan Knowles, Esq.  
 Albany Fonblanque, Esq.  
 Alfred Montgomery, Esq.  
 Lord Alfred Paget. (2)  
 Captain Locke.  
 Dr. Ferguson.  
 Captain Home Purves.  
 Countess of Chesterfield.  
 Honorable Mrs. G. Anson.  
 G. J. Guthrie, Esq.  
 Earl of Malmesbury.  
 Lord Frederick Fitz-Clarence.  
 Colonel Tyrwhitt.  
 Viscount Powerscourt.  
 Sir Philip Crampton.  
 Sir Willoughby Cotton.  
 Honorable William Cowper, M.P.  
 Honorable James Macdonald.  
 Honorable Major General Anson.  
 Emperor Napoleon III. (2)  
 The late Lord Canterbury.  
 Lord Lyndhurst.  
 Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, Bart.  
 Lord Elphinstone.  
 Lord Jocelyn.  
 — Trelawney, Esq.  
 Walter Savage Landor, Esq.  
 Major F. Mountjoy Martyn.  
 Count Kielmansegge. (2)  
 Charles Dickens, Esq.  
 Mr. Dowton.  
 Honorable A. Villiers.  
 Viscount Ossulston.  
 Comte de Grammont.  
 Duc de Guiche.  
 Comte Valentine Esterhazy.  
 Miss Marguerite Power.  
 Countess of Blessington.  
 Marquess Wellesley.  
 Dwarkanauth Tajore.  
 The Honorable Captain Rous.  
 Honorable John Spalding.  
 Comte de Noailles.  
 Earl of Erroll.  
 Viscount Maidstone.  
 Honorable C. Stuart Wortley.  
 Honorable C. W. Forester.  
 C. C. Greville, Esq.  
 Sir G. Wombwell.  
 Marquess of Hastings.  
 Earl of Wilton.  
 Earl of Pembroke. (2)  
 Sir Henry Mildmay.  
 Captain Mildmay.  
 Viscount Cantilupe.  
 Earl of Bessborough.  
 M. Eugene Sue.  
 M. Berryer.  
 Honorable Charles Gore.  
 F. Sheridan, Esq.  
 C. Sheridan, Esq.  
 Countess of Tankerville.  
 Duc de Grammont.  
 R. Knightley, Esq.  
 Colonel Gurwood.  
 Honorable Spencer Cowper.  
 Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer.  
 A. B. Cochrane, Esq.  
 Mr. W. Anderson.  
 M. J. Higgins, Esq.  
 Ralph Osborne, Esq.  
 Prince Moskowa.  
 M. Sulemein.  
 Count Bjornstierna.  
 H. Luttrell, Esq.  
 John Bushe, Esq.  
 Lord Clanricarde.  
 John Liston, Esq.  
 Honorable Frederick Byng.  
 B. Lumley, Esq.  
 Mrs. Romer.  
 George Jones, Esq.  
 Captain Marryatt.  
 Colonel Hunter Blair.  
 S. Ball Hughes, Esq.  
 Mrs. Maberley.  
 Lord George Bentinck. (2)

|                       |                                 |
|-----------------------|---------------------------------|
| Dr. Quin.             | Honorable G. Barrington.        |
| Dr. Currie.           | M. Girardin.                    |
| Vicomte D'Arlincourt. | Honorable Colonel C. B. Phipps. |
| Baroness Calabrella.  | Sir Edwin Landseer.             |

Each portrait may be had separately, price 5s., but the work complete at 4s. each. Size—14 inches high, 10½ inches wide.

Knowing the great esteem and respect in which Mr. Lane was deservedly held by Count D'Orsay, on account of his worth and probity, no less than on account of his great merit as an artist and lithographer, I addressed a note to him, stating I was aware how intimately acquainted he had long been with Count D'Orsay, and requesting such aid and information as might help to enable me to set D'Orsay before the English public in a better light than that of a mere man of fashion, an *arbiter elegantiarum* of modish circles—a wit even, or a quasi artist, feeling he could jump into art with as much ease and elegance as he could vault into his saddle. And as the world had plenty of evidence of that sort of eminence and agility, I sought such testimony rather as might show him to have been something more and better than an exquisite or a *dilettante*—of his being an original thinking man, of some noble qualities, of a large heart, and a kindly, generous disposition.

LETTER FROM RICHARD J. LANE, ESQ., TO R. R. MADDEN, ESQ.

“3 Osnaburgh Terrace, October 27th, 1854.

“DEAR SIR,—The request that you have made imposes on me a duty which I will endeavor to fulfill in a manner to do justice to the memory of Count D'Orsay on those points on which you have asked my opinion.

“As a patron, his kind consideration for my interest, and prompt fulfillment of every engagement, never failed me for the more than twenty years of my association with him; and the friendship that arose out of our intercourse (and which I attest with gratitude) proceeded at a steady pace, without the smallest check, during the same period, and remained unbroken, when, on his final departure from England, he continued to give me such evidence of the constancy of his regard as will be found conveyed in his letters.

“In the sketches of the celebrities of Lady Blessington's salons which he brought to me (amounting to some hundred and fifty or more), there was generally an appropriate expression and character that I found difficult to retain in the process of elaboration; and although I may have improved upon them in the qualities for which I was trained, I often found that the final touches of his own hand alone made the work satisfactory.

“Of the amount and character of the assistance of which the count availed himself in the production of his pictures and models I have a clear notion, and I rejoice to think that you will make evident before your readers what I believe I have already impressed on you.

“When a gentleman would rush into the practice of that which, in its mechanism, demands experience and instruction, he avails himself of the

help of a craftsman, whose services are sought for painting-in the subordinate parts, and working out his rude beginnings. In the first rank of art, at this day, are others who, like the Count D'Orsay, have been unprepared, excepting by the possession of taste and genius, for the practice of art, and whose merits are in no way obscured by the assistance which they *also* freely seek in the manipulation of their works; and it is no less easy to detect, in the pictures of the count, the precise amount of mechanical aid which he has received from another hand, than the graces of character and feeling that are superadded by his own. I have seen a rough model, executed entirely by himself, of such extraordinary power and simplicity of design, that I begged him to have it *moulded*, and not to proceed to the details of the work until he could place this first model side by side with the cast in clay, to be worked up. He took my advice, and his equestrian statue of the first Napoleon may fairly justify my opinion.

"For art he had a heartfelt sympathy, a searching eye, and a critical taste, fostered by habitual intercourse with some of our first artists.

"I cheerfully place at your disposal one letter of his, especially valued by me, of the 21st of February, 1850, and another very remarkable letter, written from Paris soon after the elevation of the Prince NAPOLEON LOUIS to the Presidency of the French Republic.

"I have the honor to remain, dear sir, your very faithful servant,

"RICHARD J. LANE."

LETTERS FROM COUNT D'ORSAY TO RICHARD J. LANE, ESQ.

"I rejoice to read your opinions of the prince. I well remember the circumstance you mention,\* and his visits to you when you did my two lithographs of him.† . . .

" . . . . The last election was even more wonderful than the first, for *then* he had the whole army with him. *Rely upon it, he will do more for France than any sovereign has done for the last two centuries, if only they give him time.*"‡

\* I reminded him that, on the morning of the day of the first election of the president, he came to my house before church time, and diverted me from graver duties, to listen to his confident anticipations of the result of that memorable day. "Think," said he, "what is the ordinary November weather in Paris; and here is a beautiful day. I have watched the mercury in my garden. I have seen where is the wind, and I tell you, that on Paris is what they will call the sun of Austerlitz. To-morrow you shall hear that while we are now talking, they vote for him with almost one mind, and that he has the absolute majority."—R. J. L. † October, 1839.

‡ D'Orsay's efforts to gain over public opinion in England for Louis Napoleon were as unceasing as his endeavors to inspire private friends with favorable sentiments in relation to the prince and his pretensions. I have a letter of his now before me, dated the 18th of June, 1846, addressed to a literary man of great eminence, connected with one of the leading London newspapers, earnestly entreating of him to use his influence with some of the principal writers in the London journals, and editors of them, to get them to abstain from writing against Louis Napoleon. "Do you think," he says, "you could prevent ——— to write these atrocious, false nonsenses against Prince Napoleon? The fact is, that ———

“Paris, 21st February, 1850.

“MY DEAR LANE,—I can not really express to you the extent of my sorrow about your dear and good family. You know that my heart is quite open to sympathy with the sorrows of others. But judge, therefore, how it must be, when so great a calamity strikes a family like yours, which family I always considered one of the best I ever had the good fortune to know. What a trial for dear Mrs. Lane, after so many cares, losing a son like yours, just at the moment that he was to derive the benefit of the good education you gave him. Poor Miss Power is very much affected, I assure you. There is no consolation to offer. The only one that I can imagine is to think continually of the person lost, and to make one's self more miserable *by* thinking. It is, morally speaking, a homœopathic treatment, and the only one which can give some relief. You can not form an idea of the *soulagement* that I found in occupying myself in the country (at Chambourcy) in building the monument which I have erected to dear Lady Blessington's memory. I made it so solid and so fine, that I felt all the time that death was the reality, and life only the dream of all around me. When I hear any one making projects for the future, I laugh, feeling as I do now, that we may to-morrow, without five minutes' notice, have to follow those we regret. I am prepared for that, with a satisfactory resignation. I am sure that you have those feelings. Give my most affectionate regards to your dear family, and believe me always, far or near, your sincere friend,

D'ORSAY.”

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No. IX.

COUNT D'ORSAY'S FIRST VISIT TO ENGLAND.

The Count Marcellus, who was French chargé d'affaires at the court of London during the ministry of Chateaubriand, in his work “Politique de la Restauration en 1822 et 1823” (Paris, 1853), makes mention of a ball he gave in London, at the period of the invasion of Spain by the Legitimists, when the London mob had made an attack on the hotel of the French minister. The ball, he says, was attended by the Duke of Wellington—various representatives of the Congress of Verona—all the world of fashion were there—and, “lastly, D'Orsay brought in his train the ordinary circle of dandies who made his escort.”

This is the earliest mention I have seen in any published work of D'Orsay's sojourn in London previously to the return of Lady Blessington from the Continent in 1831. At the time of his visit to England, his brother-in-law, the Duke de Grammont (then Duc de Guiche), who, during his exile from France, had served in the English army (in the tenth dragoons), was sojourning in London, and D'Orsay's visit on that occasion was to his sister and her husband.

At the period of Count D'Orsay's second visit to London, some months is the *ame damnée* de Guizot and Louis Philippe, and the articles upon France are a great deal more than ridiculous.”—R. R. M.

after the French Revolution of 1830, the Marshal Sebastiani (who had married a sister of the present Duc de Grammont) was ambassador at the court of St. James's, and his being there was one of the inducements which had led D'Orsay to take up his abode in London at that time.

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No. X.

THE DUKE DE GRAMMONT.

The titles to nobility of the house of Grammont go as far back as the year 865, the period at which this family, originally from Arragon, made, at the time of the election of the King Sancho Garcia Eneco, its first appearance in the public affairs of the kingdom of Navarre, under the title of Ricos Hombres De Natura, or first grand barons, equivalent in these days to the title of grandee of Spain of the first class.

The family of Grammont are allied by marriage to the royal blood of Arragon, of Navarre, to the ancient counts of Foix, of Bearn, and to the Orleans family. It belongs to the small number of the houses of sovereigns which form a part of the French nobility, and exercised its right of sovereignty in its principality of Bidache and Barnache, in Lower Navarre, until the year 1789.\*

Comte Philibert de Grammont, of notoriety in England in the time of Charles the Second, was one of the latest celebrities of this distinguished family; he died in 1707, aged eighty-six.

Count Anthony Hamilton, the brother-in-law of Chevalier de Grammont, and the writer of the count's Memoirs, was born in Ireland about 1646, and died at St. Germaine-en-Laye in 1720, aged seventy-four. Count Hamilton was specially qualified for the task imposed on him by his brother-in-law. He was to Grammont what Boswell was to Johnson.

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No. XI.

ANTOINE GENEVIEVE HERACLIUS AGENOR DE GRAMMONT, PRESENT  
DUC DE GRAMMONT, PRINCE DE BIDACHE, &c., &c.

The Duke de Grammont, born in 1789; married, July 23, 1818, Anne Quentina Albertini Ida, née Comtesse D'Orsay, and had issue,

1. Antoine Alfred Agenor Grammont, Duc de Guiche, born August 14, 1819, an élève de l'Ecole Polytechnique, and officer of artillery, married Emma Mary, daughter of W. A. MacKinnon, Esq., M.P.

2. Antoine Philibert Leon Count de Grammont, Duc de Lesparre, born July 1, 1820 (an élève of the Ecole Militaire de St. Cyr, and an officer of cavalry), married, June 4, 1844, Marie, daughter of Vicomte de Ségur.

3. Antoine Alfred Onerius Theophile de Grammont, Comte de Grammont, born June 2, 1823 (an officer of infantry), married, November 21, 1848, Louisa de Choiseul Praslin.

\* *Annuaire Biographique*, cd. 1843, p. 63.



4. Antonia Armandine Aglae de Grammont, born October 5, 1826, married, November 26, 1850, Theodore, Duke de Prat.

5. Antonia Gabrielle Leontine de Grammont, born March 2, 1829.\*

The Duke de Grammont had two sisters :

1. Armandine Sophie Leonice Corisande de Grammont, married, in 1806, Viscount Ossuldon, present Earl of Tankerville.

2. Aglae Angélique Gabrielle de Grammont, married, firstly, at St. Petersburg, General Demidoff, a Corsican by birth, and a connection of Napoleon Bonaparte ; and, secondly, the Marshal Count Sebastiani, a native of Corsica, and connected likewise with the Bonaparte family.

The family De Grammont is now divided into two branches. †

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No. XII.

MARSHAL COUNT SEBASTIANI.

The marshal was a native of Corsica, of an ancient family, connected with the Bonapartes. He entered the French army at an early age, and took a distinguished part in the Italian campaigns and Peninsular war. He married a sister of the present Duc de Grammont—the widow of an eminent Corsican in the service of Russia—General Demidoff. In the Peninsular war, Marshal Sebastiani distinguished himself particularly in the reformation of ecclesiastical abuses connected with the possession of property.

“In Spain he was notorious for ransacking convents with merciless avarice, and for mutilating or destroying the airy tracery in the time-honored halls of the Alhambra. The glorious building was converted by Sebastiani into stables for his horses and barracks for his debauched dragoons.” ‡

He was the unfortunate father of the ill-fated Duchess de Praslin.

“Infelicis patris—infelix proles.”

The marshal died at Paris in July, 1851, in his eightieth year. The Comtesse de Sebastiani had died in 1842. The funeral rites of the marshal were performed with extraordinary pomp at the Church of the Invalids, and were attended by the president of the republic, the marshals of France, all the principal generals, the corps diplomatique, and a great number of the principal inhabitants of Paris.

“When the solemn service was proceeding in the church, one of the wax

\* Almanach de Gotha, Paris, 1854, p. 114.

† La branche cadette est représentée par :

Antoine Eugène Amable Stanislaus Agéonor de Grammont, Comte de Grammont D'Aster, ou Comte Agéonor de Grammont, pair de France, fils d'Antoine Louis Raymond Geneviève de Grammont, Comte de Grammont D'Aster et d'Amable de Catelan décédés.

Les sœurs sont :

Antoinette Claire Amélie Gabrielle Corisande de Grammont D'Aster, mariée à Roger Gabéléon, Comte de Salmour en Piémont.

Thérèse de Grammont D'Aster, mariée au Marquis D'Aversand de Toulouse.

Antoinette Marie Madeleine Amable Amédée de Grammont, mariée au Comte Gravier de Vergennes.—*Ann. Biog.*

‡ Gentleman's Magazine, November, 1851, p. 537.

tapers placed round the catafalque fell against the black cloth drapery, and in a moment the whole of the decorations were in a blaze. Great fears were entertained for the building, and more immediately for the military trophies suspended in it; but eventually only a few of the latter were destroyed.\*

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No. XIII.

LORD MOUNTJOY AND LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

An imaginary conversation by Walter Savage Landor, between Lord Mountjoy and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, addressed to the Rev. Julius Hare, Trinity College, Cambridge, by the author. Post-mark of letter inclosing a copy of it to Lady Blessington, Firenza, February 12th, 1829.

There are two notes of Mr. Landor appended to this conversation, in which the character of the son and heir of Lord Mountjoy (the late Earl of Blessington) are spoken of in very complimentary terms. In the second note the recent death of the earl is referred to, and the fact mentioned that the "Imaginary Conversation" of Lord Mountjoy with Lord E. Fitzgerald had been only completed when the news had arrived of the sudden death of Lord Blessington.

[Lord Mountjoy, the staunch and early friend of the Irish Roman Catholics, was slain by the people in rebellion in 1798. Lord E. Fitzgerald perished at the hands of authority in the same rebellion, he the head and front of its offending.]

LORD EDWARD. "My dear Mountjoy, I wish I could entertain the flattering hope that you have granted me admittance to you as much from your old friendship as from your invariable politeness."

MOUNTJOY. "Such a wish is itself a proof to me that I was in the wrong, if I did not."

LORD EDWARD. "Neither my knowledge of your easy temper, nor of your warm and generous heart, gave me all that assurance which I now receive from the pressure of your hand; a diversity in politics, I need not tell you, has made several of my earliest friends and nearest relations turn their backs upon me."

MOUNTJOY. "I hope I shall never turn mine on a good soldier, friend or enemy."

LORD EDWARD. "I will be sworn for you; if the last spark of honor and chivalry is to be extinguished on the earth, it will be in the breast of Mountjoy."

MOUNTJOY. "Lord Edward, let us leave off compliments, which, while they were in use, were used principally to display some grace in the person, or to conceal obliquity in the mind."

LORD EDWARD. "Faith! if that is the good of them, you have the best right of any man to vote them out of fashion: now to the business of my visit. The people, you have long been aware, my lord, are highly exasperated against

\* Gentleman's Magazine, November, 1851, p. 538.

the government. I will not ask you whether you think they are so with reason or without ; certainly there is danger of an open insurrection."

MOUNTJOY. "Lord Edward, when a dog is mad, I do not ask what drove him mad ; I defend my own dogs and myself from his fury as well as I can."

LORD EDWARD. "Sometimes it is wiser to get out of his way."

MOUNTJOY. "I neither can nor would get out of the way, gladly as I should see every root of grievance torn up from a country but too fertile in them."

LORD EDWARD. "We were together in the association of Dublin volunteers, which, supported by others throughout the kingdom, was then strong enough to have set at defiance the battered and broken arms of our oppressor, and could have accomplished all that was wanting for the permanent good of Ireland. The English government no longer had money or credit ; the English people, exhausted by the expenditure of the war, alienated by the misconduct of it, began at last to perceive and to acknowledge the justice of the American cause. Ours was the same under much longer and much worse irritations ; we had a larger and a better army to assert it ; more within our reach to confiscate justly for the support of it ; and we should have had the same allies. When we could have done every thing for our country, what did we ? We sat down again, contented with paltry concessions and empty promises. England thought herself generous for granting them ; Ireland for her easy acceptance of the grant. In England, every generosity is called a folly ; in Ireland, every folly is called a generosity. We are now told that too much has been done for us, and truly I believe it, since every thing is too much for us which we do not for ourselves."

MOUNTJOY. "Lord Edward, our country endures no injury to which I am not as sensitive as you are ; we differ only in the expediency of resistance ; we have lost the only opportunity we ever had of being the confederates rather than the subjects of England, or, what is yet better than confederacy, a part. Britons, Saxons, Danes, Normans, have united ; what hinders the Irish ?"

LORD EDWARD. "English policy."

MOUNTJOY. "I see no reason why salt water rather than fresh should separate those whom affections and interests draw together."

LORD EDWARD. "Nor do I ; but the wholesale butchers, who have turned Ireland into their slaughter-house, have so ensanguined the knot that it will hold no longer."

MOUNTJOY. "Nothing, in the whole of our misfortunes, is so deplorable as that it should continue to be the policy of our rulers to bind us rather by restrictions than by generosity—a bad policy with any nation, but worse with the Irish than with any other, for among the Irish the very vilest and the most inconsiderate are brought over and attached to you by one kind action, and alienated by one effort of control. Who would imagine that the English aristocracy and the Irish democracy should be equally strenuous in producing the same result ? Yet so it is ; if you can not lead the blind man, do not mock him, my dear Lord Edward. The trick may bring about the calamity.

It now appears to be the intention of certain men that we should throw ourselves into the arms of France, and thus render our country the arena for all the battles of the English with all their enemies."

LORD EDWARD. "How much better would it have been, as you remarked, to identify the two countries, and to render every man in each the neighbor of his neighbor. It seems an absurdity, a contradiction, an impossibility, that it should not be so; yet, where all men, with equal wishes and knowledge, may not aspire to equal rank and estimation—where a thought on God is a crime in the eyes of him who has another thought on the same God—where a son, if he follow his father, is stripped of his civic rights for it, and interdicted his natural, what hope, then, can we have of justice, or what desire of reconciliation?"

MOUNTJOY. "I will not discourse with you on open war."

LORD EDWARD. "But show me, if you can, in all the records of history, a war of nation against nation more manifestly just."\*

MOUNTJOY. "The cause of justice is but little forwarded by compromising the cause of humanity; we are hardly the people that can teach the English to be wiser, or that can compel them to be more equitable. I wish we were: we would then begin the first lesson to-morrow. As matters stand, by any attempt at resistance we should only make the brutal more brutal, and the suffering more suffering; and the end of it would be, that every peaceable man would leave the kingdom by choice, and every brave man by proscription. I think it criminal to contend without a chance of success, unless it be where, by the sacrifice of our lives, as well as theirs under us, we can give time for others to come on, who may continue or renew the contest with better hopes. In that case our bodies may well fill up the straits, and the idlest of strangers will never write *fool* above our epitaphs. I see clearly the expectations of the United Irishmen, and no less clearly the disappointment and delusion of them. The French and Irish can never cordially agree."

LORD EDWARD. "Why do you think so?"

MOUNTJOY. "Because the one will no longer be ruled by priests; the other will be ruled by none else."

LORD EDWARD. "It must, indeed, be a tremendous curse that can render them endurable. We may want them for a time."

MOUNTJOY. "Their time will be longer than ours; hopes, fears, consciences, are tossed about, and distributed by their hands."

LORD EDWARD. "Too true; throw in likewise a moiety of the wives, present and future; they find spouses both for God and man, with good accommodation; and not only do they bring about marriages, but they can make heavy ones light and light ones heavy, and can put other horns above the devil's in any doorway they have once entered."

MOUNTJOY. "If England had the equity and wisdom to place Ireland by her

\* That such is not the case at present is quite certain, on the authority of the Duke of Wellington and of nearly all the principal men in the cabinet.—W. S. L.

side in the same level, and no lower; if she would grant to the Irish all the rights of citizens, as she hath done to the Canadians—”

LORD EDWARD. “Which renders it the more galling, the more iniquitous, the more intolerable.”

MOUNTJOY. “Then, indeed, the priesthood could make no further appeals to the passions of the ignorant, and the contest for mastery would shortly lie between the people and it. Popery would lose her hold on the latter’s ignorance; for among the Irish, if the acutest sense is that of injustice, the quickest is that of ridicule—the expression of which two feelings can never exist together. Ireland will grow more Catholic every day she continues to be oppressed; less Catholic every day after she is relieved from oppression. Faction will cease within the first century of this real Reformation, which it seems wonderful that the Protestant clergy should be reluctant to bring about.”

LORD EDWARD. “Not at all; the Protestant clergy leap from the goat-fold to the sheep-fold; from the sheep-fold to the ox-stall, and being there, grow too lazy to budge. Who among them would not abandon parishioners for a vicarage for a deanery, a bishopric for an archbishopric, and the house of God for the House of Lords? The government—be the party what it may, Whig or Tory—never wished our pacification; a state of discontent, of discord, and of turbulence, kept up artificially and sedulously by them, is necessary as a plea to keep up likewise a large establishment here, both military and civil, and the people of England are induced to pay taxes for it, on which many hundred dependents of every administration rear their families. Were Ireland flourishing, as she must be under any other system, the rival oligarchies would lose a large portion of their patronage; England wavers perpetually in every branch of her policy, excepting this. The Horatii and Curatii, who contend for supremacy, instead of three, are about nine on a side, and in the families of these we are to look for the secret. Why, by their consent we are never to meliorate our condition: the people of England would gain some millions yearly by our freedom, by our mere equality with the French-Canadians. The means of keeping them in subjection to these ruling families would be lost by leaving us unbound.”

MOUNTJOY. “The English would benefit in wealth by it quite as much as we should, and greatly more in the reduction of taxes; all that they would lose would be the sentiment of contempt for the generality of us, and of hatred for the remainder.”

LORD EDWARD. “If they persist, my life for it, they shall lose one of these sentiments, and very soon.”

MOUNTJOY. “I see nothing but a divided people and a corrupt Parliament.”

LORD EDWARD. “You shall see neither much longer. Those who separate themselves from the people are no part of it, and what is corrupt will drop off, or must be cut off: who could regret it? Was there ever an association, even an assemblage in any lane of the worst city, or in any forest of the wildest

country, so profligate and shameless, so barbarous and rapacious as our Irish peers?"

MOUNTJOY. "Little better, I confess it, than the Poles."

LORD EDWARD. "In Poland, every thing is noble that is not a slave; in Ireland, every thing that is—"

MOUNTJOY. "Our peerage, with the exception of six or seven."

LORD EDWARD. "Take the six, give me the seventh, and I pay you down his weight in rubies: such scrapings from sugar-casks and tobacco-wrappers never was flung among the muscle-shells and skate-tails of Kelvoc slugs of Flushing—so disorderly a gang of cut-throats and cut-purses never sat on the same benches in any galley of Tripoli or Marseilles.\* The poor are sent back to their parishes; it were greater equity to send back the rich, who, without some gross injustice, some intolerable grievance, ought not to live away. Have we no cart to carry, no constable to escort our packed peddlery? Wonderful it must appear, that England, as a residence, is preferable to Ireland among those who, in the London gaming-houses, are liable to be mistaken for the candle-snuffers whenever, in the hurry of their rapacity, they forgot to put a star before them for a light to steer by."

MOUNTJOY. "Your estimation of our peerage is pretty correct, and you are as little to be accused of envy as of ambition; you yourself are likely to be, one day, the first nobleman in the empire; for where there is only one duke, surely that one is above any, where there is fifteen or twenty."

LORD EDWARD. "I have never permitted the contingency to enter into my calculations. Were I a duke to-morrow, and every thing went on well and prosperously both with me and with our country, I declare, before you and before God, I could throw my dukedom off my back, if by so doing I could run the quicker to raise up one honest and brave fellow from oppression."

MOUNTJOY. "I believe you, and you are the only man I could believe who should make me a similar protestation."

LORD EDWARD. "The better of the lords are very hostile to me, not for what I think about the rest, but for what I would do in regard to all."

MOUNTJOY. "No wonder."

LORD EDWARD. "And yet, Mountjoy, such men as yourself, for instance, ought to rejoice at being no longer confounded with brokers, and bankers, and bullock-drivers—ought to rejoice at that personal distinctness which alone is true distinction—ought to rejoice at that superiority as gentleman which is seen more advantageously when people are not standing upon stilts about you. Is it not a shame to hold by favor from another what we can take to ourselves by right? Reason has a long time lain fermenting in the canker of society, and must soon cast off the froth. The generous juice, I swear by

\* Lord Edward Fitzgerald may be imagined to have formed this erroneous opinion on the Irish peers, whom (equally erroneous) he deemed actuated by corruption in the business of the Union; he spoke unguardedly of all whom he thought rogues, and it would have been well for him if he had been more suspicious than he was.—W. S. L.

God and my country! shall be distributed by a hand both steady and unsparring."

MOUNTJOY. "I will not irritate you nor myself by discussing the views of a political body so universally hated and despised, yet I hope, Lord Edward, you do not believe the invidious and spiteful story raised about them by the factions, that Mr. Pitt intends a union of the two nations, by means of their giving each member of the peerage a thousand pounds a year, and other indemnities for loss of privilege."

LORD EDWARD. "No, no, my lord, what I have said of them I think is pretty near enough the truth. The Irish would tear them in pieces as betrayers; the English would feed the eels of the Thames with them, rather than endure such bloodsuckers on their shoulders. I am no visionary in evil; I see enough of it. I know its proximity and magnitude; I distinguish its form and color. I want neither telescope nor darkened glass."

MOUNTJOY. "Let us attempt to allay the passions of the multitude, and to enlighten the prejudices of the rest."

LORD EDWARD. "The only chance of assuaging the multitude is in their being used to suffer. Weak as a hope, and weaker as an argument; and what are the prejudices of the rest? and where do they exist? Take from them the prospect of living on the plunder of their country, and what you call prejudices vanish. I came to your house, my dear Mountjoy, with intentions which I ardently wish may not be quite so fruitless. The people are more angry with those whom they know to be patriotic, and yet who will not join them when they are with the old stagers on the king's highway of oppression and speculation. Hence their love for you, which was unrivaled, is converted into acrimony!"

MOUNTJOY. "Whatever I could do, constitutionally and conscientiously, I have always done for them, and will do always. It would not become me to throw up my commission in the hour of danger; would you yourself commend me if I did? Your silence shows me that, if any thing were necessary to show it, my resolution is right."

LORD EDWARD. "There are questions that might involve my security, my life itself, which I could answer you at the first appeal; this I can not. Let me guard as warmly as I wish, and as effectually as I can, the safety of a citizen and a soldier more widely and more worthily esteemed than any other in Ireland. I need not inform you of armed bands in every part of the kingdom—I have already told you of their exasperation against you. Let me now come to that point which pains me, and warn you that I have heard your life threatened should you appear in any array against them. Why do you laugh?"

MOUNTJOY. "What man's life is not threatened who appears in arms, and in the face of an enemy?"

LORD EDWARD. "Faith, I did not think about life or danger in the common accidents of war; but in America there began a custom which nothing short

of national independence can ever authorize—the custom of singling out officers !”

MOUNTJOY. “A high compliment, if hand to hand !”

LORD EDWARD. “But the rifleman is rude at compliments, and I should be grieved to the heart at your falling, be the cause what it may.”

MOUNTJOY. “I have little inclination to die just at present, and less to desert my station. If you heard any threats against my life, individually, you ought to have seized the threatener by the collar, and to have delivered him over to the laws.”

LORD EDWARD. “I chose to do what I believe to be more efficacious. The apprehension of one would excite a thousand to avenge him, by doing what he left undone. Should you be ordered to quell any disturbance, vain as I know it is to request you not to be the foremost, let me entreat you rather to be heard and known among your own men than by those opposite.”

MOUNTJOY. “Lord Edward ! both sides shall hear and know me. The service that is imposed on me is indeed most painful, and, for this very reason, the discharge of it shall be complete and prompt. We are lost when our affections glide in between us and our duties ; and I perceive you do not like a moralizer, and look graver than one yourself.”

LORD EDWARD. “If all moralizers were Mountjoys, I could listen in the thickest of a sermon. In general, men are given to moralizing when their most ravenous desires are crop-full, and when they are determined to sit quiet and enjoy their sunny side of life ; you take to it, for the first time, when you are resolved on more activity than ever, and are as ready to die as to live.”

MOUNTJOY. “Lord Edward ! in this I am confident we agree : that a glorious death is the best gift of heaven, and that an early one is not the heaviest of its dispensations.”

LORD EDWARD. “True, true ; God bless you, Mountjoy (going). I must not falter ; but—are all the rest in the kingdom worth this man !”

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#### No. XIV.

##### LETTERS TO AND FROM LORD BLESSINGTON.

Letters from the late Duke of Richmond to Lord Mountjoy :

“Dublin Castle, March 24th, 1810.

“MY DEAR MOUNTJOY,—I perfectly remember your speaking to me on the subject of an earldom, which I understood from you the Duke of Portland had given you hopes of when any promotion to that dignity should take place, and am glad to find it is recognized by Mr. Perceval.

“With respect to the next vacancy in the order of St. Patrick, I can assure you that it is not promised, and that I shall be glad to take your wishes into consideration with other claims ; at the same time, I must say that there are several staunch supporters of the present administration who have not, so lately at least as yourself, received a mark of their good wishes. I am sure I



need not say that I shall, on many accounts, be glad to attend to your wishes when I conceive I can, with fairness to the general good of the country and of other well-wishers to government. Yours, dear Mountjoy, very sincerely,  
 "RICHMOND."

"Phœnix Park, January 12th, 1811.

"I will take a note of your wishes respecting your chaplain, Mr. Ellison, and also Humphries.

"The difficulties are, however, great. Formerly the supporters of government claimed sinecures for themselves. Those are nearly done away, so that they now ask for livings for their relatives and friends. By this means the claims for Church preferment have increased enormously.

"As for Humphries, I do not exactly see what can be done for him. Few things are compatible with the situation he holds.

"If any thing should occur that would answer for him, and which, consistent with necessary arrangements, I could appoint him to, I shall have much pleasure in so doing.\*  
 RICHMOND:"

"Phœnix Park, June 30th, 1811.

"I am sorry it so happens that you will not be in Ireland at the time I shall be in your part of it. The reasons, however, are good; I hope we shall yet meet before your return to England.

"I am very much obliged to you for the bust of Charles the Second.

"Charles Gardiner and one of the 7th have hired a cottage at Clontarf; it is generally called 'Rattletrap.'  
 RICHMOND."

"Phœnix Park, August 3d, 1811.

"At present it is impossible for me to settle about the winter shooting; but if I remain in Ireland, and can manage it, I shall be happy to accept your invitation and that of Mr. Browne.

"As for a room, I care not one farthing about it, and can sleep quite as well on a floor as in a bed. I am obliged to him for his offer of the Tyrone mountain.  
 RICHMOND."

Letter from Mrs. Siddons to Lord Mountjoy :

"Westbourne House, Paddington, July 1st, 1812.

"MY DEAR LORD,—It is impossible to express the vexation which I have felt from being deprived of the honor of your presence at the theatre on the 29th; and it is more, much more grievous to me, that you, to whom I feel indebted for so many polite and gratifying attentions, should be the only per-

\* In a letter of a previous date, October 28th, 1809, the following passage relating to the major above-mentioned occurs: "I have appointed Brigadier Major Humphries to your district. He is an active, jolly man, and will, I am convinced, give you satisfaction. Pray let me recommend him to your notice."—RICHMOND.

son who has had cause to complain of the arrangements of that night. Allow me, my lord, to trouble you with the inclosed vindication of my conduct and attentions, and with my most grateful acknowledgments for your temper and forbearance on so vexatious a predicament. Indeed, indeed, my lord, your gentle and considerate goodness upon that occasion has left an impression of your character upon my mind of higher value than all those gifts, whether of birth, or taste, or talents, with which you are endowed and ever possibly have made. I have the honor to be, my lord, your lordship's most obliged and obedient servant,

SARAH SIDDONS."

Letters from Lord Blessington to Charles James Mathews, Esq. :

"Villa Gallo, Tuesday, October, 1824.

"MY DEAR C. MATHEWS,—In returning to you your sketch of the house we proposed to build, I wish to say a few words respecting the deferring of a project which I had last year so much at heart. You may recollect that it was determined, in case the site and ground plan were approved, the foundation should be commenced this summer, so that in five years, at farthest, the building should be completed ; at the same time I said, whatever faults there were in the plan should be attributed to me, leaving you any praise which it might receive.

"It appeared to me the project was not warmly received, and I said no more about it, but wrote to your father, telling him to say nothing to you, as, after the trouble taken, it might be disheartening.

"There was a point which I did not mention to your father, but one of some consequence, namely, that I found the plan suggested by Mr. Branson to raise funds to meet the annual expenditure would not succeed. I told your father that I would patch on, looking forward to better times for a building suitable to the grounds. I still look to that 'golden age.\*' I also told him that if you would give me your opinion and advice in my patch-work, I would be much obliged, but I should be cautious not to injure your reputation as an architect by letting people believe you could be to blame for the faults committed by me.

"This will make your family and friends perfectly understand that no change took place in my opinion of you, or my confidence in your zeal and abilities.

"The project has caused one solid good: it led to a year's study in Italy, and has enlarged your mind without endangering your morals. You will therefore return to your home improved in taste and uncorrupted in heart.

"May you live to be a blessing to the mother who adores you, and a true friend and comfort to so fond and kind a father as yours. And believe me to be your sincere friend,

BLESSINGTON."

"N. B.—With respect to the elevation, I wish, at your leisure, you would

\* That "golden age" of Irish landlordism which has loomed so long in the distance, and merges at last in the era of the Encumbered Estates' Court.—R. R. M.

put in the wing, as intended, of the Gothic work, and I think the appearance would be better if the tower for the staircase and chimney was altered.

“B.”

“Villa Gallo, February 1st, 1825.

“To prove to you, my dear C—— J—— M——, how I value your letter, I will merely say that I have just received it; and while Michael is preparing my coffee, which Johnny Purves used to call Daddy Olay, I sit up to reply. Your pretty mother has bestowed on you her *eloquence de billet*, but she has also given you some portion of her reserve, for you say nothing of the garden or of herself. Now you know I have a tenderness for both, *mais nous ne parlerons plus*.

“It is true they do dig up fresh treasures, and we hear of, and intend to see them; but, with all our love for the sublime and beautiful, a fresh assortment of potatoes would be most agreeable to our humble appetites. Artichokes we have, but, alas! no gravel-pits and few coal-mines; consequently, the walks are bad, and the fires expensive. Our volcanic mountain does not smoke, but my chimney does. The count does wear calicoes and nankeens. I continue as I did in summer, with my flannel and patent hosiery. We have our Gaetanos—Giovannis—Amelioras, but wish fervently for a John and a Betsy, and Sal would turn our heads. Naples is a delightful place—not to eat in, although I name it with awe. I dined on Sunday with Sir W. Drummond, and went to the Opera, where I heard the *Sekart*—is that right?—and saw the *Telamon*, Colonel Stanhope's passion. The last played in the new ballet, founded on the Exile of Siberia; but the empress is made a man, as the men here are made women, and the women men. You, however, allude to Naples as the point recollective, and if you did feel that you incurred my displeasure, you must acknowledge that my intention was to supply the place of those who value you more than I can describe; and though you might for the moment consider me severe, your cooler moments must have admitted that I would have no object but your advantage. Your father told me that you had the best heart in the world, and your conduct has proved it. I feel that you left us as innocent of vice as when you left your mother's fostering care; and if improved in temper and manners, as well as knowledge, your parents must acknowledge that your time was not misspent.

“I have just read your letter to Lady Blessington, and she is as much pleased with it as myself, and desires me to say ‘mille de choses.’

“Fortunately for your comparatives, the day is lovely, the sky blue propre, the barometer nearly two sections above 29½, but we have had snow, thunder and lightning, wind, hail, and rain. The *Revenge* ran to Malta in thirty-six hours—nine knots an hour under bare poles, and thirteen with a foresail. The *post-captain* has been thinking of going for more than a quarter of an hour, but is by no means gone, although he has the prayers of every one in the house for a speedy voyage. His grievances are much too numerous to relate,

and 'imaginary ones' when I dine out Mr. Steadfast recounts. Scene—The Horns at Kennington, or the Elephant and Castle, where he wishes to insinuate that he is a welcome visitor. There has been *one scene*, I hope not to hear of a second—not that I think he is much improved by the rehearsal; and he may perhaps live to consider himself fortunate if his 'Much Ado about Nothing' concludes with 'All's Well that End's Well.'

"I am happy to hear that you are in favor with the speaker, for he is a man high in the estimation of the world, and whom I am sure you will always treat with marked respect, and, in return, be assured of receiving kindness.

"As your mother has resigned my bantling to C—— B——, I am satisfied she did not think it worthy of being healed; as Kemble said of Miss Owenson (Lady Morgan), 'Time was, Mr. Curran, when they strangled such reptiles in their birth.' If the poor baby dies a natural death, you may write its epitaph.

"Great events have happened here. Ferdinand is gone, and Francis reigns in his stead. The spies are sent to the right-about, and Abbé C—— is in the grumps. He has had a pitched battle with his dear Mary, and we are encouraging her to call him out.

"I have made an architectural plan of the Belvidere for certain purposes, and wished much that you had been here, as I might have put you *en train*. We are great friends with Sir Richard Church, and he has the charge of the plan—more of that hereafter. We have finished the billiard-table, and established a handsome library.

"The carpet, marble slabs, *escritoire*, &c., are taken from Lady B——'s large sitting-room, and the sofa has been covered, and arms added, and occupies the drawing-room. The billiard-room is the large room at the top of the marble stairs; two green doors have been moved from our rooms, and put up in the dining-room. The landau is repaired; the linings and hind seat taken off, and we have bought a carriage, saddle, and horses. We have found out the means of living better for less money, and as we are to remain, determined to be comfortable. The count is sitting for his picture to M. le Comte, who has succeeded *à merveille*. Lady B—— is to sit to him, and I also. All we want is books. We have got permission from Medici for them to land. Before Mr. Hamilton went away, I asked him to dinner, and thanked him for his kindness to you. Sir William Gell has the gout. We have seen Saint Angelo's collection. He is a nice little man, and has beautiful things. I dine to day with M. Antrobus, the *chargé d'affaires*. You will say, what a resolution! I have written a second tale in three volumes, and am employed in a political and historical work. We leave this, I believe, for Rome in the beginning of April, when the *chimney* is to be built; from that I go to England. Write me word what you are doing, and tell me about your father, mother, &c. Give my kindest remembrances to both. Lady B—— generally speaks for herself better than I can speak for her. Gibbon's 'Decline

and Fall' is the thing at present. Remember two things: this letter is for you and not for St. James's Square, and that I am most truly yours,

“BLESSINGTON.”

“Florence, June 21st, 1827.

“After a tedious expectation of your arrival at Pisa, we received a long letter, which deserves an answer, addressed Milan. It would give us great pleasure to see you before your pilgrimage, and we hope that it may happen. Whether you can catch us at Parma, or cross so as to meet at Turin, depends upon your own plans. If you have not seen Turin, you ought to see it, as an architect.

“I hope your father will have his usual success, and that your mother and her garden are as pretty as ever. Sir W. Gell talks of going to Egypt, thence to Syria. In Greece you will find Sir R. Church in high feather, and if you go to the Ionian Islands, our friend Sir Charles commands one of the most agreeable.

“Count D'Orsay is sitting for his bust to Bartolini, and I hear it is admirable. You must see it as you pass through. Mr. Hayter is also at full work at a new picture. A Mr. Salter has made an admirable copy of the Titian Madonna and Child. The plays have wound up with ‘The Honey-moon’ and ‘The Maid of the Inn.’ Our Charles played the young smuggler with good effect. You would have been a wonderful addition. BLESSINGTON.”

“Paris, Hotel de la Terrasse, July 14th, 1828.

“Oh! it is an age, my dear Landor, since I thought of having determined to write. My first idea was to defend ‘Vavasour,’\* but the book was lent to one friend or another, and always out of the way when the pen was in hand. My second inclination was to inquire after you and yours; but I knew that you were not fond of corresponding, so that sensation passed away. And now my third is to tell you that Lady B—— has taken an apartment in the late residence of Marshal Ney, and wishes much that some whim, caprice, or other impelling power should transport you across the Alps, and give her the pleasure of again seeing you. Here we have been nearly five weeks, and, unlike to Italy and its suns, we have no remembrance of the former but in the rolling of the thunder; and when we see the latter, we espy at the same time the threatening clouds in the horizon. To balance or assist such pleasure, we have an apartment *bien décoré* with *jardin des Tuileries en face*, and our apartment being at the corner, we have the double advantage of all the *row*, from morn till night: diligences and fiacres—coachmen cracking their whips—stallions neighing—carts with empty wine-barrels—all sorts of discordant music, and all kinds of cries, songs, and the jingling of bells. But we hope this is our last day of purgatory; for, though the skies are loaded with more

\* A novel, by Lord Blessington, entitled “Vavasour,” in 3 vols. 8vo, Colburn, 1828; not very successful.—R. R. M.

water than one could expect after so much pouring, yet, midst thunder, lightning, and rain, we are to strike our tents and march.

“So much for us and Paris. What think you of public affairs? The Miguelites and Pedroites seem to talk bigly of war, but, ‘by my honor,’ they seem very chary of their flesh. *Pauvres Diables* of Portugal, they seem upon the eve of falling into a worse state than their Spanish neighbors, who have more room to run away from their oppressors.

“Turning from the Peninsula to the island of Erin, we see the Roman Catholics, under the orders of their priesthood, defeating one of the most honest and honorable members of the Irish representation.

“It is not permitted to our Church to interfere at an election. Why should the members of another, which from its situation ought to be moderate, I should say humble, be allowed to preach the damnation of souls for the exercise of intellect? and what intellect could be so muddy as to see public or private service better performed by a lawyer, who, if he can take his seat, will not be listened to; or by a civilian, who has served the public, and Ireland in particular, for so many years, honestly and zealously? But a truce to Irish politics.

“Of French affairs it is needless to speak. The Chamber of Deputies seem to agree upon the necessity of economy; and there appears a probability of an advance in the system of liberality.

“In Greece, affairs seem asleep. Ibrahim is looking hunger in the face. What the rest are doing, no one seems to know. On the frontiers of Turkey, the trowser gentlemen seem to fight well behind their walls; but if the army follow the fashion of their sultan, and ride with long stirrups and English saddles, adieu to the effect of the cavalry. The Turk will no longer be a part of his horse, and his coup de sabre will be parried as easily as the thrust of a small-sword; but now my paper says halt—and so do you—and so do I: so all three are agreed.

“Adieu, and believe me ever truly yours,

B.

“P.S.—We are now fixed in 74 Rue de Bourbon. I leave Paris for England to-morrow.”

Letter from Lord Blessington to W. S. Landor, Esq. :

“Saturday.”

“MY DEAR MR. LANDOR,—As I am one of those unfortunates who never miss an opportunity of catching a cold *en passant*, I have been suffering these last two days, and do not think that I shall be early enough in the field to take the Palazzo Pitti before my departure. You will be surprised to hear that Benjamin Constant and two of his party have been at a card-party of his most Christian majesty, so that I think his most Catholic majesty will be left in the lurch, and that the Cross will triumph over the Crescent.

“But every thing political now gives way to the new administrations of England and France. Lord Lansdowne, they say, will be foreign secretary, and Lord Holland privy seal. The Bar is not pleased by the appointment of

Plunkett to the Rolls, with a peerage ; but he will be a fine make-weight against Eldon in the next debate upon one Irish question.

“They talk of Lord Mountcharles coming here. I think he will be vice chamberlain. Sir J. Leach will not go to Ireland : he is wrong, for he would do well there, and get excellent claret, as well as agreeable society, both of which *agremens, on dit*, his honor has no objection unto.

“On Tuesday, the 15th, L—— N—— plays the ‘Iron Chest.’ I do not know yet whether I shall come over for it or not—I love plays so much, that I think I shall.

“Believe me very sincerely yours,

BLESSINGTON.”

Letters from Lord Rosslyn to Lord Blessington :

[No date, but must have been written in 1829, immediately previous to the introduction of the Catholic Emancipation Act.]

“MY DEAR LORD BLESSINGTON,—Knowing the deep interest you have always taken in the peace and prosperity of Ireland, and the anxious zeal with which you have upon every occasion exerted yourself in favor of the repeal of the civil disabilities upon the Catholics, I take the earliest opportunity of apprising you of the present situation of that question.

“It has become of the utmost consequence to obtain the best attendance of the friends of civil and religious liberty, in order to give all possible support to the measure proposed by the Duke of Wellington.

“I am persuaded that you will feel with me that the present is a crisis that calls for every possible exertion and sacrifice from those who have as strong feelings and as deep a stake in the peace and prosperity of Ireland as you have ; and you can not fail to be aware that the object of the Orange and Brunswick Clubs in both countries is to defeat the salutary measures proposed by the Duke of Wellington, and, consequently, to endanger the security of all property in Ireland, and the peace of the empire.

“If you see this subject in the same light that I do, you will not hesitate to come over to take your seat ; and I should venture to suggest to your lordship, if that should be your determination, that you should come before the second reading of the bill, and remain till after the committee ; and if you will do me the honor to signify your commands to me, I will take care to give you timely notice of the day on which it may be necessary for you to be in the House of Lords for the purpose of taking the oaths, and will take the charge of seeing that your writ is ready.

ROSSLYN.”

“St. James’s Square, 23d September, 1829.

“I write to thank you for your letter, and to express the satisfaction I feel in your promise of support to this important and interesting question ; and I have no doubt that the public expression of your sentiments will do credit to your talents, and be of advantage to the great cause to which you have so long devoted your attention—the peace and prosperity of Ireland.

“I trust you will not leave Paris later than the 12th, for it is desirable that you should be in London by the 17th, to take your seat. Yours faithfully,  
“ROSSLYN.”

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No. XV.

LETTERS OF SIR WILLIAM GELL TO DR. FREDERICK ROSTER QUIN.

“Rome, January 1st, 1823.

“CARMO MIO CUGINO E DOTTORE,—I arrived here, notwithstanding my malady, and all the prophecies that I should not set out, somewhat better in health than when you saw me, though I was carried in and out of the carriage, and have not till lately been out without my arms round the necks of two servants. However, I now stumble over my garden with two canes as supporters, for without them, and particularly without high heels, I walk in the shape of the figure 7, in spite of the German doctor and his remedies.

“*Mawbles*\* is in great glory, and is going to give two *smole bolls* to open the *Cawnival*. I believe she is very useful to society in all points of view.

“When you see Lady Mary Deerhurst, tell her I hope she is coming soon, and that there are a great many families here, besides her aunt, Lady Caroline, and that the world is very gay indeed. Lady W—— I saw on the stairs yesterday, and she was dressed in a shroud of white satin, with a great deal of blonde lace, having bled herself with leeches till her face was all of the same color. We have at present a sort of melting snow here, but not so melting but that all my walks are white, all my lemons frozen to death, and all my geraniums retired into the next world. I fear much my lemon-trees will follow the fruit, and I have positively got out my skates this morning, that if the ice bears, as it will if it freezes again in the Villa Borghese, I may lend them to somebody who will show the Romans what skating is. Pray give my love to Miss Douglass, and Sir William and Lady Drummond.

“Most truly yours, my dear doctor,

W. GELL.”

From Sir W. Gell :

“Rome, March 19th, 1823.

“MY DEAR DOCTOR QUINIBUS,—My cruel stars, and the tyranny of the two Miss Berrys, who will not be at all grateful for my exertions, force me to return to Naples in the beginning of April, sore against my will, as April and May are the only months when it is worth while to assist at Rome. I made them a promise so long ago to accompany them to Naples, that I was in hopes, indeed almost certain, that they would either have forgotten it, or hired a more active cavaliere servante to assist them in their projects; but it seems I am detected, and that I have very little hope left of being able to divert them from their undertaking. Have, therefore, your mind’s eye upon the houses of your neighbors.

\* Gell thus designated an English duchess, on account of her peculiar pronunciation of the word marbles, and the letter R in general, to which she gave the sound of W.—R. R. M



“My medicine is come to an end, and that brute of a Doctor Necker will not send any more, so that I am at present reduced to his *Ledum Palustre*; and, I suppose, in consequence, have the gout in both of my elbows, a knife in my knees, and a nail in my instep, besides a cold back, and a sort of general weakness, if I become at all cold from the external air. Nevertheless, I am not prevented yet from going about; and when you hear that I climbed on my own crazy legs to the top of St. Peter’s, to take some angles with a sextant, and besides that, I have been out in a storm, between rain and snow, with an icy wind, in a gig, for five hours together, you will be inclined to think I deserve what may follow.

“Our weather still continues to be bad, and the peaches are only now just coming into blossom, whereas on the 24th of March I have seen the oak-trees even on the Hill of Albano in leaf. Even the grass shows no symptom of growing yet, and the country looks as wintry as ever.

“*Mawbles* is well, though dried to a stick by a cold, so as to have been in great danger of calling upon you to set her up again. Dr. C—— seems to be going on with great success, though he has lost a patient or two of consequence, and I observe on his green chaise a bend in the arms, crossing the wrong way, which ought to be a sign of illegitimacy. But I rather think *Esculapius* himself was in that predicament.

“This place seems filling for the Holy Week, when the dullities become an object to the sheep who follow others to the waters of Babylon.

“I hope the Rocca conducts himself, with his ugly face, according to your wishes, and that the old cat sometimes pays you a visit, and jumps on your breakfast table.

“I hope you have all the success you deserve with your patients, and, as you are not too old to learn, I send you a recipe of your friend, Dr. Pomposity, to Lord Newburgh: ‘Eat a little at breakfast, and a little at luncheon, and, in short, do every thing you can to spoil your dinner.’

“Under these awful sentiments I take leave, being most truly, my dear doctor, your sincerely affectionate

WILLIAM GELL.”

From the same :

“28th March, 1823.

“MY DEAR DOCTOR QUINIE,—I fear neither your prayers nor my sins will keep me from Naples. I shall have to set out the first Sunday in April, and shall lose all the beauty of the spring in April and May at Naples, where there is none, as summer and winter, dust and rain, join on without spring in your country. Nobody regrets it more than I do, not even yourself; but so cruel Fate wills, and you go out and I come in with mutual disgust. Should you decamp much before my arrival, which we will call on the 9th, pray recommend to the fatherly protection of the beauteous Rocca the conservation of my goods and chattels! I conclude, having been your chamberlain, he will soon rebel, and not last above a week after my return. The people here do

nothing but take *Misereres*, not *Mindererus*, in large doses; they dine at the cawdinal's, and thence to the church, to be illuminated by about two hundred tin lamps in the shape of a cross; there they walk about and chatter till they are turned out, and then go to parties at night.

"Mawbles is in all her glory, and heads the *Misereres*, the fire-works, and the illuminations; but the best authorities state the very diminished effects of her *chawms* in the cawdinal's *hawt*. The Princess G—— is arrived, and as Miss D—— says she has bought up all the tea on a speculation, let us hope she will be able to dispose of a bargain to her. The Duchesse of Chablais has found in her excavations two Bacchuses, two Nymphs, and an anomalous small deity, about three feet long, sitting up like a dog, with little wings. It strikes me as rather outre for a lady's collection, but I dare say 'tis the fashion. The Bacchus is so fine that the people dispute as to its being a first-rate work or not, but I dare say it will fall in price quickly. I find I have nothing to add but that I am most truly yours, my dear Doctor Q——,

"WILLIAM GELL."

From the same :

"Naples, Tuesday, July, 1823.

"DEAREST OF DOCTORS,—Your kind note I received yesterday, and, being free from pain, I thought myself already arrived at Castelamare, and of the difficulty I should have in getting a stable. But, though the spirit is willing, the body is so confoundedly crazy that I find nothing is to be done with it, and I am now fretting myself almost ill again, having promised to dine with the Douglasses to-day, without a foot to stand upon, and how I am to do it the Lord only knows. I am very much flattered by the kind remembrance of Prince and Princess Razamousky, which pray tell them, and how hard I take it of Fate to have made me ill prior to the time of their play.

"You know, I suppose, that the ancient and respectable tumble-down Basilica of San Paolo *fuori della mura* is burned down at Rome, for which I should grieve but little, if, with the timbers of the roof, they had not contrived to calcine all, or nearly all, the beautiful columns, which, if decently arranged, would have been quite invaluable. Pray let us know how the Esculapian tour with Lord Byron goes on in Greece, and what the Duchess of Devonshire says about your going. So no more at present from yours to command,

"WILLIAM GELL."

The mention in the preceding letter of an Esculapian tour in Greece is in relation to an application made by some friends of Lord Byron to Dr. Quin, to accompany his lordship to Greece in the capacity of his traveling physician. The subject is referred to in a letter of the Duchess of Devonshire to Dr. Quin, in a letter from Rome, dated July 17th, 1823 :

"You must feel, I am sure, it is quite impossible that I could give you the advice you ask for. It is one of those cases in which the opinion of men of worldly experience is of much more value, and it appears evidently that Sir

W. Drummond and Sir W. Gell are against your accepting what appears an uncertain and hazardous engagement.

"The cardinal\* is wonderfully recovered, and the Pope is going on as well as possible. It is quite miraculous; but yesterday there was a cruel event for Rome. San Paolo took fire, and exists no longer; it is impossible to give any idea of the destruction and devastation. I went with the Duc de la Val yesterday, and the cardinal, whom we met there, conducted us to all the parts where, amid burning beams and falling pillars, it was still possible to go. The roof, in falling, broke down the columns, and, on the opposite side, the violence of the fire calcined those beautiful fluted columns which had stood for fifteen centuries—all, all destroyed in five hours."

In another letter, dated July 22d, 1823, the duchess refers to the same subject:

"I shall be anxious to hear what your decision has been about Lord Byron's offer, and what Sir W. Drummond and Sir W. Gell advised you. I came from Rome the day before the Pope died. The change was sudden, for we had great hopes of preserving him, and I believe he might have been so, had the proper medicines been given in time. The excellent cardinal is in a state of great affliction for the loss of his tried friend. Living twenty-two years in the service of his sovereign, he never left him hardly, and sat up the last three nights at the bedside till quite exhausted—he nearly fainted. I am delighted that Lord Byron is going to Greece; his noble and inspiring genius, when it may be wanted, will reanimate the exertions of the Greeks. Heroic efforts they have already made, and they will, I hope, be rewarded by freedom and independence.

"The acrimonies here are fierce and awful. The conclave begins, I believe, this day week; it is to be held at the Quirinal. They will, I hope, suffer less from the confinement there than elsewhere. Adieu, my dear sir, yours very sincerely,  
E. D."

On the same subject, Sir William Drummond wrote to Dr. Quin, at Naples, July 18th, 1823:

"I am very inadequate to give you any advice on the proposal which has been made to you. The salary which you require, in consequence of giving up your practice here, does not appear to me too much. You must expect to meet with some difficulties, and to endure some privations, if you go to Greece. Still, there is something very attractive in such a voyage, and something even more attractive in making it with a man of such extraordinary talents and genius as Lord Byron. But I really do not feel that I ought to offer any opinion on the subject. You have other friends here, who are better able to advise you. Have you consulted the Duchess of Devonshire, and what does her grace advise? Believe me, ever yours,  
W. DRUMMOND."

\* The Cardinal Gonzalvi.—R. R. M.

From Sir W. Gell :

“ Rome, June 6th, 1824.

“ GREAT QUINSBURG,—I still continue uncertain whether I shall have the good fortune to meet you at Lady Mary Deerhurst’s at dinner. If not, a good voyage to you, and many pleasant hours. Look in drawer A. (a sketch of a table, with drawers numbered, is given), and try to find a book of pedigrees, which is green leather on the outside, and red velvet within, and has arms and genealogies in it. This please to send me by a safe hand, that I may see what I can do for my relation’s imaginary peerage of D——. Excuse the infernal trouble I give you. I can not help it. Believe me ever your affectionate aunt,

W. GELL.”

From the same :

“ Rome [no date].

“ The great Dr. Quin is requested to give the inclosed letter to the illustrious Watson, who will perhaps do me the favor to set down in French or Italian for Dr. Necker my brother’s numerous answers to questions already sent.

“ The Quinibus flestrin is moreover requested to deliver these books to Mr. Craven, with permission to take out of my library for his use a small book in blue paper boards of heraldry for Craven’s use, which will answer all the questions said Craven put to me. Thirdly and lastly, the great doctoribus will arrange, according to his skill and exquisite taste, certain terra cottas of Pæstum in the library.

WILLIAM GELL.”

From the same :

“ Rome, June 15th, 1820.

“ GRANDISSIMO QUINIESTRO,—Don’t you want a remarkably nice, active, clean, young, and attentive servant, who can drive and take care of horses well, and lived as postillion with the Duchess of Chablais? He has served several people here this year, and has from all the very best recommendations possible. He can cook for one or two, on occasion, and would be really a very good servant for you, being just out of place. Besides all these things, he is a very respectable youth in appearance, and is very honest, so that you, being a careless man about your money, might make him your secretary, without fear of his becoming Rocca over you. You had better provide yourself an abode on the 1st of July, when I propose (the thieves willing) to return about eight in the morning to you and my dusty house at Naples, and languish out the summer, as Egypt is, I fear, and you may fear also, gone upside down for the present, if the Pasha is deposed. Believe me, most affectionately yours,

WILLIAM GELL.

“ We took possession on Sunday, and I wish you had seen the monsignors with purple gowns on horseback fall off.”

From the same :

“Rouen, May 10th, 1824.

“MY DEAR DOCTORIBUS,—I don't know whether your compliments on the flourishing state of my health were the signal for the devil to recommence his torments, for I was, after reading your epistle, seized with a slow, deliberate fit, which began by being nothing at all, and is now arrived in both knees, both feet, and an elbow, not to mention the fatal consequences produced by an ass-ride of seven hours in the sun, so that I can neither walk, stand, sit, nor lie down ; and it requires no small share of genius to know how to proceed under so many untoward circumstances. Nothing can exceed the beauty of our climate just now, as they have put off May this year till July ; but Craven, who writes from the banks of a little lake called Wallensee, near Munich, says there is a hard frost every evening, snow yet reaching down to the lake, even the elder not in flower, nor the apples yet in bloom ; and all this, he says, two days after he had been eating oranges and cherries, and roasting himself in Italy ! Oh, the delights of a German climate ! He says neither peas nor salad yet exist at Munich, and that, in consequence of the change of atmosphere, he has got every sort of cough, cold, and consumption possible, and longs for a box of your celebrated Leake's patent pills. I scrambled all over this country on jackasses, while I was well, in a very agreeable manner. We went in a party to somebody's overgrown feudal palace, which the people very kindly lent us, and Lady Mary Deerpurth became the hostess of the castle, while we passed our days in exploring the country.

“I have long ventured an opinion, that wherever there was an ancient town, some traces of its walls or buildings will be found, if any one would take the pains to search ; but I only spoke of Greece, whereas now I think the same may be said of Italy ; and I should not despair of finding out, in time, all the towns which Romulus and the Tarquins took. We have found in the Via Appia that, by turning three miles to the right at about eight miles from Rome, and making for the highest of the eminences toward the sea, there is an ancient city, the walls of which are quite perfect as far as two, three, four, or five courses all round. The stones are great square masses of tufa, and have all the appearance of an ancient Greek city ; it is about half a mile round, and in the form of a parallelogram, or nearly so. It is quite singular that the Roman antiquaries always stick to the modern carriage-road, as if they had all the gout like me.

“The gout being in my elbow, I can not write any better, so you must excuse me. Craven saw Lady W—— at Venice and Vicenza, but she was so entirely taken up with Mr. Battier's case, and the decease of Lord Byron before he had time to reform, that she had little time left for Egypt, so means to take England on her way there, having first gone to the military governor for a courier, which she is sure is the only way to avoid being cheated. In short, she is to winter at Catania, on her way to Egypt, if she is not exhausted before that time by the double cases of Mr. Battier and Lord Byron. What

fun she must have, and all unknown, as you say, to the inhabitants of Cheshire, in being able to agitate her nerves so much out of a newspaper. Speaking of which, I send you a Greek inscription, which some think sepulchral, and some a dedication. It is newly discovered, and you scholars may comment on it, and you and Sir William Drummond may make it out together. You will perceive that it is of a period when the Romans thought it right to affect Greek literature. The Greeks have begun to write to Dodwell and myself to assist them, as their *maladetta rivoluzione* has left them nothing to live on abroad, and the total want of any government at home hinders them from staying there. They are Athenians who write, and are fled to Genoa.

“WILLIAM GELL.”

Letter of introduction of Dr. Quin from Sir W. Gell to Lady Manvers :

“Naples, July 22d, 1824.

MY DEAR LADY MANVERS,—I send you in this letter Dr. Quin, the medical gentleman who came out with the poor Duchess of Devonshire, and who was with her at her death. He is going to England for a few months, and will give you all the news of Italy, and tell you that the new Torlonia house, at the Porto del Popolo, is finished, and that a pendant to it has started up on the other side, exactly similar. There will be no dancing this year, on account of the Anno Santo, so I don't know what your ladyship and I shall do to achieve our long engagement. Eating turkeys, however, is not yet forbidden, and, I dare say, we shall have all sorts of queer figures, and strange people of all countries, as pilgrims, to console us for the loss of our hops. I am very much improved in general health, and am delighted to hear that you are also much better. Your house at the Sentinella, at Ischia, is tenanted by the Duchess of Sagan, the great lady of Courland, who is cured of all her misfortunes, when she has any, by Dr. Quin's prescriptions.

“I think my expedition to Egypt is expiring, and shall hope to put in practice our plot for meeting at the Holy City. You will find Dr. Quin a very clever and agreeable person, and not one who sits still and says nothing, as a certain person did whom I once introduced to you.

“Truly and affectionately, my dear Lady Manvers, your slave and dog,

“WILLIAM GELL.”

From the same to Dr. Quin :

“Rome, 4th January, 1825.

“DOCTISSIME QUINIE,—The book about which you order me to write is in three volumes, and if Dr. Nott, Nell, or Noll be a friend of yours, you may lend it to him—only make him return it when he has finished his studies. I wish you would make Sir William Drummond send you back the volume of Cellarius, for fear he should forget it, which would ruin the whole work, and I have suffered so much from the lending of odd volumes, that I have a right to look sharp. I am quite delighted, as well as surprised, at the progress of

the illustrious Rocca\* in arts and humanities, which pray tell him from me. We have lost, somehow or other, a certain number of pages of bad writing-paper, on which was written a part of a novel, about a family of the name of Tregannock. The author being at Rome, it was laid out in my house at Naples to be brought to him, but somehow mislaid, and never arrived, and being now wanting, we are distressed for it; there may be about twenty sheets of letter-paper, sewed together very ill, and perhaps doubled lengthways down the middle. It begins with the words, 'Well said, Mr. Nathaniel Randall Tregannock,' and that is all we can recollect of it; and if you can find this most precious MS. about the house, pray send it by Mr. Frederick Dundas, or any other traveler.

"So Mawbles is at the very pinnacle of glory, dealing out protection, dispensation, and plenary indulgence in the bosom of her admiring family. I hope my geraniums are not all dead of the frost at Naples, as they are all defunct, without confessing their sins, at the pressing instance of a hoar frost.

"You have now balls and routs enough, as I hear, to keep the world alive, and to swell the lists of Galen and Co. One does not desire that either an earthquake or an eruption should take place, but if it must, one wishes to be witness of it; and so, if the people will persevere in being ill, I wish they would at least have the good sense to fall into your hands. Senna and sirup of buckthorn are your fellows, for they have all overeaten themselves, and are overgorged.

"Don't imagine I neglect my Dr. Necker, whose poisoned sugar I take every five days with great success and the most innocent results. I am uncommonly well withal, and go out every day to dinner, without finding myself worse. Moreover, my pains seem diminishing gradually, and I waddle about with tolerable success. Last night I went to the Opera of the Princess Volkonsky, 'the Camilla' of Paer, in which she performed admirably, and, though ill supported by the rest of the company, succeeded, on the whole, very well, being the first Opera I have ever seen at a private theatre. Don't tell any one that I am not coming back to Naples soon, but you need not begin to fear for yourself till April. Believe me most truly yours, great descendant of Queen Quintiniestra,

W. GELL."

From the same :

"Rome, Friday night.

"MY DEAR QUINIBUS,—I have written to the Drummonds some days ago, and sent them a silver medal of Lord Byron, therefore I have no right to dumpify. I have deluded my tyrant, the gout, for some time. If the Abbate Giustio calls, listen to all he has got to say about the library, which is to be sold, and let me know the result. Lord D—— says he would rather trust the negotiation to you than any body he knows, which is sensible of his lordship,

\* A servant Sir William Gell had recommended to Dr. Quin.

is it not? Write soon, and then I will tell Mawbles that you are a good boy.  
 God bless you, magnanimous Quin his Curtius, your sincere friend,

“WILLIAM GELL.”

BIBLIOTHECA QUINIENSIS.

“Though of all things, dear doctor, I know you know much,  
 I should never have dreamed you had studied Low Dutch,  
 Or supposed that the subjects your studies would choose  
 Was a large folio Jewish account of the Jews!  
 I know, my dear Quin, and we all of us know,  
 That Jewish accounts are on long folio:  
 And too well do I know for my dear money-bags,  
 That in Jewish accounts the interest ne'er flags.  
 But those great, thick, fat tomes about Aaron and Moses,  
 What connection on earth can they have with small doses?  
 Four close-printed volumes of folio pages,  
 Composed by the sagest of Israel's sages.  
 The story of those who sell second-hand togs,  
 Done into language of Dutchmen and frogs.  
 Oh, tell me, dear doctor! oh, tell me, are such  
 The books you most fancy in English or Dutch?  
 There must be some reason—I'm certain there is,  
 Why books such as these show their ugly phiz.  
 And, after reflection, I think I have hit on  
 The reason you bought them to carry to Britain.  
 It is this: as you say that all maladies must  
 Yield to infinitesimal doses of dust,  
 It may be that those volumes the patient espies,  
 Are only put there to throw dust in his eyes.

W. G.”

From the same:

“Rome, April 8th.

“My dear Dr. Quin, I have now to ask,  
 If you won't think I'm going to put you to task,  
 To take in my servant, and give him his room—  
 His name is Luigi, my coachman and groom—  
 Who is going to Naples for carriage and horses,  
 And to spend a large sum of money, which worse is.  
 So, if you'll be so good to order your man  
 To get his room ready as fast as he can—  
 Above or below, 'tis to me all the same,  
 And then send him back just as fast as he came,  
 You'll oblige me, and serve me, and much I shall thank you,  
 And among my particular friends I shall rank you.



As to balls and to dinners, and fêtes and such bawbles,  
 The city's most truly indebted to Mawbles,  
 Who, being a person of great notoriety,  
 Contrives to be useful to all the society,  
 Inviting the people to parties and routs,  
 Promiscuously treating the ins and the outs.  
 In short, I may say we are going on well,  
 And that I am most truly your friend,

“WILLIAM GELL.”

TO THE GREAT DOCTORIBUS.

“Apollo had two famous sons,  
 Phaeton and Æsculapius ;  
 The first dared drive his horses once,  
 The other drove the vapors.

Now Æsculapius is grown gay,  
 He too must manage horses,  
 Sport chariot and cabriolet,  
 And be a friend of D'Orsay's.

Apollo's learned son, beware,  
 Why dash at such a rate on ?  
 Be wise for once, and have a care,  
 Lest you should fall like Phaeton.

HYGEIA.

“Apothecaries' Hall, St. Valentine's day.”

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No. XVI.

LINES TO LADY BLESSINGTON, BY W. S. LANDOR.

In vol. i., page 251.

“What language, let me think, is meet  
 For you, well called the Marguerite.  
 The Tuscan has too weak a tone,  
 Too rough and rigid is our own ;  
 The Latin—no, it will not do,  
 The Attic is alone for you.

W. S. L.”

A Latin version by Mr. Landor of the above lines followed the latter, which escaped notice in time for insertion in its proper place, and is therefore placed in this Appendix.

“Quoniam carmine te alloquar decenter  
 Vero nomine dicta Margarita !  
 Sermo est durior Anglicanus : atque  
 Tuscus displicet : est enim vigoris

Expers : aptior est quidem Latinus  
 Atque non satis est mihi sibi que  
 Te sermo Atticus unice decet.

W. S. L.”

The charms, mental and personal, of Lady Blessington, were fully appreciated by another literary celebrity, as we learn from the following lines, terminating some others, descriptive of the frivolous amusements of belles wholly devoted to the varying *mode*, and each recurring change in the empire of fashion.

“ But thy bright mind eclipsing e’en thy face,  
 The Muse with justice claims thee from the Grace.  
 Thought gives the gems which Love in beauty set,  
 And every fairy at thy cradle met.  
 From the dull world around escaped a while,  
 I breathe the air which brightens in thy smile :  
 Ah ! half already of that gift possess’d,  
 Which, conquering space, is destined to the bless’d.  
 How little thought this jailer flesh can bar,  
 Our souls how rarely where our bodies are.”

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No. XVII.

REV. THOMAS STEWART.

The Rev. Thomas Stewart, who was assassinated in Italy some five-and-twenty years ago, was a nephew of Sir William Drummond, and a brother of Sir William Drummond Stewart, of Grandtully, Perthshire. On conforming to the Roman Catholic religion, he was admitted into the Benedictine order in Sicily, and later, at Rome, was received into the order of St. John of Jerusalem.

His assassination took place on the shores of the Adriatic, between Senigalia and Ancona. Some lines of this gentleman, addressed to Lady Blessington, written while he was a layman, will be found in vol. i., page 260, of more than ordinary merit.

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No. XVIII.

STATUARY, VASES, AND BRONZES, THE PROPERTY OF GENERAL COUNT D'ORSAY, THE FATHER OF COUNT ALFRED, CONFISCATED IN 1793, AND APPROPRIATED BY THE STATE, CLAIMED BY THE COUNT IN JULY, 1844.

CONSULTATION POUR M. LE COMTE D'ORSAY CONTRE LA LISTE CIVILE.

“ M. Pierre Gaspard Marie Grimod, Comte D'Orsay, d'Autrey et Nogentle-Rotrou, Baron de Rupt, seigneur de la principauté souveraine de Delaine et autres lieux en Franche Comté, Seigneur D'Orsay Courtabœuf, la Plesse, les Villefeux, etc., etc., et qui comptait au nombre de ses aïeux maternels le Duc de Sully, ministre et ami de Henri IV., ne put échapper au mesures ré-

volutionnaires qui en 1793 menaçaient la noblesse Française. Atteint par les lois rendues contre les émigrés, ses biens furent confisqués par l'état et mis sous le séquestre.

“ Lors de son émigration, M. le Comte D'Orsay était propriétaire, entre autres biens, de l'Hôtel D'Orsay situé à Paris, Rue de Varennes, Faubourg St. Germain, et de la terre seigneuriale D'Orsay près de Palaiseau, arrondissement de Versailles, et dont dépendait un château considérable, et aussi célèbre par le luxe de sa construction que par les souvenirs historiques qui s'y rattachaient.

“ L'Hôtel et le Château D'Orsay, les jardins et le parc qui en faisaient partie, contenaient une grande quantité de statues, de groupes, de bustes et de vases, en marbre et en bronze, d'une immense valeur, que la famille du Comte D'Orsay y avait réunis à grands frais, et que ce dernier avait augmentés encore par les nombreuses acquisitions qu'il avait faites en Italie en 1780, avec le goût qui a toujours été l'apanage de cette illustre maison.

“ Maître de cette collection précieuse et unique, le gouvernement Français se garda bien de la vendre. Il la conserva avec le plus grand soin, et bientôt après en enrichit ses musées, ses palais, et leurs jardins. Plusieurs des statues, groupes, bustes, vases qui se trouvent aujourd'hui dans les palais et les jardins des Tuileries, du Luxembourg, et de St. Cloud, qui en font l'ornement, et qui sont l'admiration des artistes et des étrangers, ont appartenu à la riche collection de M. le Comte D'Orsay. . . .

“ Nous pensons donc, qu'en fait comme en droit, M. le Comte Alfred D'Orsay, par représentation de M. le Lieutenant Général Comte Albert D'Orsay, son père, est fondé dans sa réclamation contre la liste civile ou le domaine de l'état, qui est en ce moment en possession des objets d'art confisqués pendant la Révolution sur M. Pierre Marie Gaspard Comte D'Orsay, son aieul.

“ Délibéré à Paris, le 7 Juillet, 1844.

“ CHARLES LEDRU, Avocat à la Cour Royale de Paris.”

“ Catalogue des Statues, Groupes, Bustes, Vases, Fûts de Colonnes, Gâines en Bronze et en Marbre, Appartenants à Monsieur le Comte D'Orsay :

“ D'après le Catalogue imprimé qu'en avait fait M. le Comte D'Orsay père, avant la Révolution en 1791 ; et l'indication des lieux, &c., où ces différents objets se trouvent placés.

“ Ces divers objets d'art furent saisis dans l'hôtel du Comte D'Orsay pendant la Révolution Française, et placés dans les Palais Nationaux.”

#### BRONZES.

Apollon du Belvédère, fondue à Rome par Villadier ; à la Malmaison.—Antinoüs, fondue à Rome par le même ; Jardin des Tuileries.—Une Amazone ; à la Malmaison.—Mars en Repos, fondue à Rome par Villadier ; aux Invalides.—Deux Bustes, l'un de femme ; à la Bibliothèque Mazarine : l'autre en recherche.—Louis XV., donné à la section par un homme d'affaires de mon père. — Deux Vases, restés dans l'Hôtel. — Deux Girandoles ; restées dans

l'Hotel. — Deux Girandoles, idem. — Neptune au Milieu d'un Rocher ; resté dans le jardin de l'Hôtel. — Un Casque ; en recherche. — Un Mascaron D'Eole, qui soutenait le Mercure, en bronze, qui a été volé dans le jardin de mon père ; au Muséum.

FIGURES ET GROUPES, EN MARBRES BLANCS ET DE COULEUR.

Lucius Verus, statue colossale antique ; au Muséum, salle des fleuves. — Auguste Empereur, grande statue moderne ; Vestibule du Luxembourg. — Minerve, petite statue de 4 pieds en albâtre Oriental antique ; en recherche. — L'Amour et Psyché, groupe moderne, fait à Rome par Belaitre, et son piédestal ; Galerie des tableaux du Luxembourg. — Atalante et Hippomène, groupe en marbre ; Jardin de St. Cloud. — Apollon et Marcias, groupe moderne en piédestal ; Magasins du Luxembourg. — Castor et Pollux, groupe moderne ; Jardin des Tuileries. — Bacchus et un Faune, groupe moderne ; Jardin des Tuileries. — Pété et Arethuse, groupe moderne. — Phèdre et Hippolite, groupe. — Néron, grande statue antique ; au Muséum. — Un Centaure sur son piédestal ; Jardin de St. Cloud. — Deux Petites Figures Antiques, l'une au Musée, l'autre dans les Magasins du Musée. — L'Amitié, statue (sous le No. 107) ; Galerie des Tableaux du Luxembourg. — Antinoüs, petite statue antique ; au Muséum. — Apollon (petite statue) tenant sa lyre, antique ; Magasin du Musée. — Vénus Anadiomède, antique ; Jardin du Luxembourg. — Bacchus, statue antique ; en recherche. — Cérès, statue moderne ; Jardin du Luxembourg. — Achille, statue antique ; au Musée. — Cérès (ou livie), statue antique ; Jardin du Luxembourg. — Coriolan, statue moderne ; idem. — Antinoüs, statue moderne. — Cérès, statue moderne. — Cérès, statue moyenne antique ; au Musée. — Venus Victrix, statue moyenne antique ; idem. — Apollon, petite statue antique ; idem. — Vénus de Médicis, copie. — Appoline. — Vénus Callipige. — Le Gladiateur Blessé ; Jardin de St. Cloud. — Hercule Farnèse, petite statue. — Deux Prêtresses. — Deux Figures Modernes, une Bacchante et un Faune ; Appartemens des Tuileries. — Deux Autres Figures Modernes, Bacchus et Flore ; en recherche. — Medaillon D'Antinoüs ; resté dans l'Hôtel. — Deux Lions, modernes ; à l'entrée des Tuileries dans le Jardin. — Deux Sphinx, vendus.

84 Bustes de Marbre Blanc sur leurs Gaines, Groupes et Figures au Magasin de Louvre—Magasin de Musée aux Tuileries—restées dans l'Hôtel.

VASES, COLONNES, GAINES, PIEDESTAUX EN MARBRE.

37 Vases, Magasin de Luxembourg—au Musée aux Tuileries—restées dans l'Hôtel.

“ Un Grand Vase, forme de Medicis, avec un bas-relief, représentant le sacrifice du Minotaure, sur un fût de colonne Torse, le tout antique en marbre de Paros ou Pantélique ; au Musée, vestibule au bas de l'escalier. ”

“ Il se trouve aussi dans le Musée trent-six fûts de colonnes cannelées en marbre blanc veiné qui peuvent valoir 200f. pièce. ”

“Quarante-deux gaines plaquées en marbre de différentes couleurs qui peuvent valoir 150f. pièce.

“Il se trouve à Versailles une statue en marbre blanc dans l’atelier du marbrier venant du château, et destinée à être placée au tombeau de Madame la Comtesse D’Orsay, la mère.

“Portraits de famille à Versailles, entr’autres celui de Madame la Comtesse D’Orsay, sa mère.

“Plusieurs tableaux provenants du Château D’Orsay, à Versailles.”

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No. XIX.

COUNT D’ORSAY’S GORE HOUSE PICTURE.

A garden view of Gore House, the residence of the late Countess of Blessington, with Portraits of the Duke of Wellington, Lady Blessington, the Earl of Chesterfield, Sir Edwin Landseer, Count D’Orsay, the Marquis of Douro (now Duke of Wellington), Lord Brougham, the Misses Power, &c., &c.

In the foreground, to the right, are the Duke of Wellington and the Countess of Blessington; in the centre, Sir Edwin Landseer seated, who is in the act of sketching a very fine cow, which is standing in front, with a calf by its side, while Count D’Orsay, with two favorite dogs, is seen on the right of the group, and the Earl of Chesterfield on the left; nearer the house, the two Misses Power (nieces of Lady Blessington) are reading a letter, a gentleman walking behind. Further to the left appear Lord Brougham, the Marquis of Douro, &c., seated under a tree in conversation. On canvas, 3 feet 8 inches by 3 feet 2 inches, in a noble gilt frame.

This interesting and valuable picture, perhaps the best production of Count D’Orsay’s, was sold at the Gore House sale in 1849, and is now in the possession of Mr. Thomas Walesby, No. 5 Waterloo Place, London.

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No. XX.

LORD BYRON’S YACHT “THE BOLIVAR” (SUBSEQUENTLY LORD BLESSINGTON’S PROPERTY). FROM MR. ARMSTRONG, AUTHOR OF “THE YOUNG COMMANDER,” “THE TWO MIDSHIPMEN.”

Mr. Armstrong, the author of several nautical novels, gives the following account, in a letter dated August 1st, 1854, of his first meeting with Lord Byron in Italy, and some particulars.

“It was in the year 1822 or 1823 I was residing at Nice, scarcely then twenty years of age, when I received a letter from Lord Byron. He said he heard I had a schooner yacht to dispose of, and wished to know the tonnage and price. I had not made up my mind to sell the yacht, but I thought this too good an opportunity to be thrown away, as his lordship was said to be going to aid the Greeks, and my yacht would get a name, as she was remarkably fast.

“I answered his lordship at once, stating tonnage and price. Shortly after

I received his lordship's reply. This letter I gave, some years ago, to the late Mr. Murray, the publisher.

"In it, I think his lordship stated that a friend of his, a captain in the Sardinian service, said he could build a new one in the arsenal of Genoa for a less sum—£800, or something to that purpose. I answered this, and shortly after received another letter, requesting to know if I would take less for the schooner; and among other things, his lordship asked me what society there was in Nice, as he had an idea of taking up his residence there.

"I wrote, in reply, that I offered my yacht for £300 less than she cost me. I built her at Savona, a rather pretty place, some thirty miles from Genoa. As to the society of Nice, it could not be better any where; highly aristocratic, as many of the English nobility were there, and also the ex-King of Sardinia, and last, though not least, Lady Blessington had a house there.

"Her ladyship was much liked, and behaved very liberally to one or two artists who were there at the time—one a first-rate portrait painter, but very poor; so much so, that he could not make his appearance any where. She relieved him from his difficulties, and enabled him to proceed to Rome with a well-filled purse. This was not the only charitable act her ladyship performed. But I am wandering away from my subject.

"The last letter I received from his lordship stated that he had begun to build his schooner in the arsenal of Genoa, under the superintendence of Captain Wright, who then commanded a Sardinian vessel, and regretted giving me so much trouble, and also that he had abandoned his intention of residing in Nice. Some months after this I went to Genoa, and hearing that Lord Byron's yacht was nearly ready for sea, and was lying in the arsenal, I went with a friend to have a look at her. She was lying near the platform, and she surprised me, she was so much smaller than my own schooner. There were three planks alongside, and on these stood a gentleman very intently occupied with the putting on of a narrow gold moulding round the yacht.

"'Well,' said I, rather loud, to my friend, 'if that yacht sails with that heavy foremast shipped so far forward, it's curious; she is not half the size of mine, after all; but I should like to see her inside.'

"The gentleman on the plank turned round, looked me in the face, and said, 'Would you like to come aboard, sir?' 'Very much indeed,' I replied, 'thank you;' and, without thought or more words, I jumped down on the plank, by which thoughtless proceeding I very nearly sent the gentleman and myself into the arsenal, only saving myself by taking a good grip of him, and he of the shrouds, and then we both scrambled on deck, leaving the frightened painter holding on by the bulwarks.

"We then went into the cabin, which was most luxuriously fitted up, couches soft and tempting, marble baths, &c.; in fact, not an inch of space was lost. In the course of conversation, the gentleman said, opening a desk, and taking a letter, 'I think I have the pleasure of speaking to Mr. Armstrong.' Before this, I guessed the gentleman I was so near ducking was Lord Byron,

and I said, 'Then I have the honor of speaking to Lord Byron?' he bowed and said, 'Why did you not mention in this letter the length, beam, depth, &c., of your schooner, which you say is twice as large as this?'

"Well, I might have done so, certainly, my lord, but you merely said tonnage, and then saying you could build one for £800 put me out; this has cost you more.' 'Double,' said his lordship, 'and not yet finished.' This schooner turned out afterward a very dull sailer.

ARMSTRONG."

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No. XXI.

NOTICES OF LORDS HOLLAND, GREY, LANSDOWNE, ERSKINE AND MR. PERRY, IN THE HANDWRITING OF COUNT D'ORSAY: THE LATTER PROBABLY THE PRODUCTION OF LADY BLESSINGTON.

LORD HOLLAND.

C'est impossible de connaître Lord Holland sans éprouver pour lui un vif sentiment de bienveillance; il a tant de bonhomie que l'on oublie souvent les qualités supérieures qui le distinguent, et c'est difficile de se rappeler que l'homme si simple, si quêt, si naturel, et si bon, soit un des sénateurs les plus estimés de nos jours.

LORD GREY.

Si M. B. Constant eut mieux connu Lord Grey, il ne voudrait pas laisser ses droits à l'estime et à l'admiration de la postérité rester sur la limite bornée d'un orateur éloquent. Ci titre, qui est le plus beau pour beaucoup d'autres, est le moindre pour Lord Grey, qui est reconnu en outre pour ses principes nobles et inaltérables, dignes et éclaircis, et par une grandeur de caractère qui force le respect même de ses ennemis, et inspire l'admiration de ceux qui sont honorés de son amitié. Quand je parle de ses ennemis je devrais dire ceux de la liberté et de la justice pour laquelle il est le vrai champion, sans peur et sans reproche.

MR. PERRY.

Mr. Perry a bien mérité cet éloge. Je l'ai beaucoup connu. Sa vie privée était aussi aimable que son caractère public était digne et respectable. Il est mort dans l'année 1821, après une longue maladie, regretté par tous ses amis nombreux, et estimé par tous ceux au quels son nom était connu.

MARQUESS OF LANSDOWNE.

Le Marquis de Lansdowne a bien réalisé les espérances données par Lord Henry Petty. Honnête, sage, franc, libéral, modéré, et surtout toujours consistant, il offre un vrai modèle d'un homme d'état. Il est bien rare de trouver un homme qui unit autant de connaissances profondes et variées et de talents distingués avec un caractère aussi doux, si égal, et si digne.

## LORD ERSKINE.

Lord Erskine n'était pas moins remarquable pour son grand esprit et son savoir, qui ont si bien éclairci les lois, et si courageusement défendu la liberté de son pays, que pour sa bonté de cœur, et générosité de caractère. Donné de tous les talents les plus brillants, qui le rendait le charme dans chaque société, par sa conversation, qui laissait toujours dans l'esprit de ceux avec lesquels il parlait des images frappantes, lumineuses, et agréables, il est mort en 1824, suivi dans le tombeau par les regrets de tous ceux qui vénéraient le génie, qui respectent les talents, et qui admirent leur union avec les meilleures qualités du cœur.

## No. XXII.

## MADAME DU DEFFAND AND MADAME GEOFFRIN.

## MADAME DU DEFFAND.

Lord John Russell, in his "Life of Lord William Russell" (Pref., ix.), tells us, "What most contributes to render biography amusing is a certain singularity, and some degree of forwardness and presumption in the hero."

Campbell said to me, when he was preparing for the press his biography of Mrs. Siddons, "The uniform propriety of my heroine admits of no incidents which her biographer can avail himself of to create an interest and an excitement for the public."

Madame du Deffand can not be complained of in those respects by any of the numerous tribe of writers of *memoires pour servir*. There is a certain singularity, some degree of forwardness and presumption in the heroine, and certainly no lack of indecorum in her at any period of her career. It always seemed to me this singular woman's power and dominion in the exalted circle over which she presided was owing, in a very great degree, to the fear she inspired, and the belligerent qualities that were mixed up with her personal attractions.

"Many things," it is said, "are regarded with awe and deference, mainly, perhaps, on account of the occasional arrogance of dogmatism bred in solitary ruminations, and promulgated with an oracular tone and air." Many women, too, and ladies of brilliant salons in particular, may inspire sentiments of admiration—wonder—a sense of subjection to their powers, by an exercise of their talents that would be intolerably pretentious and presuming, overbearing and unbearable, only for the beauty, gracefulness, or *esprit* that accompanies it. We need not travel to France, or go back to the days of Louis XV. or XVI. for instances of this sort of dominion in society, and admiration, mingled with apprehension, excited by it.

The great enemy of Madame de Geoffrin, because her successful competitor in the Parisian salons of literature and philosophy *à la mode* about a century ago, Madame la Marquise du Deffand, in fashionable society a queen,



having dominion over men of the first order of intellect in her time, had been, for a short period *only*, a mistress of the regent; and throughout a long career, a woman of wit, of remarkable powers of conversation, wonderful vivacity, and extraordinary agremens, considering that for a considerable period of that prolonged career she had been stone blind. In her old age and blindness she went to operas, plays, balls, and public entertainments. When she was obliged to give these up, she had parties and conversaziones at her own house, gave suppers twice a week, had all new works read to her, and approached eternity making epigrams, songs, and jeux d'esprit, corresponding with Voltaire, and laughing at the superstitious mummeries of religious rites and ceremonies.

Madame du Deffand was born in 1697; she died in 1780, retaining to the last her vivacity, conversational power, love of literary society, and repugnance to religion and its ministers.

Madame du Deffand has been immortalized in memoir notoriety by the Baron Grimm and Horace Walpole. The hotel in Paris of the Marquise du Deffand, about the middle of the last century, was the head-quarters of the fashionable infidel philosophy, the political gallantry, and sprightly literature of the day. Her salons were the resort of wits, wags, savants, and literati. In 1754, this patroness of literature *à la mode*, renowned no less for her hospitality, her influence over men in power, her gallantry, and the grace and elegance of her manners and appearance, was totally deprived of sight. She continued, however, the rôle of a *bel esprit*, received intellectual celebrities of all nations at her salons as heretofore, and corresponded with distinguished people, with some in very impassioned language—Horace Walpole, especially, among the number—for a great many years subsequent to her blindness, from 1766 to 1780. In 1769 Walpole thus describes Madame du Deffand:

“She makes songs, sings them, remembers all that ever were made; and having lived from the most agreeable to the most reasoning age, has all that was amiable in the last, all that is sensible in this, without the vanity of the former, or the pedant impertinence of the latter. I have heard her dispute with all sorts of people on all sorts of subjects, and never knew her in the wrong. She humbles the learned, sets right their disciples, and finds conversation for every body. Affectionate as Madame de Sevigné, she has none of her prejudices, but a more universal taste; and with the most delicate frame, her spirits hurry her through a life of fatigue that would kill me if I was to continue here.”\*

“In a dispute, into which she easily falls, she is very warm, and yet scarce ever in the wrong; but judgment on every subject is as just as possible, in every point of conduct as wrong as possible; for she is all love and hatred; passionate for all her friends to enthusiasm; still anxious to be loved—I don't mean by lovers; and a vehement enemy, but open. As she can have no amusement but conversation, the least solitude and *ennui* are insupportable to her,

\* Memoirs of Horace Walpole, by Warburton, vol. ii., p. 316.

and put her into the power of several worthless people, who eat her suppers when they can eat nobody's of higher rank, wink to one another, and laugh at her; hate her because she has forty times more parts, and venture to hate her because she is not rich."\*

## MADAME GEOFFRIN.

An able writer in the "Quarterly Review" for May, 1811, describes the intellectual qualities of Madame Geoffrin in the following terms: "This lady seems to have united the lightness of the French character with the solidity of the English. She was easy and volatile, yet judicious and acute; sometimes profound, and sometimes superficial. She had a wit, playful, abundant, well toned; an admirable conception of the ridiculous, and great skill in exposing it; a turn for satire, which she indulged not always in the best-natured manner, yet with irresistible effect; powers of expression varied, appropriate, flowing from the source, and curious without research; a refined taste for letters, and a judgment both for men and books in a high degree enlightened and accurate. As her parts had been happily thrown together by nature, they were no less happy in the circumstances which attended their progress and development. They were refined, not by a course of solitary study, but by desultory reading, and chiefly by living intercourse with the brightest geniuses of her age. Thus trained, they acquired a pliability or movement which gave to all their exertions a bewitching air of freedom and negligence, and made even their faults seem only the exuberances or flowerings-off of a mind capable of higher excellencies, but unambitious to attain them. There was nothing to alarm or overpower. On whatever topic she touched, whether trivial or severe, it was alike *en badinant*; but in the midst of this sportiveness, her genius poured itself forth in a thousand delightful fancies, and scattered new graces and ornaments on every object within its sphere. In its wanderings from the trifles of the day to grave questions of morals or philosophy, it carelessly struck out, and as carelessly abandoned, the most profound truths; and while it aimed only to amuse, suddenly astonished and electrified by rapid traits of illumination, which opened the depths of physical subjects, and roused the researches of more systematic reasoners. To these qualifications were added an independence in forming opinions, and a boldness in avowing them, which wore at least the resemblance of honesty; a perfect knowledge of the world, and that facility of manners which, in the commerce of society, supplies the place of benevolence."

Horace Walpole thus speaks of Madame Geoffrin: "Madame Geoffrin, of whom you have heard much, is an extraordinary woman, with more common sense than I almost ever met with."

\* *Memoirs of Horace Walpole*, by Warburton, vol. ii., p. 278.

## No. XXIII.

EDWARD RUSHTON, OF LIVERPOOL.

The memory of this illustrious man of humble rank and fortune is indebted to a correspondent of Lady Blessington for a well-written notice of his merits, and some eulogistic lines not devoid of truth and poetry.

This communication is signed "Thomas Noble," and dated the 2d of December, 1844.

## RUSHTON'S MEMORY.

"The man to whom these lines are a sincere tribute, united, in a perfection of which there are few examples, those distinguishing characteristics of a reasoning, sensitive being, fortitude and affection. His mind and his heart were equally capacious; the former, endowed with activity and energy of thought, was comprehensive of every moral and political truth; the latter, excited by the purest benevolence, was ardent in domestic love; open, liberal, and independent in social intercourse; boundless in devotion to the freedom and welfare of mankind, his soul had an elasticity of temperament which not bodily infirmity, nor misfortune, nor even affliction could subdue.

"It was this, his elasticity of soul, that has imparted to his poetic composition an unabating vigor of expression. With indignation against the oppressions of mankind, the perverters of intellect, the subjugators of reason, the violators of humble affection, and plunderers of industry, he who, 'midst clouds of utter night,' well knew what mournful moments wait the blind, poured forth from his luminous and contemplative mind eloquent streams of reproof, of commiseration, of hope to the wretched, and of freedom to the enslaved.

"I knew him for little more than three years, but it required only to know him once to esteem him forever. The generous liberality of his opinions proved in an instant the extent as well as the strength of the principles on which they were founded.

"For my own part, I felt immediately convinced that he had taken his stand with Truth, and that he had the tenacity of mind ever to abide by her. I was not deceived: what he was one day, that he was continually; and had he lived, my esteem for him could not have increased.

"In his death, what an example of sincerity, energy, and independence have not I, and all who knew him, to deplore?  
THOMAS NOBLE."

"Is there a spot to thee, O Freedom, known,  
 That owns no altar and that dreads no throne—  
 Where servile men to tyrant man ne'er bend,  
 Nor mock the God they can not comprehend?"

Is there a spot uncursed by martial fame,  
 Where conquest never cast its meteor flame—

Where mighty heroes would be paltry things,  
And thrown, unnamed, aside with slaves and kings?

Is there a spot hypocrisy hath ne'er  
Profaned, nor made a mart of—one place where  
Religion seeks for ministers the true,  
The pure, the faithful, and the humble too?

Is there a spot where man's unclouded mind,  
Conscious of social bonds that bind his kind,  
Frames, firm in all his rights, the law that sways,  
Is independent still, and still obeys?

Oh! in that spot let Freedom's vot'ries place  
A column on an adamant base;  
'Gainst its firm shaft let Independence stand  
Our Rushton's lyre, eternal, in his hand.

Oft from its chord a dirge and daring sound  
Shall burst upon the wretched nations round,  
Till startled slaves th' arousing thunder hear,  
And all oppressors vile shall learn to fear."

Perhaps it may not be irrelevant to this subject to place before the readers of the preceding notice an account of a single act of the remarkable man who is the subject of it, very worthy of attention and admiration.

A very remarkable letter of Edward Rushton, of Liverpool, addressed to Washington, was published in 1797. The writer was then laboring under blindness. He was embarrassed, and nearly indigent in his circumstances—a liberal in politics, an admirer of Washington, and an enthusiastic advocate of the American Revolution.

Washington was then at the height of his glory—President of the United States, and Commander-in-chief of the American army.

Rushton, being a plain, honest, simple-minded sort of man, could not understand the anomaly of a liberator on a grand scale being a holder, a buyer, and a seller of slaves—a man interested in the robbery of the rights of other people. So Edward Rushton wrote to George Washington a letter in his plain, straightforward way of setting forth his views, and a nobler letter is not to be found in the English language. It is painful to learn that the illustrious American Republican had the littleness of mind to send back the bold but respectful letter of the poor blind Republican of England without deigning to write one word in reply to it. Yet Washington must have been aware of the character of his unsought-for correspondent—that he was a man who had suffered in some degree for his devotion to Republican principles—that he had

lost his sight in consequence of his humanity in attending to sick slaves during the prevalence of a pestilential malady on board a crowded slave-ship—that he was a consistent philanthropist, and a good hater of injustice of all kinds.

The following extracts from his letter are well deserving of reproduction at the expiration of half a century, and perhaps those who read them will be disposed to think less enthusiastically of the magnanimity of George Washington.

“It is not to the Commander-in-chief of the American forces, nor to the President of the United States, that I have aught to address: my business is with George Washington, of Mount Vernon, in Virginia; a man who, notwithstanding his hatred of oppression, and his ardent love of liberty, holds at this moment hundreds of his fellow-beings in a state of slavery. Yes, you who conquered under the banners of Freedom, you who are now the first magistrate of a free people, are, strange to relate, a slave-holder. That a Liverpool merchant should endeavor to enrich himself by such a business is not a matter of surprise; but that you, an enlightened man, strongly enamored of freedom—you who, if the British forces had succeeded in the Eastern States, would have retired with a few congenial spirits to the rude fastnesses of the Western wildernesses, there to have enjoyed that blessing without which a paradise would be worthless, and with which the most savage region is not without its charms—that you, I say, should continue to be a slave-holder, a proprietor of human flesh and blood, creates in many of your British friends both astonishment and regret. It has been said by some of your apologists that your feelings are inimical to slavery, and that you are induced to acquiesce in it at present merely from motives of policy. **THE ONLY TRUE POLICY IS JUSTICE; AND HE WHO REGARDS THE CONSEQUENCES OF AN ACT RATHER THAN THE JUSTICE OF IT, GIVES NO VERY EXALTED PROOF OF THE GREATNESS OF HIS CHARACTER.** . . . . . Of all the slave-holders under heaven, those of the United States appear to me most reprehensible; for man is never so truly odious as when he inflicts on others that which he himself abominates. The hypocritical courtesan who preaches chastity, yet lives by the violation of it, is not more truly disgusting than one of your slave-holding gentry bellowing in favor of democracy.”

Rushton died in 1814. He was a man of great virtue, a patriot on a large scale, a philanthropist in the true sense of the term, a practical Christian; his life was spent in advocating justice at home and abroad, and doing works of mercy and kindness to his fellow-men. I have dwelt so much on the consistency of the philanthropy of Rushton, because it is so rarely encountered of a perfectly unsectarian character. The lives of Clarkson, Buxton, Sturge, Rushton, and Romilly afford striking exceptions to this rule. There are, however, in the variable atmosphere of the mind, influences which seem to excite the pity of men for one class only of unfortunates, or at one period for a particular train of calamities or peculiar description of suffering; and at another time, and in the case of persons in misfortune of some particular community, which seem to stifle every emotion of sensibility. If we love justice and liberty

abroad, we can not be otherwise than faithful to their interests at home. If we hate the injustice that is offered to black men in Africa or the West Indies, it is also incumbent on us to reprobate all the oppressions that are done under the sun to white men in European countries. If the cruelty of slave-trading is the cause of enormous suffering which we deplore, and use all our efforts to put an end to, the wickedness of legislation which admits of dreadful wrong and suffering being inflicted in the shape of evictions, dispossessions, and destitution of thousands of our fellow-creatures at our own doors—which leaves a million and a half of the people of a Christian land in a state of beggary for six months in the year, and in permanent pauperism one million of its inhabitants—is an evil that is the occasion of tremendous calamities, which we are surely called on to devote a large portion of our philanthropy to remove and alleviate. But if, instead of doing this, we share in the guilt of sustaining and supporting a system which suffers such evils to exist, what is to be said of our philanthropy? Why, either that we are mistaken enthusiasts—like Granville Sharp and William Wilberforce, who united the advocacy of the abolition of slavery in Africa with that of the maintenance in Ireland of the sanguinary atrocities of the penal code—or sanctimonious hypocrites, who speculate in theoretical benevolence, and exercise practical inhumanity in all our political conduct with respect to millions of our fellow-subjects, guilty only of a creed not fashioned like their own. Oh! it is time to put away these unfounded pretensions to philanthropy. The basis for all true philanthropy must be large and deep, capable of sustaining tolerance in affairs of religion, in matters that affect political opinions, in all things that concern national distinctions, and differences of class and clime, capable of enabling charity to deal with all in a Christian spirit.

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No. XXIV.

A correspondent of Lady Blessington, one of England's foremost men, and of the master-spirits of his time, in a letter to her ladyship, thus estimates the labors of Monsieur Eugene Sue, the author of "The Wandering Jew:"

"Sue's 'Wandering Jew' seems to me a failure, and I don't like the attack on the Jesuits, whom I have always honored for their immense services to science, letters, and humanity. Here, I dare say, you do not agree with me.

"But though I shall never, I suppose, turn Catholic, I feel, if I had been a Catholic, I should never have been any thing else. I love the grand enthusiasm of its earnest believers, and the child-like faith of its simple flocks. I love its ascent into faith above reason."

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## No. XXV.

SEPARATE NOTICES OF SOME OF THE EMINENT OR REMARKABLE PERSONS WHO WERE CORRESPONDENTS, FRIENDS, OR ACQUAINTANCES OF LADY BLESSINGTON.

In the following notices I have endeavored to set before my readers some of the leading features in the character or career of persons intimately acquainted with Lady Blessington, of whom mention has not been made in connection with the correspondence. The object held in view in giving these slight sketches was to represent the persons referred to as they were known to Lady Blessington and her immediate friends, and to recall such traits of character, or traces of events in their career, as might bring them to the reader's recollection, and renew the acquaintance that many of those readers, who were visitors at Seamore Place or Gore House, may have had with them.

The society had some undoubted claims to pre-eminent excellence that could boast of such *habitués* as the elder D'Israeli and his son, Landor, Dickens, the Bulwers, the Smiths, Luttrell, Spencer, Moore, Galt, Ritchie, Reynolds, General Phipps, Landseer, Lawrence, Maclise, Ainsworth, Thackeray, James, and so many others of the celebrities of various countries, and such occasional guests as Grey, Canning, Russell, Wellington, Wellesley, Durham, Burdett, Abinger, Lyndhurst, Auckland, Brougham, and their fellow-magnates of the aristocracy, intellectually gifted, or patrons of intellectual pursuits connected with art or literature.

Of many of these celebrities some outlines have been prefixed to their correspondence.

## LORD LYNDHURST.

It has been my object, in those notices I have given of eminent persons intimately acquainted with Lady Blessington, and peculiarly regarded by her with favor and confidence, and an implicit reliance on their friendship, to give expression to her opinions of their merits as I find them scattered over her correspondence, or noted down in detached memoranda among her papers, or treasured up in the remembrance of her gifted niece, Miss M. Power.

Lady Blessington felt a pride as well as a pleasure in the friendship of persons of exalted intellect, and probably she felt more pride in the position in which she apparently stood in the estimation of Lord Lyndhurst, with two or three exceptions, than on account of the intimacy of her relations with any other intellectual celebrity, for she entertained an opinion of his lordship's mental powers so exalted that it would be difficult to exaggerate its elevation. On the other hand, it is obvious that his lordship's friendship was based on an appreciation of Lady Blessington's talents, generous nature, and noble disposition, that did justice to them. Indeed, when we find men of such exalted intellectual powers among the celebrities most highly favored who were to be found in the *salons* of Seamore Place and Gore House, we have evidence that

the attractions of the fair lady who presided over those reunions were of a high order.\*

The son of John Singleton Copley, Esq., the painter and Royal Academician, might have made an indifferent artist had he been brought up to his father's profession. Happily for him, he was brought up for the bar, and became one of the first lawyers, perhaps the first lawyer, of his time. Of unquestionable talents and great powers of mind, an excellent scholar, of sober judgment, clear and sound, active, serious, and earnest in business, in society no one is more agreeable, animated in conversation, and evidently conversant with the literature of the day, as well as with the lore of ancient times. He has the art of inspiring confidence and winning regard by his simplicity of manner, playful humor, and warm interest in the concerns of those with whom he associates. This eminent man was born on the other side of the Atlantic, in Boston, in 1772, and is now, in his 83d year, in the full possession of all his great faculties. He was called to the bar in 1804, and after attaining signal success in his profession, and passing through its several gradations and preferments, he was appointed Master of the Rolls in 1826, and the following year the successor of Lord Eldon, when he was raised to the peerage. Having resigned the seals in 1830, he filled the office of Chief Baron of the Exchequer till 1834, when he resumed the seals for another year, again resigned, and in 1841, for a third time, was appointed Lord High Chancellor of England, which office he retained till 1846. He married, first, a daughter of C. Brunson, Esq., widow of Lieutenant Colonel Thomas, who died in 1834; secondly, a daughter of Lewis Goldsmith, Esq., in 1837, and has issue by his first marriage four children, and by the second one daughter.

#### LORD ERSKINE.

The name of Lord Erskine often occurs in the journals and letters of Lady Blessington. At the early period of her London career, Lord Erskine was an intimate friend of her ladyship, and one of the peculiarly favored and most highly honored of the visitors at her mansion in St. James's Square.

\* The attractions which such persons found in Lady Blessington were assuredly of a higher order than those of the reigning beauties of any of the salons which Grammont has so graphically described, and Sir Peter Lely depicted. Those of Sir Peter's beauties of "the sleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul"—of Grammont's enchantresses—"the languishing Boynton," "the lovely Jennings," "the serious Lyttleton," "the fair Stewart," "pretty Miss Blague," "the beautiful Hamilton," "the agreeable Miss Price," though "short and thick," "the susceptible Miss Hobart," and no less so "the unlucky Miss Warmestre," the irresistible damsel

"With her young wild boar's eyes;"

the fascinating Lady Chesterfield, Lady Shrewsbury, Lady Carnegie, Mrs. Roberts, and Mrs. Middleton, so sprightly and spirituelle, so very *piquante* in conversation—these needed all the graces of the style of Anthony Hamilton to make us understand the power of their *agremens* even over such modish men as the Earl of Ranelagh, "that mad fellow Crofts," "the beau Sidney," "Little Jermyn," "the incomparable Villiers," and other adepts in galantry, who had grown gray in the service of the sovereign beauties of the salons.



The Honorable Thomas Erskine, born in 1750, third son of the Earl of Buchan, having served both in the army and navy, turned to the legal profession, and was called to the bar in 1778. He rose to the summit of his profession as an advocate, in which capacity he continued till 1806, when he was elevated to the office of Lord High Chancellor, and to the peerage in the same year. He married, first, in 1770, a daughter of Daniel Moon, Esq., M.P.; and secondly, Miss Sarah Buck, and died at Almondell, near Edinburgh, the 17th of November, 1823, in his seventy-fourth year.

Lord Byron spoke to Lady Blessington of Erskine as "the most brilliant person imaginable, quick, vivacious, and sparkling; he spoke so well that one never felt tired of listening to him, even when he abandoned himself to that subject of which all his other friends and acquaintances expressed themselves so fatigued—self. . . . Erskine had been a great man, and he knew it; and, talking so continually of self, imagined that he was but the echo of fame." He was deceived in this (continued Byron), as are all who have a favorable opinion of their fellow-men; in society, all and each are occupied with self, and can hardly pardon any one who presumes to draw their attention to other subjects for any length of time.

Lord Erskine is thus spoken of by Lord Brougham:

"The disposition and manners of the man were hardly less attractive than his genius and his professional skill were admirable. He was, like almost all great men, simple, natural, and amiable; full of humane feelings and kindly affections. Of wit he had little or none in conversation, and he was too gay to take any delight in discussion; but his humor was playful to buoyancy, and wild even to extravagance; and he indulged his roaming, and devious, and abrupt imagination as much in society, as in public he kept it under rigorous control. . . ."

"The striking and imposing appearance of this great man's person has been mentioned. His Herculean strength of constitution may also be noted. During the eight-and-twenty years that he practiced at the bar, he never was prevented for one hour from attending to his professional duties. At the famous State Trials in 1794, he lost his voice on the evening before he was to address the jury. It returned to him just in time, and this, like other felicities of his career, he always ascribed to a special Providence, with the habitually religious disposition of mind which was hereditary in the godly families that he sprung from."\*

"The ministry of Mr. Pitt did not derive more solid service from the bar in the person of Mr. Dundas, than the opposition party did ornament and popularity in that of Mr. Erskine. His Parliamentary talents, although they certainly have been underrated, were as clearly not the prominent portion of his character. . . ."

"He never appears to have given his whole mind to the practice of debating; he had a very scanty provision of political information; his time was al-

\* Historical Sketches of Statesmen in the Time of George III., p. 130.

ways occupied with the laborious pursuits of his profession ; he came into the House of Commons, where he stood among several equals, and behind some superiors, from a stage where he shone alone, and without a rival ; above all, he was accustomed to address a select and friendly audience, bound to lend him their patient attention, and to address them by the compulsion of their retainer, and as a volunteer coming forward in his own person, a position from which the transition is violent and extreme, to that of having to gain and to keep a promiscuous, and, in great part, hostile audience, not under any obligation to listen one instant beyond the time during which the speaker can flatter, or interest, or amuse them.”\*

“ It remains that we commemorate the deeds that he (Mr. Erskine) did, and which cast the fame of his oratory into the shade. He was an undaunted man—he was an undaunted advocate. To no court did he ever truckle ; neither to the court of the king, neither to the court of the king’s judges. Their smiles and their frowns he disregarded alike in the fearless discharge of his duty. He upheld the liberty of the press against the one, he defended the rights of the people against both combined to destroy them. If there be yet among us the power of freely discussing the acts of our rulers ; if there be yet the privilege of meeting for the promotion of needful reforms ; if he who desires wholesome changes in our Constitution be still recognized as a patriot, and not doomed to die the death of a traitor, let us acknowledge with gratitude that to this great man, under Heaven, we owe this felicity of the times. In 1794, his dauntless energy, his indomitable courage, kindling his eloquence, inspiring his conduct, giving direction and lending firmness to his matchless skill, resisted the combination of statesmen, and princes, and lawyers, the league of cruelty and craft, formed to destroy our liberties, and triumphantly scattered to the winds the half-accomplished scheme of an unsparring proscription.”†

#### HENRY ERSKINE.

The brother of Lord Erskine, the Honorable Henry Erskine, for many years the leader of the Scotch bar, died in 1817, the same year which deprived Ireland of the great leaders of its bar, Curran and Ponsonby. Henry Erskine was a man of distinguished talents and brilliant wit. He was appointed Lord Advocate of Scotland at the same time his brother was made Lord Chancellor of England. He was an ardent and able advocate of civil and religious liberty. The conversational powers of Henry Erskine were of the highest order ; his epigrams and witticisms, his clever impromptus, in verse as well as prose, were hardly inferior, it is said, to those of any of his brilliant contemporaries of the bar or the senate.

#### THE EARL OF DUDLEY.

This nobleman (born in 1782) acquired distinction in the House of Com-

\* Historical Sketches of Statesmen in the Time of George III., p. 131. † Ibid., p. 135.

mons as Mr. Ward. He gave great promise of ability in early life, possessed powerful talents, varied accomplishments, generous sentiments, and active sympathies with the wronged and the unfortunate. He visited Naples, and resided there for several weeks in 1823. He was no less loved by those who knew him, than marveled at by all who came in contact with him, for his singularity of character, absence of mind, and abstraction in society.

In the spring of 1827, in Mr. Canning's newly-formed administration, Viscount Dudley filled the office of Minister for Foreign Affairs. On Mr. Canning's death, in August, 1827, in Lord Goderich's administration, he held the same office as he did in the Canning ministry. In January, 1828, at the onset in the formation of the Wellington administration, Lord Dudley was continued in his post; but on the resignation of Mr. Huskisson, he retired from the ministry along with Lord Palmerston and Mr. C. Grant.

Sir W. Gell wrote to Lady Blessington in July, 1834, that he had received a letter of introduction from some friend in England, which was duly presented to him by the recommended party. The letter of introduction ran thus :

"DEAR GELL,—I send you my friend, Mr. ———; you will find him the greatest bore, and the most disputatious brute you ever knew. Pray ask him to dinner, and get any one you know of the same character to meet him."

This production is so exceedingly like some of the epistles and sundry of the audibly-thinking escapades of the late Lord Dudley and Ward in conversation, that I am induced to cite the following anecdote from Moore's Memoirs :

"Dec. 9. Lord Dudley, it is well-known, has a trick of rehearsing over to himself, in an under tone, the good things he is about to *débit*er to the company, so that the person who sits next to him has generally the advantage of his wit before any of the rest of the party. The other day, having a number of the foreign ministers and their wives to dine with him, he was debating with himself whether he ought not to follow the Continental fashion of leaving the room with the ladies after dinner. Having settled the matter, he muttered forth, in his usual soliloquizing tone, 'I think we must *go out* all together.' 'Good God! you don't say so!' exclaimed Lady ———, who was sitting next him, and who is well known to be the most anxious and sensitive of the Lady Whigs with respect to the continuance of the present ministry in power. 'Going out all together' might well alarm her. A man not very remarkable for agreeableness once proposed to walk from the House of Commons to the Travelers' Club with Lord Dudley, who, discussing the proposal mentally (as he thought) with himself, said audibly, 'I don't think it will bore me *very* much to let him walk with me that distance.' On another occasion, when he gave somebody a seat in his carriage from some country-house, he was overheard by his companion, after a fit of thought and silence, saying to himself, 'Now, shall I ask this man to dine with me when we arrive in town?' It is said that the fellow-traveler, not pretending to hear him, muttered out in the

same sort of tone, 'Now, if Lord Dudley should ask me to dinner, shall I accept his invitation?'

Lord Dudley's eccentricities were of the most singular kind, and were productive of strange and ridiculous occurrences. While holding the office of Minister for Foreign Affairs, an amusing instance occurred of his absence of mind, even in his official capacity. Some misunderstanding had taken place between the Russian and the French governments. The object of the English ministry being to mediate between these powers, Lord Dudley had to forward private dispatches to both governments of great importance, which rendered it necessary to keep each government ignorant of the communication made to the other power. Lord Dudley, in one of his customary fits of absence of mind, inclosed the letter for the Russian minister in the envelope addressed to the French, and vice versa. When the mistake was discovered, Lord Dudley was greatly agitated. But his anxiety was speedily terminated by a communication from the English ambassador at Paris stating that his excellency the French minister had returned the letter for the Russian minister, which had been sent to him, saying, "Je suis trop fin, pour être pris par tel artifice de Milord Dudley."

His lordship's eccentricities increased very much from the period of his retirement from the ministry in 1827; nevertheless, one of his ablest speeches was made in 1831, against Lord Grey's government, in resistance of what he deemed the republican tendency of the Reform Bill.

His mental infirmities, after that period, rapidly augmented. His friends had the pain of seeing this able and accomplished man snatched from his exalted position and from society in the prime of life, bereft of reason, and eventually reduced to imbecility by a succession of paralytic attacks. Death happily terminated this most awful of all human sufferings and humiliations in March, 1833, when he died, in his fifty-second year.

#### LORD AUCKLAND.

This amiable nobleman, who filled the high post of Governor General of India, under the Melbourne administration, for many years, was a warm and faithful friend of Lady Blessington, and her sister, Lady Canterbury. After his return from India, he resided at Eden Lodge, Kensington Gore, the grounds of which were only separated from those of Lady Blessington by a hedge, across which his lordship and Lady B—— often conversed. Lady Blessington has left a record of one of those conversations in her Diary of December 24th, 1845:

"Lord A——, speaking of the efforts to form a new ministry, said he was not sorry they had not succeeded; they should have been too weak for any useful purpose. They might have endeavored to carry one great measure, and should probably have failed in their attempt to carry even that. Peel might have intended to support them, but his followers would not have been followers of him when out of power, though they might be so when he was

prime minister. Peel has a better chance, therefore, of carrying a measure on the Corn Laws than they had, and he only hoped that Peel's measure would not fall very far short of what they should have proposed.

"Of the manner in which Lord John's attempt to form a government failed, he would say nothing. It was not good for public opinion and public discussion, and it was not agreeable to personal feeling, and he wished that the impressions which it had left might pass away."

The favorite pursuit of Lord Auckland was the culture of flowers, and the great perfection to which he brought them was a source of no small pride and satisfaction to his lordship.

Lord Auckland was born in 1784, and died in 1849, at the seat of Lord Cowper. In 1830 he filled the office of President of the Board of Trade; in 1835 he was appointed Lieutenant Governor of India, was recalled in 1841, and made First Lord of the Admiralty in 1846.

One who knew him well has left this attestation of his worth: "A more kind, a more true, and a more just man never lived than Lord Auckland."

## LORD HOLLAND.

The present lord, when Mr. Henry Fox, was intimately acquainted with Lady Blessington in Italy in 1824: frequent mention is made of him in her diaries. In August of that year she speaks of him as having been an inmate of their abode—a most agreeable, entertaining, and lively companion, humorous and piquant in conversation, turning peculiarities of persons at all bordering on the class of *ridicules* to an amusing account, and rivaling D'Orsay even in his own particular province of drawing out people who can be made ridiculous, and laughed at, without being conscious of the use made of their society.\*

In one of Lady Blessington's works, Henry Fox is spoken of as "such a forced plant as might be expected from the hot-bed culture of Holland House, where wit and talent are deemed of such importance that more solid qualities are sometimes, if not sacrificed to their growth, at least overlooked in the search for them. Accustomed from infancy to see all around him contributing to the amusement of the circle they compose by a brilliant persiflage, a witty version of the on dits of the day, epigrammatical sallies, which, though pungent, never violate *les bienséances de société*, and remarks on the literature of the day full of point and tact, it can not be wondered at that he has become

\* How far hosts and hostesses can reconcile the bantering privileges they accord to friends who are reputed droll and witty, the sanction given by them to the practice of making any particular guest ridiculous, and drawing out any peculiarities of his that may render him absurd in the face of a company, while pretending to pay attention to him, and to bring the merits of his conversation or opinions into notice—can reconcile, I say, this practice with the obligations and the duties of hospitality, is a question that may be answered in a few words. The conferring of such a privilege—the giving of such a sanction—is a vulgar and a gross violation of the rights of hospitality, and an unpardonable breach of faith with people who, having been invited to partake of it, are entitled to its protection.

what he is—a most agreeable companion. As, however, he possesses no inconsiderable portion of the sweet temper and gayety of spirits of his father, he may yet attain the more worthy distinction of becoming an estimable man.”\*

It is very probable that the preceding remarks were made at a later period than some others of Lady Blessington in reference to the same distinguished person. The intimate acquaintance and friendship that had subsisted between the Blessingtons and Mr. Fox in Naples had been interrupted. An estrangement had taken place, which existed for some years, and was followed by some explanations that were creditable to the feelings of both parties.

About the same period that Lady Blessington refers to in her notice of Mr. Fox, Moore, also having met him in Italy, makes the following mention of him in his Journal :

“ I have also seen Henry Fox, Lord Holland’s son, whom I had not looked upon since I left him, a pretty, mild boy, without a neckcloth, in a jacket, and in delicate health, seven long years ago.” . . . “ I think he has the softest and most amiable expression of countenance I ever saw, and manners correspondent.”†

Lord Holland was born in 1802. He married, in 1830, Lady Mary Augusta Coventry, only daughter of the Earl of Coventry. He entered the diplomatic service in 1831, was some time attaché at St. Petersburg, was minister plenipotentiary at Florence from May, 1838, to June, 1846, and succeeded to the title, as fourth baron, October 28th, 1840, on the death of his father in his sixty-seventh year.‡

Lord Holland lived much abroad for some years previously to his father’s death, principally at Florence. His lordship’s abilities, and agreeableness of manners and conversation, seem destined to conciliate the opinions and re-

\* The Idler in Italy, Par. ed., p. 354.

† Moore’s *Life* of Byron, p. 576.

‡ Lord Holland was born in 1773; his father was the elder brother of Charles James Fox. In March, 1793, he set out on a Continental tour, visited Spain, passed into Italy, and resided for some time in Florence with Lord Wycombe. While in Italy he formed an intimacy with the wife of Sir Godfrey Webster, of Battle Abbey, county Sussex, in consequence of which the latter brought an action against him, and obtained damages to the amount of £6000.

She was the daughter and heir of Sir Richard Vassall, Esq., of Jamaica, and was first married, June 27th, 1786, to Sir Godfrey Webster, county Sussex, Bart. By that marriage she had issue two sons, the late Sir Godfrey V. Webster, Bart., formerly M. P. for Sussex, who died in 1836, and Colonel Henry Webster; and one daughter, Harriet, married in 1816 to Captain the Honorable Sir Fleetwood Pellew, R.N. and C.B.

Lady Webster’s marriage was dissolved by act of Parliament in June, 1797, and her ladyship was remarried the following month to the late Henry Richard, third Lord Holland, who died October 22d, 1840, and had four children by that marriage, of whom two died at an early age. Her ladyship had issue before her second marriage, Charles Richard Fox, colonel in the army and aid-de-camp to the queen, who married, in 1824, Lady Mary Fitzclarence, daughter of King William IV. and Mrs. Jordan.<sup>1</sup> The dowager Lady Holland died on the 16th of November, 1846, in her seventy-sixth year.

<sup>1</sup> Gentleman’s Magazine for 1846, p. 91.

gards of his father's former friends and associates. But to render Holland House as heretofore, a place of intellectual and social *agremens* of the most varied kind—to keep up its ancient celebrity as a rendezvous of the most distinguished personages of the day, the resort of “the high-thoughted spirits of the time,” of all *renommées* in letters or in arts, of exalted positions in political life, is a consummation hardly to be expected.

The accomplishments and qualities of heart and mind which were united in the late Lord Holland are not so transmissible as titles and estates, and without them Holland House never could have been what it was, or be again what it had been. They are characterized well and truly, in a few words, by an able writer in “The Examiner,” which appeared at the time of the death of the late lord. The charm of his conversation had a power of fascination in it; his mind was full of anecdotes, which were always happily introduced and exquisitely narrated. “Lord Holland was a benignant and accomplished man; the last and best of the Whigs of the old school. He was something more and better than a Whig of any school. He was ever true to the cause of civil and religious liberty—a friend of merit wherever it could be found—a lover of literature, of an understanding thoroughly masculine, yet his taste was of a delicacy approaching to a fault. His opinions were maintained earnestly and energetically, but with a rare and beautiful candor—a wit without a particle of ill nature, he was of a joyous and a genial nature. He possessed the sunshine of the breast, and no one could approach him without feeling it.”

## LORD ROSSLYN.

Sir James St. Clair Erskine, Bart., created Earl of Rosslyn in 1801, succeeded to the title and estates of his uncle, Lord Loughborough, in 1802, as second earl. His lordship was a general officer, colonel of the 9th regiment of Dragoons. He married, in 1790, the eldest daughter of the Honorable Edward Bouverie. He was a Councilor of State to the king in Scotland, and Lord Lieutenant of Fifeshire, and died in January, 1836, in his seventy-fifth year. Lord Rosslyn, on entering into politics, linked himself with the Tory party, and for some time, on all great questions and important occasions, he acted as whipper-in to his party. In 1829, we see by his letters what an active part he took in that capacity on the Catholic Question. His amiable qualities in private life endeared him to all who knew him, and caused him to be one of the most esteemed friends of Lady Blessington.

## MARQUIS OF NORMANBY.

Constantine Henry Phipps, son of Henry, first Earl of Mulgrave, was born in 1797. He was educated at Harrow, and Trinity College, Cambridge. He married a daughter of Lord Ravensworth in 1818, and entered Parliament for the borough of Scarborough. His first speech in Parliament was on the Catholic Question, in which he strongly and ably advocated that object. His

next great display in Parliament was when he seconded Lord John Russell's earliest resolutions in favor of Reform, and went farther than the terms of those resolutions in promulgating his views on the general subject of Reform. The embarrassing circumstance of opposition to the political opinions of his father caused him to retire from Parliament for some time. He proceeded to the Continent, and resided two years in Italy, during which period an acquaintance with the Blessingtons took place. At the end of 1822 he again entered Parliament, and again distinguished himself as an able and undaunted advocate of Reform.

In April, 1831, he succeeded his father in the earldom of Mulgrave.

In 1832, at a very critical period, he was appointed Governor General of Jamaica.

Lord Mulgrave, having returned to England from Jamaica, and remained for some time not on very cordial terms with the ministry, was invited to take office under Lord Melbourne, and was appointed Lord Privy Seal, which office he held till the first break-up of the Melbourne ministry in 1834.

In May, 1835, on Lord Melbourne's return to office, he was appointed to the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

I have an intimate knowledge of the intentions and views of Lord Mulgrave when he entered on the duties of the office of the new viceroy in the government of Ireland. These intentions were, *To deal with Ireland as if it was an English county, in a straightforward, manly, impartial manner: to know of no anomalies in its condition which could render it necessary to have one rule of right and justice, and one line of policy for the regulation of affairs of government when dealing with the people in Ireland, and another when the power of government was to be exercised in England over Englishmen, but to administer the laws in a spirit of equal and impartial justice toward all the King of England's subjects in Ireland: to make the magistracy respected, and to keep it respectable: to remove unfit men from the bench of magistrates, whether on account of their being bankrupts in fame or fortune, or fanatics, and furious political partisans: and by making no distinction between candidates for office on account or on pretense of religion, and by giving a civil character, as much as possible, to various subordinate services in the Castle, which had formerly been of a military kind; and by discountenancing the practice of packing juries, to make English government revered as well as feared in Ireland.*

These intentions were calumniated by the selfish leaders of one party, and depreciated by the disappointed *pretendants* to exclusive Castle influence of another. The interests of Orangeism and Ribbonism, the pretensions of political factions, were not promoted by his rule, but England's imperial interest was greatly served by the government of Lord Mulgrave in Ireland.

In April, 1839, he resigned the vice-regal office, and was shortly after appointed Secretary to the Colonies, which office he held only from September till December of that year, when he was made Secretary of State for the Home Department, and continued in that office till September, 1841.



In 1846 he was appointed eubassador to the court of France, and held that appointment till after the *coup d'état*, when he was succeeded by Lord Cowley.

Lord Normanby's first novel was "Matilda, a Tale of the Day;" the next, "Contrast;" the last, "Yes and No."

The literary antecedents and dramatic tastes of his lordship might not have led to very large expectations of sudden and signal success in a political career for the young lord. But seven years did not elapse between the theatricals in Florence and those in Jamaica, in which the part of governor was played with great ability at a very critical period, and in front of a very unruly and adverse audience. As an eye-witness of the performance, I feel qualified to express an opinion on its merits.

The short but important government of Lord Normanby in Jamaica in 1833 and 1834, that had to prepare the way for the emancipation of the negroes, and to carry that measure into effect in the midst of difficulties that can hardly be overstated, was conducted with remarkable ability and courage—courage that had to encounter, face to face, armed opponents of that measure, and astuteness that knew how, by blandishments and affability, to conciliate adversaries in council and assembly, and to make wives and daughters of refractory members ancillary to governmental objects.

To form any opinion of those difficulties that were encountered and overcome by Lord Normanby, it is necessary to have some idea of the constitution of the West India houses of Assembly, and to bear in mind the enormous change that was about to take place in West India affairs and interests.

In 1832, Lord Normanby's services were transferred to another stage, hardly less trying to the talents of a state actor than that of Jamaica. It is the fashion to underrate those talents that are very prominently and ostentatiously exhibited, and to argue that demonstrative men, who show them off to the most advantage they can on all occasions, are only intellectual coxcombs, whose inordinate vanity is incompatible with great qualities of mind. The fact is, that great qualities of mind are often found accompanied by an inordinate amount of self-esteem, sometimes prejudiced indeed by it, but not destroyed. From the political arena of party strife in Ireland, the lord—now Marquis of Normanby—after a repose of some years, in 1846 passed to another scene of turmoil in the diplomatic line, and performed the arduous duties of an ambassador in Paris during the revolutionary horrors of 1848.

The eldest son of the Marquis of Normanby, George, Earl of Mulgrave, M.P., was born in 1819, and married in 1841.

#### THE EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

Lord Burghersh, born in 1784, succeeded his father as eleventh Earl of Westmoreland in 1841. In 1811 he married a daughter of William Wellesley Pole, late Earl of Mornington, and for several years subsequently to his marriage resided on the Continent. He entered the army in 1803, and served in the expedition to Hanover in 1806 and 1807 as assistant adjutant general

in Sicily ; on board Admiral Duckworth's fleet in the action and passage of the Dardanelles ; in Egypt, with the force under General Wauchope ; served in Portugal in 1808 as adjutant general under Sir Arthur Wellesley, and in 1809 as extra aid-de-camp to Lord Wellington at the battle of Talavera ; was appointed to a lieutenant colonelcy in 1811 ; in 1813 was accredited as military commissioner to the head-quarters of the allied armies in Germany under Prince Schwartzberg ; served in France in the campaign of 1814 ; was appointed envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary at Florence in August, 1814 ; served with the Austrian army in the campaign against Naples in 1815 ; was made a Privy Councilor in 1822 ; he was British minister at the court of Florence in 1825 ; became a major general in 1825 ; was made a K.C.B. in 1838, and lieutenant general the same year ; was appointed envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary at Berlin in 1841 ; succeeded to the peerage in 1841 ; made G.C.B. in 1846 ; and transferred from Berlin to Vienna in 1848.

This nobleman, though not remarkable for exalted intellectual powers or high attainments of a literary kind, is much esteemed by those who know him for his upright principles and honorable character, his kindness of heart and amiable disposition. He is a great musical amateur, has composed several pieces, and has done much to promote musical art in England.

Lady Blessington, in her diary at Genoa, thus makes mention of the arrival in that city of Lord and Lady Burghersh, and of their popularity there being the same as it was in every other part of Italy :

“They have done much to efface the impression entertained by Italians that the English aristocracy are not much devoted to the fine arts, or prone to encourage them ; for Lady Burghersh is said to be not only a *connaissseuse* in painting, but to have arrived at no mean excellence in it herself ; while the kind-hearted and excellent Lord Burghersh is a proficient in music, and has composed some very charming things.”

#### LORD HOWDEN.

John Hobart Caradoc, Lord Howden, K.C.B., entered the army in 1815 ; served as aid-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington in 1817 and 1818 ; was attached to the embassy in Paris in 1825 ; charged with a special mission to Egypt and Greece in 1827 ; was present at the battle of Navarino same year ; at the siege of Antwerp ; was sent on a special mission to Spain in 1836 ; appointed envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Rio Janeiro in 1847 ; and was transferred to Madrid in May, 1850. In Italy he was well acquainted with Lady Blessington.

#### THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

The celebrated Philip Dormer Stanhope, fourth Earl of Stanhope, a renowned wit, a statesman, and man of letters, born in 1695, died without issue in 1773.

The present earl, George Augustus Frederick, was born in 1805, succeeded to his father, Philip, fifth Earl of Chesterfield, in 1815. He married, in 1830, a daughter of the first Lord Forrester.

His lordship traveled in Italy previously to his marriage, and was intimately acquainted with Lady Blessington.

Chesterfield House was one of the places of fashionable resort of Count D'Orsay during his sojourn in London, which was most frequented by him. The old *renommée* of this house as a place of assemblage of distinguished persons, the foremost fashionables and wits of the day, was maintained for some years by the present earl. The friends of Lord Chesterfield speak warmly of his amiable, generous, and kindly disposition. Of his friendship for Lady B——, and his generosity in the mode of evincing his regard and admiration, I have seen some very remarkable tokens. Among others, at the sale of the effects in Gore House, there was sold a portfolio of massive chased silver covers, with gold bands and clasp, which was stated by the auctioneer to have cost upward of £300.

#### LORD GLENELG.

This nobleman, when Mr. Charles Grant, chief secretary for Ireland, as well as after his elevation to the peerage in 1835, and while he filled the office of colonial secretary, was intimately acquainted with Lady Blessington, and greatly esteemed and respected by her.

He is the son of the late Charles Grant, Esq., M.P. for Invernesshire, a member of a junior branch of the family of the Grants who were sheriffs of Inverness in the thirteenth century.

Lord Glenelg is a living instance of the facility with which a cry can be got up in England against a particular member of an administration beginning to be unpopular, by powerful or unscrupulous parties, whose views or interests may be impeded or prejudiced by the integrity and straightforwardness of his views in the discharge of his duties; and of the meanness of his colleagues, who may be led by selfish considerations to allow their colleague to be made a scapegoat and a sacrifice of atonement for their shortcomings and the sin of their unpopularity.

During the whole period of Lord Glenelg's tenure of office in the Colonial Office, I had ample opportunities of knowing, officially and practically, in the West Indies, the efficiency of his conduct in his office, and the deep interest he took in the abolition of slavery and the traffic in slaves; and having often need of all the countenance and protection I could get from my superiors at home for the discharge of very arduous and invidious duties, I had always reason to know any appeal of mine to Lord Glenelg could never be made in vain. It is a gratification to me to have an opportunity of making this avowal of my sentiments with respect to a very honest, ill used, and misrepresented public servant.

## THE EARL OF CARLISLE.

The Honorable George William Frederick Howard, son of George, sixth Earl of Carlisle, made the acquaintance of Lady Blessington in 1824 at Naples, and, as her journals inform us, was one of her most intimate acquaintances and constant companions to the remarkable places and monuments of antiquity in the vicinity of Naples.

In May, 1824, Mr. Howard accompanied her ladyship to Pæstum, and on that occasion presented Lady Blessington with a poem written by himself, entitled "Pæstum," which will be found at page 93 of vol. i. of this work. The original document is endorsed by Lady Blessington, "A Prize Poem, given by Lord Morpeth to me at Naples in 1824."

The present peer graduated at Christ Church, Oxford. From his earliest years he was addicted to literary pursuits, and cultivated a taste for poetry with some success. He contributed to the *Annals* edited by Lady Blessington articles in prose and verse, till political cares and senatorial duties seemed to him incompatible with flirtations with the Muses; and as such, he declined Lady Blessington's last pressing application for a contribution to her *Album*. As Lord Morpeth, he was well and advantageously known in Ireland, in the office of Chief Secretary, from 1835 to 1841, the period of the career of his lordship most honorable to his character, and creditable to his talents and integrity. Subsequently he filled the office of Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests. He was born in 1802, and succeeded his father in 1848.

## THE MARQUESS OF CLANRICARDE.

The marquess was one of the friends of Lady Blessington, in whose steadfast kindness and regard she placed the highest confidence. This nobleman is known better and more advantageously to private friends than to the public. To the latter he is merely known as a respectable, upright, painstaking, and efficient servant of the state, in every high office he has filled, whether of a minister at a foreign court, a postmaster general, or a member of the present government. To private friends he is known as a man of amiable disposition, prompt to serve his friends, and unchangeable in his friendship.

The marquess was born in 1802, succeeded his father in the earldom in 1808, was created marquess in 1825, and married, the same year, the only daughter of the Right Honorable George Canning, and has issue seven children, the eldest of whom, Lord Dunkellin, born in 1827, is a captain in the Coldstream Guards (recently a prisoner in the hands of the Russians). The marquess was formerly ambassador extraordinary at the court of St. Petersburg, and in 1850 filled the office of postmaster general.

From the house of Clanricarde (the family of De Burgh) was derived the Viscounts Bourkes, of Mayo, long since extinct in Ireland, but not so in Spain. The title, honors, and arms of the Viscount Bourkes, of Mayo, are still claimed by a descendant of the representative of the ancient family, who was ex-

patriated after the battle of the Boyne, and, having acquired distinction in the Spanish service, was ennobled by the Spanish sovereign.

In 1845 I was introduced in Madrid to the Spanish grandee who claims the title of Viscount Mayo.

## LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

Lord John, third son of the late Duke of Bedford, by the second daughter of George, Viscount Torrington, was born in August, 1792. He was placed at school first at Sunbury, from whence he was removed to Westminster, and thence to Cambridge, where his education was completed. Long before Lord John made his *débüt* on the stage of Parliament, took a leading part in politics, and addressed polemical epistles to Episcopal performers in state-church panics, he figured in theatricals of another sort (on one occasion in the character of "Friz"), and composed epilogues, which were recited by him at private plays "with due emphasis and discretion." It is curious to see in this notice of Lord John's first appearance on any stage an account of another young gentleman, on the same occasion, reciting an epilogue also, and favoring the company with some songs of his own composition, who was destined to become a great poet, and, some forty-five years later, to have Lord John Russell, a great statesman, for his biographer.

When Moore and Russell made their appearance on the same stage in Dublin, January 22, 1807, Moore was twenty-eight years old, and Lord John fifteen years of age.

During the viceroyalty of the Duke of Bedford, the Royal Hospital at Kilmainham, near Dublin, was the scene of fashionable festivity, accompanied with private dramatic entertainments, which are recorded in the pages of the "Dublin Evening Post" of that period.

In the "Post" of January 22, 1807, an account is given of a fancy ball and a "dramatic exhibition," attended by the Duke and Duchess of Bedford.

"On Monday evening there was a select party of about one hundred, at which the Duke and Duchess of Bedford also were present as part of the audience, to see a dramatic exhibition, cast in the following manner for the farce 'Of Age To-morrow:'

*Men.*

|                            |                       |
|----------------------------|-----------------------|
| Frederick . . . . .        | Marquis of Tavistock. |
| Baron Pistleberg . . . . . | Hon. Mr. H. Stanhope. |
| Molkus . . . . .           | Hon. Mr. F. Stanhope. |
| Friz . . . . .             | Lord John Russell.    |
| Waiter . . . . .           | Hon. Mr. A. Stanhope. |

*Women.*

|                         |                      |
|-------------------------|----------------------|
| Lady Bromback . . . . . | Lady C. Stanhope.    |
| Sophia . . . . .        | Lady C. A. Stanhope. |
| Maria . . . . .         | Lady A. M. Stanhope. |

“The quarrel of Brutus and Cassius was admirably recited by the Marquis of Tavistock and the Hon. Mr. Henry Stanhope, the former particularly excellent.

“The farce ‘Of Age To-morrow’ was pleasingly executed by the dramatis personæ, and gave universal satisfaction to the company.

“Lord John Russell delivered with due emphasis and discretion a very neat epilogue of his own composition, which did equal honor to his poetic taste and recitation; and Anacreon Moore also repeated some lines by way of epilogue, which, we understand, were from the pen of Mr. Atkinson, and we hope at some future day to be favored with a copy of both those pieces.

“Between the acts, Mr. Moore favored the company with some of his lyric compositions, which, as usual, charmed every ear.

“The ballet, conducted by Mr. J. Crampton,\* in which the charming family of the Stanhopes joined, was elegantly executed and highly applauded; and, in fine, the *tout ensemble* of the evening’s amusement was every way entertaining.”

Doubtless the *tout ensemble* of that evening’s amusements were far more entertaining than the performances in which Lord John has played so distinguished a part since the year 1813 to the present period.

Lord John’s parliamentary career commenced in 1813. He set out in political life an adherent of the party who supported Mr. Fox’s principles, and adopted his watchwords—Civil and Religious Liberty, and Parliamentary Reform. He represented Tavistock from July, 1813, till March, 1817, and also from 1818 till March, 1819; Huntingdonshire from 1820 till 1826, and sat for Bandon Bridge from 1826 till 1830; was made a Privy Councillor in 1830; filled the office of Paymaster of the Forces from December, 1830, till the end of December, 1834; was returned for Devon in 1831; sat for South Devon from 1832 till 1835; filled the office of Secretary of State for the Home Department from 1835 to August, 1839. He represented Stroud from 1835 to 1841; filled the office of Secretary of State for the Colonies from 1839 to September, 1841; and has represented the city of London since July, 1841. He was First Lord of the Treasury from July, 1846, to February, 1852; was Secretary of State for Foreign affairs, *ad interim*, from December, 1852, till February 20, 1853, and is now President of the Council.

The principal great events of Lord John’s career are comprised in the following data:

In 1815 he opposed the war against Napoleon, when the latter escaped from Elba, on the principle of non-interference in the affairs of self-government of foreign nations.

In the same year he published his first literary work, “The Life of Lord William Russell.”

In 1817 he denounced Lord Castlereagh’s Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act.

\* The brother of one of Ireland’s most celebrated medical men, Sir Philip Crampton.

In 1819 he made his first motion in favor of Parliamentary Reform.

In 1820-1 he took an active part in behalf of Queen Caroline.

In 1822 he made another motion for Parliamentary Reform with great effect, and had 164 supporters.

In the same year he proposed a measure of Reform, one of the propositions of which was the abolition of the rotten boroughs, and a pecuniary compensation to the owners of them, deeming it would be "a wise economy to expend a million of money in the purchase," &c.

In 1826 he renewed his efforts for Parliamentary Reform, and procured the second reading and committal of a bill for transferring the principle of returning members for small corrupt boroughs to others more popular and wealthy.

In 1828 he proposed a measure for the repeal of the Test Acts, which was carried in the Commons, but only passed the Lords after such mutilations as to render it, in the opinion of many of its supporters, a nullity.

In 1829 he zealously advocated the cause of Catholic Emancipation, of which measure he has been an old, able, and conscientious advocate.

In 1830 he moved for leave to bring in a bill to enable Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds to return members to Parliament, but the motion was lost by a majority of 48.

In the same year he spoke in favor of a motion for the removal of Jewish Disabilities.

In the same year he opposed O'Connell's proposed plan of Parliamentary Reform, including the ballot, universal suffrage, and triennial Parliaments.

On the 1st of March (1831), being appointed Paymaster of the Forces on Lord Grey's administration, he submitted to the House his scheme of Parliamentary Reform—the first governmental proposition of that kind; when the second reading was carried by a majority of one, in a house of 603 members.

On the 24th of April following, Parliament having been dissolved, he again submitted his measure, and had a majority of 136. After going through the committee, it was read a third time the 20th of September, and passed by a majority of 109. In October the bill was lost in the Lords.

In October, same year, ministers again brought in their bill, "revised and improved," and Lord John carried it through the Commons without a division on the 23d of March, 1832.

On the 27th of March, ministers being defeated in the House of Lords, resigned; but, by the advice of the Duke of Wellington, they were recalled—brought forward their measure *de novo* in the Lords, and carried it.

In 1833 Lord John gave his strenuous aid to the governmental measure for the abolition of negro slavery.

In 1834 he brought forward a measure to enable Dissenters to marry in their own places of worship.

The 30th of March, 1835, he moved for "a Committee of the whole Church to consider the Temporalities of the Church of Ireland." He argued, on that occasion, that the surplus revenues ought to be appropriated to purposes of

general education. His motion was carried by a majority of 33 in a house of 611 members, a result which eventually caused the resignation of Sir Robert Peel's government.

In June, 1835, being Secretary of State for the Home Department, he brought forward his great measure of Municipal Reform in England, which was carried through both houses, and was followed eventually by a Municipal Reform Bill for Ireland.

In 1841 he attempted unsuccessfully the reduction of the Sugar Duties, and subsequently, the same year, proposed a fixed duty of 8*s.* on corn instead of the protection sliding scale.

In 1845, Peel being in office, Lord John wrote a letter from Edinburgh declaring his conversion to total repeal of the corn laws.

In 1850 Lord John addressed a letter to the Bishop of Durham, which answered a temporary purpose in Parliament, and furnished Mr. D'Israeli with a model epistolary composition for similar use on a like emergency in "the Recess."

In 1851, Lord John, being First Lord of the Treasury, proposed a plan for a Local Militia Force, which was successfully opposed by Lord Palmerston, and being defeated, he resigned.

The recent career of his lordship is too well known to need any reference to.

#### LADY CHARLEVILLE.

The late Dowager Lady Charleville was the daughter of Thomas Tomlins Dawson, Esq., a member of the family ennobled in the person of the first Lord Cremore. She was educated chiefly in France, and, though a Protestant, received the best part of her education in a French convent previously to the French Revolution. Soon after her return to Ireland she was married to James Tisdale, Esq., of the county Louth. He died in 1797, and one daughter by this marriage, Maria Tisdale, who married Dean Marlay, survived both her parents, and her husband also. In 1798 she married Charles William, Lord Tullamore, who in 1800 was created Viscount Tullamore, and in 1806 Earl of Charleville. Prior to her marriage, in the early part of 1798, her name was disagreeably connected with a translation of Voltaire's "Pucelle d'Orleans," made and printed for private circulation some time previously to her second marriage by Lord Tullamore.

Her co-operation in the translation was intimated in a satirical poem, published in 1804, entitled "A Familiar Epistle to Frederick Jones, Esq.," manager of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, ascribed to an Irish barrister, briefless, but not brainless, now a Privy Councilor, an Admiralty official, a renowned and a redoubtable Quarterly Reviewer. In a recent number of "The Gentleman's Magazine," it is stated that, in a note to the satire above referred to, Lord Tullamore's English version of the "Pucelle" was said to be indebted to "lawn sleeves and gauze petticoats"—the lawn sleeves being understood to belong to the late Bishop Marlay, and the petticoats to Lady Charleville.\*

\* Vide "Gentleman's Magazine," 1851, Part i. p. 429.



The note in question, which I copy from the fourth edition of the satire, published in 1805, makes no allusion to "lawn sleeves and gauze petticoats," but to the "bipennifer arca" of the reputed translation of the "Pucelle."\*

Lady Charleville invariably denied having had any thing whatever to do with the work referred to, and there can be very little doubt but that the imputation was utterly unfounded. Lady Charleville, though partly educated in a Roman Catholic convent, was what is termed "a stanch Protestant" in her religious opinions, but she was no bigot; and while residing among her husband's tenantry at Charleville, in the King's county, she promoted the interests of the poor of all denominations, without respect to creed or franchise politics. She died in London in 1852.

She had lost the use of her lower extremities for a great many years before her death; and though she went into society, and frequently rode out, she had to be carried to her chair or carriage, or moved about her apartment in a sort of Bath chair at her soirées and conversaziones, which, at the period I had the honor of her acquaintance, from 1833 to 1835, were hardly exceeded by any in London for their agreeableness and the brilliancy of intellectual enjoyments that were found in them.

The Earl of Charleville died in October, 1835, reduced to a state of helplessness by disease of a paralytic nature, that was painful to witness for many years before his death. He was a generous and a kind-hearted man, addicted to literature, and partial to the society of literary men.

#### THE PRINCE MICHAEL SOUTZO.

The Prince Michael Soutzo was formerly Hospodar of Moldavia; a man of very superior abilities and most polished manners, whose varied life and vicissitudes of fortune were full of interest, and many of the episodes in whose career were as romantic as remarkable. In 1826 and 1827, the prince and his family were residing in Pisa, where a little colony of Greeks was established, among whom were some of the highest families of the Fanaar. The Prince Carragia, the Hospodar of Wallachia, the Greek Archbishop of Mitylene, and the Prince Soutzo, resided in the Palazzo Lanfranchi, in which Byron had lived.

In May, 1827, Lady Blessington gave a dinner in the forest of Pisa to the Prince and Princess Soutzo, the Duchess de Guiche, the Prince and Princess Constantine Carragia, and several Greek notabilities of the Fanaar and of Wallachia, some of whom probably were indebted for the advantage of hav-

\* " 'Multa morum elegantia,' and perhaps I may even add 'ingenio illustris,' will Lord Charleville permit me to say that I do not approve the expenditure of his taste and talents on a certain translation attributed to him? I know that, like Ovid's personage, it has been said to be bipennifer arca; but this I can hardly believe. I am happy, however, to be able to offer to my Lord Charleville the unmingled praise of being a generous and knowing patron of learning, and a most amiable and honorable gentleman."—*Familiar Epistle to F. Jones*, 4th ed., Dublin, p. 61.

ing heads on their shoulders to the circumstance of having had the happiness to realize the blessings of exile in a foreign land.

Lady Blessington speaks of the Greek acquaintances she made at Pisa as friends. "They were clever, intelligent, and amiable." "The talents of the Prince Soutzo were too remarkable not to place him in a distinguished position whenever his country was sufficiently tranquil to permit a government to be established, in which doubtless he would be called to fill an important situation. She had never known a more interesting family than his, nor one in which talent and worth were so united."

GEORGE BYNG, ESQ., M.P.

Poodle Byng is better known to London celebrities than George Byng, Esq., of Wrotham Park, Middlesex. Mr. Byng, brother to Lord Strafford, was born in London in 1764, the eldest son of the Right Honorable Robert Byng, by Anne, daughter of the Right Honorable William Conolly, of Castle-town, in Ireland, granddaughter of Thomas, Earl of Strafford, and sister to the Countess of Buckinghamshire. In 1788 he became a candidate for the representation of Maidstone, but was defeated. In 1790 he was returned for Middlesex, on the Liberal interest, on the retirement of John Wilkes. From that time till he expired, he never ceased to represent the great metropolitan county. Mr. Byng could boast what few members of Parliament were ever able to boast: for a period of fifty-six years he enjoyed the confidence of his constituents, and was returned by their suffrages to sixteen Parliaments. Middlesex contains three parts of the city of London. Its two representatives, therefore, are regarded as the most influential members in the House, as representing especially the commercial interests of England. All Mr. Byng's sympathies were with the Whigs, yet he was respected and esteemed for his integrity and consistency by his political opponents. "He was a thoroughbred, true-hearted gentleman, a stanch partisan, and, on the whole, diligent in the discharge of his public duties, yet neither learned, eloquent, nor profound."\*

On the last day of the year 1846, Mr. Byng, finding old age and infirmities *beginning* to interfere with his parliamentary duties, then in his eighty-third year, addressed the electors of Middlesex, and in his address observed: "I am, I believe, the oldest member of either house of the Legislature, and I entertain the deepest feeling of gratitude and thankfulness to Divine Providence that my life has been spared to witness the accomplishment of all the great measures of public policy which I was early taught by my most dear and valued friend, Mr. Fox, to be essential to the security and perfect development of the English Constitution." This was a fitting close of a long career of a consistent Whig politician. Mr. Byng, ten days after he published this farewell address to his constituents, had departed this life. He died on the 10th of January, 1847. Mr. Byng married, in early life, Harriet, eighth daughter of

\* Gentleman's Magazine, 1847. p. 309.

Sir William Montgomery, Bart., of Maybec Hill, county Peebles, whose sister had married the first Viscount Mountjoy, father of the late Earl of Blessington.

THE RIGHT HON. R. CUTLAR FERGUSON.

This gentleman, descended from an old and honorable Scotch family, in the early part of his career was an ardent admirer of Mirabeau, one of "the friends of the people," a sympathizer with the Scotch Reformers, and with those of Ireland who were rather in advance of Reform. So early as 1792, he published a pamphlet entitled "The Proposed Reform in the Representation of the Counties of Scotland considered." In 1798, being intimately acquainted with Arthur O'Connor and his associates, then proceeding on a treasonable mission to France, he attended the trial of O'Connor at Maidstone; and at the termination of it, an attempt being made to effect the escape of O'Connor, the Earl of Thanet and Mr. Ferguson were charged with joining in the attempted rescue, for which they were tried, convicted, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. Lord Thanet was imprisoned in the Tower, Mr. Ferguson in the King's Bench prison. In 1799, Mr. Ferguson published an account of the proceedings against him and Lord Thanet. In 1797 he had been called to the bar, but his reforming principles excluded him from all patronage, and any chance of practice at his profession at home. He went to India, and followed his profession there with honor and emolument, and returned after twenty years' absence with an improvement in his position, but no change in his liberal principles. He was returned for his native county to Parliament in 1826. In Parliament and out of it, he was an able, eloquent, and energetic champion of the cause of Poland and its unfortunate people. In 1834 he was appointed Judge Advocate General, and also a Privy Councillor. He died at Paris, in his seventieth year, in November, 1839.

SIR THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

The father of Sir Thomas was a brewer, at Reading, in Berkshire. Thomas was born in January, 1795. He gained a scholarship at the grammar-school at Reading under Dr. Valpy. While a boy, he showed a taste for versifying, and a turn for literature and politics. At eighteen he came to London, to study law under Chitty, the pleader. He published, in periodicals of that period, some papers in favor of religious toleration. In 1815 he wrote critiques on poetry and literature, which led to his first acquaintance with literary men in London. In 1821 he was called to the bar, and the following year married a Miss Rutt, eldest daughter of J. I. Rutt, Esq., of Clapton. He found time, while pursuing his professional avocations, to produce the successful tragedy of "Ion" in 1836, and subsequently two plays, "The Athenian Captive" and "Glencoe," which were of inferior merit to the former drama. His "Vacation Rambles" did not contribute much to his literary fame. He acquired eminence in every position in which he was placed: as a leading member of the bar—a member of Parliament—a sergeant at law; and finally, in

1849, as one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas. The career of this eminent and good man, from his onset in life to the recent close of it on the bench, was in keeping—uniformly entitled to the admiration of all thinking and good men. Talfourd, seeking eminence in his profession, distinction in literature, renown in his judicial capacity, was always true to the interests of humanity and of literature. He had strong sympathies with his fellow-men—with poverty and suffering. He had a sound taste in matters appertaining to art and letters, and kindly feelings toward those who cultivated those pursuits. It has been truly said that “the noble sentiments uttered by Justice Talfourd in his last moments gave a charm to his sudden death, and shed a hallowed beauty about the painfully closing scene of this great man. They forcibly illustrated the loving soul, the kind heart, and the amiable character of this deeply-lamented judge.” After speaking of the peculiar aspect of crime in that part of the country where he delivered his last charge, he went on to say :

“I can not help myself thinking it may be in no small degree attributable to that separation between class and class, which is the great curse of British society, and for which we are all, more or less, in our respective spheres, in some degree responsible, and which is more complete in these districts than in agricultural districts, where the resident gentry are enabled to shed around them the blessings resulting from the exercise of benevolence, and the influence and example of active kindness. I am afraid we all of us keep too much aloof from those beneath us, and whom we thus encourage to look upon us with suspicion and dislike. Even to our servants we think, perhaps, we fulfill our duty when we perform our contract with them ; when we pay them their wages, and treat them with the civility consistent with our habits and feelings ; when we curb our temper, and use no violent expressions toward them. But how painful is the thought, that there are men and women growing up around us, ministering to our comforts and necessities, continually inmates of our dwellings, with whose affections and nature we are as much unacquainted as if they were the inhabitants of some other sphere. This feeling, arising from that kind of reserve peculiar to the English character, does, I think, greatly tend to prevent that mingling of class with class, that reciprocation of kind words and gentle affections, gracious admonitions and kind inquiries, which often, more than any book-education, tend to the culture of the affections of the heart, refinement and elevation of the character of those to whom they are addressed. And if I were to be asked what is the great want of English society, to mingle class with class, I would say, in one word, the want of sympathy.”\*

From Sergeant Talfourd to Lady Blessington :

“Reading, 16th October, 1836.

“MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—On my return from Scotland on Saturday,

\* Notes and Queries, April 29, 1854.

I found your charming work, some foretaste of the delicate beauties of which I had enjoyed in the extracts of the Examiner, and for the full enjoyment of which I have now heartily to thank you.

“The airy graces of its style, and the loveliness of its illustrations, came upon me very opportunely between the perils and distresses of a most tumultuous passage, and the stormy duties which compelled me to leave home to-day for this place, where I have to undergo many dinners, &c., for the next ten days. From those whom it was delightful to visit when they were no more than friends, and whom now I shrink from as if they were creditors, I turn to your book for recreation.

“I remain, dear Lady Blessington, ever faithfully yours,

“T. N. TALFOURD.”

GENERAL THE HON. EDMUND PHIPPS.

Edmund, the fourth son of Constantine, first Lord Mulgrave, was born in 1760. He entered in the army in 1780. He served in Jamaica, Gibraltar, in the Low Countries, and in England and Ireland; obtained various honors and preferments, and attained the full rank of general in 1819. He entered Parliament in 1794 for the borough of Scarborough. He was re-elected at each subsequent election till that of 1832, when he retired.

General Phipps was the uncle of the present Marquess of Normanby. He possessed refined literary tastes, and an excellent judgment in literary matters, and extensive information; mingled for upward of half a century with the most eminent and talented men of his time, and was greatly loved by all who knew him. He died in Venice on the 14th of September, 1837, after a few days' illness, without issue.

WILLIAM GODWIN, ESQ.

The author of “Caleb Williams” was born at Wisbeach in 1756. He was the son of a Calvinist minister, and was educated for the ministry at the Dissenters' College at Hoxton, under Rees and Kippis.

In 1778 he was appointed to a congregation at Stowmarket, in Suffolk. About 1782 he abandoned the Church, and devoted himself to literature. His first published work, entitled “Sketches of History,” appeared in 1784. Soon after the outbreak of the French Revolution, he was engaged as a writer in “The New Annual Register.” A work of his attracted very extensive notice, entitled “Political Justice,” in 1793. This performance, on account of the novelty and boldness of its doctrines, brought down a tempest of wrath and reprehension on his head: this work was followed by “Caleb Williams,” which fully established his reputation. In 1797, his work “The Inquirer” appeared; a little later, “St. Leon;” in 1801, a tragedy, produced at Drury Lane, called “Antonio;” and in 1804, “The Life of Chaucer,” and “Fleetwood.” Till 1817 he was almost lost sight of by the public, when he published his novel, “Mandeville.” In the interim, he was engaged in London on a

small scale in the bookselling trade, but was unsuccessful in it. For many years subsequently he gave himself up wholly to literature: at various intervals appeared "An Essay on Sepulchral Monuments," "A Reply to Malthus on Population," "The History of the Commonwealth," "Cloudesley," "The Lives of the Necromancers," &c. Mr. Godwin was twice married. His first wife, whom he married in 1797, was the celebrated Mary Woolstonecraft, by whom he had one daughter, the late Mrs. Shelley. In 1801 he married a widow lady, who survived him.

While struggling for his support in London in a small bookselling business, he published several little books for the instruction and amusement of children, under the name of Edward Baldwin. He was continually engaged in literature, likewise, as a contributor to various publications, and a compiler of several biographies.

His private worth, lofty sentiment, and originality of mind, his courteous manners and pleasing address, gained him the friendship of some of the great men of his age—Fox, Sheridan, Macintosh, Grattan, and Curran.

For his very ably-written and successful novel, "Caleb Williams," he received only £84, while for the most hastily-written, and perhaps the most trashy of all his works, "An Inquiry into Political Justice," he was paid £700; and for a novel of far inferior merit to that of "Caleb Williams," "St. Leon," he got 400 guineas.

His last years were made comfortable by an appointment of Yeoman Usher in the Court of Exchequer during Earl Grey's tenure of office, which office he retained till his death, which took place in Palace Yard, April 7th, 1836, in his eighty-first year.

Godwin was one of the earliest of the literary friends of Lady Blessington in London.

#### JAMES PERRY, ESQ.

Mr. Perry, born in 1756, was a native of Aberdeen, at which University he was educated, and then removed to London, where he applied himself to the law, and was called to the bar; but, devoting himself to politics, and becoming proprietor of the "Morning Chronicle," he relinquished the legal profession. He settled in London in 1777. He wrote for the "General Advertiser" and "London Evening Post" for some years; subsequently established the "European Magazine," and soon afterward became editor of "The Gazette." Having purchased the "Morning Chronicle," he raised that paper to the first eminence among the public journals.

In 1810, an ex-officio prosecution, for an alleged libel on the House of Lords, was instituted against him in the King's Bench; and the result of this prosecution was the imprisonment for three months of Mr. Perry in Newgate.

Shortly before Lord Blessington's second marriage, Mr. Perry, then a stranger to his lordship, did an act worthy of an honorable man: he refused to allow his paper to be made the vehicle of a foul calumny, intended to give an-

noyance to the feelings of his lordship, and injury to the character of another person, respecting the death of a gentleman who had recently met his death in the Fleet Prison by falling through a window in a state of inebriety—Captain Farmer.

Mr. Perry died on the 4th of December, 1821, in his sixty-sixth year.

The original publisher and proprietor of the "Morning Chronicle" was Mr. William Woodfall.

In the latter years of Mr. Perry's life he drew a very large income from the paper (larger than the future prosperity of the paper justified, upward of £10,000 a year).

On the death of Mr. Perry in 1821, the "Morning Chronicle" was purchased by William Clement, Esq., editor and proprietor of the "Observer," for £40,000, payable by installments of £10,000 each. In 1834, struggling with great difficulties, Mr. Clement sold the "Chronicle" to Mr. John Easthope for about a quarter of the sum he had paid for it.

Mr. Clement died in 1852.

#### JOHN ALLEN, ESQ.,

one of the visitors at Seamore Place, the intimate friend of Lord Holland, the inmate for many years of his house, "one of the most acute and learned of our constitutional antiquaries,"\* died on the 3d of April, 1843, in his seventy-third year, in South Street.

Mr. Allen was born in 1770, at Redford, a few miles west of Edinbro'. He graduated at the University of Edinburgh as M.D. in 1791, and in 1792 was associated with the Scotch Reformers, Muir and Palmer, in their political efforts for reform. Since the beginning of the present century he was almost a constant inmate of Holland House, and after the death of Lord Holland continued to reside there for some years. Mr. Allen contributed largely to the "Edinburgh Review." He was profoundly versed in history, and singularly clever in unraveling difficulties, and applying his knowledge of past times to present circumstances, and passing subjects of public or literary interest.

For upward of forty years Mr. Allen mingled with the scientific and literary society of Holland House; in the library of Holland House, and in its salons, with the best books, "in which every talent and accomplishment, every art and science had its place,"† and the most distinguished people. Mr. Allen passed as long a period in literary and social ease and enjoyment as Moses passed in the wilderness, wandering in dismal and dreary places. Mr. Allen was one of the members of the Commission of Public Records, and a master of Dulwich College.

#### SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A.

Lady Blessington made the acquaintance of Wilkie in Italy. In her journal at Pisa in March, 1827, she mentions the celebrated painter spending a

\* Sir James Macintosh.

† Macaulay, of Holland House.—Ed. Rev.

few days with her. Elsewhere she frequently alludes to his remarkable simplicity and amiability of disposition.

When deeply engaged in his professional pursuits, his whole mind was absorbed in them. He was so abstracted when thus engaged, that passing occurrences, or the entrance of visitors and presence of persons in his studio often seemed unperceived by him. His friends recounted many amusing traits of his absence of mind and characteristic simplicity, and no doubt embellished many of them.

He is represented as lamenting in his studio an act of savagery committed in his absence—"his model had been eaten in it." The model thus made away with turned out to be a biscuit which he had been "painting from nature."

Wilkie had extreme difficulty in comprehending the point of a good joke, and a strange propensity to make puns, which, however well begun, always ended abortively.

Lady Blessington used to tell of his being found once at a friend's house in a deep reverie, contemplating some repairs that were being made on the roof of the house, and while striving hard to effect a pun on the word roof, repeating aloud, "Rufus! Rufus! yes, there was a monarch of that name: dilapidated houses might well cry out . . ." then, looking up at the roof, exclaiming, "Yes, truly something might be made of it," and then abandoning the attempt, failing to do any thing successful with his embryo pun.

Wilkie commenced his career in London in 1805 with his *Village Politicians*. He was one of those fortunate children of genius who commence their career with complete success—who go to bed on a particular night unknown and unappreciated, awaken the next day, rise with the sun shining on their fortunes, and find themselves famous all at once.\*

From 1825 to 1828, ill health of mind and body compelled Wilkie to cease his more arduous labors, and to make a Continental tour in Spain and Italy. In the latter country his head-quarters were chiefly at Rome.

In 1814 he was again obliged to abandon his occupation and to travel for his health. He proceeded to the East, and returned to his own land no more.

The works of Wilkie, like those of Hogarth, possess one great claim to admiration, which caprice or fashion, and the revolutions in art, and style, and taste, can never seriously affect. They are true to nature, and they are indicative of generous feelings and general sympathies with humanity at large.

\* The following was the succession of Wilkie's principal works from 1805 to 1825: "The Village Politicians," in 1805; "The Blind Fiddler," 1807; "The Card Player," 1808; "The Cut Finger," 1809; "The Rent Day," 1809; "Boys Digging for Rats," 1811; "A Game-keeper," same year; "Blind Man's Buff," 1812; "The Village Festival," 1813; "The Letter of Introduction," 1814; "Distraint for Rent," 1815; "The Rabbit on the Wall," 1816; "The Breakfast," 1817; "The Errand Boy," 1818; "The Abbotsford Family," 1819; "The Penny Wedding," 1820; "The Reading of the Will," 1821; "The News-mongers," 1822; "The Chelsea Pensioners," 1823; "The Parish Beadle," 1824; "The Smugglers," 1825; &c., &c., &c.



Wilkie was born at Culls, near Cupar, in Fifeshire, in 1785. He died in the Roads of Gibraltar, on the 1st of June, 1841, on board the *Oriental*, on his return from Egypt, in his fifty-fifth year.

## DANIEL MACLISE, R.A.

The city of Cork has given some very eminent men to art and literature. Daniel Maclise was born in Cork in 1811. From his earliest years he manifested a great taste for art and considerable talents for drawing. The desk of a banking house was relinquished by him for the easel before he was sixteen. He commenced his career as a professional artist by painting portraits, and drawing landscapes and sketches of the peasantry in his rambles in search of the picturesque along the banks of the Blackwater, and at a later period of the Avon and Avoca, and the grotesque in all congregations of the people, at fairs, wakes, weddings, and patterns.

Young Maclise studied, not only in his profession, in galleries and studios, but for it in anatomical schools, and even in dissecting rooms; and likewise in libraries he made himself thoroughly acquainted with the history of art and artists.

The first drawing of his that was exhibited in the Royal Academy, Somerset House, was in 1828. He was successful from the start in London in that year. He obtained two prizes before he was twelve months in London; one for a drawing after the antique, another for a copy of a Guido.\*

After having studied in the Paris galleries for some time, he commenced his career in London in oil painting on a large scale, and obtained the gold medal of the Academy in 1831 for his "Choice of Hercules." From that period his status in English art was determined—his succeeding works were so many successive triumphs. His principal productions appeared in the following order:

1832, "Allhallows' Eve;" 1833, "Love Adventure of Francis;" 1834, "The Installation of Captain Rock," and "Illustrations of Bulwer's Pilgrims of the Rhine;" 1835, "The Ladies and the Peacock:" between that period and 1840, when he was elected a Royal Academician, he painted some of his best works, among which were the "Interview between Charles I. and Cromwell;" "Macbeth and the Witches:" since 1840, his numerous works have established his early fame. Few modern artists have produced so many works, so few of which have been unsuccessful.

The artist who painted "Malvolio smiling on Olivia," "The Banquet Scene in Macbeth," "Scene from Undine," and "Macready as Werner," has

\* Cork can boast of having given birth to many very distinguished artists. Rogers, "the father of landscape painting in Ireland;" his pupil Butts, who commenced his career as a scene-painter at Crow Street Theatre; Nathaniel Grogan, a self-taught artist, a man of considerable talents; John Corbet, an eminent portrait painter; Barry, the celebrated painter; Hogan, one of the first of living British sculptors; and lastly, Maclise, the subject of this brief notice.

condescended to lend his talents to the illustration of Magazines and Annuals, and even, in his early days, to contribute his poetical talents to some of them.

Lady Blessington was frequently indebted to him for sketches for her "Keepsake" and "Book of Beauty," which illustrations contributed not a little to their success.

Maclise was a constant visitor and a favored guest at Gore House. D'Orsay had a great regard for him, and was an enthusiastic admirer of his works.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, K.B., R.A.

The father of the renowned and unrivaled painter of animals was an engraver of celebrity. Edwin Landseer was born in 1803. He has great merits, not merely as a painter of deer, and dogs, and horses, but as an artist, most skillful in his delineation of human figure, and of original genius in the representation of vast subjects, in small isolated series of individualized parts, conceived and wrought with such powers of comprehension and concentration, that in a single episode of "Peace" and "War," all the blessings of the former and all the horrors of the latter are conveyed to the mind of the person who looks on those master-pieces. Landseer, true to the dignified character of high art, has not lent its aid to the glorifications of war in the great picture of his which bears that name. He represents war in one of its results—a desolated rural scene, distant gleams of conflagration, a lurid sky, a wasted garden, a rural peasant hut; and all that we have of the immediate horrors of battle is a dead horse, and the rider slain with the foot stretched across the saddle.

This eminent artist was elected a Royal Academician in 1831, and was created a K.B. in 1850.

It has been my good fortune on several occasions to have met this distinguished artist at Lady Blessington's.

Few of the frequenters of Gore House were more sincerely esteemed and more kindly received, on all occasions, than Sir E. Landseer. Independently of his great eminence in his profession, the wonderful fidelity of his representations, so true to nature, so full of originality, poetry, and quaintness of conception, so perfect in touch and execution; his social qualities, his facility for diffusing pleasure, and being pleased by those around him; his anecdotal talent, his refined tastes and manners, secured him a hearty welcome in every circle, and the most distinguished society. There is in Landseer's compositions an exquisite delicacy of organization, an acute sense of perception of all that is harmonious in nature or art, a nervous susceptibility of all impressions, pleasing or poetical, such as it would be difficult to find in other artists. His chefs d'œuvre are "The Highland Drovers," "Laying down the Law," "Bolton Abbey," "Lady and Spaniels," "The Sanctuary," "The Challenge," "High Life and Low Life," "Jack in Office," "Shepherd's Grave and Chief Mourner."

## BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON, ESQ.

The recently published life of this great artist, from his *Autobiography and Journal* (edited by Tom Taylor and Son, 1853), exhibits the struggles of a man of high purposes, and bold, independent mind, who braved all sorts of enmities and opposition for one glorious object—the elevation of the art of his country. He waged this war, that began in manhood and ended with his life, without wealth, title, powerful patronage, or protection.

His style of painting, with all its grandeur and with least of its defects, is best exhibited in his “Solomon,” “Jerusalem,” “Dentatus,” “Macbeth,” “Napoleon,” “Lazarus,” “The Mock Election,” “Eukes,” “Aristides,” and “Curtius.” Haydon’s style of writing—perspicuous, vigorous, and pithy, is shown to the best advantage in his diaries, and to the least in his letters.

## SIR GEORGE HAYTER.

The earlier works of this eminent painter gave great promise of excellence; but it is the calamity of artists who have been early patronized by royal personages to abandon nature in her simple forms and humble aspects for subjects appertaining to state ceremonials, court pageants, or royal progresses suggested by courtiers, or commanded by sovereigns or their consorts. Sir George Hayter has been much patronized by the Queen and Prince Albert.

## RICHARD J. WYATT, ESQ.

Mr. Wyatt went to Rome in 1822, and worked for some time in the studio of Mr. Gibson. A recent account of his career, in the “Gentleman’s Magazine,” makes mention of him as “the eminent British sculptor, whose works are so well known at home, and whose fame is spread in every part of the world where the fine arts are valued.” He is said to have executed commissions to the extent of £20,000 sterling.

Frequent mention will be found of him in Lady Blessington’s “*Idler in Italy*.”

He died in Rome on the 27th of May, 1850, in his fifty-seventh year.

## THOMAS UWINS, ESQ., B.A.

Among the many artists either already eminent or rising to eminence, who made the acquaintance of Lady Blessington in Italy, was Mr. Uwins the painter, who in 1824 was introduced to her ladyship at Naples by Sir William Gell. Mr. Uwins had already acquired celebrity by several works, in which the glowing scenery and picturesque inhabitants of Rome and Naples were delineated in a style of the highest excellence.

## FRANCIS GRANT, ESQ.

This eminent artist, remarkable for his excellence in painting horses, and

the style of his portraits in general—the striking resemblances given in them, and the grand simplicity of character with which they are invested—is of ancient Scotch family. He commenced life with a large fortune, and having lost it, he determined to turn his talents to account, and became a professional artist. One of the first portraits he painted professionally was the well-known equestrian one of Count D'Orsay, who was an intimate friend of his. The count had previously, I think, executed a fine bust and statuette of the artist. Mr. Grant has the advantages of a fine person and gentlemanly manners. He is highly esteemed by those who know him for his integrity and worth. He has been twice married. His present wife is a niece of the Duke of Rutland.

#### EMILE DE GIRARDIN.

This eminent French journalist was born in Paris about 1802. Early in life he established a literary journal, and had proceedings taken against him by his own father for assuming the name of his litigious parent. He became connected at different periods with a great number of literary journals; at the time of the Revolution of February, he held the office of "Inspecteur des Beaux Arts." In the several periodicals conducted by him, he has invariably displayed a great fund of cleverness, of common sense, of practical business-like habits; but all his journals broke down in the long run, and some of his distinct works—his "Emilie" among others.

He married a celebrated literary lady, Mademoiselle Delphine Gay,\* and entered into another kind of joint-stock partnership with a gentleman, a clever, speculative man, who, in conjunction with his friend, established the "Presse" newspaper in 1836, one of the most influential of all the journals of France. In a previous joint-stock speculation he had been unsuccessful, and was prosecuted for defrauding the shareholders by paying dividends out of capital, and was acquitted of the charge.

The foolish notion that a newspaper was to be established and sustained in order to advance particular political opinions, and not solely with a view to the promotion of pecuniary interests or individual advantages in political speculations, was never professed, much less entertained, by Monsieur Girardin. Few ministries and prominent leaders of parties have not been occasionally dallied with or denounced, turned for some time to an account, advocated for, or, being found to be impracticable and untractable, warred on with great energy and ability. This eminent journalist claims the merit of being "no party man." *He gives to mankind* all he has to give—his "Presse," and gets as much as he can for it. Parisian newspaper advertising, under his editorship, vied to some extent with that of the "Times." This very clear-sighted journalist several years ago perceived that the different factions

\* Byron, in a letter to Moore, speaks of a romantic Parisian correspondent of his, Sophia Gay. This lady was the mother of the celebrated poetess and beauty, Mademoiselle Delphine Gay, we are told by Moore.

of the Chambers were bringing parliamentary intrigues, alias French constitutional politics, into disrepute. The public—"hors des factions"—were becoming sick of reading of their sayings and doings. He invented the *feuilleton* system; he cut off half a foot or more of politics on each paper, and devoted the space to spicy novels, of the convulsive, compendious style of modern romance, and discarded dull political writers for the sentimental celebrities and thrilling-interest authors of the greatest vogue at the time—Balzac, Dumas, Dudevant, Sue, Soulie, &c.

About five years ago, the "Presse" was making, clear of all expenses, nearly 200,000 francs a year. Louis Napoleon, in December, 1852, took some measures for the improvement of public morality, against the promulgation of political opinions which might not be in harmony with his own views of the interests of order, and his own *Idées Napoléons*. He wrote a few lines—published them in the "Moniteur"—the independent journals were suppressed. Poor Monsieur Girardin and his partners lost 200,000 francs a year; but then they have the great consolation of knowing that *Les Idées Napoléons* have prevailed, and the empire is established, even though it be on the ruins of the press.

M. Girardin lent his aid in the Chamber of Deputies and in his journal to pull down the ministry of Guizot, and to discredit the power and authority of his master. At the period of the downfall of Louis Philippe, he was busy in the closing affairs of the unfortunate citizen-king. Without any ostensible mission from any party, or authority for taking on himself the office of counselor of the ruined sovereign, he assumed that office, and received the act of abdication from the hands of Louis Philippe. He gained nothing by this service to the Republican cause. It inspired no confidence, and obtained no recompense.

During the short regime of Cavaignac, M. Girardin was for some time under arrest and the surveillance of the police.

M. Girardin has once more taken to newspaper-writing, as it now is permitted to exist in France—handcuffed journalism—every effort of which reminds the writer of the shackles on the hand that holds the pen, and makes the reader feel as if the attempt at freedom of discussion was akin to the mockery of that amusement which is witnessed in Carolina—the dancing of slaves in the presence of their drivers, in sight of the lash, and perhaps of some of their fellow-slaves in the stocks.

In 1834, M. Girardin turned his attention to his advancement in the senatorial line: he became a member of the Chamber of Deputies. Two years later, he commenced a fierce war of aggression on the character of the editor of a rival newspaper—Armand Carrel, of the "National"—a man of great ability, and, for a French journalist professing patriotism, a man of singular integrity and sincerity of principle, and of singleness of mind. Carrel challenged the aggressor, and the young Republican editor of the "National" was killed by the editor of the "Presse."

SAMUEL CARTER HALL, ESQ.—MRS. A. M. HALL.

Mr. Hall was born at Topsham, Devonshire, in 1800. In conjunction with Mrs. Hall, some of the most popular illustrated works on Ireland have been published by him. Mr. Hall edited the "New Monthly" for several years. He established the Art Union. He edited the "Book of Gems," the "Book of British Poets," "Book of British Ballads," "Baronial Halls," and several other illustrated works.

The principal works of Mrs. Hall are "Sketches of Irish Character," in 2 vols. ; "The Buccaneer," in 3 vols. ; "The Outlaw," in 3 vols. ; "Uncle Horace," in 3 vols. ; "Lights and Shadows of Irish Life," in 3 vols. ; "Marian, or a Young Maid's Fortunes," in 3 vols. ; "The White Boy," in 2 vols. ; "Stories of a Governess," &c., in 1 vol.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall were for many years on terms of very intimate acquaintance with Lady Blessington. Lady Blessington's regard for Mrs. Hall, and appreciation of her talents, were often warmly expressed when that lady was not present ; and Mrs. Hall's kindly sentiments toward the memory of Lady Blessington have been recently expressed to me in a way which does great credit to that lady, and affords matter for reflection, by comparison, by no means favorable to many who professed to be the friends of Lady Blessington while she lived in splendor, but who, when the crash came, and the brilliant salons of Gore House were no longer open to them—and a little later, when the grave had closed over the remains of the poor mistress of that noble mansion—were unwilling to be reminded of their former protestations of regard, and perhaps considerably thus acted, conscious as they were of the hollowness of those professions.

A person in humble life, but of high principles and right notions on all subjects within the scope of her knowledge and observations, having a perfect knowledge of Lady Blessington and all that concerned her for the last eighteen years of her life, thus expresses herself to me on the subject that has been glanced at in the preceding remark : "My opinion is, that no woman ever was overwhelmed with such professions of friendship and attachment from so great a number of insincere acquaintances."

There are many exceptions, I must observe, to the rule, if such it may be considered, in this assertion.

LADY E. S. WORTLEY.

Lady Emmeline Charlotte Elizabeth Stuart Wortley, a daughter of the Duke of Rutland, born in 1806, married the Honorable Charles Stuart Wortley, a brother of the present Earl of Wharncliffe, who died in 1844. Lady Emmeline has traveled much, and contributed a great deal to our periodical literature. Her performances are chiefly poetical, some of them of considerable merit. If there be not evidence in them of the highest order of talent, there are ample proofs in them of an amiable disposition, of kindly and benevolent feelings, and of a generous and noble nature.

Of the many fair contributors to the "Book of Beauty," there are few whose compositions rank higher than those of Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley.

There are some lines on Death, of this gifted and amiable lady, in the volume for 1843, of great beauty, beginning thus :

" Say, what shall still this bounding heart,  
Bounding as boundless—strong and wild !  
Or what shall heal each wounded part,  
With gentlest healings, soft and mild,  
And still this restless storm of breath ?  
Death !"

Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley edited "The Keepsake" in 1836 and 1837.

Among her prose articles in that annual, 1837, there is an article of much interest, entitled "A Visit to Madame Letitia, mother of Napoleon, May 26, 1834."

She has published "Travels in the United States during 1849-50," in three volumes ; and a continuation of her "Travels in America, and other Sketches," in one volume.

G. P. R. JAMES.

Few novelists, with the exception of Dumas, have equaled Mr. James in fertility and apparent facility in production. It is impossible that so many compositions should not be of very unequal merit. Few of them, however slightly constructed or hastily executed, are devoid of interest. The titles alone of his novels will serve to exhibit the extraordinary rapidity of production above noticed.

As the demand in this case, as well as in that of other commodities, must regulate the supply, it follows that the novel-reading public are satisfied with these brain-stuffs of their hard-worked author.

With several of his works they have a good right to be content, and with some, it is probable, the writer himself is not. These are the novels of Mr. James, "and their name is Legion :—" *Richelieu* ; *Darnley* ; *De L'Orme* ; *Henry Masterton* ; *The Gipsy* ; *Philip Augustus* ; *Mary of Burgundy* ; *John Marston Hall* ; *One in a Thousand* ; *The Desultory Man* ; *The Robber* ; *Attila* ; *The Huguenot* ; *Charles Tyrrell* ; *Rose D'Albret* ; *The Stepmother* ; *The Smuggler* ; *Delaware* ; *Agincourt* ; *Arrah Neil* ; *Heidelberg* ; *The King's Highway* ; *The Man-at-Arms* ; *Corse de Leon* ; *Henry of Guise* ; *The Ancient Regime* ; *The Jacquerie* ; *Morley Ernstein* ; *Forest Days* ; *Eva St. Clair* ; *The False Heir* ; *Arabella Stuart* ; *The Castle of Ehrenstein* ; *Russell* ; *The Convict* ; *The Whim and its Consequences* ; *Margaret Graham* ; *Sir Theodore Broughton* ; *Gowrie, or the King's Plot* ; *Beauchamp* ; *The Forgery* ; *The String of Pearls* ; *The Woodman* ; *The Old Oak Chest* ; *Henry Smeaton* ; *The Fate* ; *Revenge* ; *Pequinillo*. In all, 138 volumes!

Sydney Smith's account of the antediluvian diffusive style of writing (*apro-*

*pos* of Dr. Parr's Character of Fox) should be commended to the attention of all voluminous, as well as of lengthy and tedious writers.

“There is an event recorded in the Bible, which by men who write books should be kept constantly in their remembrance. It is there set forth that, many centuries ago, the earth was covered with a great flood, by which the whole of the human race, with the exception of one family, were destroyed. It appears, also, that from thence a great alteration was made in the longevity of mankind, who, from a range of seven or eight hundred years, which they enjoyed before the flood, were confined to their present period of seventy or eighty years. This epoch in the history of man gave birth to the twofold division of the antediluvian and the postdiluvian style of writing, the latter of which naturally contracted itself into those inferior limits which were better accommodated to the abridged duration of human life and literary labor. Now to forget this event—to write without the fear of the deluge before his eyes, and to handle a subject as if mankind could lounge over a pamphlet for ten years, as before their submersion, is to be guilty of the most grievous error into which a writer could possibly fall. The author of this book should call in the aid of some brilliant pencil, and cause the distressing scenes of the deluge to be portrayed in the most lively colors for his use. He should gaze at Noah, and be brief. The ark should constantly remind him of the little time there is left for reading; and he should learn, as they did in the ark, to crowd a great deal of matter into a very little compass;” a valuable suggestion to more authors than Dr. Parr.

Sismondi tells us that his great History of the Italian Republics occupied him for eight hours a day during a period of twenty years; and when he finished that work, he sat down to a new literary labor, “The History of France,” which occupied him for the same length of time, daily, for a period of twenty-four years.

Now, if we deduct the Sundays from the period devoted to each work, and allow the hard worker of the brain one day in the week to rest his wearied mind, we will find that this great historian devoted to his work on the Italian Republics 50,080 hours of his life; and to that on French History, 61,086 hours; the sum total of which labor, on two works, amounts to 111,166 hours!!!

Yet we are told by Southey that “the best book does but little good to the world, and much harm to the author.”

W. M. THACKERAY, ESQ.

An artist and an author, with talent sufficient for success in either pursuit, Mr. Thackeray commenced his career in London some years ago, and for some time had to struggle through many difficulties. He began by the publication of some illustrated tales and sketches of slight merit. His peculiar talents soon found numerous persons to appreciate them. His “Vanity Fair” made his reputation, and surpassed his other works. Perhaps, in merit, his “Pen-



dennis" approaches to it, and next to that production his "Harry Esmond." He began his career as a painter, but soon abandoned that pursuit for literature. He illustrated some of his early works. He has traveled much, and is a good linguist. Few persons who entertain the ordinary opinions that are held concerning humorists would imagine the sterling qualities of solid worth and faithfulness in friendship which belong to Mr. Thackeray. With strangers, reserved and *uncommunicative*; to those who know him, he is open-hearted, kindly-disposed, and generous. To great sensibility, and an innate love of all that is good and noble, he unites sentiments of profound hatred and contempt for falsehood, meanness, worldliness, and hypocrisy; and a rare power of satirizing and exposing it. In analyzing character and describing its various shades of differences, he possesses great strength and originality of style and expression.

His latest occupation has been the delivery of Lectures in the United States on the humorous and miscellaneous writers of the last century, which had been commenced by him in England.

His principal productions are, "Our Street," in one vol.; "Vanity Fair;" one vol.; "Book of Snobs," one vol.; "Pendennis," two vols.; "Great Hogarty Diamond," one vol.; "Doctor Birch," one vol.; "Rebecca and Rowena," one vol.; "Comic Tales," two vols.

#### WASHINGTON IRVING.

A glance at one of the eminent of our transatlantic celebrities in the "Homes of the New World" will give a tolerable idea of the external man, his manners, and mode of life.

#### IRVING AT HOME.

"His house, or villa, which stands on the banks of the Hudson, resembles a peaceful idyll; thick masses of ivy clothe one portion of the white walls and garland the eaves. Fat cows fed in a meadow just before the window. Within, the rooms seemed to be full of summer warmth, and had a peaceful and cheerful aspect. One felt that a cordial spirit, full of the best sentiment of the soul, lived and worked there. Washington Irving, although possessing the politeness of a man of the world, and with great natural good temper, has, nevertheless, somewhat of that nervous shyness which so easily attaches itself to the author, and in particular to one gifted with delicacy of feeling and refinement. The poetical mind, by its intercourse with the divine spheres, is often brought somewhat into disharmony with clumsy earthly realities. To these belong especially the visits of strangers, and the forms of social life, as we make them in good society upon earth, and which are shells that must be cracked if one would get at the juice of either kernel or fruit. But that is a difficulty for which one often has not time. A portrait which hangs in Washington Irving's drawing-room, and which was painted many years since, represents him as a remarkably handsome man, with dark hair and eyes, and a head

which might have belonged to a Spaniard. When young, he must have been unusually handsome. He was engaged to a young lady of rare beauty and excellence; it would have been difficult to find a more handsome pair. But she died—and Washington Irving never sought for another bride. He has been wise enough to content himself with the memory of a perfect love, and to live for literature, friendship, and nature.\*

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

The author of "Rookwood," "Crichton,"† "Jack Sheppard," "The Tower of London," "Guy Fawkes," "Old Saint Paul's," "The Miser's Daughter," "Windsor Castle," "Saint James and Saint Giles," &c., was well known to Lady Blessington, and appreciated by her.

Mr. Ainsworth, it need hardly be observed, is a man of talent and research, of great facility in composing, successful in dealing with historical incidents, depicting character, presenting striking scenes with historical incidents, giving to works of imagination a life-like air, and sustaining an interest in his stories.

J. H. JESSE, ESQ.

The subject of this notice is a young man of remarkable abilities and strong contrasts of character. A few years ago, to the most singular passion for boyish freaks and fantastic frolics, practical jokes, and ludicrous recreations, he added the very opposite predilection for hard study and close research. Historical literature has occupied him chiefly. He has published "The Court of England, from the Revolution in 1688 to the death of George the Second," in three volumes; "Memoirs of the Pretenders," in two volumes; "Memoirs of the Court of England during the reign of the Stuarts," in four volumes, an extensive and interesting picture of the period, full of research, yet amusing and gracefully written; "Memoirs of George Selwyn and his Contemporaries," in four volumes. His other works present the same general features of interest and instruction.

In 1848, Mr. J. H. Jesse published "Literary and Historical Memorials of London;" and in 1850, a second series of that work, under the title of "London and its Celebrities," two vols. 8vo, Bentley.

HENRY F. CHORLEY, ESQ.

As a litterateur and musical critic Mr. Chorley holds a high place, and still higher, in every society he frequents, as an amiable gentleman, of honorable principles, strongly attached to his friends, and entirely confided in by them. Though reserved and silent in the presence of strangers, in the company of those he is intimately acquainted with he is communicative and agreeable. He has traveled on the Continent, and made good use of his powers of obser-

\* "Homes of the New World," by Fredrika Bremer.

† Mr. Ainsworth, it is said, in this character intended the portraiture of Count D'Orsay.

vation and keen perception of the ridiculous. He possesses a fine musical organization, a delicate ear, and refined taste, though not a musical performer of much excellence on any instrument. His style of writing is quaint, original, and always in good taste. His principal works are "Pomfret, or Public Opinions and Private Judgments," a novel, in three volumes; "Sketches of a Sea-port Town," in three volumes; also some plays, and numerous poetical pieces in various periodicals. Mr. Chorley was very intimately acquainted with Lady Blessington, and was held in high regard by her.

## WILLIAM JERDAN, ESQ.

This gentleman, for many years editor and principal writer in the "Literary Gazette," in his recently published "Reminiscences" has given the world an account of his career as a journalist. My acquaintance with him extends over a period of twenty years. In conversation as well as in writing, he exhibited considerable talents and information. He was well versed in the literature of the day, and the state of art and science of his time, and for many years the paper he edited was one of the most able journals dedicated to these subjects. In society his conversation was sprightly and agreeable, with a dash of dry humor in it, that savored more of Scotch than of Irish wit; but there was often a piquancy in his remarks, which gave a peculiar zest to his conversation, and rendered his society amusing to people in general.

Mr. Jerdan, prior to 1815, had conducted the "Satirist." Afterward he became a partner in the "Sun" evening paper, of which he was the joint editor with Mr. Taylor. He published, nearly forty years ago, "The Paris Spectator," in three vols. 12mo; also a translation of Monsieur Jouy's well-known work of "Il Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin." Mr. Jerdan, from 1817 to the close of 1850, was editor of the "Literary Gazette." In April, 1853, a pension of £100 a year was conferred on him in consideration of his literary labors. For some years before his retirement from the "Literary Gazette," he was harassed by pecuniary difficulties and heavily afflicted by domestic calamities. On the occasion of his retirement, he received testimonials of regard from the foremost of his contemporaries, literary, scientific, and artistic. Mr. Jerdan at present edits "Tallis's Weekly Newspaper."

## WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY.

This eminent tragedian was born in London in 1793, and educated chiefly at the celebrated school at Rugby. His father, who was a lessee and manager of several provincial theatres, had intended to bring up his son to the legal profession, and was about sending him to Oxford, when his affairs became embarrassed, and caused these plans to be relinquished. The boy was taken from school to assist his father, and transferred to the stage in 1810, and made his first appearance in a provincial theatre, in the character of Romeo, when he was scarcely seventeen years of age. His *début* was successful, and his career continued to be so in many of the theatres of the chief towns in En-

gland for four or five years. In 1815 he visited England and Scotland with great success, and in 1816 made his first appearance on the London boards at Covent Garden, in the character of Orestes, in "The Distressed Mother." His first appearance in London was a decided hit; but the establishment of his fame and position on the London stage, with such competitors as Kemble, Kean, and Young, was a long and arduous struggle, and for nearly ten years it had to be maintained before he could be said to be a great tragedian, worthy of representing the great Shakspearian tragic characters. The highest place in tragedy was held for nearly a quarter of a century by Mr. Macready. This eminent actor studied for his profession, and considered that to be a great actor it was advisable for him to become a good scholar, an accomplished gentleman, a well-ordered man, with a well-regulated mind, and finely-cultivated taste. In France and in America, as well as in his own country, Mr. Macready not only won golden opinions from all kinds of people, but wore his honors well to the end of his theatrical career. He retired from the stage a few years ago, universally esteemed, admired, and respected.

In March, 1851, a banquet, on an extraordinary scale of magnificence, was given at the Hall of Commerce, in London, on the occasion of Mr. Macready's retirement from the stage. Of the merits of Mr. Macready, which received so much applause on that occasion, "The Athenæum" observed:

"We look back to what we remember of other actors—we look round to what is still to be seen, and it is precisely because we do not think that Mr. Macready has brought his art to the highest measure of excellence that we refuse to concede to him the attribute of genius in its strictest sense, as distinct from talent. An actor may have a good figure, expressive features, a fine voice, a keen intellect, a cultivated taste, an educated eye for the picturesque, large experience of the external signs of passion, and great power in expressing them; he may have knowledge of life, of history, literature, and art—Mr. Macready *has* all these—yet will not their possession establish a claim to the so often rashly misapplied epithet of genius. Hard to define, its presence is never to be mistaken. Its power in the performer is akin to that of the dramatic poet. You do not see the individual character in the man he is portraying any more than you see the individual poet. Sentence by sentence, and scene by scene, the character develops before you. Not this burst nor that look arrests you by the way; you are borne resistlessly along by a power which at once satisfies the imagination and the heart. Critical you can not be while under its spell; but when all is over, and the imagination cools, the image of the man's whole nature is left a living reality in your memory, and you feel that such he was, and that he could be no otherwise. Whence comes this power but from the quick and deep sensitiveness of a nature that sympathizes with, and can lose itself in all forms of humanity—a quality which belongs to the great actor in comedy as well as in tragedy—nay, which, we believe, makes him who is greatest in the one great also in the other? This quickness and breadth of sympathy—this power of losing himself in his part,

we have always missed in Mr. Macready. He lent it to him, he did not lend himself to it. We recognized the able illustrator, but we never bowed before the unconscious inspiration of genius. In his greatest scenes there was nothing, as Horace Walpole said of Mrs. Siddons, 'which good sense or good instruction might not give.' Looking steadily to the laurel from the first, sparing no labor, avoiding no self-denial, Mr. Macready's ambition has not only been crowned with success, but with success have come all those collateral advantages which embellish and sweeten life."

R. M. MILNES, ESQ., M.P.

Mr. Milnes devoted much of his time and talents to literary pursuits some ten or twelve years ago. He published several poetical pieces of merit in the periodicals in the early part of his career, and even of late years has occasionally relinquished political pursuits for those of literature. In 1839 he published his collected Poems.

For some years he was a regular contributor to the Annuals edited by Lady Blessington, and his pieces, whether in prose or verse, were always marked by a high moral tone, by a liveliness of fancy, originality of mind, and correctness of taste and style. In politics, he was a strenuous supporter of the late Lord George Bentinck, and ally of Mr. D'Israeli.

In private circles he stands high as a man of amiability as well as talents, of straightforward views and honorable principles, kind-hearted, and agreeable in society. In the past year he married the Honorable Miss Crewe, daughter of Lord Crewe.

Louis Blanc, in August and September, 1848, when an exile in England, was known to Count D'Orsay and Lady Blessington. In reference to an attack that had been made on him, charging him with inciting the populace against the government of which he was a member, Lady Blessington had recourse to the recollections of her friend, Mr. Monckton Milnes, who had been in Paris at the time, and the following was his statement, in September, 1848, of his remembrance of the occurrences referred to :

"I do not know Monsieur Louis Blanc, nor sympathize with his opinions ; but having been in the Assembly on the 15th of May, and having carefully read the *enquete*, I am convinced in my own mind that the decision of the Assembly was a surprise to him, and that his manner to the people when in the enceinte was deprecatory, and not encouraging. I should certainly say he seemed to desire to get them away."

ROBERT BERNAL OSBORNE, ESQ.

Mr. Bernal Osborne, both in society and in public, is remarkable for those qualities which manifest originality of mind, great quickness of perception, and liveliness of imagination, energy in thought and language, and enthusiasm in any cause or side of a question espoused by him.

Captain Robert Bernal, on his marriage with the only daughter and heir-

ess of Sir Thomas Toler, of Newtown, county Tipperary, the eighth baronet of the name—brother, I believe, of the notorious Judge Toler, the Lord Norbury of 1798—formerly chief justice of the Common Pleas, assumed the name of Osborne, and is now Secretary of the Admiralty, and M.P. for Middlesex.

The old family estates of the Tolers passed away by this marriage.

ALEXANDER BAILLIE COCHRANE, ESQ.

This gentleman, of great promise in his early days, is the son of Sir Thomas Cochrane, R. N. He traveled in the East and Greece, and sojourned in Southern Europe sufficiently long to acquire a taste for its arts and literature. He has written many pieces of merit in the *Annals* and other periodicals, and those "*vers de société*," which serve, at least, as presages of talent fitted for future occupations of more importance and utility. His first introduction into public life seems to have been in the ranks of the Protectionists, under Sir George Bentinck.

Mr. Cochrane, in the literary society of Gore House, passed for "a young man of refined tastes and good abilities, of a romantic turn of mind, and enthusiastic temperament; rather given to exercise his intellectual faculties in startling paradoxes, and the maintenance of propositions requiring ingenuity and courage to sustain." A work of fiction, entitled "*Ernest Vane*," by Mr. Cochrane, in two volumes, appeared some years ago.

TERRICK HAMILTON, ESQ.

Mr. Hamilton was for some time in the East India Company's service; was officially employed abroad in 1811; was appointed Oriental Secretary of Embassy at Constantinople in 1815, and Secretary of Embassy in 1815, when he obtained a pension.

HENRY REEVE, ESQ.

The letters of Mr. Reeve correspond to his conversational talents. He is an amateur in literature, writes prose and verse with grace and facility, and, though possessing excellent abilities, has figured hitherto as an author only in *Annals* and *Albums*. His knowledge of language, and acquaintance with Continental literature and general information, and agreeableness of manner, are exhibited fully, but not ostentatiously, in conversation. His high character as a man of honor and integrity gives an additional advantage to his intellectual qualities in society. His popularity in it is of that kind which is most readily accorded to talent, when united with amiability of disposition, kind-heartedness, and good nature.

Mr. Reeve, a few years ago, held a post in the Privy Council Office, and there he enjoyed the good opinion and confidence of the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord John Russell, Lord Minto, and other influential men.

## HENRY CHESTER, ESQ.

Mr. Henry Chester was attached to the late Lord William Russell's special mission to Lisbon in 1833 ; has been a clerk in the Council Office since 1826, and is now assistant secretary to the Committee of Council on Education.

## C. GREVILLE, ESQ.

The position of this gentlemen in society, his high character for intelligence and literary acquirements, his knowledge of public affairs and eminent public men, his high standing, too, in official life, as clerk of the Council, give him much consideration and influence in the circle of his acquaintance. Mr. Greville is a well-known member of the turf. He is of a noble family. His mother, Lady Charlotte Greville, I believe was the daughter of the third Duke of Portland, who married Charles Greville, Esq., in 1793.

## T. N. LONGMAN, ESQ.

Mr. Thomas Norton Longman, who died in 1842, in his seventy-second year, was well known to Lady Blessington, and highly respected by her. From the period of the death of his father in 1797, he had been at the head of the great publishing firm of Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman (all of whom had been at various times his partners). Mr. Longman's personal property amounted to nearly £200,000. He left two sons, Thomas and Charles, his successors in the business, who had been his partners. His eldest daughter was married to Andrew Spottiswoode, Esq., the queen's printer.

## COUNT VON KIELMANSEGG.

The count was an intimate acquaintance and a correspondent of Lady Blessington. He was a general in the Hanoverian service, and died at Linden, aged 83, in September, 1851. He was born at Ratzebourg in 1768, entered the army in 1793, served against the French in Holland, and commanded a brigade at Waterloo.

## F. MILLS, ESQ.

In Rome, Mr. Mills resided in a beautiful villa on the Mount Palatine. "It occupies," says Lady Blessington, "the site of the palace of the Cæsars, and is arranged with exquisite taste. The gardens are charming beyond description, presenting an unrivalled view of Rome and the Campagna, and containing some most interesting fragments of antiquity, seen to peculiar advantage, mingled with trees and flowering plants of luxuriant growth. The owner of this terrestrial palace is worthy of it, possessing a highly-cultivated mind, great suavity of manners, and qualities of the head and heart that have endeared him to all who knew him."

Mr. Frank Mills has been confounded with Charles Mills (born in 1788, and

deceased in 1828), the author of "The History of Mohammedanism," "History of the Crusades," "Travels of Theodore Ducar, at the period of the Revival of the Arts in Italy," and "The History of Chivalry."\*

Mr. Charles Mills has had the honor, likewise, of being taken for the author of "The History of India," and complimented on its merits—for James Mill, who died in 1836.

#### THE DUC DI ROCCO ROMANO.

The Duc di Rocco Romano, one of Lady Blessington's intimate friends when residing in Naples in 1824, was a Neapolitan general of some celebrity, and, in the opinion of Lady Blessington, the very personification of a *preux chevalier*, "brave in arms, and gentle and courteous in society." Though upward of sixty years of age at the period referred to, the old general was full of life and vivacity—a man of gallantry in every sense of the word, and equally at home in camps or fashionable circles. Those acquainted with the Villa Belvidere will not easily forget the military air and carriage, and venerable appearance of the old Duc di Rocco Romano, now many years gathered to his fathers.

#### HON. WILLIAM THOMAS HORNER FOX STRANGWAYS.

This gentleman, a son of Henry Thomas, second Earl of Ilchester, was attached to the embassy at St. Petersburg in 1816; at Constantinople in 1820; at Naples in September, 1822; was appointed paid attaché at the Hague in January, 1824; secretary of legation at Florence in March, 1825; at Naples in February, 1828; and envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the Diet of the Germanic Confederation in August, 1840, which post he held till 1848, when he retired on a pension.† This gentleman was an intimate acquaintance of Lady Blessington, as was likewise his brother, John Charles Strangways, born in 1803, married in 1844 to a daughter of E. Majoribanks, Esq.

#### CAPTAIN THOMAS MEDWIN.

In November, 1821, Captain Thomas Medwin found Byron sojourning in the Lanfranchi Palace at Pisa, which he had taken for a year.

Medwin published in 1823, "Conversations with Lord Byron, noted during a Residence with his Lordship at Pisa in the years 1821 and 1822." At a later period he published in the "Athenæum" his "Recollections of P. B. Shelley;" and in 1823, "Translations of the Agamemnon and Prometheus of Æschylus," which display considerable talent, and frequently preserve the beauty of the original.

The author of "Recollections of Lord Byron" resided with me in Naples

\* Like several others of our great literati, he was destined for the legal profession, and had been articled to a conveyancer.

† Foreign Office List, 1854.



for some time about thirty years ago. He was then a young man of gentlemanlike manners and good address, of bookish habits, and, in conversation and in society, agreeable, well-informed, and good-natured.

His work treating of Byron was partly composed in the apartments he shared with me, and it seems to me, now, that his verbal anecdotes of Byron and oral description of his mode of life were more interesting than his published account of them.

Captain Medwin published also a work in fiction, entitled "Lady Singleton, or the World as it Is," in three volumes.

ALBERT SMITH, ESQ.

Whether in society or on the summit of Mount Blanc, in a monster balloon, the columns of "Punch," or in the company of the "Marchioness of Brinvillieres," "Christopher Tadpole," or of "A Gent about Town," Mr. Albert Smith is equally amusing. He is the son of a general medical practitioner at Chertsey, and was intended for the medical profession. He studied medicine in London and in Paris, and abandoned his profession about 1818 for that of literature. He was one of the original contributors to "Punch," and for some time one of its principal managers. Easier circumstances and less necessity to struggle with the world in very early life might perhaps have given his talents a better chance to ripen and turn to a good account, and have afforded them a higher direction. By Lady Blessington and her surviving friends he was looked on as "a man of considerable comic talent, a humorist, an excellent mimic, quick of perception and comprehension, apt to see things in a ludicrous light, sprightly and animated in conversation, as a writer possessing much facility in composition; but he was known also to them as a kind-hearted person, an excellent son and brother, possessing sterling qualities, seldom found in those who pass in society for humorists and jest-makers."

CAPTAIN WILLIAM LOCK.

The Locks of Norbury Park had been at a very early period of Lady Canterbury's career in London very intimate friends of hers and her sister's.

One of that family, Captain William Lock, a young man remarkable for great comeliness, was drowned, about seventeen years ago, in the Lake of Como, in sight of his newly-wedded bride.

The mother of Captain Lock was a Miss Jennings, daughter of a person of some notoriety in his day, the celebrated "Dog Jennings," thus called on account of having brought from Greece a fragment of an ancient sculpture, which was named the dog of Alcibiades. A brother of this gentleman married a Miss Ogilvie, a daughter of the Duchess Dowager of Leinster.

DR. EDWARD HOGG, M.D.

The author of "A Visit to Alexandria, Damascus, and Jerusalem during the successful campaign of Ibrahim Pasha," 2 vols. 8vo, 1835, died at Ches-

ter, aged 65, in March, 1848. Dr. Hogg set out from Naples in April, 1832, on his Eastern visit, and returned to Italy the year following. A man whom Gell regarded with esteem, and looked on as a friend, could neither be destitute of companionable qualities or intellectual gifts. He had practiced his profession with success and reputation for some years in England, and retired from it in easy circumstances, but in very impaired health. He was an amiable man, of literary tastes, deeply interested in antiquarian researches, especially those connected with the history of early civilization in the East, and the examination of the proofs of that early advancement of which he speaks in the graceful, modest preface to his "Travels," "still existing in the stupendous monuments of Egypt and Nubia."

C. M. TALBOT, ESQ.

This gentleman is of an ancient family, and of ample means—generous, simple in his tastes, and unaffected, but somewhat peculiar in his habits. He has traveled a good deal, and now lives retired in Wales.

WILLIAM THOMAS FITZGERALD, ESQ.

This gentleman, one of the vice-presidents of the Literary Fund, died in London in 1829, aged seventy.

Mr. Fitzgerald claimed to be a descendant of the Desmond branch of the illustrious family of the Fitzgeralds of Ireland, and was the son of a Colonel John Austen Fitzgerald, who served in the Dutch armies.

He was educated partly at Greenwich, and at the Royal College of Navarre, in the University of Paris. Mr. Fitzgerald had figured at the court of the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth and his queen, and even in the select circles of the Petite Trianon.

In 1782, having returned to England, he obtained an appointment in the office of the Navy-Pay Office, in which he continued for a great many years. His exuberant loyalty was only exceeded by the exuberance of his poetry. His poetical pieces published in newspapers, prologues, political squibs, odes to sovereigns, and invocations to princes to arm against France, lines on battles, and pœans for victories, would make several volumes.

JOHN BUSHE, ESQ.

The son of the late chief justice, better known, perhaps, by the more familiar appellation of Johnny Bushe, is extensively known in the fashionable world. He has traveled much on the Continent, in the East, India, China, &c. ; and wherever he had been, his hereditary turn for humor and drollery, in addition to the singularity of his adventures, his warmth of feeling, frank and generous disposition, eagerness to oblige, truly Irish indifference about the cares of life, and characteristic ease in the enjoyment of all its present advantages, rendered him popular and well-remembered.

## THEOPHILUS GODWIN SWIFT, ESQ.

The family of Godwin Swift, we are told in a recent remarkable work, who came to Ireland during Ormond's power, and acted as attorney general for the Palatinate of Ormond, was descended from a Yorkshire family, originally from Belgium (Swift or Suyft), settled at Rotherham.

The attorney general of Ormond, Godwin Swift, married, first, Miss Deane, of the Muskerry family, by whom he had issue, Godwin, the ancestor of the Swifts of Lion's Den, and three other children. He married, secondly, a Miss Delgarno, daughter of a rector of Moylisker.\*

The celebrated dean, according to Sheridan (*Life of Dr. J. Swift*), was a member of a younger branch of an ancient Yorkshire family. His grandfather, the Rev. Thomas Swift, was distinguished for his general exertions in favor of Charles the First, and his subsequent sufferings and ruin. Five of his sons went to seek their fortune in Ireland, one of whom, Jonathan, was the father of the famous dean. He had married a Leicestershire lady of little fortune, a Miss Abigail Errick, a relative of the wife of Sir William Temple, and had died in distressed circumstances about two years after marriage, seven months before the birth of his only son, Jonathan. After his death his widow came to Ireland, and was received into the family of her husband's eldest brother, Godwin Swift (who had married a relative of the old Marchioness of Ormond, and, to the great offense of his family, subsequently a sister of Admiral Deane, one of the regicides), a lawyer of great eminence and large income, which he squandered away, however, on idle projects. At his house in Hoey's Court, Dublin, Jonathan was born, in November, 1667. At the death of Godwin Swift, it was found that his affairs were in a ruinous condition; the mother of Jonathan returned to England, established herself in Leicester, and there remained. The place of Godwin was supplied for some time to young Swift by a cousin, Willoughby, the eldest son of Godwin Swift, who resided in Lisbon. In the year 1688, young Jonathan left Ireland, and proceeded on foot from Chester to visit his mother, then residing in Leicester; and soon after, his intimacy with Sir W. Temple commenced.

Those who are curious to know the grounds on which the surmises rest of Sir W. Temple being the father of Jonathan Swift, and the celebrated Stella being the half-sister of the latter, may refer to Exshaw's "*Gentleman's and London Magazine*," 1757, p. 555, and to Surgeon Wilde's "*Closing Years of Dean Swift*" (2d edit., 1849, p. 108), a work of singular interest and considerable research. The dean died in October, 1745, in his seventy-eighth year.

The representative of this family was a person of considerable notoriety in Ireland about half a century ago, Theophilus Swift, Esq., Barrister-at-law.

In a letter to Sir Walter Scott respecting the celebrated dean, he thus spoke of his own father, Mr. Deane Swift:

"My father, having an easy fortune, had taken to no profession. He was

\* Lyon's Grand Jury Lists of Westmeath, p. 303.

an excellent scholar, but a very bad writer. He was a very moral man, and, from an innate love of religion, had made divinity his immediate study. He had taken the degree of A.M. at Oxford, and was every way qualified for an excellent divine.' Theophilus goes on to state that Sir Robert Walpole offered his father preferment in the Church, and that his friend the dean prevented him from availing himself of the minister's offer because he had a grudge against Walpole on account of the neglect he had experienced at the hands of the latter. And he adds that his father dared not disoblige the dean at that time, because he owed the doctor £2500, for which he had given a mortgage on his estates, and that he left his son to pay the debt after his death."\*

Theophilus Swift, Esq., Barrister-at-law, a native of Herefordshire, but settled at an early age in Ireland, an eccentric celebrity of his day, who claimed descent from the celebrated eccentric of the same name, the renowned Dean of St. Patrick, labored under an inveterate disease, which political nosologists term pamphleteering. He commenced his career of a pamphleteer by a satirical poem, entitled "The Gamblers." "A Poetical Letter to the King" followed, in which he slandered Colonel Lennox, the subsequent Duke of Richmond, Viceroy of Ireland, and, being challenged by the colonel, fought a duel in July, 1789, and had the honor of being wounded by his distinguished opponent. He next published a letter to W. A. Brown, Esq., on the duel of the Duke of York with Colonel Lennox in 1789; next, "A Vindication of Renwick Williams, commonly called the Monster," in 1790.

He signalized his progress in the career of a pamphleteer in 1794 by assailing, in a pamphlet of 192 pages, "The Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin," charging them with perjury, violation of the college statutes, marrying against the same, &c., &c.; and, being prosecuted by one of them, Dr. Burrowes, he was cast into prison, but had the consolation of prosecuting successfully the doctor for a libel, and having him imprisoned also while he was undergoing the penalty of his offense.

Theophilus Swift had two sons, Edmund Lenthall and Deane Swift. The former was educated at Oxford; the latter was an under-graduate in Trinity College, Dublin, where he quarreled with Dr. Burrowes, one of the examiners; and his father, on the son's account, waged war on all the heads of the University, and the whole of the fellows in particular. Theophilus ended his career by tormenting a daughter of a respectable Protestant clergyman of Dublin, the Rev. Mr. Dakkyn, with violent protestations of love, and bitter complaints of not being accepted by the lady, embodied in a pamphlet addressed to her father, for which he was challenged by a relative of the young lady (she being then about to marry a Mr. Lefance); but Theophilus declined to accept any thing from the Dakkyns except the young lady's hand, and died, like his pamphlet, in the summer of 1815.

Deane Swift was a young man of considerable ability, an excellent scholar,

\* Nichols's Illustrations of Literature of the Eighteenth Century.

a good Latin versifier, and an able writer. From the time of the war with the fellows, and the composition of divers sarcastic epigrams on them, no more was heard of young Deane Swift till the memorable year of 1798, when his name occurs in certain governmental documents, representing him as a person not particularly loyal in his opinions; and then he disappears from the stage of Irish politics and the page of Irish history, and is only known to have quitted Ireland at the period above referred to, and not to have returned to it. About twelve years ago, the late General Arthur O'Connor informed me that the author of the stirring treasonable letters against Lord Camden's government, published in "The Press" newspaper, the Dublin organ of "The United Irishmen," under the signature "MARCUS," was Mr. Deane Swift, who had fled from Ireland, and was no more heard of. He and Dr. Drennan were the chief pensmen of the Dublin leaders, but the strongest and most stirring leading articles in that paper were written by Swift.

Peter Fumerly, the printer of "The Press" in the early part of 1798, was prosecuted for the publication of the libelous letters against Lord Camden, signed "MARCUS," in which letters the words in capitals, "REMEMBER ORR" (the first person executed, charged alone with taking the oath of the United Irishmen), were frequently repeated in the way of appeal to the passions of the people, and thus were rendered so familiar as to become the great cry of the lower orders of the disaffected.

O'Connor supposed the writer of those letters had been long dead. Shortly after, however, on my return to London, a friend of mine brought me an invitation to dine with the keeper of the regalia of the Tower, and in making the acquaintance of that excellent gentleman, it was no small surprise to me to find an official charged with the custody of her majesty's crown, Edmund Lenthall Swift, Esq., the brother of the formidable penman of the "United Irishmen," Mr. Deane Swift, the "MARCUS" of the "Treasonable Press," whose writings had so seriously troubled the repose of Lord Camden, endangered his government, and for which eventually the writer had to fly to save his life, after having to some extent compromised his brother by them. I found General O'Connor's statement to me confirmed by Mr. Edmund Swift, and further learned that his brother was living, and then residing at Gravesend, in comfortable circumstances, highly respected by all classes.

The last time I saw Mr. E. Swift was in 1847; his brother was then living.

Edmund L. Swift, Esq., was keeper of the regalia of the Tower so far back as July, 1817. He died in the enjoyment of his office of great trust in 18 . He was an occasional contributor, in verse and prose, to the "Gentleman's Magazine."\*

In the November number of that periodical for 1817, he published some verses on the death of the Princess Charlotte, entitled "The Heart," strangely contrasting with the effusions of his brother in the "Press" newspaper of 1797 and 1798, under the signature of "MARCUS."

\* "Gentleman's Magazine," July, 1817, Part ii., p. 3.

A few years ago, Mr. Swift had the misfortune to lose his eldest son, Mr. Theophilus Godwin Swift, aged thirty-two, at Hobart Town.

P. B. SHELLEY, ESQ.

Though Lady Blessington was personally unacquainted with Shelley, so many references to him are to be found in her letters and journals, and especially in her "Conversations with Lord Byron," that the following brief notice of him may not be misplaced. Lady Blessington was intimately acquainted with Shelley's career previously to his second marriage, and had much valuable authentic information given her, both oral and written, respecting his early career, by some of his most confidential friends, of which she has left some very curious records in her papers.\*

"Timothy Shelley, the second baronet, died April 24th, 1844, at his seat, Field Place, Warnham, Sussex. He was born in 1753, and married, in 1791, Elizabeth, daughter of Charles Pitford, Esq., of Effingham, Surrey, by whom he had issue Percy Bysshe, the celebrated poet, and five other children.

"The one true friend of Byron—the only one to whom Byron appears to have been truly attached, and who was faithful in his friendship—T. B. Shelley, was born in August, 1792, at Field Place, the seat of his father in Sussex.

"After passing some years at the preparatory school of Leon House, in Brentford, he was sent to Eton at thirteen years of age, and in due time commenced his college course at Oxford. His passion for poetry first manifested itself about the age of fifteen, in some effusions indicative of a taste for ghost stories, and German relations of marvelous enchantments, and 'hopes of high talk with the departed dead.'"

His near relative, Captain Medwin, remembers no display of precocity of genius in his earlier years. "His parents were not remarkable for any particular talents." One of his earliest characteristics was a sovereign contempt for the universal idol (Mammon). Another, of rather a later growth, was an abhorrence of tyranny and injustice. In his childhood, even, he tells us he formed resolutions

"To be wise  
And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies  
Such power, for I grow weary to behold  
The selfish and the strong still tyrannize  
Without reproach or check."

In his novel of "Lastrozzi," a very wonderful work for a boy of sixteen, he embodied much of the intense passion that had already taken possession

\* Though Lady Blessington had never been personally acquainted with Shelley, she had heard so much of him from his dearest friends, that she took a deep interest in every thing that concerned his brief and remarkable career; and from his immediate friends and companions she obtained a good deal of information respecting it, which threw much light on that strange and eventful history. From various memorandums of hers on that subject, the following particulars are collected.

of his heart—his hopeless passion for his beautiful cousin, Miss G—. Shelley's expulsion from college on a charge of Atheism; the misery of seeing the girl he adored married to another; the unhappiness of his relations with his father; the apparent inveteracy of that parent's animosity to a youth before he could be said even to have approached the age of reason, to have attained maturity of mind or body—all these things are familiar with the lovers of Shelley's poetry, who are interested in his unhappy fate, and need no further reference in this notice of the salient points in his career.

There is a curious coincidence in the early tastes of children who in after years become distinguished for exalted genius, or some great qualities which lead to signal intellectual successes in after life: they shun in childhood the scenes of uproarious merriment of their juvenile companions; they show no liking for rural sports and games, and the ordinary out-door amusements of boys, especially those of boisterous habits; they seem to need silence and seclusion for their meditations and communings with nature and with themselves.

Shelley's natural disposition in childhood was a striking instance of this kind of turn for gravity and retirement, and premature concentrativeness of ideas.

Of this kind, also, was the childhood of Dante and of Savonarola. Byron was an exception to the rule; his youth was venturesome, daring, pugnacious, turbulent, and demonstrative of a desire to distinguish himself among his schoolfellows in all athletic sports and exercises.

The prevailing turn of Shelley's mind toward mystic speculations and strange abstractions at a very early period of his career, appears to have had, at times, an unhappy influence alike on his bodily health and mental sanity.\*

Shelley married, or, according to Captain Medwin, he was inveigled into marriage at eighteen. The union, we are told, was not made in heaven, nor apparently on earth with any reasonable prospect of felicity. It is easy to visit the sins of such an ill-starred union on the unhappy wife of an inferior rank to that of her husband—on the weaker vessel, on the woman of few friends in her former position, and who, when driven from it on the wide world, having no hope left, died by her own hand. But it may be that the sorrows of that unhappy union are mistaken for the sins, and the victim has been wrongly regarded by us.

Harriet Westbrook, the first wife of Shelley, was the daughter of a retired coffee-house keeper. With this lady it is stated he lived very unhappily, and after bearing him two children, a separation took place, and a little later, she died by her own hand in 1817.

Shelley married while yet a stripling, and his friend Legh Hunt says, "the wife he took was not of a nature to appreciate his understanding, or, perhaps, to come into contact with it uninjured in what she had of her own."† They

\* Moore's Life of Byron, ed. 8vo, 1838, p. 7.

† The reasoning of Mr Legh Hunt on this untoward event—this "one painful passage in his life," is hardly less revolting than the conduct which led to it.

separated by mutual consent after the birth of two children. We are told, by way of apology for Shelley's conduct in this mutually voluntary separation, and something more, in the letter of license accompanying it, that Mrs. Shelley was a person of inferior rank, and that Shelley's family disapproved of the match.

Whatever her rank was, the unfortunate lady believed herself to have been ill used by her husband; and while Mr. Shelley was residing in Bath, paying court to another lady, news came to him that his wife had destroyed herself. "It was a heavy blow to him," we are told, "and he never forgot it."

The first Mrs. Shelley is represented by Mr. Hunt in a very unfavorable light, especially in an intellectual point of view. I have had evidence before me which would go very far to contradict that opinion. In the year 1812, and early part of 1813, Mr. Shelley was reduced by pecuniary distress to the necessity of frequently supplicating a friend for the loan of small sums of money to meet his current expenses, he and Mrs. Shelley living at that period in the most straitened circumstances.

In March, 1813, Mr. and Mrs. Shelley were residing in Dublin, at No. 35 Great Cuffe Street, Stephen's Green, a locality sufficient to show the nature of the pecuniary circumstances in which Shelley was then placed. He and Mrs. Shelley were then, to use his own words, "overwhelmed by their own distresses, but still not indifferent to those of others, suffering or struggling in the cause of liberty and virtue," and therefore he sent instructions from Ireland to apply £20 to the benefit of the Hunts.

Shelley was then slowly recovering from an alarming illness, accompanied by great nervous excitement and depression of spirits, brought on by dread of assassination, and night-watchings, and terrors, occasioned by an imagined attempt made on his life, the 26th of February, 1813, between ten and eleven o'clock at night, while residing in Wales.

Mr. and Mrs. Shelley, and a sister of Mrs. Shelley, had retired to rest about half an hour, when Shelley, imagining he heard a noise in the lower part of the house, rushed out of bed, and, armed with two pistols *which he had loaded that night, expecting to have occasion for them*, ran down stairs and entered a room from whence it seemed to him the noise had proceeded. Mrs. Shelley, in narrating the occurrence, stated that Shelley saw a man in the act of making his escape through a window that opened into a shrubbery. The man, according to that account, fired at Shelley without effect. Shelley then attempted to fire at his assailant, but the pistol did not go off. The man then rushed on Shelley, knocked him down, and while on the ground a struggle took place between Shelley and his assailant. Shelley managed during this struggle to fire his second pistol, which he imagined had wounded the man in the shoulder, for he screamed aloud, rose up, and uttered terrible imprecations and threats in the grossest language, calling God to witness that he would be revenged—that he would murder his wife; that he would bring disgrace on his sister; and ending with these words: "By G—, I will be revenged."



The villain had fled, as they (Mr. and Mrs. Shelley) hoped, for the night. The servants had not gone to bed when this occurrence took place, yet Mrs. Shelley makes no mention of their having made their appearance at all on the scene of this rencounter during the struggle, notwithstanding the firing of the shots, nor did she mention being present herself till about eleven o'clock, when "they all assembled in the parlor, where they remained for two hours." Mrs. Shelley stated that her husband then desired them to retire, as there was no farther attack likely to be apprehended. She went to bed, and left Shelley and a man-servant, who had only become an inmate of the house that day, sitting up. Mrs. Shelley had been in bed about three hours when she heard a pistol go off, and immediately ran down stairs, where she found her husband greatly excited. She saw that his dressing-gown and the window-curtains had been perforated by a ball. The servant-man who had been left sitting up with Shelley, by her account was not present when the shot was fired. He had been sent out to see what o'clock it was, and after having done so, on hearing some noise at the window, Shelley, as she states, went forward in that direction, *when a man thrust his arm through the glass and fired at him.* The ball passed through the curtain and his dressing-gown, Shelley fortunately standing sideways at the moment the assassin fired. Shelley immediately attempted to fire his pistol at the man, but it would not go off. He then made a lunge at him *with an old sword which he found in the house*; the assassin tried to wrest the sword out of his hand, and while in the act of so wresting it, the servant-man Daniel rushed into the room, and the man then took to flight and disappeared.

When Mrs. Shelley saw her husband after this second attempt, it was four o'clock in the morning. The night had been most tempestuous—a most dreadful night—the wind was so loud, it seemed to her like thunder, and the rain came rattling down in torrents.

The next day the occurrence was the subject of general conversation in the locality. A Mr. L—— spread a malicious report that the whole was a fabrication of Shelley, and the object of it was to furnish an excuse for leaving the place without paying his bills, this Mr. L—— having an enmity to Shelley, on account of being slighted by the latter, and once having obtained a pamphlet which Shelley had published in Dublin, of a political nature, and having sent the same to the government, denouncing its principles and its possessors. On the Saturday following the Shelleys took their departure for Tarrycalt, and determined shortly after to proceed to Dublin for a change of scene, that might lead to some new train of thought most urgently required at that time for the restoration of his health and spirits.

Shelley, in his account of the attempted assassination, said he had been fired at twice by the assassin, and one of the balls had penetrated his night-gown and pierced his waistcoat. He was of opinion it was no common robber they had reason to dread, but a person seeking vengeance, *who had threatened his life and his sister's also.*

Within a week of the date of the occurrence above mentioned, Shelley's state of mind was not only one of depression, but of desperation; he spoke of his escape from an attempted atrocious assassination, and the probability of being then heard of no more, in a very incoherent manner.

The whole alleged attempt at assassination, there can hardly be a doubt, was an imaginary occurrence—the creation of an overworked mind, greatly excited, controlled by no religious sentiments—of a state of mental hallucination remotely occasioned by excessive metaphysical abstraction, immediately aggravated by impaired bodily health and extreme physical debility.

Those who contributed perseveringly and industriously to undermine the religious sentiments of this noble-minded being, for such he was with all his faults, one originally good and excellently gifted, naturally endowed, too, with sentiments of a reverential kind for the Creator, and with feelings of grateful admiration of the glorious and beautiful works of creation—those persons, some of whom are still living, might well lament for the success of their efforts to unchristianize Shelley, if they had the grace to be conscious of their own grievous errors in matters of fact.

Moore says of Shelley, "With a mind by nature fervidly pious, he yet refused to acknowledge a supreme Providence, and substituted some airy abstraction of 'universal love' in its place."\*

We are told by Legh Hunt that "Shelley was subject to violent spasmodic pains, which would sometimes force him to lie on the ground till they were over, but he had always a kind word to give to those about him when his pangs allowed him to speak."

One of the earliest and most intimate friends of Shelley, in whose house in London, at the period of his first married life, and subsequent to the separation, Shelley was in the habit of staying when in town, informed me that he was subject to violent paroxysms of pain in the head, so violent and overpowering, that, while they lasted, he would lie down on a sofa, and writhe in agony of suffering, that seemed almost to drive him to distraction.

Polidori, the Italian physician of Lord Byron in Genoa and Milan, in his Preface to the "Vampire," gives a curious account of one of Shelley's occasional hallucinations, for the truth of which Byron vouches.

"It appears that, one evening, Lord Byron, Mr. P. B. Shelley, two ladies, and the gentleman before alluded to, after having perused a German work called 'Phantasmagoria,' began relating ghost stories, when, his lordship having recited the beginning of *Christabel*, then unpublished, the whole took so strong a hold of Mr. Shelley's mind that he suddenly started up and ran out of the room. The physician and Lord Byron followed, and found him leaning against a mantel-piece, with cold drops of perspiration trickling down his face. After having given him something to refresh him, upon inquiring into the cause of his alarm, they found that, his wild imagination having pictured to him the bosom of one of the ladies with eyes (which was reported of a lady

\* Moore's "Life of Byron," p. 316, 8vo ed., 1838.

in the neighborhood where he lived), he was obliged to leave the room in order to destroy the impression."\*

The belief to which he clung with most tenacity, we are told by his friend Hunt, was in the existence of some great pervading "spirit of intellectual beauty." The sweet cadences of melodious music, the lustre of the stars, the loveliness of flowers, the beauties of nature, the excellencies of art—these, we are told, were the spiritual influences which went to the formation of his religious opinions. The works of Bernard de St. Pierre contributed, perhaps, to make him a natural religionist; and one work of Mr. Godwin, on "Political Justice," made him a philosophical Radical and a metaphysical Republican.

"Shelley's figure was tall and most unnaturally attenuated, so as to bend to the earth like a plant that had been deprived of its vital air; his features had an unnatural sharpness, and an unhealthy paleness, like a flower that has been kept from the light of day; his eyes had an almost superhuman brightness, and his voice a preternatural elevation of pitch and a shrillness of tone, all which peculiarities probably arose from some accidental circumstances connected with his early nurture and bringing up. But all these Hazlitt tortured into external types and symbols of that unnatural and unwholesome craving after injurious excitement, that morbid tendency toward interdicted topics and questions of moral good and evil, and that forbidden search into the secrets of our nature and ultimate destiny, into which he strangely and inconsequentially resolved the whole of Shelley's productions."†

Shelley's lines—"Written in dejection, near Naples"—contain some passages exquisitely beautiful and pathetic; some, too, of a mournful interest, and calculated to recall his own sad fate:

"I see the deep's untrampled floor,  
 With green and purple sea-weeds strown;  
 I see the waves upon the shore,  
 Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown.  
 I sit upon the sands alone:  
 The lightning of the noontide ocean  
 Is flashing round me, and a tone  
 Arises from its measured motion,  
 How sweet! did my heart share in my emotion.  
 Alas! I have nor hope, nor health,  
 Nor peace within, nor calm around,  
 Nor that content surpassing wealth,  
 The sage in meditation found,  
 And walked around with inward glory crown'd;  
 Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.

\* Moore's Life of Byron, p. 394, 8vo edit., 1838.

† "My Friends and Acquaintances," by P. G. Patmore, vol. iii., p. 134.

Others I see whom these surround ;  
 Smiling they live, and call life pleasure :  
 To me, that cup has been dealt in another measure.  
 Yet now despair itself is mild,  
 E'en as the winds and waters are ;  
 I could lie like a tired child,  
 And weep away the life of care  
 Which I have borne, and still must bear,  
 Till death, like sleep, might steal on me,  
 And I might feel in the warm air  
 My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea  
 Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony."

The second Mrs. Shelley was the daughter of William Godwin, by his union with Mary Woolstonecraft, the author of the "Rights of Women." This gifted lady became the wife of P. B. Shelley in 1818. Soon after their marriage, they left their residence at Great Marlow, in Buckinghamshire, for Italy, where they resided till the fatal accident by which Shelley perished, in his thirtieth year, in the Gulf of Terici, with his friend, Edward Elleker Williams, on the 8th of July, 1822. Her first work, written during her residence in Italy, was "Frankenstein," one of the most remarkable works of fiction of the time. After Shelley's death she had to devote herself to literature to enable her to provide for herself and two young children. She produced, at intervals, "Valperga," "The Last Man," "Iodore," one or two other works of fiction, biographies of foreign artists and men of letters for the "Cabinet Cyclopædia." She edited, moreover, the poems and various fragments of Shelley, and, lastly, published, in 1843, in 2 vols. 8vo, her "Rambles in Germany and Italy in 1840, 1842, and 1843." Mrs. Shelley's elder son, William, died in childhood; the survivor is the present Sir Percy Florence Shelley, Bart., who succeeded his grandfather, Sir Timothy Shelley, in that title in 1844. Mrs. Shelley died at her residence, 24 Chester Square, London, aged fifty-three, on the 1st of February, 1851.

"The remains of Shelley are deposited near those of his friend Keats, in the cemetery at the base of the pyramidal tomb of Caius Cestius in Rome. In his preface to his lament over Keats, Shelley says, 'He was buried in the romantic and lonely cemetery of the Protestants, under the pyramid which is the tomb of Cestius, and the massy walls and towers, now mouldering and desolate, which formed the circuit of ancient Rome. It is an open space among the ruins, covered in winter with violets and daisies. *It might make one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place.*' The inscription on the monument of Keats, who died in Rome in 1821, briefly tells the sad story of the short career of the young English poet, the friend of Shelley: '*This grave contains all that was mortal of a young English poet, who, on his death-bed, in the bitterness of his heart at the malicious power of his*

*enemies, desired these words to be engraved on his tomb : HERE LIES ONE WHOSE NAME WAS WRITTEN IN WATER.' "*

"I have been here to-day, to see the graves of Keats and Shelley. With a cloudless sky, and the most delicious air ever breathed, we sat down upon the marble slab laid over the ashes of poor Shelley, and read his own lament over Keats, who sleeps just below, at the foot of the hill. The cemetery is rudely formed into three terraces, with walks between ; and Shelley's grave occupies a small nook above, made by the projections of a mouldering wall-tower, and crowned with ivy and shrubs, and a peculiarly fragrant yellow flower, which perfumes the air around for several feet. The avenue by which you ascend from the gate is lined with high bushes of the marsh rose in the most luxuriant bloom, and all over the cemetery the grass is thickly mingled with flowers of every dye."\*

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No. XXVI.

THOMAS MOORE.

Moore's anecdotal talents have been referred to at page 270 of this volume. In 1835 I dined with Moore, in Dublin, at a large party of upward of twenty persons, many of whom were distinguished intellectual people. At dinner I sat between Moore and a barrister not remarkable for talent, but highly respected, an amiable, inoffensive, meek, well-mannered, gentleman-like, good-humored person, naturally timid and retiring, and rather advanced in years, who was named Cornelius, but was no centurion, and, though familiarly called Con by his intimate friends, was never supposed to be a descendant of him "of the hundred fights." On the opposite side, near the head of the table, sat an important-looking personage, tall, gaunt, and bony, once evidently of Herculean strength and stature, now bent and somewhat shrunken, but still of formidable breadth of shoulders and size of hands, if one might be allowed to use that expression in speaking of such enormous appendages to human wrists. This portentous-looking gentleman, of a grim aspect and a gruff voice, was the redoubtable Tom, commonly spoken of as a younger brother of Jack the Giant-Killer. Tom was the representative of a class now happily defunct in Ireland—the Sir Lucius O'Trigger school, of pleasure-loving, reckless, rollicking, elderly gentlemen of good family, who always went into society on full cock, and generally *went off*, leaving some striking proofs of their valor, and the value they set on their own opinions, behind them—men of a great fame for fighting duels, of indisputable authority in all controversies concerning hair-triggers and matters of etiquette in affairs of honor, in pacing the ground, and placing a friend well on it ; capital judges of prime port and claret, flaming patriots after dinner, greatly disposed to be oratorical and tuneful, and with a slight dash of sedition in their songs and speeches. He belonged to that school whose disciples, like the good Master Shallows of former times,

\* Willis's Pencilings by the Way, p. 84.

as they grow old, remember "the mad days that they have spent," when they were "such swinge bucklers in all the Inns of Court," and "heard the chimes at night," and "drew a good long bow, and shot a good shoot"—veterans who had seen much service in the field with the hounds, after the fox and the hare, and in the hunt elsewhere, after other game, in their early days, when "the watchword was 'Hem, boys!'"—lusty fellows once, "who would have done any thing, and roundly too," but who, in their latter years, "poor esquires in the county," and justices of the peace, begin to think, "as death is certain, that all must die;" all their "old friends are dead," and then, being dejected, and becoming sanctimonious, kindly take the interests of religion and the state under their immediate protection, and ultimately obtain some celebrity as *Cawtholic* notabilities, "*voteens*, suffering Loyalists," and arbiters of all matters in controversy in society affecting their opinions of what is genteel, pious, or well-affected to the Constitution, and the Hanoverian succession, as established in the house of Brunswick.

Moore had been particularly joyous and brilliant in conversation during dinner. The cloth was removed, the contagion of his wit and humor had spread around him, the dulllest person in company had become animated, every one had some anecdote to tell. Poor Con, the barrister, the mildest and most harmless of men, told a story of Father O'Leary and the Protestant bishop of his diocese dining together, and joking on a point of discipline, the gist of the story being some facetious observation of the prelate, which had been taken in jest, and had been enjoyed as a joke by Father O'Leary himself. Every body at table laughed at the story but one person, and that unpleased and very unpleasant individual was Tom, who looked unutterable things, the obvious meaning of which was, "Shall we have incision? Shall we imbrue? Have we not hiren here?" "Now let the welkin roar!" Now for "a goodly tumult!"

Slowly, and with alarming solemnity of aspect, the large, bony frame of the fire-eater of former times was seen rising up, supporting its great bulk on the knuckles of both hands, planted on the table far inward toward the centre, and stretching across decanters and glasses in a most formidable attitude in the direction of the unhappy Cornelius, who looked exceedingly astonished and alarmed. Moore gazed around him on the faces of the guests inquiringly, and, if he dared to speak, would evidently have asked what the deuce was the meaning of the coming row. The generality of the guests awaited the explosion, as if a thunderbolt was about to fall on the head of the petrified barrister. Tom took a minute or two to fix himself in his terrible position, and to concentrate his fiery glances and scathing frowns on the pale and shrinking victim, the ill-starred Con. Not a word was spoken, but a hollow, grumbling noise could be distinguished, a kind of preface to a horrid growl—"mugitus labyrinthi"—such a grumble as a sick giant, in the recesses of some deep cavern, might be expected to utter in extremity; and now the bellowing of the mountain of a man, marvelously distempered by his choler, commenced in good

earnest. His volcanic fury thus disembogued in a torrent of incoherent threats, denunciations, and invective :

“How *dar* you speak disrespectfully of the clergy of my Church? How *dar* you do it, sir? I say, Con, how *dar* you insult my religion?”

Poor Con, terror-stricken, held up his hands imploringly, and, in most tremulous accents, vainly protested he meant no offense whatever to the faith or feelings of any man, woman, or child in Christendom.

“How *dar* you, Con—tell me what you mean? How *dar* you attempt to interrupt me? You had the baseness, Con, and you know it, sir, to insult the ministers of my religion. How *dar* you deny the cowardly attack, sir?”

Con, pale as death, but with no better success than before, made another imploring appeal to be allowed to deny the alleged insult.

“There was a time, Con, when, with this hand [lifting his right arm as he spoke, clinching his fist, and shaking it vehemently across the table at his victim]—there was a time, Con, and well you know it, when I would have smashed you for this outrage. But I scorn you too much to take any other than this slight notice of your heinous offense against every thing sacred and profane!”

Frowning awfully, the indignant champion resumed his seat, and the dismayed barrister, who began to pluck up his courage from the moment Tom declared his excess of scorn prevented him from having recourse to actual violence, began to sit up more perpendicularly in his chair; for, previously to that, he had been sinking gradually, fading away before the face of his infuriated assailant’s overwhelming wrath, till it was to be feared he would eventually have slidden down altogether from his seat and slipped under the table.

Silence reigned; the guests looked at one another, discreetly holding their tongues; Moore seemed to be exceedingly annoyed and sickened. After a little time, he whispered to me to follow him, and, to the great disappointment of the company, he rose before any of the guests had stirred, and took his departure. I followed him, and the first words he uttered when we were in the street were the following: “So disgusting an exhibition of brutality I never witnessed in my life.”

We went to the theatre; it was a command night, and Lord and Lady Mulgrave were there in state. Moore was soon recognized by the audience, and greeted with loud cheers and plaudits. After a short time, one of the aids-de-camp came to the box where we were sitting, and conveyed an invitation to Moore to sup with his excellency at the vice-regal lodge. Moore then accompanied the aid-de-camp to the box of the vice-regal party, and on his appearance there the cheering for him was renewed. He returned to the box I was in before his excellency made his exit, and brought me an invitation from Lord Mulgrave (whom I had the honor of knowing in Jamaica) to the supper-party that night at the Park. I accompanied Moore to that entertainment, without exception the most delightful I ever enjoyed. The principal guests at supper were Lord and Lady Cloncurry, the lord who was a prisoner in the Tower in 1798, and his lady, the near relative of the foully-mur-

dered Sir Edward Crosbie ; Sir Grey Campbell and his lady, the eldest daughter of Lord Edward Fitzgerald ; Thomas Moore, the historian of the rebel lord ; and the humble individual who, a little later, was the author of the " Lives and Times of the United Irishmen." There were present also Miss Ellen Tree, Mr. Macready, and Sir Philip Crampton.

If the ghost of the Duke of Richmond, of the good old times of the Orange regime in the castle and the vice-regal lodge, and the unhappy shades of William Saurin and Lord Manners could only have come up and gazed that night on the company by whom the viceroy was surrounded, and among whom there was not one purple marksman or representative of an Orange lodge, how shocked they would have been ! Moore that night sang and played several of his own beautiful melodies, in his own most exquisite style—more than one that had reference to persons who had figured in the stormy affairs of 1798—songs which brought tears into the eyes of the daughter of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

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#### No. XXVII.

L. E. L.

Since the notice, in the first part of this volume, of Mrs. Maclean's death at Cape Coast Castle, and the circumstances attending it, was written, a publication has appeared, entitled " Recollections of Literary Characters and Celebrated Places," by Mrs. Thomson, author of " Memoirs of the Court of Henry the Eighth," " Correspondence of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough," &c. In the second volume of the recent work of Mrs. Thomson,\* there is a biographical sketch of L. E. L., the author's reminiscences of her, and (at page 92) an account of her decease, wherein some matters are stated for the immediate causes of Mrs. Maclean's death, for the first time presented to the public, which deserve attention, and the more so on account of Mrs. Thomson's claim to authentic sources of information for many of the alleged facts detailed by her. The author, previously referring to the marriage of Miss Landon with Mr. Maclean, says: " The common surmise is, that L. E. L. married the Governor of Cape Coast to be married, to fly from the slander, to have a home and a sanction. No, these were not her reasons, for she was truly and ardently attached to one who she declared was the only man she ever loved. She confided in him, she pined in his absence, she sacrificed for him the friends, the country, the society to which she had been accustomed. But she made one false step."

The false step spoken of diffusely rather than explained was the fact of the acceptance of a suitor, who, having been ardently loved by poor L. E. L., the only one she had ever loved, all of a sudden, after being so accepted, and having carried on a correspondence with her, without any assigned or assignable cause or explanation, had ceased to hold any intercourse with her, and had

\* *Recollections of Literary Characters, &c.*, vol. ii., p. 86.



betaken himself to Scotland, without any intimation of his departure from London, and thus left her in a state bordering on despair.

The mystery of the sudden breaking off of the marriage, however, terminated in Mr. Maclean's return from Scotland, the renewal of his engagement, a joyful wedding with a man who had seemed to Mrs. Thomson, at the time of the marriage, "like one who had buried all joy in Africa, or whose feelings had been frozen up during his last inauspicious visit to Scotland."

The marriage, which was attended by Sir E. B. Lytton, the kind and constant friend of Miss Landon, and which had been made a mystery of, according to Mrs. Thomson's account, for about a month after its celebration, was apparently the false step referred to. Had it been called a fatal one, there would have been something in the account not to be impugned; but that Mrs. Thomson's impressions of this marriage being the result of strong feelings of attachment, the ardent affection of first fond love on the part of the lady, are entirely erroneous, there can not be the slightest doubt. That Mrs. Thomson has stated correctly the words of Miss Landon declaratory of such sentiments, I have no doubt; but I know that pride has its anomalies as well as other passions, and does not bear, in great extremities, to be too literally interpreted; and it is difficult to conceive any greater extremity than the sacrifice which Miss Landon made of her happiness, in abandoning friends, country, and pursuits for the hand and name of Captain Maclean, a dreary home, and, as she anticipated, an early grave on the coast of Africa.

Mrs. Thomson, to a short passage of about a dozen lines in the text of her notice of L. E. L., adds a long note of six pages on the subject of her death. In the former we are told, "All that is known of her death is this: she was found, *'half an hour after taking from a black boy a cup of coffee brought by her order,'* leaning against the door of her chamber, sitting as if she had sunk down in an effort to rush to the door for help. A bruise was on her cheek, a slight bruise on the hand which was pressed on the floor—(these details are not in the inquest, but are true)—an empty phial (so said the maid who found her) in her hand."

If Mrs. Thomson's account is correct, Mrs. Maclean was found by the English servant-woman, Mrs. Bailey, in a sitting posture at the door. But on the inquest, Mrs. Bailey swore she had found the body of her mistress lying on the floor near the entrance; and no evidence was given by any person examined on the inquest of any coffee having been brought to her that morning by a native servant.

Mrs. Thomson further adds, the black boy was about ten years of age who had brought the coffee, and that when Mrs. Bailey returned to the dressing-room, she found the cup standing empty on Mrs. Maclean's table. I never heard one syllable of this at Cape Coast. If such a circumstance took place, it was suppressed at the inquest, and it was withheld from me. But Mrs. Thomson says Mrs. Bailey mentioned this circumstance to the late Mrs. Liddiard, of Streatham.

Mrs. Bailey certainly did not say one word that has been reported, in her evidence on the inquest, about a cup of coffee having been brought to her mistress in the interval between her first entering Mrs. Maclean's room that fatal morning and her second appearance there, when she found Mrs. Maclean lifeless, to all appearance, on the floor. If any other servant previously entered the room that morning, and brought any liquid to the poisoned person, that servant ought surely to have been examined on the inquest. If the circumstance took place that is stated by Mrs. Thomson, the suppression of such evidence would be calculated, no doubt, to excite a suspicion that the inquiry was not intended to ascertain the real facts of the case.

When Mrs. Bailey left the room of Mrs. Maclean, her mistress was apparently well; about half an hour, at the utmost, elapsed before she returned to the room, when her mistress was apparently dead.

Did the boy bring the coffee before Mrs. Bailey's first appearance in Mrs. Maclean's room? Who was that boy? Was he a son of a native woman who had to quit the castle on the arrival in the arsenal of Mrs. Maclean? Are the poisons known to the natives on the west coast of Africa of that deadly virulence and swiftness in destroying life, that death was likely to result from the administration of one of them within a period of half an hour after the time of taking it?

Were there good authority for the statement made to Mrs. Liddiard, these are matters which it might be desirable to have inquired into, if Mrs. Bailey could answer them, could be relied on, and could not be intimidated or tampered with. Some of the questions my own knowledge of the facts enables me to throw some light on. The boy who brought the coffee was not the son of the woman referred to. There was no child of hers by Captain Maclean living at the time I was on the Gold Coast, nor long previously to that period. The poisons known to the natives of Africa are not generally productive of instantaneous death.

Mrs. Thomson states several circumstances relating to her last letters to her friends, which are unquestionably true, as far as they go, showing those communications "were not the letters of a newly-married and happy wife."

In one of these letters she complained bitterly that, in spite of her entreaties, Mr. Maclean had ordered her attendant, Mrs. Bailey, the only woman in the settlement, to return to England, and Mrs. Thomson truly states, "that decision seemed to give her, Mrs. Maclean, inexpressible vexation, as, indeed, it naturally might." The decision was inexplicable to the friends of Mrs. Maclean, and might reasonably be so.

Mrs. Bailey was the wife of the steward of the vessel in which the Macleans went out to the Gold Coast from England. On arrival, Mrs. Bailey went to live at the castle, and appeared to every one there in the capacity of lady's-maid to Mrs. Maclean. Her husband, at the same time, became a kind of factotum to Mr. Maclean, and eventually was put in charge of Captain Maclean's yacht schooner, and became the master of that vessel.

He was master of that vessel long after his wife's departure from the settlement. I think I heard he had returned to England on Mr. Maclean's business, had come back to the colony, and resumed his command of the yacht.

Not very long before the death of Mr. Maclean, a friend of his at Cape Coast, much in his confidence, recently deceased, a gentleman with whom I was well acquainted, stated that some revelation (in the shape of a letter) had been made to Mr. Maclean of a serious nature, which he, Mr. Maclean, was not prepared for by any previous rumors with which he had been made acquainted in England.

Whether the alleged revelation had any thing to do with the decision come to with regard to the return of Mrs. Bailey to England, no one living, with one exception, now can say. I allude to this statement, because I think it very probable that for Mr. Maclean's decision there may have been some excuse, if not a cause, of which the public are unaware. Mrs. Bailey's discretion may not have been more remarkable at Cape Coast Castle than it proved on her return to this country.

Mrs. Thomson lays great stress on the fact that the medical attendant of L. E. L., while residing in London, Dr. A. T. Thomson, had stated in a letter which he published in the "Times" shortly after the death of Mrs. Maclean, "that he had attended her (Miss Landon) as a friend for a period of fifteen years, and that he had never ordered prussic acid for her in any form." Mrs. Thomson states also that the medicine-chest, which had been fitted up for her by Mr. Squires, of Oxford Street, did not contain that medicine, and that none of the prescriptions for her, for years, which had been compounded by that eminent chemist, by whom all prescriptions for her were usually made up, included prussic acid; and that "Mrs. Sheldon and her daughters, who had watched over Mrs. Maclean during a long illness, and who knew her habitual course of life thoroughly during the two years that she resided under their roof, asserted positively that they had never known her to take it."

The inference that Mrs. Thomson leaves, or rather leads, her readers to draw, is, that Mrs. Maclean, having no prussic acid in her possession ordered by her physician or supplied by her druggist, could not have poisoned herself with that drug, either unintentionally or willfully.

But Mrs. Bailey deposed at the inquest that she had found in the hand of Mrs. Maclean an uncorked bottle, when she discovered the body lying on the floor, and the bottle, when produced, was found labeled "Hydrocyanic Acid." She farther deposed, "She afterward corked the bottle and put it aside." She added, also, that she had seen her mistress take a drop or two of the medicine in the bottle, in water, two or three times, when ill with the spasms, to which she was subject. Mr. Maclean deposed that, when he had been called to Mrs. Maclean's dressing-room on the occasion of her death, he saw a small phial upon the toilet-table, and asked Mrs. Bailey where it came from. "Mrs. Bailey told him that she had found it in Mrs. Maclean's hand; and that phial (she added) had contained Scheele's preparation of prussic acid. His wife

had been in the habit of using it for severe fits of spasms, to which she was subject. She had made use of it on the voyage from England to his knowledge. He was greatly averse to her having such a dangerous medicine, and wished to throw it overboard. She requested him not to do so, as she would die without it."

Dr. Cobbold, the medical officer of the Castle, deposed that, from his examination, he came to the opinion that death was caused by the improper use of the medicine, the bottle of which was found in her hand. He deposed farther to a smell of prussic acid about her person.

In the face of this evidence, it is more difficult to admit Mrs. Thomson's inference than to deny the possibility, nay, the probability, of Mrs. Maclean's having procured a bottle of Scheele's preparation of prussic acid on some one of those numerous occasions of her spasmodic seizures to which she had been subject in England, especially after those severe mental disquietudes to which I have elsewhere referred. Any very intimate friend who visited her on such occasions, and found her suffering from these spasmodic attacks, might have spoken of their experience of the effects of that medicine in such seizures; and if she acted on their suggestion while so suffering, the probability is, she would not have waited to procure the sanction of her ordinary physician, but would have sent to the nearest apothecary's for the medicine, and not to a druggist in Oxford Street, upward of two miles from her place of abode.

But, supposing that the idea of self-destruction had ever entered the head of L. E. L. while residing in England and previously to her marriage, is it not quite clear that it is not from her regular medical attendant she would have sought a prescription for such a drug? and it is not at the druggist's where she had her prescriptions made up for many years that she would have sought this dangerous drug. In such a case, it is quite evident that the inference of Mrs. Thomson would be deserving of no consideration.

But there are two difficulties connected with this subject which present themselves to my mind, and I am quite at a loss to solve them. The uncorked phial which Mrs. Bailey deposed she had found in the hand of her dead mistress when produced at the inquest was found labeled "*Acid. Hydrocyanicum delatum. Pharm. : Lond., 1836 : medium dose, 5 minims.*" But not one word was mentioned in any of the depositions as to the name and address of the druggist or apothecary, which invariably, I believe, is to be found at the top and bottom of all labels of poisonous drugs of this description.

This bottle was not produced to me by Dr. Cobbold nor by Mr. Maclean when I was at Cape Coast Castle, and Dr. Cobbold had professed to afford me all the information he could give me on the subject of my inquiries touching the death of Mrs. Maclean; and, very unfortunately, the great importance of that circumstance had totally escaped my attention at Cape Coast Castle; it never occurred to me to inquire for that bottle, and to examine the label, with the view of ascertaining the name of the druggist or apothecary from whom it had been obtained.

The other difficulty above referred to is this : Mr. Brodie Cruickshank, in his recent work, commenting on the evidence at the inquest, of which he was one of the jurors, says that the manner in which Mrs. Bailey alluded to the important circumstance of finding the bottle in her mistress's hand, only doing so in answer to a question from Mr. Maclean, and the manner Mrs. Bailey behaved, also, after her return to England, making some flagrantly false statements—"these considerations (he adds) induced him to discredit altogether Mrs. Bailey's testimony, and to believe that the phial had not been found in Mrs. Maclean's hand at all." But Mr. Cruickshank (the friend and advocate, be it observed, of Mr. Maclean) makes no doubt whatever that Mrs. Maclean had been poisoned by prussic acid, and had taken that drug inadvertently in an excessive quantity.

Here ends all the evidence that has been given to the public on this mysterious and melancholy affair. Many of those with whom I have communicated on the subject at Cape Coast Castle are no longer living. Mr. Maclean has been long dead ; the magistrate before whom the inquest was held the 15th of October, 1838, Mr. Swansey, is dead ; Dr. Cobbold, the medical officer of the Castle, who was examined at the inquest, is dead ; and Mr. Brodie Cruickshank, one of the jurors on the inquest, whose work, "Eighteen Years on the Gold Coast of Africa," &c., was only published about eighteen months ago, has just ended an early career in Lisbon.

Mrs. Bailey, on her arrival in England immediately after the death of Mrs. Maclean, manifested some striking evidences of an inordinate passion for notoriety. Other persons have shown an undue desire to make a public opinion of their impressions, and to have Mr. Maclean regarded, as he was by them, not only with favor, but with deep interest and affection. Efforts like these may carry every thing before them for a time, but eventually they not only fail, but the pertinacity with which they are made engenders doubt, stimulates inquiry, and determines its pursuit. The minds of people, in the long run, revolt at attempts to force conclusions on them which are not legitimately arrived at. From the following extracts from official papers, the reader will be enabled to form his own judgment as to the character of the person, in his public capacity, which, as in his private one, has been the subject of a great deal of unjust opprobrium—of unmerited eulogy.

In the archives of the Colonial Offices, there are various documents connected with the subject of the administration of the Gold Coast government while Mr. Maclean held the office of President of the Council, and of complaints brought against it, especially on account of the execution of a native under peculiar circumstances, and the death of another native a few hours after a flogging, administered by Mr. Maclean's orders, and in his presence. A great deal of matter that has reference to other serious complaints against Mr. Maclean I omit, and confine myself entirely to extracts fairly taken from the original official documents, without offering any comments on them.

*Extracts from a Letter from J. J. H. Burgoyne, Esq. (late of Cape Coast), to James Stephen, Esq.*

“London, September 21st, 1837.

“SIR,—Without one exception, every English merchant on that coast (Cape Coast Castle) was possessed of a retinue of ‘pawns’ or slaves; and from persons under the latter denomination, Mr. Maclean, the president himself, sold into the Dutch Batavian service, contrary to his will and inclination, a man named ‘Coffee Sam,’ and was possessed, moreover, of several other natives as ‘pawns,’ who served him in a variety of domestic purposes.

“Corporal punishments of an inhuman description have been repeatedly inflicted during my residence upon the coast upon natives, on account of their owing debts to merchants, and for other trivial offenses, for which chains, and imprisonment too, were uniformly their portion; and, in one instance, the death of an unhappy victim ensued within twelve hours after a corporal punishment of five hundred lashes, which had been inflicted on the sole responsibility of Mr. Maclean himself (Quabino, a slave of Mr. Hanson).

“Vessels engaged in the slave-trade, under the flags of Spain and Portugal, have frequently anchored at Cape Coast Castle during my sojourn there. The masters received from within the very fort the articles of merchandise that were requisite for the prosecution of the traffic in which they were engaged, and those masters were accommodated in the apartments of the president himself.

“Wretched slaves, who, flying from the cruelty of savage owners in different neighboring states, have thrown themselves upon the protection of chiefs friendly to the British, Mr. Maclean made a uniform practice of causing to be delivered up; with respect to which system (so directly in opposition to the commands conveyed in Lord Bathurst’s circular, dispatched the 31st of December, 1825) I am in possession of documents in the hand-writing of Mr. Maclean, which prove of themselves how invariably he pursued it; in one of which documents that gentleman says, ‘I have recovered the two runaway slaves that you wrote to me about; the man slave has been redeemed, and the money paid for him; the woman slave I now send by the messengers.’ And that wretched woman slave was put to death by the savage chief to whom she belonged at the instant of her arrival at Coomasie!

“Mr. President Maclean, assisted in his judicial office solely by the merchants composing the council, of which he was the head, I have known to condemn natives to death, which condemnation has been executed without any reference whatever to the authorities, either at Sierra Leone or in England.

“A mulatto man, named Graves, committed a murder at the British settlement of Commendale in 1836, by cruelly beating one of his slaves, and afterward suffocating him with burned peppers. Graves was brought before Mr. Maclean, the president, and the council, at Cape Coast Castle; but a reference

in his case to the authorities at Sierra Leone would have formed a dangerous precedent, and might, perchance, have thrown a light upon the death of poor Quabino, Mr. Maclean's own victim; so Graves was liberated after a short confinement, which he was informed he underwent on account of certain debts that he owed to English merchants of Cape Coast, and not for having caused the death of his slave!!!

"I have the honor to be, &c., &c., &c.,

"(Signed),

J. J. H. BURGoyNE."

*Affidavit of Sergeant Hobbs.*

"The affidavits forwarded to England by Mr. Gedge, as a justice of the peace, to the Colonial Office, and to the African committee, set forth, that Quabino was, on a certain day, tied over a three-pounder field-piece by order of Mr. Maclean, outside of the fort of British Accra, where (Mr. Maclean standing by) he, Quabino, received first 300 lashes; that after this, a fresh cat was obtained from Mr. Beaunermiens, and 200 lashes more inflicted. From the said place of punishment he (Quabino) was conveyed to a cell, where, at daylight on the very next morning, he was found lying on his face, dead."

*Affidavit of Henry Pockocke.*

"One of the *buglers*, who inflicted the lashes, and who swears to their number (500), also testifies to having seen Quabino dead on the following morning.

"The other *bugler*, who assisted at the punishment, stated the same facts, and was about to be examined on oath respecting them by Mr. Gedge, as a magistrate, when Mr. Maclean, having heard of his (Gedge's) intention, confined Paine in the guard-room of the Castle, and there left him for weeks."

*Affidavit of Thomas P. Grant, of Annamboe, a British Merchant.*

"A merchant at Annamboe declared on oath that he had seen the punishment inflicted; that Maclean was present, and directing the punishment; that on the following morning he saw the same man (Quabino) dead; that a kind of coroner's inquest assembled to view the body; that of this jury he was a member; that neither himself nor any of the others were sworn; that they entered on the face of the proceedings a verdict of 'Died from suffocation,' and this without reassembling; other proceedings were drawn up, and signed by the said members, he signing as well as the rest, these last proceedings (which he declared on oath he never even read) recording an altered verdict of 'Died by poison;' and that no evidence of the wretched Quabino's having taken poison had ever been adduced to justify this last verdict; he had no other reason why he consented to either verdict than because he was told by Ridley (the foreman and coroner) that it was 'all right.'"

*Extracts of a Letter from George Maclean to the Committee of Merchants.*

“London; October 14th, 1837.

“GENTLEMEN,—I shall now proceed to notice and refute, *seriatim*, the several accusations contained in Mr. Burgoyne’s letters—accusations, I may say, which as yet are unsupported by proof; for the few documents of which Mr. Burgoyne has furnished copies prove little or nothing, even if taken in the perverted sense in which he affects to understand them. \* \* \* \*

“I observe that the character assumed by Mr. Burgoyne, in bringing forward his charges, is that of champion of the ‘deeply injured and oppressed race’ of Africans on the Gold Coast. Now it will be readily admitted that the previous conduct of a person appearing in such a character ought to be able to bear the strictest scrutiny, and that his motives ought to be above suspicion. At present, I shall only touch on Mr. Burgoyne’s character as an officer, and I think that not only your records, but those of the Colonial Office and Horse Guards will bear me out in saying that his conduct has not been such as to entitle him to the favorable notice of any department of government. A reference to the records of the Horse Guards will show that, when a lieutenant in the 33d regiment, Mr. Burgoyne was tried by a general court-martial, and cashiered by the sentence of that court; that when, by the clemency of the commander-in-chief, he was reinstated in his rank, though placed at the bottom of the list of lieutenants of the 93d regiment, he was obliged to leave the army after serving some time, receiving the value of his commission. I now proceed, as I proposed, to reply to his charges *seriatim* :

“1st. I am accused of having wantonly, or, at least, by an undue severity, caused the death of a native at Accra, named Quabino, inasmuch as I, by my own sole authority, caused 500 lashes to be inflicted upon him, in consequence of which he died in twelve hours thereafter.

“It will scarcely be believed that the occurrence, misrepresented by Mr. Burgoyne in every particular, actually took place two years before he arrived in the country, and that, consequently, he could know nothing of the matter save what he might have heard from vague report: as might be expected under such circumstances, the charge is false in almost every particular. It is false that I, ‘on my own authority, ordered the man alluded to to be punished.’ It is false ‘that he received 500 lashes.’ It is false, utterly false, that he ‘was punished with undue severity,’ or that ‘he died in consequence of such punishment.’

\* \* \* \* \*

“I am enabled to produce an official document, addressed by Mr. Gedge himself to you, gentlemen (of a date long subsequent to that of the proceedings in question), wherein he repudiates in the strongest terms the whole of those proceedings, expresses his deep regret that he should have been unwarily led by Mr. Burgoyne to institute them, and states, in fine, that subsequent inquiries had fully and generally satisfied him that no grounds whatever



existed for the accusation attempted to be got up against me. But further, I will presently show that Mr. Burgoyne did, in subsequent letters to the president and council, express himself in nearly similar terms, in which he fully acquitted me, not only of the charges in question, but of all, or nearly all of the other charges, which he now, for the vilest of purposes, thinks proper to revive, in a country where he deems his own character unknown, and where he, perhaps, thinks it will be difficult to disprove his reckless allegations. After what has been already stated, I need scarcely add, that the documents called 'affidavits' were papers drawn up by Mr. Burgoyne himself, and assented to by these men (who, being ignorant of their contents, and not being Christians, could not make 'affidavits' of such) through fear; at least, they afterward came to me, requesting to be made acquainted with the substance of those documents, and expressing their readiness and wishes to swear to any counteracting statements which I might think proper to draw up; to which offer I, of course, paid no attention.

"I trust you will be of opinion that this Mr. Burgoyne's first charge is sufficiently answered.

"2d. Mr. Burgoyne's second charge is, 'that a system of pawning' the natives, and thence of coercive labor, prevails on the Gold Coast.

"The prevalence of this system, even if there were (which there is not) any thing morally wrong or illegal in it, can not be charged against the government of Cape Coast Castle, since it has prevailed in that country from time immemorial, and the local government possesses neither the right nor the power to interfere with it. This system (which, under different names and modifications, prevails more or less in every country in the world) is peculiarly adapted to a state of society so constituted as that on the Gold Coast of Africa; and Mr. Burgoyne might as well exclaim against the system of apprenticeship in England, as it also induces a system of coercive labor.

"The system which Mr. Burgoyne impotently attempted to make a handle, in order to excite a prejudice in this country against the resident merchants on the Gold Coast, is simply this: a man owes a debt, perhaps, which it is utterly out of his power to pay; he thereupon applies to a person of property, and offers to serve him as a laborer or domestic servant, as the case may be, at a low rate of wages, provided he (the person of property) will pay the debt, the debtor binding himself to serve his new employer until he shall have saved enough, or otherwise acquired property sufficient to repay the sum advanced on his own account. But his master has no more power over his 'pawn' than he has over any other servant: if he were to ill use him, the servant has only to apply to the next magistrate, and the master would at once be punished; or, if the 'pawn' is dissatisfied with his situation, he has only to apply to any one whom he would prefer as his master, and he will, in nine cases out of ten, pay his debt (which the former master is obliged to accept), and take him as his servant. Many persons become 'pawns' when there is no necessity whatever for the step, merely for the purpose of securing regular and steady

employment. In short, to relieve a debtor of his obligations, and to accept of his services in lieu of the debt, is not uncommon, I presume, in England, or any country in the world, and the system of pawning in Africa is nothing more or less—at all events, as I have already said, the local government is not answerable for it.

“Mr. Burgoyne goes on, in his usual reckless manner, to assert that natives are indiscriminately flogged for owing sums of money to the merchants. This I do most distinctly and fearlessly deny; and I defy Mr. Burgoyne to produce a single instance of what I would be the first to denounce as a gross and wanton cruelty. Mr. Burgoyne alleges as a charge against the head government what he must or ought to have known to be utterly destitute of foundation. He alleges, namely, that I, assisted by the council, did, upon our own authority, try, condemn, and execute a man for murder. It is utterly false that we ever did so in any one instance. The case alluded to by Mr. Burgoyne you will find in our dispatches of the 12th of August, 1834, which most distinctly prove that our interference in that case was strictly confined within the limits prescribed by your dispatch of the 21st of January, 1835: to see, namely, that no injustice was committed toward the wretched criminal, and that he did not suffer unnecessary torture or cruelty, which, but for such interference, would most certainly have been practiced. What was done was done in the face of day, in the presence of assembled hundreds; and it is surprising how Mr. Burgoyne could have ventured to a statement so capable of being at once and most completely refuted.

“I now come to the case of a man named Graves, who, according to Mr. Burgoyne’s statement, committed murder at British Commendale, from the merited consequences of which crime he was screened by me, inasmuch as a strict inquiry into the case might have induced a similar inquiry into the case of the Accra man Quabino. \* \* \* \*

“I have frequently known her majesty’s cruisers to lie at anchor, in Cape Coast roadstead, alongside of vessels which both the commander of the former and myself had every reason to think were employed in the slave-trade, but with which we had no power to interfere; but when I could interfere, I have always shown myself zealous and anxious to do so; and the report of more than one of the commanders of her majesty’s ships to the Admiralty will show that my exertions in that cause have been unremitting, and not in vain.

“I have the honor to be, gentlemen, &c.,

“(Signed)

GEO. MACLEAN.”

*Extract of a Letter from the London Committee to the President and Council of Government at Cape Coast Castle.*

“21st January, 1835.

“Upon perusal of your proceedings in council of the 12th of August, 1834, we observe that the president brought under your consideration the case of a man who had committed murder, and then a prisoner in Annamboe Fort; and

it was agreed that the murderer should be tried by the native authorities, and that you should only interfere in so far as to prevent injustice and inhumanity.

“We conclude that the criminal was found guilty, but we trust that the execution of the sentence was solely in the hands of the natives, and that you took no responsibility upon yourselves. These occurrences, however, although they may be perfectly proper, expose you and us to serious responsibility, and it is impossible that they should be conducted with too much caution.

“We therefore direct, that in every case which seems in the least likely to affect the life of an individual, three magistrates may be present, and that we may receive a certificate, signed by them, that they had been present during the whole of the trial; that, to the best of their opinion, the judgment of the Pigmies and Caboceirs was correct, and the criminal justly punished.”

*Extracts from the Proceedings in Council at Cape Coast Castle, the 11th of November, 1833.*

“After which, he, the president, read a letter which he had received from Mr. Hansen, of Accra, soon after his arrival at that place, requesting his interference in recovering some of his servants who had escaped from prison, and who had made themselves over to the fetish in a village in Aquapim; in which letter Mr. Hansen stated that he had applied to the Danish government to recover them, but without effect.

“The president stated that he had succeeded in bringing them to justice; that one of them, on being punished, had poisoned himself. Upon which occurrence taking place, the president intimated that he had summoned a jury of all the gentlemen at Accra to hold an inquest on the body, Commandant Ridley being coroner. A copy of the coroner’s inquest was then read.

“Present, Geo. Maclean, *President*; J. Swansey, R. Roberts, J. Jackson, *Members.*”

*Letter from J. Jackson, Esq., of Cape Coast Castle, laid before the London Committee.*

“Cape Coast Castle, 23d November, 1833.

“GENTLEMEN,—The public mind is so ill satisfied with the cause of the death of the man flogged by the president at Accra in October last—it is said, 500 lashes, and that he died in a close and loathsome jail in less than twelve hours after enduring his punishment—that I think it my duty to acquaint you therewith, and to declare my firm persuasion that a fair, full, and impartial inquiry can not be obtained while the president remains in authority here; the dread of the consequences of rendering themselves obnoxious to him—no man considering himself safe, his conduct has been so arbitrary—would alone suffice to restrain them from giving evidence. However, it is not of this subject only I find fault; and as I am told other gentlemen will forward to England the

particulars, I, therefore, will no longer dwell upon it ; but of his tyrannical, arbitrary, and oppressive proceedings generally I complain, in entire disregard of the council, as stated in my letter addressed to the president and council in July last, and again touched upon in that of the 23d of September.

“ That, in my own behalf, and in behalf of the natives of Africa, I entreat your consideration of the matter, with the view of affording us protection, restraining the president within the just exercise of his authority, and, I hope, restoring the conduct of affairs here, as they were originally intended by his majesty’s government, to the wholesome management of a council.

“ I have the honor to be, &c., (Signed), J. JACKSON.”

“ London, 2d April, 1834.

“ At a committee held this day—present, George Bains, Robert Brown, Matthew Foster—the committee had under consideration Mr. Jackson’s letter of the 23d of November, also the minute of council of the 11th of the same month, respecting the man flogged at Accra, when Mr. Gibson stated ‘ that he was at Cape Coast in October, and until the early part of January, and also at Accra both before and after the punishment ; that the subject was frequently mentioned in conversation at both places, and the general opinion was, that the man did not die from the flogging, but from taking poison ; that the public mind did not appear dissatisfied with the inquiry that had taken place ; and that he considered Mr. Maclean a most humane and able man, and in every respect highly qualified for his office.’ (Signed), TIMOTHY GIBSON.”

“ London, 5th April, 1834.

“ The committee resumed the consideration of the above-mentioned subject, when Captain Longridge, of the ‘ Prince Oscar,’ who, they had been informed by Mr. Gibson, was present at the punishment, and was one of the members of the inquest, attended, and stated, ‘ that he was present at the punishment, and passed again before it was finished ; that it had been inflicted with a cat that had been very much used, so that it had become quite soft ; that the man received, he believes, about 250 lashes ; that the punishment did not exceed that which he had seen inflicted upon a schoolboy ; that he afterward saw the man walking through the court-yard of the fort to the prison, after having received his punishment.’ He further stated ‘ that the man cried out at the early part of the punishment, but not afterward while he attended ; that the Cabooceirs, Pigmies, and chief men of the place attended the inquiry upon which he received his sentence ; that the man was confined during the night, with about twenty others, in prison, and in the morning was found dead ; that an inquiry was held by Mr. Ridley, commandant of the fort—President, Mr. Fry, M.C., Mr. Hanson, Mr. Bannerman, Mr. Grant, Mr. Barnard, and Captain Longridge, who, after hearing the evidence of the other prisoners, gave it as their opinion that the man died from taking poison ; that there was no surgeon at Accra or at the Danish fort ; that the members of

the inquiry were not sworn ; that he was not aware that the public mind was at all dissatisfied on this subject.' (Signed), J. LONGRIDGE."

*Copy of a Letter from Sir George Grey to the Committee of Merchants for Superintending the Affairs of the Gold Coast.*

"Downing Street, 4th December, 1837.

"GENTLEMEN,—I have laid before Lord Glenelg your letter of the 16th ultimo, inclosing various documents in answer to the charges preferred against the local authorities at Cape Coast Castle by Mr. Burgoyne, in his letters of the 2d, 16th, 21st, and 25th September, 1837.

"After fully considering the statements made by Mr. Burgoyne, and your own and Mr. Maclean's counterstatements, and the evidence adduced on either side, Lord Glenelg has formed the following conclusions, which his lordship instructs me to communicate to you.

"First. With regard to the case of Quabino, Lord Glenelg finds that, in the month of October, 1833, Quabino, a native servant, belonging to Mr. Hanson, a British subject, residing under the protection of James's Fort, Accra, was punished at that place by flogging ; that after the punishment he was committed to jail ; that within twelve hours of his commitment he died ; that an inquiry was held by seven gentlemen, of whom the commandant of the fort was the president, into the cause of Quabino's death ; that the members of the court of inquiry were not sworn ; that they examined the fellow-prisoners of the deceased ; that the court formed the opinion that Quabino died from having taken poison ; that no medical examination was or could have been made, because there was no surgeon at Accra or at the neighboring Danish fort ; that this transaction engaged the attention of your predecessors, who received the statement of Messrs. Longridge, Roberts, and Gibson on the subject, and from their concurrent evidence drew the conclusion that the punishment of Quabino was not the occasion of his death. Notwithstanding the necessarily imperfect nature of the investigation, owing to the impossibility of medical examination, Lord Glenelg sees no ground sufficient for doubting the correctness of this conclusion. At the same time, I am to observe, that it does not appear by what authority of law the punishment was inflicted, nor to what extent Mr. Maclean is responsible for that sentence ; and that his lordship is of opinion that the infliction of so many as 250 lashes (the number assigned by Mr. Longridge) was a measure of a very severe nature, in defense of which some very urgent reason ought to be adducible. Lord Glenelg, therefore, must call on Mr. Maclean to state what was the offense of Quabino, under what law he was tried for it, and by whom the trial was conducted, and what precautions, if any, may have been taken to prevent the punishment being urged beyond the point at which it would become dangerous to the life or health of the sufferer.

"Secondly. Lord Glenelg can not regard that which is called in these papers the 'pawning system' without considerable doubt as to its propriety. It

is, in effect, that of engaging to serve an employer until the laborer shall, by the wages of his labor, have redeemed any debt which he may owe to the person whom he undertakes to serve. To such an engagement there can be no valid objection, if regard be had merely to the abstract justice and reasonableness of conduct. It is simply an agreement to pay in labor a debt which there is no other means of liquidating; but in a country in which slavery has so long prevailed, contracts of this kind may be readily made a pretext for perpetuating, under a new name, the ancient system; and it appears to Lord Glenelg that no such contract ought to be valid unless made for some short, definite period, and in the presence and with the consent of some magistrate, who should be responsible for the fairness of the transaction.

“Thirdly. Mr. Maclean would appear to maintain that, upon the Gold Coast, slavery is still lawful. If his reasoning be that it is lawful within any territory in the Gold Coast within her majesty’s dominions, this is a very serious misconception. Nothing can be more complete or unequivocal than the terms in which Parliament has provided for the abolition of slavery in every part of her majesty’s dominions.

“Fourthly. The restitution of fugitive slaves when reclaimed by the neighboring chiefs is a practice which Mr. Maclean admits and vindicates the existence of. Without undertaking to say that the defense is unsatisfactory, it appears to Lord Glenelg that the practice requires a more ample explanation than it has yet received; especially is it necessary to state on what grounds is supposed to rest the legality of sending any person from a British possession into a foreign country, there to be dealt with as a slave; what are the specific evils which the surrender of these persons is designed to obviate, and what are the grounds on which it is apprehended that any such evils would result from refusing to restore them into slavery.

“Lord Glenelg farther directs me to state that, subject to the preceding remarks, he considers the answers to Mr. Burgoyne’s charges as entirely satisfactory; and his lordship regrets that he should, however unintentionally on his part, have been made the channel of conveying to Mr. Maclean imputations on his character at once so injurious and so unfounded.

“With reference to your suggestion that Rear Admiral Elliott should be instructed, on his arrival on the Gold Coast, to inquire into the system of government pursued by Mr. Maclean during his presidency, I am to inform you that Lord Glenelg has intimated his opinion to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty that such an inquiry would be highly satisfactory, if it can be effected without inconvenience to the naval service on that station.

“I am, &c.,

(Signed),

GEO. GREY.”

*Letter from Geo. Maclean.*

“Craven Hotel, Craven Street, London, December 16th, 1837.

“GENTLEMEN,— \* \* \* The additional particulars respecting the case of the man Quabino, called for by Lord Glenelg, are as follow :

“The crime, or, rather, series of crimes, which subjected him to trial and punishment, were singularly aggravated, and, in that country, are of rare occurrence. In the month of March, 1833, he, with three accomplices (all in the employ of Mr. Hanson), planned and executed, in the dead of night, three distinct burglaries—two in British, and one in Danish Accra.

“In the commission of these crimes they grossly maltreated several unprotected women, and finally, having collected all the plunder upon which they could lay their hands, escaped into the mountainous district of Aquapim. After much trouble and expense, they were captured in the month of May, and sentenced to work as prisoners until the amount of property whereof they had robbed their victims should be made good, as well as a sum of money in the shape of compensation for the injuries they had inflicted upon the sufferers.

“The case, upon this occasion, was heard before the new commandant (the late Mr. Ridley) and another magistrate, assisted, as is usual, by several of the Caboceirs or head men; and the latter, though greatly exasperated against the prisoners, agreed to the mode of punishment above stated as affording the only means whereby the unfortunate sufferers could receive reparation of their losses. The four prisoners had not been confined two weeks in pursuance of this sentence, when they contrived to break out of prison during the night time, and, having committed a fresh burglary in British Accra, again escaped into Aquapim, taking care, however, upon this occasion, to take refuge with the fetish or priests, &c. \* \* \*

“The Aquapims persisted in their refusal to surrender the fugitives, whereupon I dispatched a force fully adequate to the object in view, with strict injunctions to confine itself to the particular service in which it was sent, viz., to secure and bring to Accra the four criminals.

“This service, after considerable trouble and difficulty, was accomplished. But it ought here to be mentioned that the man Quabino, whose death occurred subsequently, attempted, when he saw his capture was inevitable, to commit suicide by hanging himself, which he had nearly accomplished when discovered by the sergeant of the party, to whom he thus declared ‘that his master should never get another day’s work out of him.’

“Such were the circumstances under which the four prisoners were brought before myself and another, and the Caboceirs of Accra, when the extreme atrocity of the crimes committed by the prisoners in the first instance, joined to their prison-breaking and subsequent burglary, led to a unanimous sentence, on the part of their judges, that they should be severely whipped in different parts of the town, as well for the sake of example, as to show the inhabitants generally that, under no circumstances, could such atrocious criminals escape from merited punishment. To obviate the possibility of danger to the lives or health of the criminals from the severity of the punishment, previously to the execution of the sentence I directed Mr. Mark Clelland (a young man who had formerly been attached to the army medical department, and had often attended military punishments when the king’s troops were in

the country) to attend the punishment of the prisoners, and to stop it whenever he saw the slightest cause, my orders being that they were not to be so severely punished as to prevent their speedily resuming their work as laborers. When Mr. Clelland made his report to me after the punishment of the man Quabino, and when I inquired whether he was so much hurt as to require medical treatment, he assured me that he required no extraordinary attention or treatment whatever; and, having seen the man myself, I can with truth declare that he had been very slightly punished; indeed, so slightly as to justify the words of Captain Longridge, one of the witnesses, 'that he had seen a schoolboy more severely flogged.' \* \* \* \* \*

"I have, &c.,

(Signed),

GEO. MACLEAN."



# INDEX.

## A.

- ABELL, Mrs., Napoleon's pet English child at St. Helena, "Betsy Balcombe," ii., 89.
- Aberdeen, Lord, Gell's reference to family of, i., 341.
- Abinger, Lord, notice of, ii., 230; letters of, 234.
- Acton, Lady, her theatricals at Naples in 1834, i., 374.
- Acton, Sir Frederick, notice of, i., 401.
- Aguilar, Colonel, inclosing a lock of Mrs. Hemans's hair to Lady B., ii., 383.
- Alpinula, Julia, remarkable sepulchral inscription, ii., 111, 129, 130.
- Anson, Henry, acquaintance with Lady B. at Florence, i., 101.
- Arlincourt, Vicomte M. De, notice of, and letter to Lady B., i., 452.
- Auckland, Lord, notice of, ii., 516, 517.
- Auldjo, John, his ascent to summit of Mont Blanc, i., 380; letter to Lady B., 466.

## B.

- Barings, the, at Florence in 1828, ii., 185.
- Bathurst, Miss, account of her death by drowning at Rome, i., 337; reference to her death, 403, 404; account of finding her dead body, 426; Lord Aylmer's account, 134.
- Beattie, Dr. William, notice of, letters and poems, ii., 340.
- Biography, observations of editor on its legitimate inquiries, i., 1; of Sir Egerton Brydges, 4; of a German writer, 6; on, in respect to Goldsmith's Life, 8.
- Blakeney, General, present at the marriage of Miss M. Power, i., 513.
- Blessington, Lord, notice of origin, Right Honorable Charles John Gardiner, 2d Viscount Mountjoy, i., 43; notice of 1st Viscount Mountjoy, career, death, 42; succession of his son, large fortune, 44; adopts his father's political principles, *ib.*; elected a representative peer in 1809, *ib.*; first speech in House of Peers, *ib.*; part taken by him on

queen's trial, *ib.*; young lord's manners, deportment, and education, *ib.*; taste for the drama, lavish in his patronage, 45; habits of self-indulgence, 46; acquaintance with Mrs. Brown in 1808, *ib.*; establishment at Worthing, *ib.*; in Portman Square, *ib.*; his son, Charles John, born there, *ib.*; in Manchester Square, *ib.*; his daughter, Emilie Rosalie, born there, *ib.*; marriage with Mrs. Browne in 1812, *ib.*; birth of Lady Harriet Frances Anne Gardiner, 47; Lord and Lady Mountjoy proceed to Paris, *ib.*; death of Lady Mountjoy at Paris in Sept., 1814, *ib.*; ages of children, birth and death of son and heir, *ib.*; dates of marriages of daughters, *ib.*; grief for Lady Mountjoy, 48; funeral pageant of great magnificence, *ib.*; remains of Lady M. conveyed to Dublin, *ib.*; vast expenditure, lying in state, extraordinary pomp and splendor, *ib.*; scene at the house of mourning, *ib.*; burial in St. Thomas's Church, Dublin, *ib.*; second marriage, in February, 1817, with Mrs. Farmer, 50; present at marriage, Sir W. P. Campbell, W. Purves, Robert Power, F. S. Pole, *ib.*; his residence, Henrietta Street, Dublin, 53; his prodigality, 54; dinner there, first introduction of Lady B. to his friends, 53; one guest at that bridal party who had been last there when Lady M.'s remains were lying in state, *ib.*; vast expenditure of preparations for visit to Mountjoy Forest, 54; evidence of unsoundness of judgment in his lavish expenditure, *ib.*; created earl, 43; embarrassments at time of marriage, 54; annual income from Irish estates, 55; visit of editor to Tyrone estates, *ib.*; liberality as a landlord, *ib.*; builds a theatre on one of his estates at Rash, *ib.*; private theatricals there, enormous expenditure, 56; actors and actresses domiciled at Rash, *ib.*; Moore's reference to those theatricals, *ib.*; dilapidation of the house, disappearance of theatre,

58 ; assists at banquet to John Philip Kemble, on his retirement, 57 ; assists in the Kilkenny theatricals, *ib.* ; played *The Green Knight* in Valentine and Orson, *ib.* ; the Rash theatricals from 1802 to 1812, *ib.* ; theatrical tastes of Lord B.'s father, 537 ; visits his Tyrone estates with General D'Orsay and a son of the Duc de Guiche, 60 ; his last visit to them in 1825, *ib.* ; sets out for the Continent in Sept., 1822, 63 ; hires the cook of an emperor, provides a vast batterie de cuisine, 68 ; renews his acquaintance with Byron at Genoa, 70 ; buys Byron's yacht "The Bolivar," 79 ; receives the news at Genoa of the death of his son and heir, 102, 103 ; an account of his surviving children, 102 ; his two daughters left in Ireland, in charge of his sister, Lady Harriet Gardiner, *ib.* ; makes a codicil to his will at Genoa, 22d June, 1823, naming Count D'Orsay sole guardian of his surviving son, and his sister guardian of his daughters, reciting engagement entered into with Count D'Orsay to marry one of his daughters, 104 ; bequeaths £3000 a year to Lady B., 105 ; 31st Aug., 1823, executed a new will, provides for intended marriage, reduces annuity to Lady B., *ib.* ; D'Orsay's marriage took place the 1st of Dec., 1827, 108 ; great extravagance in Paris in 1828, 116 ; large outlay in decoration of the Hotel Ney, *ib.* ; proceeds to England in 1829, to vote for Catholic emancipation, 118, 119 ; editor visits his lordship at St. James's Square, 119 ; his deep interest in the Catholic question, *ib.* ; letter to editor : his views for the amelioration of Ireland, 119, 120 ; letter of introduction to Lord Strangford, *ib.* ; having voted on Catholic question, returns to Paris, 120 ; 23d May, 1829, on his return to Paris, dies suddenly, 121 ; remains conveyed to Dublin : deposited in family vault in St. Thomas's Church, *ib.* ; letters of W. S. Landor on the death of, 121, 122 ; the embarrassment of his affairs at the time of his death, 123 ; value and extent of his Irish estates, from the schedules to act of Parliament for their sale passed in 1846, 123, 124 ; lists of mortgages, debts, bequests, &c., 124-126 ; remnant of the vast properties of the Mountjoys now unsold, 129 ; detailed account of encumbrances on his estates from schedules of act for their sale, 524 ; rental of the

estates from ditto, 528 ; account of his death, in letter to Landor, *ii.*, 104 ; letters from Duke of Richmond to, *ii.*, 480 ; letter from Mrs. Siddons, 481 ; his letter to C. J. Mathews, 482 ; to W. S. Landor, 486 ; from Lord Rosslyn, 487.

Blessington, Lady, Miss Power's account of her family : early life, *i.*, 10 ; pedigree of the Sheehy family, 11 ; account of her mother's family, the Sheehys, 14 ; details of persecution of Father Sheehy, 484, education, home, family circle, 15 ; removal from Knockbrit to Clonmel, 16 ; first marriage and results, *see* Power, 1804, 27 ; residence at Cahir, 32 ; in Dublin, 33 ; at Sidmanton, Hants, 50 ; second marriage with Lord B. in 1818, *ib.* ; the peculiar character of her beauty, 51 ; first presentation to his Irish friends, 53 ; she accompanies Lord B. to his Tyrone estates, *ib.* ; costly preparations made at Mountjoy Forest, 53 ; singular contrasts of splendor and misery, 54 ; numerous claims on Lady B.'s bounty, 36 ; removal of Lady B. from Manchester Square to St. James's Square, 60 ; launched into fashionable life, *ib.* ; the eclat of her beauty and graces of her conversation, *ib.* ; turn for grave irony, 61 ; reference to her by Moore, visits her with W. Irving in 1822, *ib.* ; brilliant society in St. James's Square, *ib.* ; surrounded by the first celebrities of the time, 62 ; first acquaintance with Count D'Orsay in London, *ib.* ; illustrious personages visitors at St. James's Square, 62, 63 ; leaves England on a Continental tour in 1822, 63 ; Miss M. Anne Power accompanies them, 64 ; Count D'Orsay joins their party in France, 69 ; extensive preparations in Paris for their tour, 65 ; renews her acquaintance with Denon, *ib.* ; mentions two visits to Paris previous to 1822, 66 ; Moore's frequent visits to her at Paris, *ib.* ; in Moore's company, descends "La Montagne Russe," *ib.* ; observations on art in the galleries of the Louvre, 67 ; admires a Madonna and Child by Raphael in spite of her "stern Protestantism," *ib.* ; sets out for Switzerland, 68 ; joined by Count D'Orsay, and sets out for Italy, 69 ; her works, "The Idler in France," "The Idler in Italy," *ib.* ; is introduced to Byron, 1st April, 1823, at Genoa, *ib.* ; her description of Byron, 70 ; Byron's ac-

count of this interview, 72; first mention of D'Orsay in her diaries, *ib.*; arrangements for the count's accompanying the party to Naples, *ib.*; Byron's liking for D'Orsay, 73; Byron's epigram, "Il diavolo è ancora entrato in Paradiso," *ib.*; lines of Byron to, 74; letter of Byron to, 75; parting with Byron, 76; Byron's farewell letter to, *ib.*; second visit to Genoa; visits his former abode, 77; observations on Byron's death, *ib.*; refers to "consequences resulting from the violation of ties, never severed without retribution," 78; no cordial friendship between her and Byron, *ib.*; departure from Genoa for Naples, 2d June, 1823, 79; arrival in Rome, 5th July, 1823, 80; disappointed, departs after nine days for Naples, 81; fastidious tastes, *ib.*; occasional aims at stage effects, 82; arrival at Naples, delighted with its scenery, climate, site, &c., *ib.*; her glowing description of the bay, *ib.*; yachting excursions, 89; her account of "The Bolivar," *ib.*; residence in the Palazzo Belvidere, 91; singular beauty of its site and scenery, *ib.*; her description of it, 91, 92; visits to Pompeii and Herculaneum with Gell, 92; her lines on Pompeii, 93; visits to ancient monuments, with eminent savans and artists, 92; visits Pæstum with Lord Morpeth, Mr. Millingen, &c., 93; notice of ruins of Pæstum, 95; ascent of Mount Vesuvius, *ib.*; celebrities who frequented the Palazzo Belvidere, 97, 98; removal to the Villa Gallo in March, 1825, 99; departure from Naples in February, 1826, *ib.*; proceeds via Rome to Florence, sojourn there, *ib.*; revisits Genoa, meets Lord John Russell, 99, 100; returns to Pisa, remains there till June, 1827, 100; returns to Florence; acquaintance there, 101; returns to Rome, December, 1827, rents the Palazzo Negroni, 107; enormous expenditure there, *ib.*; the seeds of the Encumbered Estates' Court sown in Italy, *ib.*; editor, on return from Egypt, visits the Blessingtons in Rome, 108; saw there the first time the young Countess D'Orsay, then three months married, *ib.*; preparations for departure from Rome, May 7th, 1828, 109; parting entertainment given to her by Mr. Mills, *ib.*; among the guests, Sir William Gell, Mr. and Mrs. Dodwell, 110; Gell and Count Esterhazy see

her take her departure, *ib.*; Gell's fears expressed that they should meet no more, *ib.*; refers to her visit that day to Sir W. Drummond's grave, *ib.*; visits the shrine of the Santa Casa at Loretto, 111; philosophizes à l'Anglaise on superstitious mummeries, *ib.*; witnesses the execution of three men at Ravenna, 111, 112; renews her acquaintance at Venice with W. S. Landor, 112; visits the Ambrosian library at Milan, *ib.*; her account of a lock of the golden hair of Lucretia Borgia, and several letters of hers to Cardinal Bembo: obtains some of the hair, reference to it in the "New Monthly Magazine" for 1825, 113; visits the shrine of San Carlo Borromeo, in the Duomo of Milan, 114; at the close of 1828 revisits Genoa, 133; five years previously knew Byron there, 115; on last occasion saw Lady Byron and her daughter there, *ib.*; departure for Paris, and close of her Italian life, *ib.*; returns to Paris in June, 1828, after an absence of six years, *ib.*; first visitors, Duke and Duchess de Guiche, *ib.*; rents the Hotel Ney, 116; great expenditure in adorning said hotel, *ib.*; the magnificence of the decorations, &c., ordered by Lord B., suitable for royalty, *ib.*; her description of the chambre à coucher and dressing-room: the bed, with its gorgeous hangings, supported on the backs of large silvered swans, &c., 117; the luxurious adornments and furniture compared with those of the imperial palace at Fontainebleau, 118; publication of her memoirs suggested by one of her friends, *ii.*, 379, 380; return to London in 1830, *i.*, 130; conversational powers: love of intellectual society, *ib.*; three leading circles of London intellectual celebrities some twenty years ago: the remarkable women who presided over them, *ib.*; conversational powers of Fox, Mackintosh, Sydney Smith, Lord Holland, Madame de Staël, 133, 134; her love of London life, like De Staël's love of Paris, 135; establishment in Seamore Place in 1831: beginning of third phase in her literary career, 142; her picture of "the modern Mæcenas of May Fair," patronesses of "lame poets and petits litterateurs, who run about drawing-rooms as docile as lapdogs," *ib.*; reasons for giving up house in St. James's Square,

143; description of the réunions of London: celebrities at her house in Seamore Place, *ib.*; Willis's references to those réunions, and their celebrities, 144; B. R. Haydon's references to her soirées, 155; her house robbed in Seamore Place, *ib.*; removes to Gore House, *ib.*; changes in her tastes at different epochs, 156; different periods of editor's renewed acquaintance with her, 157; character of Gore House society, *ib.*; laudable aim of Lady B. in bringing people together of opposite pursuits, opinions, and interests, 159; one of her foreign guests, Monsieur Julien le jeune de Paris, in his youth a secretary of Robespierre, said to be a regicide, a terrorist in his youth, a philanthropist, a poet, and a sentimentalist in his old age, *ib.*; his recitations in the first revolution, 160; at Lady B.'s, of his dolorous poem, "Mes Chagrins Politiques," *ib.*; his free gift of tears, 161; D'Orsay's talent in drawing out Julien: a scene with Dr. Quin, editor, &c., &c., 163; Julien and L. E. L., 165; embarrassments consequent on the expensive establishment of Gore House: D'Orsay's difficulties, and claims of many persons on her bounty, *ib.*; strictness and punctuality in her accounts, *ib.*; folly of thinking of sustaining a fashionable position by the aid of literature, *ib.*; Charles Lamb's opinion on literature as a calling for a livelihood, 166; expenditure at Gore House, *ib.*; costly efforts to maintain a literary position: Scott's reference to Lydia White, 167; pressure of misfortunes and pecuniary losses, 167, 168; beginning of literary career in St. James's Square, with the publication of "Sketches of Scenes in the Metropolis," &c.: the first sketch, descriptive of the ruin of a fashionable London establishment, and an auction of its magnificent furniture, might serve for that of the sale at Gore House twenty-seven years later, 179; vicissitudes and changes of fortune of occupiers of Gore House, 529; arrives in Paris the middle of April, 1849, 181; takes an *appartement* near the Champs Elysée, and furnishes it with much elegance, *ib.*; preparations made in vain: takes possession of the new abode on the 4th of June, 1849, and dies the day following, after a sojourn of five weeks in Paris, 183; on arriv-

al in Paris, found coldness and neglect in some quarters where she had a right to expect kindness and gratitude, 181; *accueil* of Prince Louis Napoleon, *ib.*; plans for a new literary career formed in Paris, 182; vague and unfounded rumors concerning her death, 183; striking coincidences in circumstances of the sudden deaths of Lord and Lady B. in Paris, each event shortly after arrival from London, *ib.*; reminded, in a letter to her a few weeks before her death, by a British peeress, of the necessity of remembering religious duties, *ib.*; on two Sundays, while in Paris, attended the church of the Madeleine, 184; Heath's failure, Irish famine, and difficulties leading to the break-up at Gore House, 168; advice of a friend on ditto, 169; in April, 1849, the long-pending crash, 171; execution put in, *ib.*; for two years previously, constant fears of executions, arrest of D'Orsay, and precautions to prevent them, *ib.*; particulars of first intimation of the execution in Gore House, *ib.*; auction at Gore House—foreshadows of that *denouement* in some of her works: her remarks on the old curiosity shops of Paris, and breaking up of great establishments, 172; the concluding words, "So will it be when I am gone," 173; catalogue of magnificent effects and furniture of Gore House, *ib.*; 10th May, 1849, and following days, editor attends sale, meets several of the old guests and intimate friends of the house, sees Lawrence's portraits of Lord and Lady B. sold, several of D'Orsay's portraits, the library, Lady B.'s ornaments of gold and silver, 174; letters of a few kind friends to her on the break-up, 177, 178; departure from Gore House, accompanied by her nieces, for the Continent, 14th of April, 1849, and end of the London career of Lady B., 178; state of religious opinions for many previous years, weariness of spirit, vague desires for retirement from the turmoil of a life in salons and literary labors, 184; remarkable conversation of editor with D'Orsay respecting Lady B.'s religious sentiments and creed shortly before his death, 300; particulars of her last illness and death given in a letter of Miss Power to editor, 184; account of monument erected by D'Orsay, 186; English inscription by

- Barry Cornwall, 187; Latin inscription, altered from one by W. L. Landon, *ib.*; Landon's original inscription and translation, *ib.*; reference to an inscription on the tomb of Dryden's daughter, 188; different accounts of the ages of Lady B. and sister, 189; notices in the public journals of her death, *ib.*; view of her literary career, tastes, and talents, 192; some analogies with those of Madame Geoffrin, 193; D'Alembert's account of Madame Geoffrin—" *La passion de donner*"—unceasing beneficence: her *soirées*, encouragement of authors, artists, literati, &c., *ib.*; testimonies of Mr. and Mrs. Hall to Lady B.'s active and untiring benevolence, 195; her eagerness to discover merit in others, and enjoyment of her appreciation of it, 197; an outline of a class of habitual depreciators of talent, who ignore all merit superior to their own, *ib.*; naturally of a frank, generous, noble, and kindly nature, 198; testimony of one fifteen years about her, to her generous disposition, her numerous charities and sympathies with the unfortunate, *ib.*; various instances of her benevolence, irrespective of all considerations but the necessities of people, 200; embarrassments of late years constantly augmenting: her life a continual struggle with difficulties, and her position in the brilliant society around her a state of splendid misery, 201; vanity of consolation in such circumstances sought in the worldly wisdom of Rochefoucault, *ib.*; the undue importance she attached to the writings of the modern French philosophers, 203; her fatal gift of pre-eminent attractiveness in society, 205; the double influence exercised by her of intellectuality and beauty, *ib.*; the necessity of keeping up a dominion obtained by such influence by constant administrations of cordial professions of affection and admiration, epistolary or conversational, *ib.*; Dr. Parr's designation—"the most gorgeous Lady Blessington," 206; the misery of being continually *en scene*, 207; reflections on various subjects, MS. books of hers, named "Night Thought Books:" some of them well deserving of attention, on the wrongs and woes of women, 209; several short pieces in verse of the same character, 211, 212; notices of her works, 214; notice of the Annuals edited by her: contributors to them: origin and decline of those periodicals: specimen of Lady B.'s poetical contributions, 226; when income from novel writing and the editing of Annuals fell off, efforts to derive emolument from a connection with periodical literature of another kind: engagement with the "Daily News" as a contributor of exclusive intelligence, 234; income derived from her literary labors for several years, 235; waifs and strays of thoughts and observations, 235, 236; lines addressed to her by various persons, 251; notice of her correspondence with celebrities of all climes and pursuits, princes and princesses, peers, divines, statesmen, lawyers, literati, artists, military heroes, exiled patriots, actors, &c., 317; letters to Captain Marryatt, ii., 320; to Sir Henry Bulwer, 199; to Sir R. Peel, 250; to Dr. Beattie, 344; to Mrs. Mathews, 416; to Lady W., respecting L. E. L., 69; to R. R. Madden, 357; to Charles Mathews, 412; to Madame Guiccioli, 19; to Charles Bianconi, 377; to W. S. Landon, 102; to John Forster, 144; to a young lady, referring to unhappiness, 428.
- B. F., letters to Lady Blessington signed, ii., 253.
- Borghese, Prince, "the noble Roman," remarkable for his obesity, i., 101.
- Boulter, Primate, recommendation of Mr. Gardiner, i., 40.
- Brougham, Lord, notice of, ii., 242; letters of, 245.
- Browne, Mrs., née Campbell, early acquaintance with Lord B., i., 46; her family, children, *ib.*; her marriage with Lord B., *ib.*; death of Major Browne, *ib.*
- Bulwer, Sir Edward Lytton, in Italy in 1833, i., 367; entertained by the Archbishop of Sorrento, 368; notice of, ii., 168; letters of, to Lady Blessington, 173; epistolary poem to ditto, 187.
- Bulwer, Sir Henry, notice of, ii., 196; letters to Lady B., 202; letters of Lady B. to, 199.
- Bunsen, Chevalier, Prussian minister at Rome in 1828, ii., 355.
- Burdett, Sir Francis, notice of, ii., 253.
- Burrell, William, Gell's reference to his new vest and cravat for each day of the year, i., 347.
- Bushe, Chief Justice, Marquess Wellesley's reference to, ii., 151, 157.

- Bute, Lady, Gell's reference to, i., 347.
- Butera, Princess of, death at Naples, i., 361.
- Byron, Lord, early acquaintance with Lord Blessington, i., 45; refers to Lord B. in all the glory of gems and snuff-boxes, *ib.*; becomes acquainted with Lady B. at Genoa, 69; lines and letters to Lady B., 74; observations of Lady Blessington on his death, on revisiting Genoa in June, 1828, 115; Lady B. then saw Lady Byron and her daughter there, *ib.*; Byron's references to D'Orsay, 272; Gell's reference to his death, 340; anecdote of him passing the Alfred Club, 365; letter of, in reference to Polidori, 470; original poem of, ii., 5; death, and removal of his remains, 16; Lady B.'s remarks on his character, 106; Landor's remarks on, 126; Mr. Armstrong's letter respecting the yacht "Bolivar," 501.
- C.
- Calabrella, Baroness, marries Captain Jenkins, i., 31; notice of her literary talents, *ib.*
- Caldwell, Miss Bess, Gell's references to, i., 354, 356, 359.
- Caledon, Lord, colonel of Tyrone militia in Clonmel, i., 32.
- Campbell, Lady Mary, Gell's reference to, i., 348.
- Campbell, Thomas, animosity to Lord Byron, i., 78; notice of, ii., 274; letter of, 275.
- Campbell, the Abbé, Gell's reference to quarrel with him, i., 348; notice of him, 388.
- Canterbury, Lady Ellen, daughter of Edmund Power, widow of John Home Purves, Esq., i., 13; for early life, *see* Purves, Mrs.
- Canterbury, Lord and Lady, brief notice of them; Mr. Purves, having obtained the office of British Consul at Pensacola, proceeded to his post, and died there in September, 1827; and December 6, 1828, she married, secondly, the Rt. Hon. C. Manners Sutton, Esq., Speaker of the House of Commons, i., 479; children's difficulties consequent on Sir C. Sutton's loss of office of speaker in 1835: his death in July, 1845, followed by that of Lady Canterbury, Nov. 16, 1845, aged 54, 480; some account of her amiable daughter, Mrs. Fairlie; lines of D'Israeli to a beautiful mute, an interesting child of Mrs. Fairlie, of singular beauty and intelligence, 481; death of that child, Jan. 31, 1843; death of Mrs. Fairlie, in April, the same year; some evidences of the angelic nature, amiable disposition, and spiritualized mind of Mrs. Fairlie, 482.
- Canterbury, Lady, Lady B.'s account of her death, Nov., 1845, ii., 115; notice of Lord and Lady, i., 476.
- Caroline, Queen, her career in Italy from 1814, i., 323; her chamberlains and household, 323, 415; Miss Demont's diary, 344; Gell's possession of sixty or seventy of her letters, 377.
- Charleville, Lady C., intellectual society at her house, i., 141; letters under this signature, ii., 256.
- Chesterfield, Lord, notice of, ii., 522.
- Chevalier le C., author of voyage to the Troad, i., 360; signed letters of, ii., 256.
- Clanricarde, Lord, notice of, ii., 524.
- Cochrane, Baillie, letter to Lady B., ii., 394.
- Colman, George, the younger, notice and letters of, ii., 292.
- Cook, Henry, letter to Lady B., ii., 388.
- Cork, Dowager Lady, her celebrity as Miss Monckton in Johnson's time; her soirées of late years, i., 141, 142.
- Cornwall, Barry (B. W. Proctor), notice of, ii., 275; letters of, 276.
- Correspondence of Lady B., notice of, i., 317.
- Correspondents of Lady B., letters of theirs omitted, ii., 256, 257.
- Corry, James, early friend of Lord Blessington, i., 49; taste for theatricals; assists at Lord B.'s private theatricals, 56; on a visit at Mountjoy Forest, 59.
- Coventry, Lady Augusta, Gell's references to her beauty, i., 362, 364; *idem*, to intended marriage with Hon. H. Fox, 367.
- Cowper, Hon. Charles Spencer, marries the widow of Count D'Orsay; notice of, i., 47.
- Crampton, John, assists in Lord B.'s theatricals, i., 56; letter of Sir C. P. in reference to them, *ib.*
- Craven, Hon. Keppel, beginning of his acquaintance with Lady B., i., 416; chamberlain to Queen Caroline in 1814, 323, 324; letter to him of Mr. J. Ramsay, *in re* Gell, 328; Gell's references to him, 340; mythological emblems, mysteries, and explanations of, for Lady Blessington, 345; death of his brother, Lord C., 349; buys a large convent near Salerno, 374; receiving

company in his convent, 380; Gell's reference to his son's intended marriage, *ib.*; diplomatic career of his son, 417; reference to the convent at Penta, 382; notice of, 409; letters of, to Lady Blessington, 418.

## D.

D., letter to Lady B. signed, *ii.*, 249.

Dallas, George, letter to Lady B., *ii.*, 388.

Deerhurst, Lady Mary, references to her by Gell, *i.*, 336, 339, 348; ditto "going over the mountains of China," 356.

Deffand, Madame du, her epistolary and conversational talents, *i.*, 320; *ii.*, 504.

Delavigne, Casimir, notice and letters of, *i.*, 458, 459.

Devonshire, Duchess of, her death, attended by Dr. Quin, *i.*, 337.

Dickens, Charles, notice of, *ii.*, 220; letters of, 223.

Dillon, Lord, author of an epic poem at Florence, *i.*, 101.

D'Israeli, Isaac, notice of, *ii.*, 204; letters of, 208.

D'Israeli, Right Hon. Ben., notice of, *ii.*, 203; letters of, 216; Lines of, addressed to "a beautiful mute," *i.*, 481.

D'Orsay, Count Alfred, first acquaintance with Lady B. in England, *i.*, 62; acquaintance renewed in Florence, *ib.*; sets out from Avignon with the Blessingtons for Italy, 69; first acquaintance with Byron at Genoa, 73; Byron's liking for him; sits for his portrait to D'Orsay, *ib.*; Byron's allusion to the French count, a *Cupidon déchainé*, 72; displays his talent at drawing out people on Lieut. Smith, R. N., 90; engagement entered into with Lord B. to marry one of his daughters, recited in codicil to Lord B.'s will, June 22, 1823, 104; engagement set forth in a later will, Dec. 1, 1827; marriage with Lady Gardiner, 108; his father, General D'Orsay, and the Count Leon, accompanied by Lord B., visit the Tyrone estates in 1825, 60; marriage settlement, moneys charged on Lord B.'s estate, &c., 125, 126; deed of separation, 129; his pecuniary difficulties, arrest in London for a debt of £300 to a Paris bootmaker, 168; tradesmen allow his debts to stand over on account of the advantage of his patronage, *ib.*; on his keeping at Gore House two years previously to break-up there, 171; on intima-

tion of execution put in, told by Lady B. he must quit London immediately, 172; departure for Paris before break of day following morning; end of his London career in April, 1849, *ib.*; arrival in Paris; expectations formed of Louis Napoleon's friendship, 182; former services rendered to the prince, *ib.*; his profound grief at the loss of Lady B., 190; notice of the count: his origin, early life, some account of career in London, of his pursuits in art, the close of his career, observations on his talents, and the application of them, 269; his death, August 4, 1852, 280; religious sentiments in his last illness; remarkable conversation with editor on religious subjects, 299; attended by the Archbishop of Paris, 279; singular inconsistencies in his character, 281; his embarrassments, reckless extravagance, an utter ignorance of the value of money, inordinate and ill-regulated generosity, forgetfulness of the obligations he contracted for the sake of others, *ib.*; his works of art and talent as an artist: portrait and busts of Wellington, busts of Napoleon, Emperor of Russia, Lamartine, Girardin, Napoleon Bonaparte, son of Jerome; pictures of Sir Robert Peel, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Byron, Dwarkanauth Tajore, 284; verses of Lamartine to D'Orsay on his artistic talent, 288; Haydon's references to ditto, 292; references to his mother's family, Madame Crawford (La belle Sullivan), the mother of Countess D'Orsay, 294; his grandmother, Madame Crawford, compared by Lady B. to Ninon de l'Enclos; conquests of Ninon at 56, 70, and 80 years of age, 295; notice of his death in the "Presse" by Emile Girardin, 301; his funeral, 302; concluding observations on the count as a man of wit: the wit combats of Gore House compared with those of the days of Dorset, Sedley, Ethelridge, Denham, and those of the times of Horace Walpole, Selwyn, Townsend, Bubb Doddington, &c., 307, 309; various kinds of wit, in conversation, in displays of eloquence, in bon mots, epigrams, vers de société, &c., *ib.*; reference to Curran's conversational wit, 309; in Hyde Park, in recent times, as described by Patmore; contrast with Grammont, as described in the same place in 1659, 311; Dickens's tribute to his memory,

- 314; Patmore's reference to his position in English society, *ib.*; the Alpha and Omega of all moralizing on the career of a young man thrown on life in a position beset with temptations: there is no protection for it: no hope for its safety or success, where there is no dependence on religion and restraints imposed by it, 315; his remains deposited in the same sepulchral chamber in which those of Lady B. were deposited at Chambourcy, 317; of the architect of this remarkable monument—now the inmate of it: all that remains, "Pulvis et umbra, nomen, nihil," *ib.*; his letters to W. S. Landor, *ii.*, 429; his letters to John Forster, 432; quarrel with Charles J. Mathews at Naples: statement of Mr. Mathews: correspondence and proceedings in this affair in August, 1824, 447; amicable arrangement, 450; letters to Mathews; letters to Dr. Frederick F. Quin, 456; letter to, from Alfred de Vigny, 460; letters of, to editor, *ib.*; letters from editor to count, 462; his embarrassments and amount of debt in 1845, 461; notice of his principal statuettes, 463; dedicatory letter to him prefixed to Godolphin by Bulwer, 465; memorandum respecting his expected official appointment in the French embassy in 1841, *ib.*; his friendship for Richard J. Lane, the eminent artist: Mr. Lane lithographs about 150 of the count's sketches of the celebrities and habitués of the Villa Belvidere, Hotel Ney, Seamore Place, Gore House, of which 137 have been published by Mitchell, 467; editor's communication to Lane's inquiries as to the count's talents as an artist, and Lane's reply, 469; his letter to Lane from Paris, eulogizing Prince Louis Napoleon, 470; another letter of his to Lane on the loss of his only son, 471; his first visit to England, *ib.*; notice of his connections, the Grammonts and Mareschal Sebastiani, 472; claims on government for statues and pictures seized during the Revolution, *ii.*, 498; notice of his Gore House picture, 501.
- D'Orsay, Lady Harriet, early life, *i.*, 47; left under the care of her aunt, 102; arrangements for her marriage in 1823, 104; marriage with Count D'Orsay, Dec., 1827, 108, 275; editor meets Lady Harriet at the Blessingtons' shortly after her marriage, 108; personal appearance, apparent infelicity, *ib.*; results of that marriage, *ib.*; returns to England with Lady B. in 1830, 143; takes up her residence in Seamore Place late in the year 1831, *ib.*; visits the Continent with her aunt, latter end of 1833 or beginning of 1834, 109; in September, 1835, residing with her aunt and sister in Dublin, *ib.*; marriage settlement, 126; arrangement entered into by the count in 1838, 283; becomes a widow, August 4th, 1852, 280; concluding observations on the unhappy marriage with the count, 316; in Naples in 1832, 369.
- Dodwell, Edward, the antiquarian, cuts up a mummy in Rome, *i.*, 347; Gell's references to, 351, 354; his death—marriage of his widow, 372; Countess Spaw at Rome in 1834, 380; notice of, 427.
- Dogherty, Mrs., relative of Lady Blessington, living near Cashel, *i.*, 37.
- Donoughmore, Lord, the patron of Edmund Power, *i.*, 20.
- Dorner, Mrs., Gell's reference to, *i.*, 358.
- Druids' origin, Landor's notion of, *ii.*, 122.
- Drummond, Sir William, beginning of acquaintance with Lady B. at Naples, *i.*, 97; his death—grave at Rome visited by Lady Blessington in 1828, 110; Gell's references to, 335, 337; quarrel with Abbé Campbell, 348, 383; comments of Rev. A. F. Hare on his skepticism, 472; reference to his death, 359; reference to his works, 360, 361, 385; letter of Lady Blessington to him, 473; notice of, 385.
- Drummond, Lady, at Naples in 1832, *i.*, 369; Gell's account of her tremendous dinners, 374.
- Drummond, Sir W., letter to Dr. Quin, *ii.*, 491.
- Dudley, Lord, references to, by Gell, *i.*, 337, 338.
- Durham, Lord, letters of, *ii.*, 238.
- Dwyer, Miss Anne, early instructress of Miss M. Power, *i.*, 15.

## E.

- Epistolary curiosities, various letters, *ii.*, 396.
- Errington and Co., Gell's reference to Messrs. Errington and Lyne Stephens, Naples, 1834, *i.*, 378, 380.
- Erskine, Lord, verses addressed to Lady B., *ii.*, 392.

## F.

- Fairlie, Isabella, death of Lady B.'s



- favorite, "the beautiful mute," the daughter of her niece, 31st January, 1831, ii., 113; approaching death of the child's mother notified to Landor, 114.
- Farmer, Captain, an officer of the 47th Regiment at Clonmel, i., 26; acquaintance with Miss M. Power, *ib.*; offer of marriage, *ib.*; marriage and its results, 27; marriage certificate, 513; separation, 28; Lady B.'s account of the cause, *ib.*; this account impugned by Captain Farmer's brother, 29; defended by his brother; his letter, 513, 514; quarrel with a brother officer, 29; sells out—proceeds to India, 34; returns home—killed in the Fleet Prison in 1817, *ib.*; inquest on his body, 35.
- Farmer, Mrs., refusal to accompany Captain F. to India, i., 29; account of marriage and separation by Mr. Sheehy, 30; account of her residence at Cahir, 32; he denies injurious reports against her, 31; her residence for some years at Sidmanton, Hampshire, 50; her residence in London, Manchester Square, 34, 50; early acquaintance with Lord B., 50; Lord B. a visitor at her house, Manchester Square, 34; marriage with Lord B. in 1818, 50.
- Faulkner, Sir Frederick, notices of, i., 401, 402.
- Ferguson, Cutlar Ronald, letter to Lady B., ii., 382; notice of, 531.
- Filangieré, the, Gell's reference to, i., 360.
- Fitzgerald, Sir William, at Cuma in 1832, i., 363.
- Fitzherbert, Mrs., reference to her marriage by a Catholic priest, supposed to be the Abbé Campbell, i., 389.
- Fonblanque, A., Lady B.'s eulogium on his character, ii., 109; Landor's opinion, "We have nothing like him in the political world," 130; notice of, 320, 321; letters of, to Lady B., 322; Bulwer's reference to, 176.
- Forster, John, Lady B.'s reference to in letters to Landor, ii., 109, 111; Landor's references to, 126, 128; notice of, 142; letters to him from Lady B., 144.
- Fox, Gell's reference to "Black Fox" at Naples, i., 356.
- "Fuller, Jack," notice of, ii., 286; letters of, to Lady B., 287.
- G.
- G., letters to Lady Blessington signed, ii., 247.
- Galt, John, Gell's reference to, i., 354; notice of, ii., 322; letters of, to Lady B., 324.
- Gardiner, Charles John, son of Lord B., notice of, i., 46, 47.
- Gardiner, Miss Emilie Rosalie, daughter of Lord B., notice of, i., 46, 102; marriage to Mr. Charles White, and death in Paris, 109.
- Gardiner, Lady Harriet, daughter of Lord B., notice of, i., 47, 102.
- Gardiner, Lady Harriet, sister of Lord B., guardian of his daughters, i., 102.
- Gardiner, Right Honorable Luke, son of Lord B., notice of, i., 40, 41; death at the age of ten, 103.
- Garrow, Miss Theodosia, letters to Lady B., ii., 87.
- Garth, Captain, reference to, i., 409.
- Gell, Sir William, beginning of acquaintance with Lady B. in Naples in 1824, i., 92; accompanies Lady B. to Pompeii, &c., 93; constant visitor at Villa Belvidere, 97; renews his acquaintance with Lady B. at Rome, 110; his parting with her in Rome in 1828, *ib.*; mournful anticipations at parting, *ib.*; his death in April, 1836, referred to by Lady B., *ib.*; notice of his life, 322; his letter to Lady Blessington, 333; lines written in Rome, 347; his dog family, 364; a model letter of introduction to him, 380; at Gell's convent in June, 1835, 381; affecting account in his last letter to Lady B. of the breaking down of his health, loss of memory—singular illusions, 382; letter of introduction of editor to grand admiral of Egyptian fleet, 384; Craven's account of last illness and death, 419; Lady B.'s account of his death to Landor, ii., 108; Bulwer's account of, 175; letters to Dr. Quin, 488.
- Geoffrin, Madam, Lady B. compared with, i., 193; notice of, ii., 506.
- Glenelg, Lord, letters to Lady B., ii., 246; notice of, 523.
- Godwin, William, letter to Lady B., ii., 382; notice of, 533.
- Graham, John, account of the death of Lord Mountjoy at Newhall, i., 42.
- Grammont, Duc de, married a sister of Count D'Orsay when in England as Duc de Guiche; previously to Lady B.'s departure for the Continent, acquainted with her, i., 68; accueil of Lady B. on her arrival in Paris in April, 1849, 181.
- Grammont, Duchesse de, has the papers of Count D'Orsay. His journal, alluded to by Byron, was burned by

- himself some years previously to his death, i., 274; brief notice of, 298.
- Grammont, Duc de, father and mother of the present duke, accompanied the French princes into exile: the mother died in Holyrood House in 1803, i., 297; her remains conveyed to France in 1825, *ib.*; Lady Tankerville, sister of present duke, a beauty of celebrity much admired: another sister of present Duc married Marshal Sebastiani, 298; letter of, to Lady Blessington, *ib.*; letters of the duke to Lady B., ii., 380, 381.
- Guiccioli, la Contessa, notice of, ii., 3; first acquaintance with Guiccioli at Ravenna, 5; personal appearance, 6; color of her hair, 7; proofs of disinterestedness, 9; second marriage with an "elderly gentleman," 16; letters to her from Lady Blessington, 18; letters from her to Lady Blessington, 27; second husband of the countess, the Marquess de Boissy, 34.
- H.
- H., letter to Lady B. signed, ii., 255.
- Hacket, Alderman, a schoolfellow of Robert Power, i., 18; his account of the Powers, *ib.*
- Hallam, Lady B.'s acquaintance with at Florence, i., 101.
- Hamilton, Terrick, Esq., Gell's reference to, i., 368.
- Hardinge, Lord, present at the marriage of Miss M. Power, i., 27, 513.
- Hare, Francis, reference to, in a letter of Lady B., ii., 103.
- Hare, Julius, Gell's reference to, as "Julius Hirsutus," i., 355.
- Hare, Rev. Augustus F., remarkable letter to, *in re* Drummond's skepticism, i., 471, 472; Lady B.'s reference to his noble qualities, ii., 103.
- Haydon, B. R., letters to Lady B., ii., 387.
- Hemans, Mrs. Felicia, Lady B.'s admiration for her writings, ii., 81; place of burial, and inscription on mural slab, 82.
- Herculaneum, notice of visits of Lady B. and Sir W. Gell to, i., 97.
- Herschel, Sir John, makes Lady B.'s acquaintance in Naples, i., 92.
- Hesse, Captain, singular notice of him by Lady B., and of his correspondence with a royal personage, i., 406.
- Hill, George, letter to Lady B., ii., 391.
- Hill, Mr., subsequently Lord Berwick, minister in Naples in 1831, i., 364.
- Hogg, Dr., at Naples in 1832-'3-'4, i., 361, 369, 374; ii., 553.
- Holland House Society, Lady B.'s observations on, i., 137.
- Holland, present Lord, notice of, ii., 517.
- Holman, Lieutenant, R. N., the blind traveler, ascends Mount Vesuvius in June, 1821, accompanied by editor, i., 95.
- Hook, Theodore, notice of, and letter, ii., 293.
- Hunt, Mr. and Mrs., their murder near Pæstum, i., 333, 334; detailed account of, ii., 412, 413.
- I.
- Irving, Washington, a contribution to Lady B.'s Album, ii., 382.
- J.
- J——, Mr., of Brussels, curious communication—mysterious occurrence, ii., 396.
- Jekyll, Joseph, notice of, ii., 277; letters to Lady B., 281.
- Jenkins, Thomas, Captain 11th Dragoons, stationed at Tullow, i., 30; intimacy with the Powers, *ib.*; supposed attachment to Miss M. Power, *ib.*; his family and fortune, *ib.*; his military career, *ib.*; residence in Dublin in 1809, *ib.*; his establishment in Hampshire, *ib.*; his subsequent embarrassments, *ib.*; his marriage and death, 31; Meagher's reference to him, 32; Bernard Wright's reference to him, *ib.*; Lord Blessington's acquaintance with him, 49; present at a dinner given in Dublin by Lord B., *ib.*; departure of Capt. Jenkins and scene, *ib.*; subsequent visit to Mountjoy Forest, 59.
- Julien, Monsieur, le jeune, secretary of Robespierre—figured in the Reign of Terror in a public recitation of Revolutionary odes by Madame Fontenay, i., 159; figures as a dolorous poet with le don des larmes at Seamore Place and Gore House—recites his "*Mes Chagrins Politiques*," 160; another scene with Dr. Quin and James Smith, ii., 300.
- K.
- Keats (the poet), Landor's account of W.'s ungenerous criticism, ii., 130, 131.
- L.
- Lamartine, Lady B.'s acquaintance with, at Florence, i., 101; poem addressed to D'Orsay, 288.

- Lamb, Charles, Landor's and Coleridge's eulogiums on, ii., 123; reference of Landor to an affecting story of his sister, *ib.*; lines of Landor on, ii., 281.
- Landon, Miss Letitia E., notice of, ii., 39; marriage of, 7th June, 1838, with Mr. Maclean, 44; death of, 13th October, 1838, 45; editor visits Cape Coast Castle in Feb., 1841, *ib.*; his account of Mr. Maclean, 46; observations on inquest, &c., 48; charged by Lady B. to get her husband's consent to set up a monument at Cape Coast Castle, 56; called on by Mr. Maclean to inquire into the death of L. E. L., 57; result of inquiry, 63; seized with fever while occupying the room in which L. E. L. had died, 64; neglect experienced during illness, 66; death of her husband, 28th May, 1847, *ib.*; a lament for L. E. L. by W. S. Landor, 68; destitute state of her mother after her death, 69; Lady B.'s account of her death to Lady W., *ib.*; letters of Miss Landon to Lady B., 73; Bulwer's reference to, ii., 183; further observations on her death, 568.
- Landor, Walter Savage, first acquaintance with Lady B., i., 101; notice of his career, ii., 99; letters from Lady B. to him, 102; letters from, to Lady B., 117; verses to him from Lady B., 116; comments on the paltry grant of George IV. to Coleridge, 118; visit to a Roman Catholic Chapel, 133; D'Orsay's letters to him, 429; imaginary conversation between Lord Mountjoy and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, communicated to Lady B. in Feb., 1839, 474; lines addressed to Lady B., 497.
- Landseer, Sir Edwin, notice of, ii., 538.
- Lansdowne, Marquess, letter to Lady B., ii., 246; notice of, 503.
- Lawrence, Sir T., notice of, ii., 263; letters of, 265; lines on waltzing, *ib.*
- Lindsay, Lady Charlotte, Gell's reference to, i., 358, 366.
- Loewe, Dr., a celebrated linguist, accompanied Sir M. Montefiore to the East, ii., 93.
- Lola Montes, a letter of hers, ii., 399.
- Lucas, Mr. and Mrs., Gell's reference to "very nice people from Ireland," i., 347.
- Lucca, Duc de, his pilgrimage to Rome, i., 348.
- Luttrell, Henry, early acquaintance of the Blessingtons with, i., 63; Gell's reference to, 352; notice of, and letters, ii., 289.
- Lyndhurst, Lord, notice of, and letters, ii., 246, 511.
- M.
- M., R. C., letter from Greece to Lady B., ii., 384.
- Mackinnon, Colonel, transmitting a lock of Lord Nelson's hair to Lady B., ii., 383.
- Mackintosh, his conversational powers, i., 133; on toleration of opinions, 159.
- Maclise, D., notice of, ii., 537.
- Macready, W. C., letters to Lady B., ii., 381; notice of, 547.
- Madden, R. R., lines of Dr. Beattie addressed to, ii., 344, 353; correspondence with Lady B., 357; correspondence with D'Orsay on the part of C. J. Mathews, 447; letters from D'Orsay to, 451.
- Manners, Lord, the Orange regime in Ireland, ii., 151.
- Manning, Mr., the celebrated Chinese scholar, Gell's reference to, i., 356.
- Manvers, Lady, Gell's reference to her, i., 347.
- Margravine of Anspach, Gell's reference to, i., 344, 354, 357; notice of, 410.
- Marryatt, F., notice of, and letters to Lady B., ii., 310.
- Marsault, Madame la Comtesse St., Mary Anne, youngest daughter of Edmund Power, i., 13; her marriage and separation, 36; lives with her father in Ireland, 37; return to England in 1839, *ib.*; accompanies the Blessingtons on a Continental tour, 64; her personal appearance in 1822, *ib.*
- Mathews, Charles James, joins the Blessingtons at Naples, i., 64; his early career, sojourn with the Blessingtons in Italy, *ib.*; amiable character, comic talents, *ib.*; an inmate of the Palazzo Belvidere, ii., 442; accompanies Lady B. to Pæstum, i., 93; notice of, ii., 441; quarrel with D'Orsay—proceedings and correspondence in that affair, 447; subsequent amicable correspondence with the count, 451; letters of, to Lady B., 406.
- Mathews, Mrs., letters of Lady B. to, ii., 414.
- Matthias, James (Pursuit of Literature), Gell's reference to him in Naples, Nov., 1833, at the age of 81, rather younger than ever, i., 369; idem—in Naples, June 2, 1834, then "*in his 93d year*," 379; Bulwer's reference to, ii., 175.
- Matuschewitz, Count, notice of, i., 430; letters to Lady B., 431.

- Meagher, Jeremiah, vice-consul at Lisbon, account of the Powers, i., 18; account of Bernard Wright, 19; further account of Miss M. Power, 32.
- Melleray, Abbot of Mount, letter to Lady B., ii., 392.
- Millingen, the antiquarian, makes Lady B.'s acquaintance at Naples, i., 92; initiates her into the mysteries of numismatics, *ib.*; notice of, 425; letters from to Lady B., 426.
- Mills, Frank, Gell's reference to, i., 337.
- Milnes, Richard, Mr., letter to Lady B., ii., 396.
- Mirabeau, his description of a celebrated beauty, i., 52.
- Montague, Lady Mary Wortley, her epistolary talents, i., 320.
- Montefiore, Sir Moses, Gell's reference to, i., 350; instance of devotion and filial affection, 417; world-wide benevolence and charitableness of heart and mind, ii., 93, 94.
- Montmorenci, Duc de Laval, notice of, i., 403.
- Moore, Thomas, early acquaintance of the Blessingtons, i., 57; reference to Lord B.'s theatricals, 56; visits Lady B. with Washington Irving, 61; renews his acquaintance with her at Paris, 66; lines of his to Lady B., 254; notice of, ii., 267; his first lines, 269; letters of, to Lady B., 270; Galt's remarks on "The Loves of the Angels," 327; letter to the editor on slavery, 167.
- Morpeth, Lord, acquaintance with Lady B. at Naples, i., 93; his prize poem on Pæstum, *ib.*; notice of, ii., 524.
- Mountjoy family, burial-place at Cappagh, near Rash, i., 58; desire of Lord B. to be interred there, *ib.*
- Mountjoy, Dowager Lady, residing at Rash after her husband's death, i., 55; residing in Dublin in 1807, 58; death in 1839, 102.
- Mountjoy, Lady, notice of family, marriage, and death, i., 46-51.
- Mountjoy, Lord, *vide* Blessington.
- Murray, James, Captain of 47th Regiment, suitor to Miss M. Power, i., 26.
- Murray, Lord Charles, account of his sojourn in Naples in 1822, career and death in Greece, i., 412.
- N.
- N—— L——, an eccentric correspondent of Lady B., laboring under singular delusions, ii., 402.
- Naples, editor's notice of Naples and its vicinity, i., 82; Willis's notice of the bay, 85; Lady B.'s notice of the bay, 87; evening passed by editor on board "The Bolivar" in the bay, 89.
- Napoleon, Prince Louis, the present Emperor of the French, attention paid and services rendered to him when in exile by Lady B. and Count D'Orsay, how repaid on a throne, i., 181, 182, 278, 281, 303-306; notice of his origin and career, 529-537; Duke of Wellington's opinion of the prince, 304; on his elevation to the presidency of the Republic, *ib.*; Lamennais's observation to editor respecting the prince, 306; Landor's lines, the Quest of Honor, applicable to him, *ib.*; visited in Bath in August, 1846, by Landor, ii., 140; Landor's great interest in and anxiety for the welfare of the prince, January, 1849, 141; Landor writes to the president, *ib.*; remarkable letter of Duke of Wellington in reference to, i., 304.
- Nizzensitter, C., letter to Lady B., ii., 385.
- Normanby, Lord, theatricals at Florence, i., 99, 359; reference to, 101; letter to Lady B., ii., 248; notice of, 519.
- O.
- Odin's stone pillar, Sir W. Scott's account of, i., 375.
- O'Flaherty, Father, the parish priest of Cappagh, patronized by Lady B., i., 60; Lord B.'s liberality to him, 59; his amusing correspondence, 60.
- Ossian's poems, reference to, by Sir W. Scott in Italy, i., 375.
- Ossian, Duc d', notice of, i., 442; letters to Lady B., *ib.*
- P.
- Pagani, Padre, President of the Roman Catholic Colleges of Rugby and Ratcliffe, his learning extolled by W. S. Landor, ii., 133.
- Parr, Dr. Samuel, Gell's reference to his death, i., 347; the doctor's "holy kiss," 353; notice of, ii., 257; letters of, 259; Miss Calcraft's references to, 260; Rev. Mr. Horseman's lines on, 261; extract from a sermon of, 262.
- Peel, Sir Robert, disposal of his papers for publication, i., 4; letter to, of Lady B., ii., 250; statements of, on the subject of Lady B.'s letter, 251; letter from, to Lady B., 318.
- Perry, James, the editor of the Morning Chronicle, refuses to insert a slander in his paper relative to Captain Farmer's death, i., 35; beginning of his

- acquaintance with Lord B., 36; notice of, ii., 505, 534.
- Phipps, General, letters to Lady B., ii., 356.
- Piazzi, the celebrated astronomer, notice of, i., 92, 405; letter to Lady B., ii., 392.
- Pilgrim, the, his lines and letters to Lady B., ii., 399.
- Polidori, notice of, i., 468.
- Ponsonby, Lord, minister at Naples in 1832, i., 364.
- Poper, triumphs of, singular instance of one, ii., 399.
- Powell, John Allan, law agent of the Milan commission, friend of Lord B., i., 44.
- Power, Anne, eldest of the children of E. Power, death, i., 25.
- Power, Edmund, father of Lady B., early history, i., 11; recklessness, improvidence, 17; magisterial terrorism, *ib.*; patronized by Lord Donoughmore, 19; Lady B.'s account of terrorism in his family, *ib.*; notice of, 20; his pursuits, tastes, and appearance, *ib.*; exercise of magisterial duties—rebel hunting, 21; shooting a peasant boy, *ib.*; indicted for murder, 22; name expunged from magistracy, *ib.*; inquest on boy shot, 515; indictment and sworn informations, 517.
- Power, Edmund, unfortunate in his mercantile speculations, i., 19; ditto in his newspaper speculations, *ib.*; ditto in his magisterial, 20; his paper prosecuted for a libel on Colonel Bagwell, *ib.*; report of first trial, Bagwell *v.* Power, 520; report of second trial, M'Carthy *v.* Watson, 537; Miss Ellen Power examined on last trial, 540; death of his first wife, 36; second marriage, *ib.*; supported in his latter years by his daughters, *ib.*; amount of pecuniary aid from Lady B., *ib.*; end of his unfortunate career, 37.
- Power, Edmund, Jun., death of, i., 25.
- Power, Miss Ellen. See Mrs. Purves.
- Power, Miss Ellen, younger sister of Miss M. Power, Landor's reference to, ii., 136.
- Power, Capt., brother of the preceding, his death in India, a fine young man of twenty-two, ii., 146.
- Power, Miss Marguerite. See Mrs. Farmer.
- Power, Marguerite, early life, i., 10; her personal attractions, 25; attentions of Captain Farmer, 26; offer of marriage to her, *ib.*; repugnance to Captain Farmer, *ib.*; marriage with Captain Farmer, 27; unhappy results, 28; separation, *ib.*; Lady B.'s account of same, *ib.*; return to her father's, *ib.*; distinguished officers present at her marriage: the present Lord Hardinge, General Blakeney, *ib.*
- Power, Michael, amiable disposition, early death, i., 22; his duel with Captain Kettlewell, 537.
- Power, Miss Margaret, niece of Lady B., memoir of her aunt, i., 10; her affectionate regard for her aunt's memory, *ib.*; obligations of the editor to her, *ib.*; her poetry praised by Landor, ii., 140.
- Power, Miss Mary Anne, the youngest daughter of Edmund Power, i., 13; marriage with Count St. Marsault, 36; separation, *ib.*; attention to her father, 37; sojourns with Mrs. Dogherty near Cashel, *ib.*; mentioned in Lord B.'s will, 106; reference to her age—said to be fifteen years younger than Lady B., 189; Gell's references to her, under various designations, 334, 342, 344, 349, 352, 355, 357, 364, 367.
- Pratt, Miss, author of "Inheritance," Gell's reference to, i., 362.
- Proctor, Barry W., letters to Lady B. and notice of, ii., 275.
- Purves, Mrs., Miss Ellen Power, mention of her marriage, i., 13; her remarkable beauty, 26; admiration she excited at the "coteries" of Tipperary, *ib.*; early acquaintance with Colonel Stewart, 32; marriage with John Home Purves, Esq., 13; at a dinner given by Lord B. in 1815, 49; on a visit at Mountjoy Forest, 59; death of Mr. Purves, 479; second marriage with Lord Canterbury, *ib.*; death in her 54th year, 16th November, 1845, 480; born the latter part of 1791, 189.

## Q.

Quin, Dr. Frederick F., reference to by Gell, i., 337; notice of him, 399; letters of D'Orsay to 456; scene at Seamore Place with Julien, i., 163; ditto at Gore House with ditto, ii., 300.

Quinlan, Mr., a distant relation of Lady B., i., 37; assisted E. Power with money to fee counsel when tried for murder, *ib.*

## R.

R., H., letter to Lady B., ii., 394.

R., L., letter to Lady B., ii., 390.

- R., J. C. W., singular epistle to D'Orsay, ii., 402.
- Rachel, Mademoiselle, letter to Lady B., ii., 392.
- Ramsay, James, of Naples, sketch of Sir W. Gell, i., 328; Gell's reference to him, 379.
- Reilly, Charles, Surgeon R.N., espouses the cause of Abbé Campbell, i., 348; notice of his career, 396.
- Reynolds, F. Mansell, notice of and letters, ii., 338.
- Ricciardi, the, Gell's references to them and the Filangieri of Naples, i., 360, 361.
- Richardson, Dr., letter to, from Mrs. E. M. S., ii., 90.
- Richardson, Dr., attended Lady Mountjoy to the Continent in 1814; subsequently traveling physician to Lord Blessington in the East, i. 47; letter on death of Lord B., 123.
- Roberts, Miss Emma, notice of, ii., 91; letters to Lady B., *ib.*
- Rogers, early acquaintance of the Blessingtons, i., 63.
- Romer, Mrs. Isabella, notice of, ii., 94; letters to Lady B., 95.
- Rose, Mr., Gell's reference to "the man of Greek inscriptions," ii., 347.
- Rosslyn, Lord, letters to Lord B., ii. 487; notice of, 519.
- Rothwell (the painter) at Naples in 1834, i., 373, 374.
- Russell, Lord John, early acquaintance with the Blessingtons, i., 63; eulogized by Lady B., 100; letter to Lady B., ii., 242; notice of, 525.
- S.
- S., A., letter to Lady B., ii., 401.
- Saurin, Attorney General of Ireland, Marquess Wellesley's account of his Orange regime of fifteen years, ii., 151.
- Scarfe, Captain, Gell's reference to, *in re* Abbé Campbell, i., 348.
- Scarlett, Sir James. *See* Abinger, ii., 230.
- Schwartzberg, the Prince, notice of his career, i., 435; letters to Lady B., 437.
- Scott, Sir Walter, at Naples in 1832, i., 361, 362; *idem*, 365, 366; Gell's reminiscences, 368, 370, 372, 375, 377.
- Seigné, Madame de, her epistolary talent, i., 320.
- Sheehy, Edmund, Esq., maternal grandfather of Lady B., i., 13; persecution and death, 14; detailed account of ditto, *Appendix*.
- Sheehy, Father Nicholas, relative of Lady B.'s mother, i., 13; persecution and death, *ib.*; detailed account of ditto, *Appendix*.
- Sheridan, Miss Louisa, notice and letters of, to Lady B., ii., 87.
- Sigourney, Mrs. Lydia H., notice of, ii., 81; letters to Lady B., 83; styled "the American Hemans:" similarity of her genius and her fate, 81.
- Smith, James, notice of, ii., 296; letters and poems, 302.
- Smith, Lieut., R. N., commander of "The Bolivar," i., 89; D'Orsay's talent in drawing out people tried on him, 91; referred to by Lord Blessington, ii., 483.
- Sorrento, Archbishop of, Gell's reference to, i., 334; death of his favorite Annette, 360; his letter on cats, 368; notice of, 428; letters of, to Lady B., 429.
- Spencer, Hon. W. R., notice of, ii., 288; letter of, to Lady B., 289.
- Stael, Madame de, conversational talents of, i., 134.
- Starke, Anna Maria, Gell's reference to: gives parties and misereres in Rome, i., 347.
- Stewart, Colonel, of Killymoon, Gell's reference to, in Italy in 1829, i., 359; Gell's inquiry after the amiable colonel of Killymoon, 381.
- Stewart, Thomas, nephew of Sir W. Drummond, lines to Lady B., i., 260; subsequently becomes a Benedictine monk, 474; his assassination, *ib.*; further particulars of, ii., 498.
- Stewart, William, Esq., of Killymoon, colonel of Tyrone militia, i., 32; stationed at Clonmel in 1804, *ib.*; intimacy with the Powers, *ib.*; notice of, *ib.*; intimacy with Lord Blessington, 59; entertained at Mountjoy Forest in 1816, *ib.*; ditto in 1823, 60.
- Strangford, Lord, notice of, and letter to Lady B., ii., 248.
- Strangways, J., an intimate acquaintance of Lady B. in Italy, i., 101.
- Sue, Monsieur Eugène, notice of, i., 446; letters to Lady B., 450; observations of an eminent litterateur on his writings, ii., 510.
- Swift, Godwin, reference to him in a letter of Lady B., ii., 103; Landor's reference to him as "a representative of the earliest patriot in Ireland," 119.
- T.
- Tajore, Dwarkanauth, the celebrated

- Hindoo Baboo, notice of, i., 462; letter from, to Lady B., *ib.*
- Talbot, C. R. M., letter to Lady B., ii., 389.
- Talbot, Sir George, his "great and good dinners" at Rome, i., 347.
- Talfourd, Sir T. N., letter to Lady B., ii., 532; notice of, 531.
- Tegart, Arthur, early acquaintance of Lord and Lady B., i., 50; notice of, *ib.*
- Torlonia, Duc, et Banguier, Luigi Chiave's account of his death, i., 461.
- U.
- Uwins (the painter) makes Lady B.'s acquaintance in Italy, i., 92; his pictures referred to by Gell, 362; letter to Lady B., ii., 387.
- V.
- Vespucci, Contessa America, notice of, ii., 77; letter to Lady B., 79.
- Vigny, Alfred de, notice and letters of, i., 460.
- Vyse, Colonel, at Naples in 1832, i., 364.
- W.
- Wade, General, an old Irish officer—commandant of the Castello dell Novo, Naples, i., 85; some account of his origin, 401.
- Watson, Dr., a celebrated linguist, i., 335, 369.
- Watson, Solomon, a Quaker banker of Clonmel, libel on Colonel Bagwell in Power's paper, i., 537; action against him by M<sup>c</sup>Carthy, 538.
- Wellesley, Marquess, notice of, ii., 149; his reference to an old Orangeman named Saurin, 151; letters to Lady B., 155.
- Wellington, late Duke of, notice of, ii., 158; letters of, to Lady B., 162.
- Wellington, present Duke of, notice of, ii., 167; letter to Lady B., 168.
- Westmacott, Richard, the eminent sculptor, acquainted, i., 92; notice of, and letter to Lady B., 465.
- Westmoreland, Lady, Gell's reference to, i., 353.
- Westmoreland, Lord, letter to Lady B., ii., 248; notice of, 521.
- White, Charles, marries Lady Emilie Rosalie (Mary) Gardiner, i., 47; letter to Lady B., ii., 389.
- Whyte, Miss, at Rome in 1828, i., 357; visited by Sir W. Scott near Pæstum, 361; scenery at Portici in 1834, 373.
- Wilkie, Sir D., letter to Lady B., ii., 387.
- Wilkinson, the Egyptian traveler, Gell's reference to his discoveries, i., 358.
- Willis, N. P., notice of, ii., 329; letters of, to Lady B., 332; reference to Sir W. Gell, i., 326.
- Wright, Bernard, Alderman Hackett's account of, i., 18; tortured by Sir T. Judkin Fitzgerald, *ib.*; detailed report of proceedings *v.* Fitzgerald, 509; in the employment of Power, 19.
- Wycherley, the comedian, when verging on eighty—his last counsel to his young wife, ii., 17.







