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THE BLESSINGTON PAPERS.

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THE BLESSINGTON PAPERS.

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THE BLESSINGTON PAPERS.

ABELL (Lucia Elizabeth Balcombe, Mrs.). Napoleon's pet English child at St. Helena, where her father was Navy agent. (Died 1871.)

A. L. S.* Dated Lyne Grove, near Chertsey, December 8th (1847). 8 pages 16mo.

'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, 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.

'Myself and daughter are at present on a visit to a very old friend, Mrs. Cavendish, & with whom we shall remain some weeks longer. My daughter & myself beg to offer our best compliments to your Ladyship, & to be kindly remembered to the Miss Powers‡ who, I hope, have received satisfactory accounts from Van Diemens Land; and with many apologies for intruding on you, believe me, &c.

ABINGER (James Scarlett, Baron), a well-known Lawyer, appointed Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer in 1834, and created a Baron in 1835. (1769–1844.)

I. A. L. S. Dated 'Lancaster, August 16th,' 1835. 3¼ pages 4to.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—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 formalities, 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 Macintosh'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, & that I see much to correct in it. I believe, however, that I have given a true character of Macintosh's mind, which was candour itself. You will find, in the main, that

* When not otherwise stated, the whole of the letters in this collection are written to Lady Blessington.

† Published in 1848.

‡ Lady Blessington's nieces, daughters of her brother, Captain Michael Power.

§ This 'little' contribution consisted of a letter of nearly twenty printed pages.

|| Sir James Mackintosh, 1765–1832, an eminent Scotch statesman and political writer. In 1803 he was appointed Recorder of Bombay, and was knighted, but returned to England in 1813; was elected M.P. for Nairn, and was Professor of Law and Politics at Haileybury College from 1818 till 1827. In 1830 he was appointed to a seat at the Board of Control. His *Life*, written by his son, was published in 1835.

Sydney Smith* agrees with me, tho' he falls into the satirical vein as if he could not help pointing out something to blame in order 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 Scotsmen 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 & learn what they had to say about what they best knew. The conduct of the Whigs towards him was scandalous, ungrateful, and wicked; I have not said half what I thought of it. After all, I think the most entertaining part of the Memoirs consists in his own letters and journals. Some of the former will give you a notion of the depth & compass of his mind.

'I find everything tranquil in the North, and no reaction whatever in favour of the Corporation Bill. The partizans for it are few, and led by the old hacknied Whig and Radical spouters, who have ceased to possess the countenance or 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 & some of the Whig leaders in the Ho. of Com. as bent upon their destruction, and that every step taken by the instigation of such leaders is a step towards ruin. If the power of the House of Commons is to be wielded by Hume† & O'Connell,‡ the day of battle must come; and it is better that it should come whilst the Peers are erect than when they are prostrate.

'I am now on the point of starting for Liverpool, where I understand there will be a vast deal of business. As soon as I can dispose of it, I shall bend my way towards town, when I shall hope for the happiness of seeing you. Ever yours most truly.'

2. A. L. S. Dated 'New Street, Sunday' (1835). 4 pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady B.,—I can refuse you nothing. A very severe and lasting cold & 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 wo^d gladly have remained longer if they had been willing, under such pressing circumstances, to tolerate me. 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 wo^d 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 some indifferent writers, that I have taken a dislike to it, and wo^d banish it from the novels of my friends. I do not recollect any other.

* Rev. Sydney Smith, 1771–1845, the famous wit and critic, Fellow of New College, Oxford, and contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*, in which he wrote many articles. He was made a Canon of St. Paul's in 1831. 'Damn with faint praise' is distinctly the only term which describes his contribution to the *Life of Sir James Mackintosh*.

† Joseph Hume, 1777–1855, the eminent political reformer. He was first employed in India as an interpreter and commissary-general, but in 1808 resigned his appointments, returned to England and entered Parliament in 1812 as member for Weymouth. In 1830 he became M.P. for Middlesex; in 1837 for Kilkenny; and in 1842 for Montrose Burghs.

‡ Daniel O'Connell, 1775–1847, the great Irish orator and leader. He was called to the Irish Bar in 1798, but soon turned his attention exclusively to politics. He was elected M.P. for Clare in 1828, and after the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Act allied himself with the Whigs in the Reform movement.

§ A novel by Lady Blessington, then just published.

'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 & honourable 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 cannot imagine, however, where the writer picked up the notion that, when I was Att^y Gen^l, I entertained any project of increasing the expence of admissions—(to the bar, I presume). Such a thought never entered my head, nor did I ever hear it discussed by anybody. I certainly did propose a regulation, which was adopted and of which I have heard no complaint. 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. Believe me ever yours most truly.'

3. A. L. S. (Marked 'Private and Confidential.') Dated 'New Street, Tuesday' (1835). 3 pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'My dear Lady B.,—I lost no time in complying with your desire; the answer expressed a general disposition favourable 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 unbiassed judgment, whether it wo^d not be proper to qualify the conclusion, by a more temperate expression of an opinion that was probably formed on a partial view of the work?

'If the letter could be thus withdrawn, the course would be left open to me 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 sentiments 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 candour 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, but Peter & I mean to invade you some even^g. Adieu. Ever yours.'

4. A. L. S. Dated Abinger Hall, October 21st, 1836. 3 pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I would not thank you for your last kind present, till I had learned the value of it, by reading the book.† My thanks 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 batchelors. 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 Sexagénaire*, in which he has undertaken, by the force of his style & sentiments, 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.

* Alfred Guillaume Gabriel, Count D'Orsay, 1801–1852, a sculptor, painter, and man of fashion. He married, in 1827, Lord Blessington's daughter by his first wife, but they separated soon afterwards. After Lord Blessington's death the Count and Lady Blessington resided together, and for nearly twenty years reigned almost supreme in the fashionable world of London. In 1849 they fled to France to escape their creditors, and both died in that country.

† Referring to Lady Blessington's work just then published, *The Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman*.

'I have been but two half-days in town since the 13th Aug^t, 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 & 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 even^g with her & 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 Graham Club.

'I remained but three days at Paris, and on my landing at Dover found Lyndhurst§ preparing for Paris where, if you believe some of the French papers, he, together with Sir Robert Peel,|| have 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.

'I meditated a letter to you when abroad, but how is it possible to write when one is either travelling or seeing sights? *Au revoir. Adieu.*'

5. A. L. S. Dated Lincoln, March 6th, 1837. 3 pages 8vo., with Super-
scription.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—The state of the weather, combined with a terrible cold & cough which have not yet left me, prevented my calling on you as I intended before I left town.

'I am afraid your report of Peter's journal is too favorable; there are some lively passages in it, but there is too great a deficiency of solid matter to make it popular; yet I should like to know whether he could get anything for it, by way of encouragement to future attempts. Pray look at what he says about Panama—towards the close.

'The weather is disagreeable here, yet not colder than usual at this season. There is a *je ne sçais quoi* about it that does not suit the feelings. I cannot subdue my propensity to barking, which makes me so unfit for society that I have refused the accustomed invitations at this place to dinner.

'I am glad to hear that you & Lord Canterbury have been so well entertained. I imagine by his prolonged stay in England that he expects some crisis. I am not a greater believer in their resignation because the Whigs profess an intention to resign. Their first object is to keep their place 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.

'I have not forgotten what you call my promise—but you must allow me to call rather the expression of a desire to give you some contribution. Some fine day when I have nothing urgent to do, I hope to see about it, but I fear my imagination is too dull to suggest anything worthy of your adoption. At the same time I am so fastidious when I really set about seriously to compose, that each sentence costs me an hour.

* Peter Campbell Scarlett, 1804–1881, the writer's youngest son, and a distinguished diplomatist. He was sent as Envoy Extraordinary to Brazil in 1855, Minister to Greece in 1862, and to Mexico in 1865.

† Ellen Power, Lady Canterbury, 1791–1845, Lady Blessington's sister, 1802–1845. She married first John Home Purves, and secondly, in 1828, Charles Manners Sutton, 1st Viscount Canterbury, 1780–1845, eldest son of the Archbishop of Canterbury. He was raised to the peerage in 1835.

‡ Charles John Manners Sutton, 2nd Viscount Canterbury, 1812–1869, the eldest son by the first wife, Miss Lucy Denison. He died unmarried.

§ John Singleton Copley, Baron Lyndhurst, 1772–1863, an eminent lawyer, orator, and statesman. He was called to the Bar in 1804, became Solicitor-General in 1819, when he was knighted, Attorney-General in 1824, Master of the Rolls in 1826, Lord Chancellor in 1827, when he was created a Baron, and, in 1831, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

|| Sir Robert Peel, 1788–1850, the distinguished orator and statesman. He entered Parliament in 1810, was successively Under-Secretary of State, Chief Secretary for Ireland, Home Secretary, and First Lord of the Treasury. He was killed by a fall from his horse on Constitution Hill.

'If you have half an hour's leisure from your literary labours and the calls of society, pray let me have a few lines on the "Midland Circuit," and believe me ever yours truly.'

6. A. L. S. Dated New Street, February 11th, 1838. 5 pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—Thank you for your book and your kind enquiries. To the latter I can only say that I hope for a final recovery, but the appearances of the last three days indicate some remains of disorder, which time and perfect quiet only can remove. I must work hard, nevertheless, or the Whigs will do me a bad turn. For the book I can speak only of the few first pages, the style of which are characterized by the usual felicity of the author.

'I shall, as far as I can, be most happy to comply with your request for Mrs. Fairlie.* I have myself but one picture of one of my grandchildren. It was painted by Sir Martin Shee,† and represents the second son of Lady Stratheden,‡ a beautiful boy, whose countenance I wished to perpetuate. There is a dog in the picture. This is at Mrs. Fairlie's service. Lady Stratheden has a picture of her eldest daughter,§ done whilst she was an infant, which I make no doubt she will lend to me for the purpose. There is also a pretty portrait of her eldest son,|| but it is contained in a canvas which represents the mother also, as large as life; a tolerable painting of a very pretty countenance and figure. I presume, however, that this will not come within the scope of Mrs. Fairlie's design. There are the two portraits painted by our friend, Mr. Lover, of Lady Currey's children, but I suppose they are also not within her plan. However, these are the only offers I can make you. To the first, which is my own & hangs in my drawing-room, Mrs. Fairlie is welcome; I may probably have some interest to procure the others if she desire it.

'I think that your remark on Peter's book¶ is just. His style is lively & natural, without affectation or the appearance of effort; his descriptions are rapid and graphic. The defect of the work is a want of continuity; he flies from subject to subject in a manner not sufficiently coherent, but his reflections are generally just, and when he appears to pursue a subject seriously, he does it like a man of business. I rather think the work will do him credit, and will be the more popular on account of the light reading which it furnishes.

'I have at various times put pen to paper for you, and do not now despair of being able to furnish you with the little fable I promised you, but in truth, I am so fastidious, that I cannot satisfy myself, and I destroy whatever I write. If I can continue anything to please myself, I will send it to you before the month of May. By a legal arrangement, interesting to nobody but the Judges, I shall not go the next Circuit, so that I hope in the course of next month to have more leisure than usual, and to be able to see you. Ever, my dear Countess, yours truly.'

7. A. L. S. Dated New Street, March 8th, 1838. 2½ pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—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

* Louisa Purves, Mrs. Fairlie, daughter of Viscountess Canterbury by her first marriage. She died in 1843.

† Sir Martin Archer Shee, 1770–1850, a well-known portrait-painter. He first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1789, was elected an Associate in 1798, and President in 1830, when he was knighted. His life by his son was published in 1860.

‡ Mary Elizabeth Scarlett, Baroness Stratheden, 1795–1860, the writer's eldest daughter, and wife of Lord Campbell. In 1836 she was created Baroness Stratheden in her own right.

§ Lady Stratheden's eldest daughter, Louise Madeline, married in 1850 the Rev. W. S. White, Prebendary of Lincoln.

|| The eldest son was William Frederick, Baron Stratheden and Campbell, 1824–1893, M.P. for Cambridge from 1847 to 1852, and for Harwich from 1859 to 1860. He died unmarried, and was succeeded by the second son, Hallyburton George, born 1829, the present peer.

¶ The work referred to was *South America and the Pacific*, published in 1838.

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 of 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; at present I hardly dare to go out of my beaten track for fear of exerting my eye, which will be more and more inflamed by the sight of *you*. Ever yours truly.'

8. A. L. S. Dated 'New Street, November 30th,' 1838. 2½ pages 8vo.

'My dear Countess,—Many thanks for your kind note of yesterday. The weather has been so indifferent since I came to town on the Sundays, that I have not been able to ride so far as Gore House, and on every other day in the week I am confined in Court till 5, & sometimes 6 o'clock.

'This is very hard work for a man who has but one eye that he can safely use; the other is very *journalier*, sometimes pretty well, at others much inflamed and useless. Nevertheless, I shall have the pleasure of visiting you the first opportunity.

'I have not had the benefit of the Radical criticisms on my fable.* I read no paper but the *Times*, & of that but a little. Therefore, I have seen no mention of it, but I am glad they have sense enough (I mean the Radicals) to perceive that they are the lunatics. As the cap fits them let them wear it.

'But the state of the times is no fable. I shall not be surprized any morning to find the stocks down 10 p. cent. What a Government! Ever yours.'

9. A. L. S. Dated New Street, February 25th, 1839. 3 pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—Yesterday week I was on horseback in my way to visit you, but was driven back by a bitter storm of hail. Yesterday the sun invited me out as it does the butterfly, and I made a successful progress to your door, when I found he had done the same by you. You must not therefore attribute my long absence to any other coldness than that of the weather, which I find myself, as I advance in life, less and less able to endure. I am, however, upon the whole, somewhat better than I was last winter, and were it not for an occasional inflammation in one of my eyes, and a permanent deformity under it, I would encounter all sorts of weather to lay myself at your feet. But I dare not expose my eye to the cold wind, and I am not yet old enough to pay visits in a carriage.

'The spring is approaching, and I trust that some fine day towards the end of some week in March will usher me to Gore House. I say "towards the end of some week" because I have so arranged my circuit, which commences on Thursday next, that on each succeeding week I shall leave town on Monday, and return on Thursday or Friday till the end of the month.

'I know not whether to wish you joy of your revived acquaintance. I am aware that he is very agreeable, & I heartily wish you may find him useful, which is more than I ever did. Believe me ever yours truly.'

10. A. L. S. Dated Norfolk Hotel, Brighton, April 19th, 1842. 2½ pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—A thousand thanks for your kind enquiries. I had a smartish attack of erysipelas in the face & head, which confined me for a fortnight to my chamber, and almost to my bed. But it is gone, & I am, by

* Referring to a 'Fable' by Lord Abinger, which appeared in the *Book of Beauty* for 1839.

the advice of the doctors, taking the air of this place to accelerate my recovery. The weather, however, is very ungenial, & I dare not yet venture on horseback. The difficulty of finding any time at all to ride, and especially of good weather for riding, is the true reason that I have not been able for a long time to see you. I am not yet come to paying visits in a carriage, but as soon as I can submit to this decided step in the progress of old age, you shall find me at your door.

'I am not, however, without a hope that this recess from business will prove beneficial to the complaint in my eye, which is decidedly mending, so that you must not be surprized if you clear up all shades & deformities of the face.

'Peter is with me. What could I do without him? He is the most gentle and affectionate of mortals, and his attention to me makes him invaluable. He desires to join me in best remembrance to you, & I beg you will believe me, my dear madam, yours most truly and affectionately.'

ARLINCOURT (Victor Prévost, Viscount d'). A French Writer and Diplomatist. (1789-1856.)

1. A. L. S. Dated Aix-la-Chapelle, October 22nd, 1843. 3 pages 4to.

'Aimable et excellente Amie,—J'ai reçu votre charmante lettre du 16 Octobre, qui m'a prouvé que la bonté et le talent sont inséparables chez vous. Combien je suis reconnaissant des peines que vous vous êtes données pour moi. Pourquoi faut-il que votre éloquence ait eu si peu de prise auprès de celui que vous daignez appeler à vous entendre. Ses propositions me paraissent rudes. Soumettre mon livre à l'acceptation, ou au refus, d'un libraire, à son éloge, ou à son blâme, me paraît trop *inconcevable!* Il me semble que je ne saurais m'y résoudre. Ce *Monsieur*, est-il apte à juger du stile d'un écrivain Français? En comprendra-t-il les pensées? J'avoue que s'il me renvoyait mes pages après les avoir parcourues, sans vouloir faire affaire avec moi, cela me paraîtrait une singulière humiliation. Est-ce que je peux, est-ce que je dois m'y exposer? Qu'en dit le Comte D'Orsay, le roi de la grâce et du goût? Qu'en dites vous, génie protecteur? Une *muse* doit être un *oracle*.

'Avant tout je désirerois savoir quel prix *il* donnerait de mes deux volumes, en admettant le cas qu'*il* daigne en être satisfait. Je parle de *Monseigneur* le libraire.

'Puis: dites-moi s'il entend par *édition Anglais* une traduction, je suppose que cela veut dire, une édition publiée à Londres en Français. Cependant il faut s'expliquer.

'Enfin, si je me déterminais à envoyer un *specimen*, je demande *impérieusement* qu'il ne se compose non plus que d'un tiers de volume. Ce sera bien assez pour juger: surtout si *ce Monsieur* a une intelligence en harmonie avec ses prétensions, et à la hauteur de ses *arrêts*.

'Conseillez-moi, aimable dame! Pensez-vous qu'il puisse être prudent d'envoyer courir un manuscrit *par mer* et par terre. C'est plus que *par monts et par vaux*: de quelle façon faudroit-il s'y prendre pour qu'il ne lui arrivât pas mésaventure?

'Pardon de tant de détails ennuyeux: mais c'est à une *sour* que je les adresse, et cela me rassure un peu.

'Votre jolie nièce a-t-elle pensé au petit travail que j'attends de son obligeance? la nomenclature de vos charmants ouvrages. Je lui demande aussi le titre des principales célébrités littéraires et artistiques de Londres, et avec un mot sur le mérite et les succès de chacun d'eux. Sera-t-elle assez bonne pour y songer!

'Sur la petite note qu'elle m'a donnée, il y a un nom que je ne lis pas bien: c'est celui d'un peintre: est-ce bien Edwin Landseer?* je n'en suis pas sûr.

'Adieu, chère et belle Comtesse; je vous adresse ici une lettre bien matérielle, une lettre à fastidieux détails, mais votre génie repliera ses ailes un instant pour redescendre à d'anti-poétiques sujets, et n'en reprendra après qu'un plus brillant essor.

* Sir Edwin Henry Landseer, 1802-1873, the celebrated animal painter and Royal Academician. He was elected R.A. in 1830, and was knighted in 1850. In 1865 he refused the Presidency of the Royal Academy, which was offered him on the death of Sir Charles Eastlake.

'Mille amitiés à mon bon Comte D'Orsay ; et croyez-moi, tous deux, pour la vie, votre tout dévoué,' &c.

'P.S.—Toute réflexion faite, s'il faut se résoudre à envoyer un specimen, autant vaut un *deni* volume qu'un *tiers*. Ce à qui il faut s'arrêter, c'est à la manière de l'envoyer, et puis, avant tout il faut savoir si le prix qu'il pourrait donner vaut le sacrifice qu'il exige.'

2. A. L. S. Dated Rue Caumartin, 14, January 19th, 1844. 3 pages 8vo.

'Aimable sœur en Apollon !—Voyez combien je compte sur vos bontés pour moi. Voici une 50^{aine} de *prospectus* des *Trois Royaumes* que mon éditeur de France me supplie de vous adresser pour les donner à Monsieur Murray, et à ses confrères en librairie (sans oublier Monsieur Dulau).

'Me pardonneriez-vous cette importunité ? Oh oui : car vous êtes la grâce et l'obligeance même, mais c'est un frère qui en appelle à l'affection et au génie.

'D'ici à peu de jours, chère Milady (vous me permettez ce doux nom : n'est-ce pas) ? je vous enverrai plusieurs bonnes feuilles de mon premier volume pour remettre à Mr. Murray comme *specimen* ; après les avoir lus, il vous dira quels sont ses offres ? Je désire vivement qu'elles soient avantageuses. Arrangez cela pour moi, comme si c'étoit pour vous, et croyez à ma vive reconnaissance.

'J'ai ici un traducteur (le gendre de M. Kenyon*) qui a dû vous écrire. Il offre de traduire mon livre, et *sous mes yeux*, de manière à être prêt le jour même où je paraîtrais à Paris.

'Vous pouvez dire à Mr. Murray que je retarderais ma publication pour que la traduction Anglaise soit en vente à Londres lorsque l'édition Française paraîtra à Paris. *Mais il faut que Mr. Murray m'offre un prix convenable. Je compte à cet égard sur vos bons offices.*

'Il faudrait faire mettre, s'il est possible, un extrait du Prospectus dans quelques journaux Anglais, notamment dans le *Morning Post* et le *Courrier de l'Europe*.

'Il faudrait aussi en envoyer à Dublin et à Edinbourg.

'Je vous en adresserai encore par l'Ambassadeur de Sardaigne. Mais en vérité je suis honteux et confus de tous les ennuis de cette lettre. Je ne vous parle que de moi. Vous m'y avez autorisé, et cependant je ne saurais me le pardonner.

'Mille amitiés à mon cher Comte D'Orsay. Je regrette bien de ne l'avoir pas vu à Paris quand il y a passé. J'ai pris une vive part à la perte qu'il a faite, et au chagrin qu'il a dû en ressentir.

'Vous savez sans doute le brillant cadeau que m'a fait l'Empereur de Russie, après avoir lu *l'Etoile Polaire*.

'Veuillez, mon aimable sœur, agréer les expressions bien senties de mon tendre dévouement, et de ma profonde gratitude. Votre humble et très obéissant serviteur,' &c.

3. A. L. S. Dated 14 Rue Caumartin, Paris, January 25th, 1844. 3 pages 4to.

'Aimable et bonne Comtesse,—Je viens de vous adresser, par la maison *Bossange*,† qui correspond à Londres avec la librairie *Dulau*, les dix premières bonnes feuilles de mon prochain livre : *les Trois Royaumes*. Veuillez les remettre à M. Murray : il pourra juger de mon ouvrage après avoir lu cette moitié du *tome premier*, et il pourra vous faire ses offres : je ne doute point qu'elles ne soient convenables. Il ne voudrait pas, je suppose, en faire d'indignes de lui et de nous.

* John Kenyon, 1784–1856, a poet and philanthropist, the friend of most of the poets and men of letters of his time. Rich, and without ambition, he spent his life in society, travel, dilettantism, dining, and dispensing charity, and among the first to benefit by his philanthropy were Coleridge's family. It was in his house that Mrs. Browning finished *Aurora Leigh*, and it was to him it was dedicated. When he died he left Browning 10,000*l*.

† Bossange was a famous bookseller in Paris. The head of the firm, Martin Bossange, died in 1865, at the age of 100 years all but a month.

Je vais attendre impatiemment sa réponse. Il n'a pas un instant à perdre, car mon impression marche avec rapidité.

'Je promets à l'éditeur Murray de ne pas laisser paraître les *Trois Royaumes* à Paris avant qu'il ne les ait publiés à Londres; mais il faut qu'il se dépêche. J'ai ici un traducteur, M. Harvey, qui a dû vous écrire. Il offre à M. Murray de traduire ici mon ouvrage extrêmement vite, et de le faire sous mes yeux. Pour que M. Murray puisse juger de son talent, je joins ici la traduction qu'il a faite du 1^{er} chapitre de mon livre: M. Murray lira et se décidera.

'Je n'impose nullement M^r Harvey à M. Murray. Ce dernier fera ce qu'il croira le plus convenable à ses intérêts. Beaucoup d'Anglais ont déjà souscrit ici à mon livre. On en parle beaucoup à Paris, et tout semble me promettre un grand succès. L'éditeur Murray fera, je l'espère, un bien bonne affaire, mais il ne faut pas qu'il *lésine*.

'Les pages que j'envoie ont quelque intérêt, peut-être, mais beaucoup moins que celles qui suivent. Les grandes scènes avec O'Connell en Irlande feront sensation. Puis viendront les Chaussés des Géants, Fingal's Cave, les souvenirs historiques d'Ecosse, Charles Edouard, les rochers mystérieux des Highlands, et enfin le fameux voyage de Londres. Ces dernières pages feront scandale, j'y ai mis toute ma verve. Vous le voyez, aimable amie, il y a là matière à un grand succès. J'espère que Murray le sentira; votre éloquente voix lui indiquera sa route.

'La maison Bossange a déjà fait passer 300 prospectus aux libraires Murray et Dulau, en les priant d'en envoyer à Dublin et Edinbourg. Je voudrais bien que les journaux de Londres en disent un mot; et je me recommande au *Courrier de l'Europe*.

'Mille amitiés à mon bon Comte d'Orsay. Je compte aussi sur lui pour le succès des *Trois Royaumes* en Angleterre.

'Vous lirez sans doute, aussi que lui, mes dix bonnes feuilles avant de les donner à M. Murray. Je serai charmé de savoir l'effet qu'elles vous auront fait. Avec quelle impatience je vais attendre une lettre de vous.

'Hâtez-vous donc, ma bonne *sœur* (vous voyez que je tiens à ce doux nom), hâtez-vous d'arranger mon affaire avec Murray. J'ai fait ce qu'il a désiré; c'est à son tour de remplir mon attente, il n'aura certainement pas lieu de s'en repentir. Tous les nobles Anglais voudront avoir un livre où tant de familles sont nommées. Réussissez-donc, chère Comtesse, et croyez à l'éternelle reconnaissance de votre tout dévoué, &c.

'P.S.—Maintenant je ne vous enverrai plus de bonnes feuilles. J'attendrai pour cela que vous ayez conclu mon traité. Je ne vous fixe aucune somme. J'en passerai par tout ce que vous arrangerez, je ratifie tout par avance, j'y applaudis même et je vous laisse carte blanche. Consulter entraînerait trop de délais.

'Aussitôt l'affaire réglée, l'envoi des bonnes feuilles aura lieu le plus vite possible: traduites ou non traduites, comme le voudra M. Murray, qui aurait à s'entendre avec M. Harvey en cas où il l'accepterait pour traducteur.

'Adieu encore une fois, et mille expressions de gratitude.

'Note.—Ne montrez mes bonnes feuilles à personne.'

4, A. L. S. No date (January, 1844). 2½ pages 8vo.

'Aimable et chère Comtesse,—Je ne saurais vous exprimer combien je suis touché de vos bontés. J'ai reçu le *Court Journal* et je l'ai lu avec une vive reconnaissance. M. Murray doit avoir pris maintenant une *décision*, &c, grâce à l'intérêt que vous me portez, je ne doute pas qu'elle ne soit convenable. On m'a dit qu'il avait fait déjà annoncer dans les journaux que *le livre* paraîtrait chez lui. On m'a assuré aussi que *Colburn* était désolé de ne s'en être pas rendu acquéreur. Tout cela promet une heureuse fin, et c'est à vous que je le devrai.

'J'ai reçu la plus petite lettre de votre charmante nièce; et je l'en remercie vivement. Je corrigerai les erreurs que vous me signalez. J'aurais bien voulu savoir si vous étiez satisfait de mes dix premières feuilles.

'Mon traducteur, Monsieur Harvey, travaille toujours avec activité. Je vous envoie par une occasion sûre huit feuilles qu'il vient de terminer. Si M. Murray s'arrange avec vous il pourra commencer de suite à imprimer sa traduction: car on attend impatiemment mes "Trois Royaumes" à Paris; et il serait fâcheux de trop retarder la publication.

'Laissez-moi vous répéter ici les expressions de ma gratitude ; je serai heureux d'aller vous les porter moi-même à Londres, et si je puis ici vous être utile disposez de moi comme du frère le plus tendre et le plus dévoué.

'Mille amitiés à mon bon Comte d'Orsay. Quel regret j'ai eu de ne pas le voir à Paris pendant son court séjour. Je compte aussi sur ses soins et son affection. Croyez-moi, tous deux, pour la vie toute à vous,' &c.

'P.S.—Les feuilles de M. Harvey forment la traduction des dix premières feuilles que je vous ai adressés. Il vous prie de décider si le mot *biche* est bien traduit par le mot *doe*. Sinon, serez-vous assez bonne pour le changer et mettre celui qu'il faut (c'est dans les dix feuilles en trois places). Que d'ennuis je vous donne !'

5. A. L. S. Dated February 26th (1844). 1 page 8vo.

'Chère Milady,—Je crois que me voilà au moment de traiter avec M. Bentley. En ce cas, il demanderait les dix premières bonnes feuilles que je vous ai envoyées, et la traduction Anglaise de ces feuilles. Seriez-vous assez bonne pour les lui remettre ?

'Permettez-moi encore une fois de vous parler de ma reconnaissance. Vous avez été pour moi une amie dévouée, et je ne l'oublierai de ma vie.

'J'espère bien aller revoir Londres. Avec quel bonheur je me retrouverais auprès de vous.

'Croyez-moi pour la vie, aimable sœur, votre bien affectionné,' &c.

6. A. L. S. Dated '14 Caumartin,' March 2nd (1844). 1 page 8vo.

'Aimable amie,—Je viens de terminer mon marché avec Mr. Bentley ; en conséquence soyez assez bonne pour lui faire remettre mes dix bonnes feuilles et ma traduction, pour qu'il puisse commencer de suite à imprimer.

'Si vous aviez déjà remis *ces feuilles* à un autre il faudrait les faire retirer de ses mains, puisque l'affaire est conclue maintenant avec M. Bentley.

'Mille et mille expressions d'amitié et de reconnaissance.'

7. A. L. S. Dated Paris, March 12th, 1844. 3 pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'Chère et excellente Amie,—J'ai enfin terminé avec Monsieur Benteley, mais non pas comme je l'avois désiré, néanmoins si son édition Anglaise a du succès, et *s'il est honnête homme*, mon traité pourra me rapporter quelques bénéfices.

'Voici ce qui a été convenu. Mr. Benteley paye tous les frais de traduction, d'impression et de publication, puis, tous ses frais remboursés, il partage avec moi les bénéfices de la vente. Le livre paroitra à Londres en même temps qu'à Paris.

'Il résulte de cet arrangement, que je puis n'avoir pas grand chose, mais qu'il y a chance de gain s'il y a succès.

'Or donc, c'est un succès qu'il faut obtenir ; et qui mieux que vous, aimable sœur ! peut y contribuer ? Parlez du livre ! faites-en parler ! protégé par vous, il aura de la vogue.

'Dès que l'édition Française sera prête, je me hâterai de vous envoyer un joli petit exemplaire, hommage de dévouement et de reconnaissance.

'Mille tendresses à mon cher Comte D'Orsay, je me recommande à lui aussi pour mettre mes *Trois Royaumes* à la mode ; *Le Morning Post*, *Le Courrier de l'Europe*, et tous les journaux qui vous admirent devraient bien m'accorder quelques lignes de bienveillance à votre sollicitation.

'J'aime à y compter ; car il me sera bien doux de vous exprimer ma gratitude et mon affection. Laissez tomber quelques rayons de votre gloire sur mon humble ouvrage en ce moment à vos pieds ; et sa route sera brillante, et son père vous bénira.

'Veuillez agréer, chère sœur, les nouvelles expressions d'amitié fidèle de votre tout dévoué,' &c.

‘Oserai-je vous prier de revoir Mr. Benteley, et de vous concerter avec lui pour le succès des *Trois Royaumes*.

‘Le baron D’Haussez* m’a dit ici qu’il avait été fort content de M. Benteley, lorsque celui-cy édita la traduction Anglaise de son livre.

‘Si je le suis aussi, Mr. Benteley et moi, nous pourrons renouer d’autres affaires : le tout dépendra du succès.’

‘Ma traduction, complètement achevée, part pour Londres aujourd’hui même. Je la mets sous votre protection.’

8. A. L. S. Dated Paris, March 17th (1844). 3 pages 8vo.

‘Aimable et chère Sœur,—Mes *Trois Royaumes* vont paraître à Londres et à Paris en deux, trois ou quatre jours. Soutenez-les ! protégez-les ! Qu’une des palmes qui ceignent votre front s’étende sur eux comme un talisman de protection. Leur plus grande gloire aura été d’être sous votre égide.

‘Les journaux Anglais parleront sans doute de mon livre, surtout s’il a un beau succès. Je voudrais bien avoir quelques-uns de vos articles pour le faire reproduire dans les gazettes Françaises.

‘Les dernières pages du 2^e volume sont toutes *politiques*. Elles parlent de M^{sr} le Duc de Bordeaux,† et vous comprenez la chaleur que j’aurai dû y mettre. Tâchez d’en faire parler, *dans notre opinion*, par le *Morning Post*, le *Court Journal*, &c., et toutes les feuilles qui sympathisent avec la légitimité. Je ferois reproduire ici leurs articles et leurs réflexions politiques, et cela pourroit être utile *ici* à moi et aux nôtres. Je regarde cela comme important de *bien des façons* et sous *bien des rapports*.

‘J’espère vous envoyer prochainement l’exemplaire Français qui vous est destiné, accueillez-le avec votre bonté accoutumée, et cet hommage de reconnaissance vous dira combien je suis heureux et fier de votre illustre patronage.

‘Je n’ai pas besoin de vous recommander mes intérêts sous le rapport pécuniaire. Je ne doute pas que vous soyez bonne à cet égard comme en tout le reste ; espérons que Monsieur Bentley mettra de l’amour-propre à en agir noblement avec moi ; nous pourrons faire quelques autres affaires ensemble, si je suis content de lui.

‘Adieu, mon excellente amie. Je vais attendre impatiemment des nouvelles de Londres, le moment décisif est venu.

‘Croyez-moi pour la vie, chère sœur, votre reconnoissant et dévoué serviteur,’ &c.

‘Mille tendresses à mon bon Comte D’Orsay, je compte aussi sur son amitié, sur ses soins, sur son crédit, et sur son talent ; il a, à la fois, tant d’obligeance et tant de *pourvoir* !’

9. A. L. S. Dated 14 Rue Caumartin, March 29th, 1844. 2 pages 8vo.

‘Chère Contesse,—Voici une petite *nouvelle* qui, je l’espère, vous sera agréable, et pourra plaire à vos lecteurs *in the Book of Beauty* : lorsque vous l’aurez traduite, et que vous l’aurez revêtue des charmes de votre style, elle aura un mérite de plus : vous lui donnerez un nouveau charme.

‘Je suis vraiment heureux de trouver une occasion de vous être agréable. Disposez de moi en toute occasion, et croyez à mon dévouement inaltérable ; il vous est acquis pour la vie.

* Charles Lemercier de Longpré, Baron d’Haussez, 1778–1854, a French politician, created a Baron under the Empire, Minister for Marine in 1829. The book referred to was *La Grande-Bretagne en 1833*, translated under the title *Great Britain in 1833*.

† Henri Charles Dieudonné, Count de Chambord, Duke de Bordeaux, 1820–1883, posthumous son of the unfortunate Duke de Berry, and the representative while he lived of the elder line of the Bourbons. His later years were passed at Frohsdorf, where he spent his time in devotion, shooting, and in issuing manifestoes about ‘The Flag of Joan of Arc, and Henry IV.’

‘Mille remerciemens de votre charmant article du *Court Journal*.* Mon livre (*Les Trois Royaumes*) est sans doute, en ce moment publié à Londres. Il aura commencé sa carrière, et, protégé par vous, il a dû faire son entrée dans le monde avec de grandes chances de succès. Continuez-lui votre secours, aimable sœur ! Soutenez-les pas sur la terre étrangère, et tenez moi au courant de ses destinées.

‘J’attends impatiemment les journaux qui en rendent compte à Londres. Quant à ceux de Paris, ils l’ont comblé d’éloges.

‘Mes *Trois Royaumes* obtiennent ici en ce moment un grand succès de vogue. C’est le livre à la mode, et il me donne ici de vive jouissances. Dieu veuille qu’il en soit de même à Londres ; et à cet effet je compte sur la brillante Muse qui a bien voulu être son ange tutélaire.

‘Adieu, ma bonne sœur, dites au Comte D’Orsay les choses les plus affectueuses pour moi ; je me recommande toujours à lui, et je suis à tout jamais votre tendre et reconnaissant,’ &c.

10. A. L. S. Dated Paris, 14 Rue Caumartin, May 2nd, 1844. 3 pages 4to., with Superscription.

‘Dear Countess,—Que je vous remercie de toutes les peines que je vous ai données. Vous m’avez défendu et protégé en véritable sœur, aussi ne sais-je comment vous en exprimer ma reconnaissance.

‘Un Anglais trompé, comme moi, par O’Connell, sur l’équivoque du mot *écrit*, que le tribun d’Irlande prétend ne pas toujours signifier *composé*, m’adresse une lettre assez curieuse à cet égard. J’ai pensé que cette lettre pourrait être insérée dans le *Times* ou *Morning Post* (en totalité ou en partie), pour faire suite à la controverse. Cela achèverait de me justifier. Il paraît que maintenant on ne sait plus de qui sont les fameux vers : “*O Erin, shall it e'er be mine ?*” On les a attribué à une foule de personnes, et ne voila-t-il pas que j’ai lu dans un journal Anglais que décidément cette mystérieuse pensée étoit de la façon d’O’Connell. Tout cela est assez original.

‘Au surplus tout ce bruit ne fait que du bien à mon livre. Ici son succès est toujours croissant, et je propose une troisième réimpression.

‘Je crains bien que M^r Bentley ne se conduise pas bien vis-à-vis de moi et ne me cache ses ventes. Cela n’est pas beau. Je lui ai demandé trois exemplaires Anglois pour moi ; croiriez-vous qu’il ne me les a pas envoyés ? C’est abominable. Réclamez-les s’il est possible.

‘J’en reviens, dear sister, à la lettre de mon Anglais. Ne pensez-vous pas comme moi qu’il serait beau de la publier ? (en tout ou partie), il m’y autorise lui-même. Je vous recommande encore cette affaire.

‘Je suis charmé que vous ayez trouvé mes deux jumelles à votre goût. Disposez de moi en toute chose et en toute occasion. Je me trouverai toujours le plus heureux des hommes de vous être utile et agréable.

‘Il m’arrive chaque jour de charmantes lettres d’Ecosse. J’en ai eu des jeunes *Stuart*.

‘Mille et mille amitiés à mon cher Comte d’Orsay. Je rêve un nouveau voyage en Angleterre après celui que je compte faire en Orient, et ce sera un grand bonheur pour moi que celui de mettre de nouveau aux pieds de mon illustre sœur l’expression de mon dévouement et le tribut de mon admiration. All yours for ever, your most obedient servant,’ &c.

* The following is the paragraph in the *Court Journal* referred to in the letter:—‘The Viscount D’Arlincourt.—The world of fashion is on the tiptoe of expectation for the literary treat held out to them by the approaching publication of *The Three Kingdoms*, the work of the celebrated Viscount D’Arlincourt. This interesting production will be introduced to the English public a fortnight previous to its appearance in Paris. Already has the note of preparation sounded, and been answered by the most pressing demands for early copies by the *déite* of English society. To few foreigners have similar opportunities of seeing the interiors of our great country houses, and of judging *la vie de château*, been accorded, and to none could it have been more safely granted than to le Viscount D’Arlincourt, whose fine taste and high breeding, all who have the happiness of knowing him must admit, peculiarly fit him for the task he has undertaken. A quickness of perception, vivacity of imagination, piquancy, word-elegance of style, and, above all, a tact as rare as it is precious, are the distinguishing characteristics of this popular author, and never have they been more gracefully developed than in *The Three Kingdoms*.’

'P.S.—Celui qui vous remettra cette lettre est le très célèbre Offenbach,* violoncelliste, qui a fait les délices de Paris cet hiver. Si vous voulez l'entendre, il vous enchantera.'

BEACONSFIELD (Benjamin D'Israeli, Earl of). The celebrated Statesman and Novelist. (1805–1881.)

1. A. L. S. Dated 'Saturday' (June, 1834), 31A Park Street. 3 pages 8vo.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—Sir Francis Sykes,† who is at present in Copenhagen, has written to me to send him out some letters for various cities in Germany, which he intends to visit.

'Among them is Dresden, where I know no one. He is a person I much wish to oblige, & if you could assist me with a letter to the capital of Saxony, you would be very amiable. I would not solicit this favor, were he not in every respect a very recommendable personage, being young, very good-looking, & very accomplished. I am desirous, if possible, of sending him his letters by Tuesday's post.

'I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you to-night at the Opera. I cannot afford to miss it even for Madame B., as I have never heard *L'Assedio*‡ before. Your friend,' &c.

2. A. L. S. No date.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I venture to enclose you the letter for Botta,§ & a note which I shall feel obliged by your giving to Count D'Orsay. I shall then be sure that it reaches him. I wish you would enforce the favor I ask of him.

'I fear you will find my correspondence very monotonous; but I shall be too delighted to hear from you to omit a claim for your answers.

'We live at "Bradenham House, High Wycombe."

'Pray let me have a proof of my little story sent to Brad:

'The post, you know, will carry a proof sheet, if so certified on the direction.

'It shall be returned instantly. In haste, y^r faithful.'

3. A. L. Dated Bradenham House, High Wycombe (August 5th, 1834). 3½ pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I was so sorry to leave London with^t being a moment alone with you; but altho' I came to the opera the last night on purpose, Fate was against us. I did not reach this place until Sunday, very ill indeed from the pangs of parting. Indeed, I feel as desolate as a ghost, & I do not think that I ever shall be able to settle to anything again. It is a great shame, when people are happy together, that they should be ever separated; but it seems the great object of all human legislation that people never should be happy together.

'My father|| I find better than I expected, & 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, & indeed of our country, for the history of a State is necessarily mixed up with the history of its literature.

* Jacques Offenbach, 1819–1880, the well-known musical composer, started as a violoncellist but was not very successful, and eventually opened a small theatre in the Champs Elysées. His best-known work, *La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein*, appeared in 1867.

† Sir Francis William Sykes, 1799–1843, succeeded his father as 2nd Baronet in 1804.

‡ Rossini's opera, *Le Siège de Corinthe*, after being played in Paris in 1826, was performed in London for the first time June 5th, 1834, with Grisi, Rubini, and Tamburini in the cast.

§ Paul Emile Botta, 1805–1870, son of the Italian historian and Layard's contemporary in Assyrian discovery. He was French Consul at Mosul, and, being an archaeologist and enthusiast, seized the opportunity to excavate the mounds at Khosabad, and was thus instrumental in furnishing the Louvre with some of the finest Assyrian monuments in existence. The results of his excavations were published in his huge book, *Les Monuments de Ninive*.

|| Isaac Disraeli, 1766–1848, author of *Curiosities of Literature*, *Quarrels of Authors*, &c.

‘For myself, I am doing nothing. The western breeze favors an *al fresco* existence, & I am seated with a pipe under a spreading sycamore, solemn as a pacha.

‘I wish you would induce Hookham to entrust me with “Agathon,”* that mad Byronic 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‡ & Geo: Sand§ Dudevant? and are these inferior to Hugo?|| I ask you these questions because you will give me short answers, like all people who are masters of their subject.

‘I suppose it is vain to hope to see my dear D’Orsay here; I wish indeed he wo^d come. Here is a cook by no means contemptible. He can bring his horses if he like, but I can mount him. Adieu, d^r Lady Blessington, some day I will try to write you a more amusing letter; at present I am in truth ill & sad.’

4. A. L. S. ‘D.’ Dated ‘Bradenham Down, Tuesday’ (1834). 5 pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

‘Dearest Lady Blessington,—I have intended to return the books & send you these few lines every day, & am surprized that I co^d have so long omitted doing anything so agreeable as writing to you. We are all delighted with the portraits, my sister is collecting those of all my fathers’ friends; her collection will include almost every person of literary celebrity from the end of y^e Johnsonian era, so your fair face arrived just in time. I am particularly delighted with Parris’s port^t, w^{ch} I had never seen before.

‘I have read y^e art: on Coleridge¶ in y^e Quarterly, but do not agree with you in holding it to be written by Lockhart.** It is too good. L.’s style has certainly the merit of being peculiar. I know none so meagre, harsh & clumsy, or more felicitous in the jumble of common-place metaphors. I think y^e present reviewal must be by Nelson Coleridge, a nephew of y^e poet & a cleverish sort of fellow, tho’ 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 journalising, & indeed of writing of all description. With me execution is ever a labor, & conception a delight. Altho’ a great traveller I never kept a diary in my life.

* The *History of Agathon*, translated from the German of Wieland. With respect to this novel, Moore, in his *Life of Byron*, writes:—‘Observing a volume in his gondola with a number of paper marks between the leaves, I enquired of him what it was. “Only a book,” he answered, “from which I am trying to crib, as I do whenever I can; and that’s the way I get the character of an original poet.” On taking it up and looking into it, I exclaimed, “Ah, my old friend Agathon!” “What!” he cried, archly, “you have been beforehand with me there, have you?”’ From a letter of Disraeli’s, published by Dr. Madden in his *Life of Lady Blessington*, it seems that he was delighted with ‘Agathon,’ but thought the translation very clumsy.

† Honoré de Balzac, 1790-1850, the celebrated French novelist.

‡ Marie Joseph Eugène Sue, 1804-1857, the French novelist, whose first work was published in 1830, and his last just after his death.

§ Sand Amantine Lucile Aurore Dupin, Countess Dudevant, called George Sand, 1804-1876. She published her first novel in 1831, and continued writing until nearly the day of her death.

|| Victor Marie Hugo, 1802-1885, the famous French poet, dramatist, novelist, and historian. He rhymed at ten, at fourteen wrote a tragedy, and at twenty he gained considerable notoriety by his poems. After the *Coup d’Etat* he was banished from France, and settled in Guernsey, but returned to Paris in 1870 and died there.

¶ Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 1772-1834, the well-known poet, best known perhaps by his *Christabel* and *The Ancient Mariner*. The review in question, which appeared in the *Quarterly* for August, 1834, is always understood to have been written by the poet’s nephew, Henry Nelson Coleridge, 1798-1843, Coleridge’s literary executor.

** John Gibson Lockhart, 1794-1854, the son-in-law and biographer of Sir Walter Scott, Editor of the *Quarterly Review* from 1825 to 1853, when his sight began to fail.

'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 y^e mother of Allegra?†

'I gave all y^r kind messages to my father, who returns you others equally amiable. He will call upon you in y^e course of the month, if he visit town. We have had a very good harvest here, & our second crop of hay, like second love, has proved more satisfactory than our first.

'My kindest remembrance to Count D'Orsay. Believe me, dearest Lady Blessington,‡ &c.

5. A. L. S. Dated 'Bradenham House, Friday' (October 17th, 1834). 3½ pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—My absence at Quarter Sessions, where I was bored to death, prevented me instantly answering your letter. I hope, however, you will receive this before your departure. I sympathise with your sufferings; my experience unhappily assures me how ably you describe them. This golden autumn ought to have cured us all. I myself, in spite of the sunshine, have been a great invalid. Indeed, I know not how it is, but I am never well save in action, & then I feel immortal. I am ashamed of being "nervous." Dyspepsia always makes me wish for a civil war. In the meantime, I amuse myself by county politics. I received yesterday a letter, most spritely & amusing, from E. L. B.‡ dated Limerick. He is about to return to Dublin, & talks of going to Spain. I am ashamed that I must confess to him that I have not read *Pompeii*, but alas! a London bookseller treats us provincials with great contempt, & in spite of reiterated epistles & promises as numerous I have not yet received the much wished tomes. My father sends his kindest regards. As for myself, I am dying for action, & rust like a Damascus sabre in y^e sheathe of a poltroon.

'Adieu! dear friend, we shall meet on your return.'

6. A. L. S. Dated 'Sunday' (January? 1835). 1 page 4to., with Superscription.

'My dearest Lady,—I return the letter, w^{ch} is very curious.

'I must deny myself the pleasure of dining with you on Wednesday, even with *you*.

'I met your friend L^d Abinger yesterday, & called him "Sir J. S.," but assured him that his new designation was more noble, but not more illustrious.'

7. A. L. S. Dated 'Friday.' 2½ pages 8vo.

'Dearest Lady Blessington,—You once expressed a desire to see Tita, when in town. Therefore he now waits upon you, more fortunate than his master who, from a neglected accident during his contest, has been confined almost to his bed for the last week, but who hopes soon to be able to hobble to Seamore Place, & assure Lady Blessington that he is her most affectionate and devoted serv^t, &c.

* Joseph Jekyll, 1753–1837, a lawyer, a wit, and a politician; M.P. for Calne from 1787 to 1816, in 1805 appointed Solicitor-General to the Prince of Wales, and in 1815 created a Master in Chancery. The witticisms he contributed to the newspapers appeared principally in the *Morning Chronicle* and *Evening Statesman*. He married in 1801, and had two sons, one of whom was born in 1804. A volume of his letters to his sister was published in 1894.

† Allegra was the daughter of Byron and Miss Jane Clairmont. She was born in 1817, and died of fever in 1822. At Byron's desire she was buried in Harrow church.

‡ Edward Earle George Lytton Bulwer-Lytton, 1st Baron Lytton, 1803–1873, the novelist, poet, and dramatist. One of his best-known novels, *Pelham*, was published in 1828, and his last in 1873. He was M.P. for St. Ives, Lincoln, and Herefordshire successively, and was created a Baron in 1866. He was elected Rector of Glasgow University both in 1856 and 1858.

8. A. L. S. 'Votre Dis.' to the same. Dated 'Wednesday' (February, 1836). 4 pages 8vo.

'My dearest Lady,—Early in March there are to be fifty members elected into the "Carlton" by the members at large. A strong party of my friends, Lord L., Lord Chandos,* Stuart de Rothesy,† &c., are very active in my behalf, & I think among the leaders of our party my claims wo^d be recognised; but doubtless there is a sufficient alloy of dunces even among y^e Conservatives, & I have no doubt there will be a stout opposition to me. Altho' I will not canvass myself, I wish my friends to do so *most earnestly*. I know, from personal experience, that one word from you wo^d have more effect upon me than letters from all the Lords in Xdom. I wish, therefore, to enlist you on my side, & will take the liberty of sending you a list to-morrow.

'L^d Abinger & his influence wo^d be an object. The mode is to send in a list with 50 names. The supercilious Quintin, save for you, wo^d infallibly omit mine. Wilson I deem doubtful.'

9. A. L. S. Dated 'Bradnam, March 21st' (1837). 3½ pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'My dear Lady,—Altho' it is little more than a fortnight since I quitted your truly friendly society & hospitable roof, both of which I shall always remember with deep & 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, & therefore I will not be deluded into waiting any longer.

'In spite of every obstacle in the shape of harassed feelings & other disagreeable accidents of life, I have not forgotten the fair Venetia,‡ who has grown under my paternal care, & as much in grace, I hope, as in stature, or rather dimensions. She is truly like her prototype—

"—*the child of love,*
Tho' born in bitterness & nurtured in convulsion;"§

but I hope she will prove a source of consolation to her parent, & 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; & I should not be surprised if, in six weeks, she may ring the bell at your hall door, & request admittance, where I know she will find at least one sympathising 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 & 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 & elaborate strokes. Mine are but plaster-of-Paris casts, or rather statues of snow that melt as soon as they are fashioned.

'D'Orsay has written me kind letters, which always inspirit me. How are my friends, if I have any? At any rate, how is Bulwer? I can scarcely expect you to find time to write to me, but I need not say what pleasure your handwriting w^d afford me, not merely in pencil notes in a chance volume. This is all very stupid, but I co^d not be quite silent. Ever your Dis.'

* Richard Plantagenet Temple-Nugent, Marquis of Chandos, afterwards 2nd Duke of Buckingham, 1797–1861, eldest son of the first Duke, whom he succeeded in 1839. He was made Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal in 1841.

† Sir Charles Stuart, afterwards 1st Baron Stuart de Rothesay, 1779–1845, grandson of the 3rd Earl of Bute, a well-known diplomatist, for some years Ambassador to the Court of France. Disraeli, in a letter to his sister, says: 'I carried the Carlton; the opposition was not inconsiderable in the Committee, but my friends were firm—400 candidates, and all in their own opinion with equal claims.'

‡ *Venetia* was published shortly after the date of the letter.

§ *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto 3.

10. A. L. S. 'Dis.' to (Lady Blessington). Dated Bradenham, October 4th (1837). 4 pages 4to.

'I see by the papers that you have quitted the shores of the "far-resounding sea," & resumed your place in the most charming of modern houses. I therefore venture to recall my existence to your memory, & request the favor of hearing some intelligence of yourself, which must always interest me. Have you been well, happy & 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, tho' enlivened by the presence of Lady Sykes,* who has contrived to pay us two visits, & the presence of Lord Lyndhurst, who also gave us a fortnight of his delightful society. I am tolerably busy, & hope to give a good account of myself & doings when we meet, which I trust will be soon. How goes that "great lubber," the Public, & how fares that mighty hoax, the World? Who of our friends has distinguished or extinguished himself or herself? In short, as the hart for the waterside, I pant for a little news, but chiefly of your fair & agreeable self. The *Book of Beauty* will soon, I fancy, charm the public with its presence. Where have you been? In Hampshire I heard from Lord L. How is the most delightful of men & best of friends, the Admirable Crichton? I don't mean Willist† who I see has married, a fortune I suppose, tho' it doth not sound like one. How & where is Bulwer? How are the Whigs and how do they feel? All here who know you send kind greetings, & all who have not that delight kind wishes. Peace be within your walls & plenteousness within your palace! Vale! Your affectionately.'

11. A. L. S. Dated 'C^u C., Thursday.' 4 pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady,—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 hour this morning to write the enclosed, & if Mrs. F. think them worthy of her acceptance, she can put to them any heading she likes.

'I sho^d be mortified if the *Book of Beauty* appeared with^t my contribution, how^r 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 4 or 5 pages, you shall have it in 2 or 3 days.

'I am in town only for a day or two & terribly busied, but I hope to get to K.G. before the election. Ever,' &c.

12. A. L. S. Dated 'House of Commons, Monday.' 7½ pages 8vo.

'My dearest Lady Blessington,—I will return the proof with^t loss of time. I duly received your charming volume & gave it to Mrs. Wyndham,‡ who is a great admirer of aphoristic writing. She was to mark what she most approved, & the volume is in consequence lying on her table with scarcely a margin not deeply scored. I should have written to thank you for this agreeable recollection of me, but have intended every day to do so in person.

* Henrietta, Lady Sykes, was the daughter of Henry Villebois, Esq., of Marham, Norfolk, and married in 1821 Sir Francis William Sykes, of Basildon. She was one of the beauties of her day, and her portrait appeared in Heath's *Book of Beauty* for 1837. She died in 1846.

† Nathaniel Parker Willis, 1806-1867, the American poet, who, in 1831, left America for a tour in Europe. He married in 1837 a daughter of General Stace, Commandant of Woolwich Arsenal, and returned to America the same year. He was very well known in London society, and was a favourite guest at Gore House, to which reference is made in his *Pencilings by the Way*.

‡ Mary Anne Evans, Viscountess Beaconsfield, 1798-1872, afterwards the writer's wife, but at the date of the letter the wife of Mr. Wyndham Lewis, who dying in 1838, she, in August, 1839, married Mr. Disraeli. She was created Viscountess Beaconsfield in her own right in 1862. Disraeli's account to his sister of his first meeting with his wife is amusing. 'I was introduced, "by particular desire," to Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, a pretty little woman, a flirt, and a rattle; indeed, gifted with volubility I should think unequalled, and of which I can convey no idea. She told me that she "liked silent, melancholy men." I answered "that I had no doubt of it."'

'It is indeed a long time since we met, but I flatter & console myself that we shall meet very soon & very often. But, in truth, with a gouty parent, & impending matrimony, the House of Commons & the mechanical duties of society, the last two months have been terribly monopolised; but I can assure you that a day seldom passes that I do not think or speak of you, & I hope I shall always be allowed by you to count the Lady of Gore House among my dearest & most valued friends.

'D'Orsay was charming yesterday. Ever yours,' &c.

13. A. L. S. Dated 'Tuesday' (1839). 1½ pages 4to.

'My dearest Lady,—There are no more verses, if my memory do not deceive me; I thought there was a point, but perhaps there is not. I hope, how^r, they* may do, for my lyre has lost a string or something; I am very prosy.

'Since I quitted Bulwer's, where I spent a most agreeable week, I suppose I was bitten, but I have taken it into my head to write, & have scarcely been out of my garret, except at moments when I was sure not to find my friends at Kensington at home, who, how^r, I can most sincerely aver, are never many minutes absent from my thoughts.

'I hope in a few hours we may meet, which is always to me the greatest pleasure. Dearest Lady, your fl^y, &c.

14. A. L. S. Dated 'Carlton Club, Thursday.' ¾ pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady,—I enclose a sonnet on the three daughters of Lady Jersey.† It is for Mrs. Fairlie, who has written to me, but has not dated her letter, so I don't know where to send them. I hope they'll do, but I fear they are rather scrubby. Your affectionate,' &c.

15. A. L. S. Marked 'Private.' Dated '1 Grosvenor Gate, Tuesday.' 4 pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady,—Would a little Russian contribution from Lady Londonderry‡ suit your *Book of Beauty*? It is very pretty & picturesque, & written with great simplicity. I can manage it if the suggestion is agreeable to you.

'You have heard of our domestic troubles? I am alone in this house, Mrs. Wyndham & her mother having gone into the country to avoid the funeral & all the painful details that follow such catastrophes. We concealed from the mother even the illness of her son,§ for she was perfectly devoted to him, & you can conceive the terrible duty of breaking his death to her. She does not even know that he died in this house. Yours affectionately,' &c.

* Referring probably to his poem on Lady Mahon's portrait in the *Book of Beauty* for 1839, which consisted of only fourteen lines.

† Sarah Sophia Fane, Countess of Jersey, 1786–1867, daughter of John, 10th Earl of Westmorland, and wife of George Child Villiers, 5th Earl of Jersey. The three daughters were:—Sarah Frederika Caroline, married in 1842 Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, and died in 1853; Clementina Augusta Wellington, died in 1858; Adela Corsanda Maria, 1828–1860, married in 1845 Colonel C. P. Ibbetson, 11th Hussars. The sonnet, which appeared in Mrs. Fairlie's *Children of the Nobility* for 1839, is as follows:—

What read those glances? serious and yet sweet,
Seeming to penetrate the mystic veil
That shrouds your graceful future—for 'tis meet
Your lot should be as brilliant as your birth,
Fair daughters of a mother that the earth
Hath ever welcomed with its brightest flowers;
Like the gay princess in the fairy tale,

Whose very steps were roses. Beautiful girls!
Linked in domestic love, like three rare pearls,
Soft and yet precious, when the coming hours
Shall, with a smile that struggles with a tear,
Remove you from the hearth your forms endear,
Your tender eye shall dwell upon this page,
That tells the promise of your earlier age.

‡ Frances Anne Vane-Tempest, Marchioness of Londonderry, 1800–1865, the only daughter and heir of Sir Henry Vane-Tempest and the Countess of Antrim. She married in 1819 the 3rd Marquis of Londonderry, and for half a century their names were associated with great improvements amongst the pit population of the county of Durham, where the Marchioness owned extensive collieries. Her 'Russian Sketches' appeared in the *Book of Beauty* for 1840.

§ Lieut.-Colonel William Viney Evans, Mrs. Wyndham Lewis's brother, died at her house July 2nd, 1839

16. A. L. S. No date, marked 'Private.' 1 page 8vo.

'My dear Lady,—Please to send me one of your pretty notes, requesting me to obtain a contribution from Lady L., in order that I may have the pleasure of showing it to her. Yours ever,' &c.

17. A. L. S. Dated 'Bradenham, 29th.' 2 pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady,—We send you back our dearest D'Orsay, with some of the booty of yesterday's sport as our homage to you. His visit has been very short, but very charming, & everybody here loves him as much as you & I do.

'I hope that I shall soon see you, & see you well; & in the meantime, I am, as I ever shall be, your affectionate,' &c.

18. A. L. S. Dated 'Grosvenor Gate, Friday.' 4 pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady,—In the last line but five of the verses which Mary Anne sent you yesterday, would you have the kindness to change the epithet "*matchless*" to "*perfect*." I told Mr. Dawson that he would have an opportunity to make this correction in the proof, but he seemed to wish that it should be done at once, not being so versed as we are in the mysteries of the press.

'I am just up, after a late debate & what the *Morning Post* calls "the 6th Defeat of the Ministers this session."

'The victory was most unexpected on our side, & is the roughest rub the Administration has yet received; but its feebleness is of so vigorous a character that I doubt not it will still totter on.

'I will send you my paper to-morrow morning, & wo^d have done so sooner, but my MS. is so illegible that it would baffle even Moyes.* Ever yours,' &c.

19. A. L. S. Dated 'Grosvenor Hotel, August 24th' (1840?). 4 pages 8vo.

'My dearest Lady Blessington,—We returned from Bradenham on Thursday evening, & left all there well & happy.

'I remember your kind wish that we should meet before our departure &, if not inconvenient to you I would propose calling at Gore House to-morrow with my dear Mary Anne who, I am sure, will be delighted by finding herself under a roof that has proved to me at all times so hospitable & devoted.

'I hope that his engagements will not prevent our meeting our friend Alfred, for I hardly suppose we shall have another opportunity of being together for some time.

'I sho^d think about *three* wo^d not be unsuitable to you, and so believe me,' &c.

20. A. L. S. Dated The Deepdene, Dorking, September 11th, 1843.

'My dear Lady,—I send you a literary arabesque, w^{ch} is indeed nonsense. If worthy of admission, it might close the volume, as fairies & fireworks dance & 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 charming with an Italian sky.'

'I hope you are well, & all. M. A. joins with me in kindest feelings, & desires me to say that she passes much of her day with two young bears; they are only 6 months of age, & their grinders hardly budding; but in another $\frac{1}{2}$ year they will be able to hug their friends to death. Ever your,' &c.

21. A. L. S. Dated 'Wednesday Eve.' 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ pages 12mo.

'Your entreaties are to me commands. I received the proof this afternoon, which I now return. I wish, instead of sending it by the Oxford coach, I co^d tie it under the wing of Mignon!'

* James Moyes, an eminent printer, who, during thirty-three years of active business, produced many works. He was for many years the printer of the *Literary Gazette*, and was the predecessor of Messrs. Strangeways, the printers of this and the other volumes of Mr. Morrison's catalogue. He died in 1838.

22. A. L. S. Dated 'Grosvenor Gate, June 1st.' 3 pages 8vo.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—That sorrowful event that has long been impending over us occurred on Sunday morning; & lengthened as had been her preparation for it, you can easily understand that Mrs. Disraeli is much overwhelmed. But, I hope, the gratifying recollection of a duty so beautifully fulfilled towards a beloved parent & wh. made her days pleasant & happy, will eventually prove a great source of consolation & comfort to her.

'I return you the proof, but my MS. has this year so perplexed the printer that, for the first time, I must ask for a revise. Ever,' &c.

23. A. L. S. Dated Hughenden Manor, High Wycombe, December 31st, 1848. 8 pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I took the liberty of telling Moxon to send you a copy of the new edit. of the *Curiosities of Li.*; wh. I have just published with a little notice of my father. You were always so kind to him, & he entertained such a sincere regard for you, that I thought you wd not dislike to have this copy on y^r shelves.

'I found among his papers some verses wh: you sent him on his 80th birthday, wh: 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, wh: is, we hope, all you wish; & also on the success of the future Emperor.

'My wife complains very much that I broke my promise to her, & did not bring her to pay you a visit when we last passed thro' town; but I was as great a sufferer by that omission as herself. The truth is, I am always hurried to death & quite worn out chiefly by statistics, tho' I hope the great Californian discovery, by revolutionizing all existing data, will finally blow up these impostures & their votaries of all parties.

'We have passed the last six weeks in moving from Bradenham to this place—a terrible affair, especially for the library, tho' only a few miles. I seem to have lived in waggons like a Tartar chief. Would I were really one, but this is a life of trial, & Paradise, I hope, is a land where there are neither towns nor country.

'Our kindest regards to you all,' &c.

24. A. L. S. to Miss Power. Dated Hughenden Manor, November 15th, 1853. 3½ pages 8vo.

'Dear Miss Power,—Publishing cotemporary correspondence always a little frightens me, but I shall leave everything, & trust everything to your taste & discretion.

'I must make many apologies for having left your note so long unanswered. Mrs. Disraeli begs to be remembered very kindly to yourself & your sister. We have not been to Paris since the Xmas of '45, but if ever we renew our visits we shall hope to see you, & find you well & happy. Yours,' &c.

25. A. L. S. to Mr. Madden. Dated Grosvenor Gate, May 20th, 1854. 2½ pages 8vo.

'I should like very much to see any private letters of mine, which you think of publishing, previously to their being sent forth. If you will have the kindness to forward me the proof, it shall not be detained.

'I am very sorry to hear that any previous communication of yours should have remained unanswered, being with great consideration, your faithful servant.'

26. A. L. S., marked 'Private,' to the same. Dated June 2nd, 1854. 2½ pages 8vo.

'I return y^r MSS. I really think that none of my letters to Lady B. ought

* Antoine Alfred Agénor de Gramont, Count de Guiche, and afterwards Duke de Gramont, 1819-1880, Count d'Orsay's nephew, at one time French Ambassador to Rome. He married, December 27th, 1848, Emma Mary, daughter of W. A. Mackinnon, M.P. for Lympington.

to be published, & if I have spared some portion of them, it has been only out of deference to your appeal.

'My father's may properly appear. There appear to be two of his—one of them you have attributed to me by mistake. Yours faithfully,' &c.

'I have drawn my pen thro' the letters & passages which must be omitted.'

BEATTIE (Dr. William). A Physician and Author. (1793-1875).*

1. A. L. S. Dated 'Monday, November 20th' (1837). 3 pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I have *again* to return you my best acknowledgements for the *Book of Beauty*, which is certainly in your hands becoming every year more *beautiful*. This volume, I think, surpasses all its predecessors. There are two "sonnets" of yours which are gems of feeling & 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 & appropriate, and he is much happier than a hundred others who have drawn their inspiration from a "*similar*" source. The literary portion of the book is of a very superior order (with one little exception), and gives a high promise for the "New Series." I was struck with the lines to Mrs. Fairlie, so playful & elegant in the structure & sentiment, as well as with the greater portion of the other contribution; but the "sonnets" I can *repeat*—& I never repeat anything that does not make a strong impression upon my mind, that makes me think and reflect & feel—& that power is in y^r own elegant pen. In a very few days I hope to carry you the offering of my "concluded labours," & in the meantime beg to remain, my dear Lady Blessington, y^r very obliged & much honoured,' &c.

2. A. L. S. Dated 'Monday Morning, 8.' 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ pages with Superscription).

'My dear Lady Blessington,—The sudden death of a much-valued friend, which took place on Friday morning, has prevented me replying to y^r obliging communication; but you may depend upon my attention to the subject at the first tranquil moment after the funeral, the arrangements for which, with many other family matters, engross my thoughts at present. If, however, your printer is waiting, pray let me know without ceremony, & do me the honour to believe me, dear Lady Blessington, your most faithful and obliged,' &c.

3. A. L. S. No date (1838).

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I beg to leave for y^r gracious acceptance the accompanying book, which owes so much of its success to your approbation and encouragement. I shall have the pleasure, also, of presenting to you, by New Year's Day at latest, *The Valleys of Piedmont*,† which are just completed. Am I not indebted to y^r Ladyship for a very beautiful inkstand? But, without waiting for an answer to my query, I at once offer you the most grateful acknowledgments of your very obliged & faithful friend & servant,' &c.

'P.S.—I must intreat y^r indulgence for this very hurried note, & will finish it on another occasion.'

4. A. L. S. Dated 'Clayland, Surrey, Monday.' 2 pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of y^r obliging packet, which was forwarded to me here. I will not fail to attempt *any subject* which you may command, but the *execution* will fall infinitely short of y^r ex-

* Dr. Beattie appears to have had confidential relations with Lady Byron, who, he says, imparted to him the true reason of her separation from her husband, and it was not the one given by Mrs. Beecher-Stowe.

† *The Waldenses, or Protestant Valleys of Piedmont* was published in 1838.

peceptions & my own wishes. We are here for a few days for change of air on Mrs. B.'s account who, with her sister, begs to unite with me in best respects. I feel sincerely grateful for the very kindly expression conveyed to me in y^r letter, & with every sentiment of respect & admiration for those qualities of head & heart which you so eminently possess, I have the honour to remain,' &c.

'P.S.—We all beg to unite in kind regards to Miss & Miss E. Power.

5. A. L. S. Dated 'Monday, 8 p.m.' 4 pages 8vo.

'Many and most cordial thanks, my dear Lady Blessington, for the beautiful and highly-prized souvenir which you have just sent to Mrs. Beattie, than whom no person living more heartily appreciates everything that emanates from the same mind. Health permitting, I am very certain that she will seize the earliest moment on her return to thank you in person for this renewed & very flattering instance of your Ladyship's regard.

'We are at last on the point of engaging a house in or near one of the parks, where I trust Mrs. Beattie's health will be better; but great is the difficulty of fixing, and the labour of "seeing" incalculable.

'I am ashamed to say that I have not yet read the *Book of Beauty*—that is, nothing except your own contributions, & these I shall read again & again.

'You will, I am sure, pardon my want of taste, if I observe, *en passant*, that the "beauties" of this year are no "reflexions" of the Editress; but, on the contrary, that they answer to a tittle the poet's incantation,

"O be less, be *less* enchanting!
Let some little grace be wanting,"

so that in good sooth, I can

"Gaze, at last, without admiring!"

which I have hitherto found it very difficult to do.

'The ladies tell me that there is something very charming from your pen in one of the mags. for this month.

'Will you kindly permit me to offer, thro' your Ladyship, my best respects to Mrs. Fairlie and to Count D'Orsay when you see them. I had engaged to set Mr. & Mrs. Howard down at y^r door the other day, but was prevented by a message from Hampstead. Ever, my dear Lady Blessington, your much obliged and most faithful servant.'

6. A. L. S. No date. 3 pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—Nothing could have been more agreeable to Mrs. Beattie and myself than to have availed ourselves of y^r truly obliging offer for to-morrow evening; but it happens, most unfortunately for us, to have under our roof at this moment a young friend in fever, whom I cannot pronounce out of danger. This friend is Miss Simpson, of Glwn House in Kent, who had come on a visit, & on returning from the St. James' Theatre on Monday week was seized with the malady under which she now labours. But for this unfortunate occurrence, I should have been among the first to wish you many happy, happy days in y^r new mansion which, whatever you may say to the contrary, is already in possession of its greatest ornament. Will you permit us to hope that the tickets which I now return so reluctantly may be permitted (on some future occasion) to pay us a similar visit?

'The card you enclosed is just the thing we were in want of, & Mrs. Beattie will certainly take the benefit of y^r recommendation.

'With many hearty thanks, I have the honour to remain, my dear Lady Blessington, your very obliged & faithful servant,' &c.

7. A. L. S. Dated 'Alton Lodge, Richmond, Saturday, 8th' (September, 1839). 3 pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—Your most obliging letter from St. Leonards I should have acknowledged in person ere this, had not circumstances kept us from town during the last month. Your approbation of the *brochure* was gratify-

ing to us all, and the elegance with which y^r opinion was expressed was particularly y^r *own*.

'I sincerely trust you have returned to town with renovated health for the winter, and a fresh topic for the delight and admiration of your friends, among whom, dear Lady Blessington, I pray you to continue your much honoured & very faithful servant,' &c.

'P.S.—I have had the grief to lose within the last 3 weeks a near relation, in the bloom of youth, "the only child of her mother, & she a widow."

'Mrs. B. and her sister beg to offer their best respects to y^r Ladyship.'

8. A. L. S. Dated 'Saturday' (September 28th, 1839). 1 page 8vo., with Superscription.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I have just sketched—roughly sketched—the enclosed. Will you oblige me with a suggestion for their improvem^t, and allow me to have them *one* day longer to receive something like a *finish*. Your devoted servant.'

9. A. L. S. Dated 'Saturday m^g' (December 7th, 1839). 2½ pages 4to., with Superscription.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—My fair friends *here* have been so monopolizing in their devotions to the "Belle of a Season," that it was only *last* night that I was permitted to look upon her in the silence of my own study. First they read it together, then each reads it separately, and then again they must read all the "superlative passages" over *seriatim*, and compare and sometimes, I am sorry to say, almost disputing about *whose* passages, by predilection, were the best! Had I been so fortunate as to meet your Ladyship on Tuesday, I had fully made up my mind to "lodge a complaint," but, as I said, it was all made up again last night, and I really cannot tell you when I have spent an interval—from 9 till 12—with so much pleasure. Mrs. Beattie is charmed with the serious passages; Matilda with the vivid sketches of society and character, and your devoted brother poet with the whole poem. I dare not say more to the highly gifted author, but with my dear confidant, the Public, I shall hope to be more communicative as to its real merits—the most brilliant thing that has yet dropt from your pen.

'We are in the midst of confusion; all my beloved books on the floor, and my thoughts (how dare I confess it?), wandering after—the "Belle of a Season." Ever, my dear Lady Blessington, y^r truly obliged & faithful servant,' &c.

10. A. L. S. Dated '6 Park Square, Thursday night' (1839). 4 pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I beg to return you my grateful thanks for a very handsome and a very useful piece of *furniture*, which I shall be proud to wear. But really your kindness to Mrs. Beattie and myself is so great & unmerited, and so often evinced in instances like those we now acknowledge, that we have no words to thank you as we ought.

'Having failed in two or three 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.

'I saw Doctor Madden a few minutes since his return, but he is now, I believe, in Dublin. I suppose he showed you the vol. of MS. poems, *inscribed* to him by the bards of Cuba! I thought him greatly improved in health & appearance.

'We have at last got into our new domicile, but with a complete chaos around us. I had no idea of this process of "flitting" being one of such a formidable nature!—but I suppose that in a few weeks the sound of hammers will cease & we shall once more subside into our domestic lethargy. Your "Governess" has produced a most favourable impression. We cannot, however, imagine how you can possibly write so much and so well, unless you have a familiar spirit—and

that a *spirit* does pervade all you write is most apparent. Ever, my dear Lady Blessington, your most obliged & faithful servant,' &c.

11. A. L. S. Dated 'Saturday night' (January 2nd, 1840). 2 pages 4to., with Superscription.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I beg to enclose a slightly altered version of the lines I sent on Thursday, but I feel abundantly conscious that they are not worthy y^r acceptance, & to fail in any task which you may appoint is, I need not say, very mortifying! I availed myself of y^r kind suggestion as to the *rhyme*, & when the subject is revised, I hope to give it a little polish. We all hope very soon to pay our respects at Gore House, but at present we are rather a *divided* family, with the disadvantage of two houses. I pray you, my dear Lady Blessington, to accept the best wishes & regards of this little circle, and ever to believe me, with great truth, your very faithful & obliged,' &c.

'P.S.—I have to apologise for sending this by post, but I hope it will nevertheless be in time for you to adopt the enclosed version if you prefer it.'

12. A. L. S. Dated December 31st, 1840.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—Allow me to offer you, in the united names of all at this fireside, the right cordial wishes of the season! May the coming year have a thousand blessings in reserve for *you*, and for all who are dear to you!

'The loss of a very dear & intimate friend on Monday last, the melancholy duties of an executor & a funeral on New Year's Day have thrown another shade over this circle for the present; but for the growth of some *minds*—like that of certain plants—*shade* is as necessary as sunshine.

'I enclose some "verses" which I think are in harmony with your own feelings &, if so, I shall attach a proportionate value to them.

'With best compliments to your accomplished niece, Miss Power, I have the honour to remain, dear Lady Blessington, y^r very faithful servant,' &c.

13. A. L. S. Dated January 1st, 1841. 1 page 4to., with Superscription.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—Many, many thanks, my dear Lady Blessington, for another proof of your kind remembrance. Everything presented by your Ladyship has an intrinsic and particular value quite distinct from its quality and texture, however elegant; and in that sense my pride equals my gratitude.

'With every cordial wish y^t the New Year may have a thousand blessings in store for yourself & family circle, I remain,' &c.

14. A. L. S. Dated July 30th. 2 pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I have to offer a thousand apologies for not sooner sending in my "adhesion" to y^r P.S.; but, in truth, the "turn over" escaped my eye for the moment, & so did "Prince Albert." Nevertheless, as, from habit, I read y^r obliging note more than *once*, I have discovered the P.S. in sufficient time, I trust, to relieve y^r mind from any anxiety, & to-morrow (D.V.) I will take the "Prince's likeness" at a sitting.*

'From a *Conservative*, & the editor of *Conservative Statesmen*, it will be a curiosity; but I will take care that the sketch shall be executed in good taste (!), pithy & as short as the enumeration of his R.H.'s accomplishments will allow. Believe me, my dear Lady Blessington, y^r most faithful servant,' &c.

15. A. L. S. Dated Rose Villa, Hampstead, October 24th, 1841. 3½ pages 4to.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I am very sorry I was not at home to receive D^r Mastalia, but I have written to him, and will do everything in my power personally, or by means of professional friends, to advance the object of his visit to London.

'About a year ago I was particularly requested to introduce an invention of a

* Referring to his lines on the Prince Consort in the *Keepsake* for 1842.

similar kind to the medical profession in London, and had a meeting on the subject at my house, when I obtained for the inventor, a French gentleman, a recommendation which has been, happily, the means of introducing the bath into all the hospitals of Paris & that of the Departments, and secured, as he informs me, his fortune. This invention is now about to be introduced in a similar manner in London, and I only mention this circumstance in the sincere hope that I may be able to be useful to D^r Mastalia to the same extent, & that *his* bath may prove of a *different* kind.

‘We have been out of town nearly all the latter part of the summer, partly at the coast & partly here. Mrs. Beattie’s health, which has been a subject of much anxiety for some years past, became latterly so much worse that I found it necessary to take her to the warm sea-water baths, the use of which certainly did her much good; but since her return she has had a very severe attack, from which she is only recovering slowly, & will remain at our cottage here for a few weeks, where she can be perfectly quiet and may possibly escape those colds to which she is habitually subject.

‘We are all very sorry to hear that you have also been suffering from indisposition, & beg to unite in hearty wishes for its speedy removal. This month has not kept its promise, & is still very unfavorable to convalescents, so that all the resources of art are necessary to obviate the effects of our dripping climate.

‘To Miss Power, if still with you, I beg to be remembered in best compliments, & with the united homage of this circle, I remain, your ever faithful & obliged servant,’ &c.

16. A. L. S. Dated ‘Saturday.’ 3 pages 8vo., with Superscription.

‘My dear Lady Blessington,—I am truly honoured and obliged by your note and its accompaniment, for which I trust very soon to make my acknowledgements in person; but, in the meantime, beg to suggest in my own behalf, that the best subjects *are* not always the most frequent at Court.

‘The qualities for which you have so indulgently given me credit, I dare not lay claim to; but I *do* appreciate them, and know in whom they *are* exemplified, & where I can admire them without envy.

‘Of myself, the best that ought to be said is, that my heart is, perhaps, better than my head; at all events, it is *warmer* for the kind words and “starry” vest with which you have honoured & *fortified*, dear Lady Blessington, your very obliged and faithful servant,’ &c.

17. A. L. S. Dated ‘Park Sq., Monday, 11 a.m.’ 3 pages 12mo.

‘My dear Lady Blessington,—I have been prevented till this morning from executing y^r gracious commands. Let me trust to y^r clemency not to have *me* *executed* for the manner in which the work is done.

‘Having long since, as you know, taken the oaths of poetical fealty to your Ladyship, I trust you will never hesitate to command my very humble services.

“For, lady fair, with spear & quill		And if we’re vanquished by the pen,
We’ll serve thee with a right good will.		Or tilting-tools of stouter men,
We may not fight as others fight,		Thank God, say I, we still have feet,
But, say the worst on’t—we can <i>write</i> .		And few can <i>match us in retreat</i> .”

‘Believe me, dear Lady Blessington, tho’ hastily in the present instance, always heartily your faithful & obliged,’ &c.

18. A. L. S. Dated ‘Park Square, November 5th.’ 1 page 8vo.

‘My dear Lady Blessington,—I beg y^r gracious acceptance of the accompanying volume as a small mark of respect from your Ladyship’s most faithful s^t,’ &c.

19. A. L. S. Dated ‘Park Square, Saturday.’ 1 page 12mo., with Superscription.

‘My dear Lady Blessington,—I have just time to forward the enclosed lines. My wife tells me they are the *only* “real lines” I ever wrote. May I aspire to y^r authority by way of *contradiction*.

‘Ever in all haste your devoted, faithful s^t,’ &c.

20. A. L. S. Dated 'Park Square, Tuesday, 11 p.m.' 3 pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—A thousand thanks for the vest in which I hope to be invested before the frost goes. I wish I had as much *prospective* pleasure in some other investments as I have in this.

'In looking over some papers of my lamented friend yesterday, I found a small 8vo. MS. inscribed "Extracts from Lady Blessington's Works"—another proof of his excellent taste. He was one of y^r greatest admirers, & has died in the prime of life of consumption. Brought up in the army, he was a brave soldier &, as I can speak from long experience, a "centurion" & unaffectedly "devout." He has left nearly all he possessed to the numerous public charities of London. But I must pray you excuse all this. I thought, however, that you might feel a momentary interest in one who felt an interest in all *you* ever wrote.

'Pray excuse this hurried note, & permit me to remain your most obliged,' &c.

21. A. L. S. No date. 4 pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I have no words to thank you as I ought, for your very handsome present and the complimentary expressions with which it was accompanied. The gift is one which I shall treasure with a "miser's care" (and no wonder when I look at the *precious ore*). Whatever anticipations I had formed of the new year, I had certainly no such *golden* expectations as this, and shall never employ the gift without a hearty recollection of the giver. But till I find a better opportunity of thanking you for this elegant souvenir, I will only reiterate the sentiments with which I began the year, and remain your Ladyship's truly obliged & very faithful friend & servant,' &c.

'P.S.—I cannot but add how much I feel honoured & gratified by being included (at this season of many *professions*), among the number of your "sincere" friends, and I beg to assure you that, in my best endeavours to merit that distinction, I shall be as *disinterested* as I am sincere.

'Mrs. Beattie begs me to present her best and "most *seasonable*" good wishes, and to thank you once more for the great pleasure she has derived from the "Gems," as well as from y^r other works—no less *jewels*, tho' differently set.'

22. A. L. S. Dated 'Wednesday, January 4th' (1842).

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I pray you apologize to Mrs. Fairlie for the very unfinished sketch I now enclose; but if from this she will oblige me by fixing the number of the stanzas and ordering a proof to be forwarded to me, I will try to give it a little more sense & less jingle.

'Excuse this hasty scrawl, for I am this instant called away. Your very faithful & obliged,' &c.

23. A. L. S. Dated Park Square, November 19th (1842). 4 pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—Your beautiful book was put into my hands this morning, *after* I had the honor to forward mine; but so completely has it absorbed the attention of my wife and sister, that I have not had possession of it for even an hour. This evening, however, I am to have the indulgence of reading or hearing it read. By a casual glance I observed some very touching lines addressed to your niece, whose portrait, with the little feathered captive,* forms a very interesting embellishment.

'We grieve *sincerely* to hear that you have been suffering under such protracted anxiety regarding Mrs. Fairlie's health. Anxiety from a similar cause has been my own lot during the last twelve months, & it is still far from being removed. After having been out of town the greater part of the summer & autumn, we are now, D.V., returned for the winter, and my first visit will be to reiterate my thanks for a thousand kindnesses.

'Mrs. Beattie & Mrs. Childe beg to unite with me in best regards to yourself

* Referring to some lines by Mr. Chorley, attached to the portrait of Miss Power in the *Book of Beauty* for 1842. It is a little odd, however, that there is no 'feathered captive' in it.

and your young ladies. I have the honour to remain, my dear Lady Blessington, your obliged & faithfully attached servant,' &c.

'P.S.—Agreeably to y^r note, I ought to mention that [it] is the *Book of Beauty* (& not the *Keepsake*) that has come to hand.'

24. A. L. S. Dated January 3rd, 1844. 1 page 4to., with Super-
scription.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—Your beautiful presents to my wife and myself were duly received at Hampstead last night, and I hasten to assure you that they are most highly prized by both. I write this, however, to express my *own* special thanks, assuring you that so much kindness is not lost upon me—kindness which I have experienced for so many years, which gives tenfold value to every gift and makes me (shall I use the term?) deeply *interested* in its continuance! May the New Year have a thousand blessings in store for your Ladyship & your fair nieces, and, begging to repeat the assurance of my invariable & respectful attachment, I remain, my dear Lady Blessington, your very faithful obliged servant,' &c.

BERKELEY (George Charles Grantley Fitzharding). An Author and
an ardent Sportsman. (1800–1881.)

1. A. L. S. Dated Berkeley House, July 10th, 1834. 2½ pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I have seen Reynolds* to-day respecting his publication in the *Keepsake* of two *tales* of mine, and he thinks he cannot insert *both*. One he *must*, as there is an engraving to it, but from its *length* he thinks it will *exclude the other*. I like the one that he thinks he must exclude the best, and it is also *short*, perhaps not five pages. I am, for certain reasons, anxious to publish it *this year*, and as he is not certain that he can accept it, I will wave all uncertainty, and it will give me the greatest pleasure to offer it to you.

'Shall I send it you? or have you more at present than you know what to do with. Believe me,' &c.

'P.S.—(Perhaps I should have said that up to this moment Reynolds led me to believe that he would publish it, and he has now offered to keep it till the next year.)'

2. A. L. S. Dated Berkeley House, July 12th, 1834. 2¼ pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—Mr. Reynolds has not kept his appointment with me, and though I have received a note from him, he has neglected to say whether or not he had sent you *the tale*. Perhaps you will be kind enough to write to me at Harrold (to which place I am bound this day) to tell me if you have received it. Harrold Hall, near Bedford, will find me. On *Wednesday next* I return to town, when, should Mr. Reynolds still delay, I will assist him in his endeavours at restoration.

'The *yearly* taxes, rates, &c., of my house at Cranford amount to something under £30; but the full particulars shall be laid before you with as little delay as possible, and I pray you to believe that my hope is to place before you such terms as may appear acceptable, and that my chief object is to meet your wishes. Ever, my dear Lady Blessington, most truly yours,' &c.

'P.S.—My agent has this moment arrived, and the particulars are sent accordingly.'

3. A. L. S. Dated Harrold Hall, July 27th, 1834. 2 pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I am shocked to hear of poor James Fitzroy's death. I heard from a part of his family this morning, but they knew nothing of it. Pray make what use you please of *Lucy*, I sent it to assist and not to fetter your arrangements, and so long as you edit the *Book of Beauty*, such always will

* Frederick Mansel Reynolds, author of *Miserrimus*, and first editor of Heath's *Keepsake*. He died in 1850.

be my intention. I am glad you like the story, the more so as I had but little time to consider the alteration I had to make. Believe me,' &c.

4. A. L. S. Dated Harrold Hall, July 28th, 1834. 1¼ pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—Having told some of my friends who do me the honour to feel the least interest in my writings, that there would be a *tale* of mine in the *Book of Beauty*, perhaps you will oblige me by a *note* in that book on the subject, stating that it had been received, but was omitted for certain reasons. Do *not* do this if it would entail upon you the same request from others, but let matters remain as they are. Believe me,' &c.

5. A. L. S. Dated Berkeley Castle, September 27th, 1835. 2 pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—Many thanks for your very kind letter, which I forwarded to Messrs. Saunders & Otley, and you will see their reply. Is there any other publisher whom you would recommend, as they decline it, I suppose because they do not think I shall succeed? Hoping that you will find every benefit you can wish for from the sea air, believe me,' &c.

6. A. L. S. Dated Berkeley Castle, October 3rd, 1835. 2¼ pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—Your letter reached me on my return from hunting this afternoon, but too late for a reply by the same post. I shall *immediately* write to Harrold to request that the proof-sheet may be forwarded to you, and I cannot but feel too happy in leaving the correction of it in your hands. As regards my novel, I will take your advice in keeping it back for a short time, or till *the market gets better*, though I am most anxious to bring it out this spring. Believe me,' &c.

'P.S.—I shall return to Harrold on Wednesday next, and early on that day you *should* receive the proof sheet.

'I should also add that the proof sheet *only reached Harrold three or four days ago.*'

7. A. L. S. Dated Harrold Hall, November 22nd, 1835. 1¾ pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—Let me congratulate you on the immeasurable superiority of the *Book of Beauty* over *The Keepsake* which, as D'Orsay truly observes, is on its last legs.

'My sister has written to me for her picture; will you oblige me by desiring that it may be sent to her, to 23 Arlington Street, as she is soon about to leave town, and is anxious to take it with her.

'I am hard at work at my novel, but am a long way from the end of it yet. Pray believe me,' &c.

BERNAL (Ralph), a Barrister. M. P. for Lincoln, Rochester, and Weymouth successively; President of the British Archæological Association. (Died 1854.)

1. A. L. S. Dated October 27th, 1836. 2½ pages 16mo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I came to town on some private business, w^{ch} I have not yet got through, and in addition I am literally compelled *daily* to *slave* after the supervision of persons who promised to finish the painting, &c. of some part of my house,* but who never perform their engagements.

'This is the reason why I have been prevented hitherto from paying my

* Mr. Bernal lived at 93 Eaton Square, where he gathered together a splendid collection of works of art from the Byzantine period to that of Louis Seize, and of furniture and plate, which were sold for 63,000*l.* a year after his death.

personal respects to you. But I cannot willingly appear neglectful, and must therefore beg to present my thanks for the volume *Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman* you kindly sent to me. I intend doing myself the pleasure of perusing it very soon, & hope also to have the additional pleasure of seeing you ere long in good health. Believe me,' &c.

2. A. Verses. Dated January 2nd, 1849. 1 page 4to., with Super-
scription.

'TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

<p>'When wintry winds in wild career, Howl requiems for the by-gone year, And Thought responding to the blast, With sighs reviews the gloomy past, Where ev'ry sorrow leaves its trace, And joy obtains no resting place; When, sick'ning from the dull survey, Hope, warmth and energy decay, What mortal charm can then impart A ray of sunshine to the heart? And by its healing balm dispense New vigour to such failing sense?</p>	<p>On one bright charm, alone, depend The feeling of a genuine friend, Whose ready sympathy sincere, The graces of her mind endear To those who are allowed to share Her kindly thoughts, her gen'rous care. Dear lady! cruel Time, I feel, May from my pen refinement steal, Should language fail me to express The grateful thanks I would confess, Believe me—that the words of Truth Bear, in themselves, perpetual youth.'</p>
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BLESSINGTON (Marguerite Gardiner, Countess of). The well-known
Authoress. (1789—1849.)

1. A. L. S. to Dr. Madden. Dated Rome, March 6th, 1828. 2 pages 4to.

'My dear Mr. Madden,—I shall have great pleasure in forwarding your views, & I think it may be in my power on my return to England to recommend you to some person about to travel.

'With regard to Syntax, I am sure it will succeed if the verses are retouched & accompanied by drawings; but it is not of the staid character which would suit a senator's name. I understand that you propose writing a prose account of your travels and, if you think my name of any use, it is at your service.

'If Mr. Galt is in town, allow him to read your poem. I derived very great advantage from his remarks on De Vavaseur.

'I enclose you some letters of introduction, which I hope may of be use.

'With every wish for your prosperity, believe me to be,' &c.

'P.S.—Mr. Valpy's printing office is in Red Lion Court, Fleet Street.'

2. A. L. S. to the same. Dated Seamore Place, October 7th (—?).
2½ pages 8vo.

'My dear Dr. Madden,—I inclose you a letter of introduction to Lord Morpeth,* which I trust may be of use. He is an excellent man, possessed of great talents himself and an admirer of them in others, so that I reckon on his liking you. I hope Mrs. Madden and your fine boy are quite well, and beg to be kindly remembered to them.

'It will give me pleasure to hear from you, and I beg you to believe me,' &c.

'P.S.—I have left my letter to Lord Morpeth open. When you have perused it put some wax on the inside.'

3. A. L. S. to the same. Dated Seamore Place, March 12th, 1834.
4 pages 4to.

'Dear Doctor Madden,—I was truly sorry to find that Jamaica has not answered your expectations, and only wish I could have procured you a situation

* George William Frederick, Viscount Morpeth, afterwards 7th Earl of Carlisle, 1802—1864, a statesman and diplomatist. Chief Secretary for Ireland from 1835 to 1841, Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests from 1846 to 1850, and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland from 1855 to 1858, and again from 1859 to 1864.

in a less objectionable climate. I trust that long ere this the salary of the magistrates has been paid, and if not, I understand, the only means of obtaining it is by petition from the magistrates to the proper office here, and this, I am told, should come through the Governor. 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 times 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.' &c.

4. A. L. S. to the same. Dated Tuesday, July 21st, 1835. 2 pages 8vo.

'My dear Dr. Madden,—I hope you are disengaged for Monday next the 27th, and if so, that you will give me the pleasure of your company at dinner on that day at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7 o'clock.

'I beg my comp^s to Mrs. Madden, on whom I intend to have the pleasure of calling, the first day I can spare from the tiresome occupations that fill up every moment of my time at present.

'Believe me,' &c.

5. A. L. S. to the same. Dated Gore House, December 27th, 1839. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ pages 8vo.

'Dear Dr. Madden,—I was very sorry not to have been at home when you called, and have ever since been so poorly that I have not been able to write to say so.

'I trust you and Mrs. Madden are quite well, and that you have found your boy in good health. Has Mrs. Madden accompanied you? if so, offer her my kindest regards, and hoping to have the pleasure of seeing you very soon, believe me,' &c.

'P.S.—I am at home every evening, and go out at 3 every day. I name this that you may know when to find me.'

6. A. L. S. to the same. Dated Gore House, December 19th, 1840. 3 pages 4to.

'My dear Dr. Madden,—I regret exceedingly not to have seen you and Mrs. Madden before your departure. I had been unwell for some days and am still an invalid, but snatched the first moment I was able to see any one 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 employ 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

* Thomas Campbell, 1777–1844, the well-known poet. According to Mr. Madden, he did not get on very well with Lady Blessington. His *Life of Mrs. Siddons* appeared shortly after the date of the letter.

† Letitia Elizabeth Landon, Mrs. Maclean, 1802–1838, a poetess and romancist, whose early death, under sad circumstances, from poison at Cape Coast Castle was at the time the subject of much discussion.

expenses, as I cannot bear to think there should be no record of the spot. When you arrive at Cape Coast Castle, you can ascertain if this would 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 that I am,' &c.

'P.S.—Pray offer my kind regards to Mrs. Madden. C^{te} d'Orsay has been in the country at Lord Chesterfield's for some weeks, and will greatly regret not having seen you.'

7. A. L. S. to the same. Dated Gore House, December 28th, 1842.
4 pages 8vo.

'Dear Doctor Madden,—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 calumnies of your assailants, as he is master of the subject; merely state your motive in publishing a defence, which their attacks have rendered necessary: and add your anxious desire that in so doing you may not expose yourself to a suspicion of having violated the secrecy of official confidence. 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. With my comp^{ts} to Mrs. Madden, believe me,' &c.

8. A. L. S. to Captain Marryat.* Dated Gore House, July 19th, 1843.
2½ pages 8vo.

'My dear Captain Marryat,—I have seldom been more annoyed than on 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 humour, 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 for anything else, tho' 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, and to believe me,' &c.

9. A. L. S. to Dr. Madden. Dated Gore House, October 19th, 1843.
4 pages 8vo.

'Dear Dr. Madden,—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, or indeed from England, at present, when affairs wear an aspect that must grieve and irritate every Irishman with noble and generous feelings. 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,' &c.

* Frederick Marryat, Captain R.N., 1792–1848, a well-known nove'list, author of *Peter Simple*, *Midshipman Easy*, &c.

CASTLEREAGH (Frederick William Robert, Viscount), afterwards 4th Marquis of Londonderry.

1. Dated 'Tuesday.' 2½ pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I send you back the *Contes*. I think you did not overrate *Mes Premiers Amours*; it is a pretty story, admirably told & strikes pretty home, I sh^d think, to most people who have had those adventures in their younger days. I wish one could feel so now. What admirable French for a Bull! Few Frenchmen could write better, if any. Many thanks, and apologies for having so long kept it. Ever yours,' &c.

'P.S.—I think it quite beautiful, and for an Englishman quite extraordinary. How like nature is it, and how exactly what some of us have felt.'

2. No date. 1 page 8vo., with Superscription and Seal.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—Will you forgive me for not availing myself of your kind invitation to dinner to-day, as I really do not feel well enough to go out. Ever yours,' &c.

3. Dated 'Saturday.' 2¼ pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I can not say more than that I sincerely thank you for your kind good wishes, & I am sure that the music of your parting benediction will scare the moral tormentors, or rather *immoral* ones, from my mind as effectually as the mosquito net will keep off physical though insect force from my body.

'I hope to thank you *de vive voix* to-morrow. Ever y^{rs},' &c.

CATTERMOLE (George), a Water-colour Painter. (1800–1868.)

A. L. S. Dated 'Albany, Monday.' 1 page 8vo.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—Should you be in town to-morrow, and will honour me with a call, I shall be happy to submit the two drawings to your notice. I am,' &c.

CHESTER (Harry), youngest son of Sir Robert Chester, and a Clerk in the Privy Council Office. (1806–1868.)

A. L. S. to ——— (?) Dated Privy Council Office, Downing Street, July 18th, 1834. 2½ pages 4to.

'Sir,—I have to request you will do me the favor to inform me whether the *Book of Beauty* is still open to contribution; & if so, what you are in the habit of paying for poetical contributions.

'I have written some lines which have been approved by those who have seen them—100 lines rhyming upon a woman's name. I am recommended to offer them to you. I am,' &c.

'P.S.—You will oblige me by an answer at your earliest convenience.'

CHESTERFIELD (George, 6th Earl of). Eldest son of the 5th Earl, and one of Lady Blessington's most intimate friends. (1805–1866.)

1. No date (August 21st, 1841). 3 pages 4to., with Superscription.

'We are just going to Versailles, dear Lady Blessington, to see the Duchesse de Grammont, and to remain there one night. Very many thanks for your very kind letter. The weather here is perfect, very hot, a real Italian sky. Paris is very empty, but some of the theatres are amusing, and I am happy to say Lady Chesterfield* has quite recovered her health and has enjoyed her trip very much.

* Anne Elizabeth, Countess of Chesterfield, 1803–1885, eldest daughter of Cecil, 1st Lord Forester, and married, in 1830, to the 6th Earl of Chesterfield.

'I am this moment returned from John Stanley'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 of laughter, when two little boys held a white cloth over the head of John, and he stood there the symbol of innocence.

'Wilton,† I am afraid, will never do for a 1st Lord, which will be a blow to the Government that is to be.

'Many thanks for the letters. I hardly think that I shall have time to make use of them, and therefore am much ashamed to have given you the least trouble about them. I cannot say, however, that I regret it, as it procured me your amiable letter. Believe me,' &c.

2. Dated Rome, March 4th, 1843. 3 pages 4to., with Superscription.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—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 reposing after 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 singularly fortunate in this rainy climate. We had an excellent balcony opposite Via Condotti, from which Lady Chesterfield and our friends pelted away some thousand pounds of bonbons and some myriads of flowers. I think it most extreme good fun, and it is 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 driving up the Corso to call on some one, covered with white dust, and looking as if he was preparing a violent anti-Catholic speech for the House of Lords.

'We, that is a party of men, that is Paul Esterhazy, Lever, Henry Fullarton, etc., went one day in a car. We were dressed as the priestesses in hoods, and we were attended by our servants as ancient Roman warriors are. I can assure [you] we made a g^t sensation. I went in the evening to Madame Svetsine's in a woman's domino with rather short petticoats, the latter garment being trimmed with lace and adorned with rose-coloured rubans; of course I took occasion to show it. I was beautifully *chaussé* 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 astonish me, as with his talents success crowns all his undertakings.

'You say nothing about yourself, therefore I hope you are well and have not suffered this winter from the cold or the damp of an English winter. Pray thank Alfred very much for the kind letter I have received from him dated the 18th of February, and tell him I will write directly, and, with every sort of remembrance to y^r charming nieces, believe me, dear L^y Blessington, y^r most devoted serv^t.'

3. No date. 4 pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—I can never sufficiently thank you for your most beautiful present; but I do not think I can ever have the courage to order so precious a remembrance to be made into a cushion-case.

'I need not tell you that, however great my admiration may be for Charles the First, the robe is a thousand-fold more valuable to me as coming from you. Believe me, dear L^y Blessington, y^r devoted serv^t.'

* John Stanley, afterwards Sir John Errington, 1810–1893, third son of Sir Thomas Stanley Massey Stanley, of Hooton, Cheshire. He assumed the name of Errington by Royal licence in 1876. He married Maria, daughter of Baron Alexandre de Talleyrand, 1841.

† Thomas Grosvenor, 2nd Earl of Wilton, 1799–1882, grandson of the 1st Earl, whom he succeeded in 1814. Lord Steward of the Household in 1835, and Envoy Extraordinary to Saxony in 1842.

CHORLEY (Henry Fothergill). The well-known Musical Critic and Reviewer. (1808-1872.)

1. A. L. S. Dated 15 Victoria Square, Pimlico, April 26th, 1849. 4 pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—The tone of the *Grand Opera* is assuredly not deep or serious; & as you know, I am at the best of times shy and tongue-tied—worse and worse, I think, every year.

'But I must beg a moment, not for an affectionate & grateful leave-taking, but to claim, so far as I am able, a continuance of your kind & indulgent regard wherever you finally pitch your tent. I will not say how many kind & friendly thoughts accompany you, as one constantly looked to & cordially missed, but I must for my poor self remind you that you have an agent, a commissioner (or whatever else you can make of me) in Victoria Square, & just say simply, what I *could not* on Monday week, that never was your kindness of many years more present to me than now, & never stronger my wish, at all times or in any way that is possible, to testify to my grateful remembrance. You must not let us feel that you are gone, by not giving us something to care about for you. These are not times in which any of us can afford to lose friends; & therefore, while I will not say "good-bye," I will say, "God bless your Ladyship! & give your old servant a little job now and then."

'Since my return I have been seriously ill with wretched cold, & more than usually occupied with business. Bezzi is coming to me next week as an inmate. My mother & sister desired me, when I wrote, to offer to you their most grateful remembrances & regards. Kindest regards to the Miss Powers, from y^{rs} aff^{ly} & gratefully.'

2. A. L. S. Dated 15 Victoria Square, Pimlico, May 19th, 1849. 3 pages 8vo., with Superscription and Seal.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—For the last ten days have I been meaning to write a line in acknowledgment of your first truly kind letter. Now I *must* do so, to say that, of course, I will do my earliest & best for the portrait (but, alas, how dry is the spring!—dust will come from it—never a drop of water) & forward it to the address directed. If, in the eleventh hour, any other promise should fall short, pray don't forget that my readiness is greater though my power may be, & is, less than ever.

'This, I repeat, I sh^d have said ten days ago, but for the reason "which leans on me with a heavier stress than ever." I used to dislike my unpopularity as a musical critic very much, but the other thing works worse for peace of mind and practicability of leisure; and now that every playing and singing thing in Europe seems streaming hither to find shelter & occupation, I have much ado to keep a moment for those better thoughts and pursuits which remind me that I am not a playing & singing thing too.

'My mother has been most earnest with me not to forget to send you her affectionate & grateful regards. I ought to say for her that I believe I hindered her paying her respects to you, since (though, as you know, I never ask questions, still less, am ever found out by gossip) I have not been without an instinct or an impression for some time, that you were disturbed by those pre-occupying anxieties, which make the presence of casual strangers irksome. I think my sister, perhaps, a shade less ill, as a consequence of the entire quietness in which she has now resigned herself to live. But that is all.

'Many, many thanks for your first letter, & now that the change is once made, may it yield to you all that I hope it *will*. I trust now that what there is of pain will remain for those who have lost you. You cannot, I feel, but be freshened by the new objects & new scenes of your new abode—turbulent as it is; & when that charm is done, you will come back to us again.

'Meanwhile, what a time for anybody to be looking forward in! One becomes absolutely sick with wondering what is to be the end of it all! I could fill books with the tales which one new-comer after another brings of dismay & misery & breaking-up abroad, & a sort of *brute faith* that these absurdities

& abominations cannot last very long is little better than a superstition &, like all superstitions, will break down. Meanwhile one is teased by such farcically petty considerations as whence & how one is to get one's holiday. I am thinking of Dinan in Brittany, as I have work to do & must have good air & quietness & something to see, & this may possibly bring me home *via* Paris (& the Rue du Cirque) in early October.

'Pray give my kindest remembrances to the Miss Powers & the Count, & believe me always aff^{ly} & gratefully y^{rs}.'

3. A. L. S. to Dr. Madden. Dated Thursday, March 3rd, 1853. 1 page 4to.

'Sir,—In answer to your note of February the 28th, I fear I must say that I have no letters from Lady Blessington that will serve your purpose. I saw her so frequently during the sixteen years of her great & steady kindness to me, that little was put on paper of importance or general interest enough to bear publication. Should any matter occur to me in which I can be helpful, I will communicate with you, being meanwhile yours,' &c.

CLANRICARDE (Ulick John de Burgh, 1st Marquis). A Statesman and Diplomatist. (1802–1874.)

1. A. L. S. Dated 'Monday night.' 3 pages 12mo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I am sorry to say there are various things—none of them, nor all of them, worth one course of y^r dinner—fixed for to-morrow in the House of Lords; and I must therefore beg you not to wait dinner one minute for me, or to suppose I do not bear in mind y^r kind invitation if I do not appear *a punto*.

'I may be detained until you have done y^r "fish, & chased the last pattie round the silver dish;" or Stanley in his frolics of a holiday eve (for I have reason to hope he goes on Wednesday) may detain me until it w^d not be decent for me to appear unfed. All I mean is, to beg you to excuse my absence if I don't present my homage in due time. Faithfully yours.'

2. A. L. S. Dated February 14th, 1849. 2½ pages 12mo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I am very sorry you have had so much trouble about the picture. It is returned, & the frame is here. I own I was alarmed lest my daughter sh^d have been put up to auction. But, as usual, good-natured friends represented the danger as much more imminent than it was.

'Many thanks for the trouble you took in writing so many notes. Always sincerely yours.'

3. A. L. S. Dated 'Saturday m^g, April 14th' (1849). 2 pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I have been in the country all the week (altho' it seems my ghost appeared to some reporter at Cov^t Garden Opera on Tuesday, where I was *not*) & only returned last night. I fear I shall hardly get a spare moment to pay my homage to you to-day, for I have an arrear of paperasses, & Cabinet will take 2 or 3 hours. But I trust still to find you at Gore House to-morrow.

'I heard of y^r proposed move with much regret; but I hope it will only be for a short time. Sincerely yours.

'P.S.—My private secretary was indiscreet ab^t Mr. Wade, whose transportation was a little *galanterie de ma part* à Miss Power, & for which *you* owe me no thanks.'

COCHRANE (Alexander Dundas Baillie, 1st Baron Lamington).

Eldest son of Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane. He was raised to the Peerage in 1880. (1816–1890.)

1. A. L. S. (marked 'private.') Dated Belgrave Square, January 2nd, —(?).

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I hope you have rec^d a copy of *Lucille Belmont*, which I desired Colburn to send you some time since. I am sure you will kindly keep

my confidence, but I have taken the liberty of intruding my work upon you in the hope that if it should not obtain your approval, it may at least be honoured by your perusal.

'This feeling, & this alone, can excuse me for thus troubling you, but I fear that you may think this is rather a bad return for all the pleasure I have derived from your pen. I shall hope to have the honour of paying my respects to you in person, on the anniversary of New Year, and of being permitted the privilege of renewing my former acquaintance. Believe me, my dear Lady Blessington, most truly.'

2. A. L. S. Dated Belgrave Street, May, 1849. 4 pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—It is so idle to tell you what you so well know, that you have left a vacancy here w^h can *never* be filled up. It makes me quite sad to know that your absence is for a lengthened period, & 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 & privilege of your acquaintance. I dined with John Manners* yesterday, & gave him y^r message; I can assure you that it led to a very long & melancholy conversation.

'I was at Goodwood when y^r kind note reached me, & spoke to the Duke about the post; he says that the Party will do *nothing*; I have since seen others, who make me the same reply. I believe a small subscription might be raised, but that is not what is wanted—even if it can be accomplished. I quite concur in all you say respecting Michael; he is a most admirable & honourable man; but, alas! what is that in these days; as in naval matters, the ship that can tack & veer quickest is considered the most valuable.

'I am writing—nay, have almost finished—a book in two volumes, called *Ida*; it will have fewer of the faults of the others, but I dare not judge of its merits. I mean to put my name, and think of publishing with M^r Ollivier, as Colburn throws out such a mass of books, he swamps them all; but I really do not know who to go to, to be dealt at all fairly by; it is a hopeless case for those who are fighting for success, you, [who] achieved it so long since, may not sympathize with me.

'Pray offer all my kindest remembrances to that circle in w^h I have from time to time passed so many pleasant hours, & believe me ever most tr^y as most remiss. Y^{rs}.

'P.S.—You must let me write to you from time to time.'

CONYNGHAM (Lord Albert Denison). Third son of the 1st Marquis Conyngham, created Baron Londesborough in 1849. (1805–1860.)

1. A. L. S. Dated 'Hill Street, Wednesday.'

'Dear Lady Blessington,—I send you a rather absurd little German story; it has the advantage of *brevity*. Pray excuse the state in which I send it; I dictated it to my wife,† & have not had time to copy it out.

'I have so bad a cold that I am not able to stir out, & am thus prevented calling upon you this morning & expressing to you my regret not to be able to send you a better story. I remain most truly yours.'

2. A. L. S. Dated 'Hill Street, Thursday.'

'Dear Lady Blessington,—Upon second thoughts, I have made up my mind that it would not do to change the era of my story; it would appear more *ridiculous* than it is already, were it to be supposed occurring in the 16th cen^y. It must, therefore, go forth unillustrated. I remain most sincerely yours.'

3. A. L. S. Dated Yedling, November 29th, 1835.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—I have just heard from Mr. Denison that you have

* John James Manners, the present Duke of Rutland, born 1818, second son of the 5th Duke. He succeeded his brother as 7th Duke in 1888, and has filled various high positions in the Government, particularly that of Postmaster-General from 1874 to 1880, and from 1885 to 1886.

† Henrietta Maria, Lady Albert Conyngham, 1810–1841, fourth daughter of the 1st Lord Forester. She married Lord Albert in 1833.

been kind enough to send a *Book of Beauty* for me to Pall Mall. Pray let me return you my very best thanks for it.

'I arrived here last night; the Wiltons are the only visitors that we have found here, & they leave Yedling to-day *after church*. You would be amused at the size of the house, it is smaller than any parsonage-house that I have ever seen.

'Did you see Mr. Denison on his way through town from Yorkshire? Your amiability has so completely won his heart that he talks incessantly of you. You would be amused at his admiration.

'The news has just reached us of the reported marriage between the D. of Norfolk* & Lady Charlotte Bury†; how on earth can they have thought of such a thing? Believe me, dear Lady Blessington, very sincerely yours.'

COWPER (William), second son of Peter, 5th Earl Cowper. Created Earl Mount Temple in 1880. (1811-1888.)

A. L. S. Dated Downing Street, November 29th, 1837. 3 pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—I have shewn your note to L^d Melbourne, & he desires me to say that he would have much pleasure in complying with any wish of yours, but that he considers it quite unnecessary of submit this to Her Majesty, & that there will be no want of respect or propriety in the drawing being made & published without any further permission. So, as he takes this responsibility upon him, you may with safety give us all the benefit of Mr. Chalon's sketch. Believe me, dear L^d Blessington, y^{rs} faithfully.'

COWPER (Charles Spencer), third son of the 5th Earl Temple, and second husband of Countess d'Orsay. (1816-1879.)

A. L. S. Dated 7 Grafton Street, July 8th, 1846. 2 pages 8vo.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—Will you do me the favor to accept the accompanying piece of Blue Sèvres. It is pretty, & of a rather rare pattern, and I hope you will think it worthy of a place in your drawing-room. Believe me yours very truly.'

CRAVEN (Hon. Richard Keppel), a Traveller, and youngest son of the 6th Baron Craven. (1779-1851.)

1. A. L. S. Dated Pente, near Salerno, August 29th, 1835. 3½ pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—Your last kind letter, and the very flattering expressions it contained, ought to have received an earlier answer than I have bestow'd upon it, but I am not the less grateful, and you will admit the validity of an excuse for silence, when I inform you that it has been protracted from a desire of giving you a better account of our friend Gell‡ than I could have done two months ago. Then, indeed, his state of health was such as to excite considerable alarm, but about the beginning of August a crisis appears to have taken place, and a considerable improvement has been the consequence. He is now here, where he has been staying a week; but that would prove nothing in favour of his amended condition, as, even at its worst period, his courage and activity of mind never droop'd, and he went out just as usual.

'I wish I could add to this, that I am free from all apprehension; but as long

* Bernard Edward Howard, 12th Duke of Norfolk, 1765-1842. He married in 1789 Lady Elizabeth Belasyse, from whom he was divorced in 1794 and never remarried.

† Lady Charlotte Susan Bury, 1775-1861, a novelist, youngest daughter of the fifth Duke of Argyll, remarkable for her personal beauty and charming manners. She is best known by her *Diary illustrative of the Times of George the Fourth*, published anonymously in 1838.

‡ Sir William Gell, 1777-1836, a classical archæologist and traveller, who published several accounts of his travels. When Queen Caroline left Italy for England he accompanied her as one of her Chamberlains. When he died Lady Blessington remarked, 'J'ai perdu en lui mon meilleur causeur.' His papers and drawings were bequeathed to Craven, who left the drawings to the British Museum, where they were received in 1852.

as a tendency to somnolency continues—the only symptom which has not disappeared—I feel uneasy. This affection is considerably diminished—that is, modified—in its form and periods, but still it exists to a degree that must undergo great alteration before his friends can find their minds totally reassured with regard to the consequences; that this may occur I am assured by his physicians is probable, and Heaven knows I am but too well disposed to believe them. In addition to this fund of uneasiness, I have had some occupations likewise of an annoying nature in the uncertainty which arose and hung over my son's departure, who, with his wife, is gone to France for some months. This had been decided some time back, but the approach of the cholera southwards urged them to anticipate their intended departure, for fear of finding themselves shut in to the North of Italy, and surrounded on all sides with sanitary *cordons*.

‘I have just heard from them in date of Milan, and there seem'd no obstacle to their having reach'd Switzerland in safety, so their difficulties are at an end. With regard to the malady itself, there seems no doubt that it has declared itself at Nice, Genoa, Coni and Leghorn, but it has not been very violent, and seems just now to be suspended. Measures are taking in this kingdom to present obstacles (if that is possible) to its approach, and to attend to it in the most effectual manner if it does come; but the panic it had caused at first appears to have subsided, and its effects seem confined to the inn-keepers and *laquais de places*, &c., who foresee a sterile winter for them, as it is not probable that as long as any lurking remains of the malady are supposed to exist in any part of Italy, that strangers will voluntarily select it for their next winter's residence; at present there are very few, who will most likely soon depart.

‘I have been staying here ever since the beginning of June, occupied, much as usual, with additions and improvements which, however, have somewhat changed their form, as I begin to reap the enjoyments of past labours, instead of undertaking new ones. I have had some visitors, enough to break upon the unvaried tenor of my usual habits, but not too frequently to prevent the resumption of them. The summer has been variable, therefore, for this climate, cool; and now heavy rains and thunder-storms seem to give us a foretaste of the equinox a month before its natural time.

‘I ought before this to have thank'd you for your offer of assistance with regard to the publication of my last journey, a proposal which I should most gratefully avail myself of, should circumstances favour its appearance; it is now completed and copied out in a fair *legible* hand, & therefore accessible to the inspection of any bookseller, who, of course, will chuse to examine it before any stipulations are made. I will seek an opportunity of forwarding it to England, and if I find one, will take the liberty of addressing it to you, as its guardian. In the meanwhile I may as well state the nature of the work and its contents, which are the result of various excursions in the northern provinces of this kingdom, that is, the Abruzzi. To these are added others, less extended, in the districts of Samnium, Basilicata, and other less remote parts, but certainly not better known. The whole would form a quarto vol. about the size of the last I publish'd relative to the *South* and, as far as I can judge, written in the same manner, that is, in that of an Itinerary, principally usefull to such as are inclined to examine those regions, but not aiming at any details of science or statistics.

‘There are some drawings annex'd, but I would leave the expediency of adding them to the work to the publisher's decision, though I think they *would* add considerably to the effect, as they are selected from many, represent spots entirely unknown and of some interest; as well from their locality as their picturesque accompaniments: all which I state in case any previous enquiry should be made as to the general nature of the work.

‘Cell, in whose room I am now writing, requests his kindest regards to you; may I beg you will add mine to Count d'Orsay and believe me, dear Lady Blessington, yours most obliged & sincerely.'

2. A. L. S. Dated Naples, April 17th, 1836. 3½ pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

‘My dear Lady Blessington,—I hope you will not judge of the impression your

last kind letter produced upon me, by the tardiness I have observed in replying to it ; but for this I shall offer no apology ; acquiescing in all your friendly expressions regarding the loss I have sustain'd, is but a poor way of cloathing my thanks, and I deferr'd offering them till I could at the same time inform you with some certainty of my intended movements for the summer, which I now can do, having determin'd to leave this very early in the ensuing month, and to proceed as rapidly as a weary spirit and a not very robust state of health will allow me, resting only a few days at Paris, so that I hope to be in London in the first week of June, when, I need not add, you will be very shortly apprized of my arrival. I have been very busy in arranging the memorials I preserve of our excellent friend, so as to have them constantly under my inspection. You know that there are various ways of finding relief, which differ according to the disposition and habits of the sufferer in similar cases, and I own that flying from or destroying every record which recall the person lamented does not appear (to me at least) an efficacious mode of obtaining consolation ; for surely it does not require such tangible mementos of departed excellence to remind one of an irreparable loss, the conviction of which will intrude itself at all times, and through every circumstance of social or solitary life. I have, therefore, amalgamated the books of which I have possession with my own, in a manner that no eye but mine can detect, and they serve to adorn, and give additional value to, the apartment I always inhabit. The drawings I have placed in two cabinets, in drawers, excepting those forming a series of his Travels in Greece, which I knew he wish'd to be finally bestow'd upon the British Museum ; these are all in one case with his initials, and at my death shall be remov'd to that destination, more worthy, perhaps, of their merits than their present position, but not more honour'd by the owner.

'We had a beautiful month of March, which has been follow'd by an April reminding us of January, the rigours of which still endure in the shape of cold winds, stormy showers, melted snow and other irregularities, as ill suited to the season as to the latitude.

'There are numerous arrivals from Rome, but few of name or note ; S. Carlo is closed altogether and the season more than usually dull in every respect. I fear your friend Count Matuschewitz must be singularly struck with it, but he seems in high good humour, and does not complain ; he has favour'd me with his company to dinner a few times, and I find him everything you describe. He has taken the Palazzo Ferrandina, and is fitting it up ; there could not be a better selection, and I have no doubt he will find it so ; but he is still at the inn, the house not being yet ready for him. The King is at present enjoying the humours of a camp, composed of about a third of his forces, near Salerno ; this is an amusement he was much inclined to in his early days of celibacy, but latterly his growing attachment to his poor young wife appear'd to have absorb'd his attentions. However, after three months' mourning, he has had recourse to this object, either to resume his batchelor's avocations, or perhaps by way only of a little dissipation. There are already reports of his having the intention of travelling to seek a worthy successor of the late Queen, and they are not without probability.

'To the questions you put, and which appear to me but too natural, respecting Gell's last days, or rather weeks, I find it difficult to return a *positive* answer, more especially as to his own feelings respecting his state. I think that at *times* he was quite aware that his system had received a blow from which it could never recover, and that as far back as this time twelve month ; but he had continued so many months, under the impression of repeated attacks of somnolence, totally free from bodily suffering, that I don't apprehend he consider'd himself worse at the end of the year than last spring ; he was not aware of his increasing debility, and as the functions of his stomach continued unimpaired till within but two days before the sad event, when a general and rapid decrease of all the vital functions occur'd, I don't think that his reflections dwelt upon his dissolution as being very near. Nevertheless, his last will, about which he was very anxious, was executed little more than a week before his decease, and occasionally he would allude to the event itself in an indirect manner, for, on receiving some books about a month before it happen'd, and my asking him to lend some to me, he said, " You had better read them when they are your *own*

—and you are not likely to *wait* long.” I find in his daily journal, in which he noted observations on his health, about Christmas, these words: “*May consider myself well.*” He had rallied to what appear’d a very improved condition, about 3 weeks before the catastrophe; but it was principally in the suspension of the lethargic affections which had so long oppress’d him that this was evident, and the consequence was that, having much longer intervals of clear consciousness and reflection, he was undoubtedly more awake to his situation, both morally and physically; for he then complained of bodily ailings much more than during his whole malady, though to all appearance they had ceased. He never ceased, I don’t say for an hour but an *instant*, to have a book open before him; and though he sometimes could not fix his eyes for two minutes at a time on its contents, he nevertheless understood it, and could afterwards talk of the work in a manner which proved that while his mental powers *were* awake, they were as strong as ever—more especially his memory; but the state he was in caused much confusion in his ideas of time and distance, of which he was aware, and complained of.

‘I cannot end my letter without thanking you for your very kind offer of receiving me at Gore House, and conferring on me the many advantages such a residence must ensure; but I fear my stay in England will be too short to allow me to accept them more extendedly than in as frequent visits as it will allow me to pay; towards these I look forward with real satisfaction and anticipated gratitude. Believe me, dear Lady Blessington, yours most sincerely & obliged.’

3. A. L. S. Dated ‘Monday Evening, June 27th’ (1836). 1¼ pages 4to.

‘Dear Lady Blessington,—You have my best thanks for the two numbers of the *Athenæum* you were so good as to send me; the article you so obligingly bestow’d is the same I had read, in its most valuable parts, the other having only some additions relative to our friend’s descendancy & family. I feel very thankfull for what you have stated of *me*, though I flatter myself it is no more than the strict truth in all that regards my affection for one so deserving of it. For what you say of him I am still more gratefull, for it does justice to his exalted qualities in the most concise, and yet the most elegant, manner.

‘I regret I cannot as yet foresee the time when I can accept your very kind offer of spending some days with you—my son & daughter’s residence and (as much) my visits to my sister-in-law and various more irksome, and not less painful, duties for the present must preclude my coming to any decision on the subject; but I shall be most happy to wait upon you to dinner either Thursday or Friday, whichever is most suitable to your convenience, which you will have the kindness to let me know, as well as your hour.

‘My son desires me to say how thankfull he is for your kind remembrance, and that he will take the earliest opportunity of waiting upon you. Believe me, dear Lady Blessington, your very sincere friend.’

CROKER (Right Hon. John Wilson). The Politician and Author. (1780–1857.)

A. L. S. Dated Admiralty, April 2nd, 1820. 1 page 8vo.

‘Dear Lady Blessington,—I do myself the honor of obeying your Ladyship’s wishes to have four lines of my writing—there they are—perhaps you expected that I would have endeavoured to show my *wit* on this occasion, but I hope you will forgive [me] for only showing my *discretion*, by abstaining from any such vain attempt. I have the honor to be your Ladyship’s most faithful servant.’

DENISON (William). A well-known Millionaire; M.P. for Surrey from 1818 until his death. (1770–1849.)

1. A. L. S. Dated Denbies, November 8th, 1840. 4 pages 8vo., with Superscription.

‘My dear Lady Blessington,—Having no London post yesterday, it was

not in my power sooner to reply to your kind note, & to assure you of the pleasure it always affords me to comply with any wish of your's.

'My vote shall certainly be given to your friend Mr. Guthrie, at the Middlesex Hospital; & if he will send me a proxy-paper it shall be immediately filled up, or, if proxies are not admitted, I will come & give him my personal vote. I have heard much of his abilities.

'It was my good fortune to meet your friend Mrs. Home at a neighbour's about a fortnight since, & I was much pleased both with her & Mr. H; I did not know, till poor S. Smith's memoirs fell in my way, we had such an acquisition to the county. The first fine day we have, I intend riding over to Shire to pay my respects to her.

'I hope you continue quite well, during—if we may so term it—this *second deluge*.'

'Poor Lord Holland!* a friend of thirty-five years' duration! How forcibly Dr. Johnson's beautiful lines struck me last night:—

"Year chases year—decay pursues decay,"† &c.

We shall have, I hope, no war. What will Ellice say now to his friend Thiers? He is, I hear, much disappointed at not getting the Enniskillen Dragoons for his brother.

'Is it true Tom Duncombe is to marry—or has married—a rich Yorkshire widow?

'Adieu, dear Lady Blessington, & believe me most sincerely yours.'

2. A. L. S. Dated Denbies, Thursday, July 15th (1841). 3 pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'My dear Lady Blessington, — Upon my return home last night, I found your most kind & amiable note. Many, many thanks for it, & your congratulations upon the election, which I am sure came from the heart. You are indeed too flattering upon the results, tho' it is impossible for any men to have behaved more honorably & straitforward than the Conservative party. Sir R. Peel must now of course be Prime Minister in a few weeks, & I do not envy him the stormy scenes he must encounter.

'You will rejoice to hear our last accounts from Alb‡ are good, tho' I fear poor Lady C.§ remains the same at Richmond—quite well for a few hours, & then her violence breaks out. I should be very ungratefull to refuse any request of yours, & will send you a few lines for your book; but *indeed, indeed*, I have made my last bow at the Muses' shrine. Believe me, dear Lady Blessington, your very sincere & obliged.'

D'ESTE (Sir Augustus). Son of the Duke of Sussex and Lady Augusta Murray. (1794–1848.)

A. L. S. to Lord Blessington. Dated Florence, December 23rd, 1827. 5 pages 8vo. and 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'My dear Lord,—I thank you *most sincerely* for your letter, it was a *most welcome* visit to an invalid. I don't know what my good mother c^d

* Henry Richard Fox, 3rd Baron Holland, 1773–1840, a Cabinet Minister and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

† *The Vanity of Human Wishes*.

‡ Lord Albert Conyngham, the writer's nephew, to whom he left all his fortune (except about 500*l.* to charities), computed at 2,300,000*l.*, on condition that he took the name of Denison.

§ Lord Albert's mother and the writer's sister, Elizabeth Denison, Marchioness of Conyngham, 1769–1861, daughter and heiress of Joseph Denison, and wife of Henry Conyngham, 1st Marquis Conyngham. She was a beautiful woman, and acquired enormous influence over George IV., whom she absolutely ruled during the whole of his reign. She and her husband always lived with the King, whether at Windsor or Brighton. The King heaped presents upon her, and she even wore the crown sapphires which Cardinal York had given to the King. She used the King's horses in her carriage, and even the dinners she gave in her town house were cooked at St. James's Palace.

have in her head when she told you that I was quite well — never was poor wretch in a more miserable condition than I have been in since you left Florence. The nervous attack of my eyes & left temple passed to the end of my spine & *totally* took away all my strength ; I have *four* times fallen down on the floor, my limbs having been unable to sustain my weight, when going from one chair to another. Thank Heaven, I am now *fast* recovering. I can walk about the room without assistance, take an airing every day in the carriage and dined yesterday out, having to mount to a *2nd piano ed era bastante forte per salire la scala*, only with a couple of halts to rest.

‘Pray, my dear Lord, present my most respectful compliments to Lady Blessington, and assure her that the said parcel shall in no way be squeezed or maltreated, but have a wide berth to Rome. I can promise you that the moment I find myself able to sit for eight hours per diem in a carriage I will quit this detestable place.

‘Your acquaintance Mr. Brown was good enough to dine off a sick man’s pottage a few days ago ; he is a very well read & pleasant companion. The greatest proof I have had of late years of our Sovereign’s taste is the bringing of that ancient and distant town to stablish it in Windsor Forest ; I wonder if the *Duke of Tuscany* managed the affair ? This place affords no news ; neither Virtue nor Vice reside here ; leaden-headed *Ennui* sits brooding over this leather-*sould* people. There is here the son of an old friend of yours, young Dent, who has been most *friendlyly* kind to me during my illness. Tho’ my letter contains but little matter, I think you will feel satisfied with its number of words and be looking out for the, My dear Lord, I remain, Yours very sincerely & faithfully.’

DICKENS (Charles). The Novelist. (1812–1870.)

1. Printed Circular. Dated 1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regent’s Park, July 7th, 1842. 2 pages 4to., with Envelope Signed and Superscription.

‘My dear Lady Blessington,—You may perhaps be aware that during my stay in America, I lost no opportunity of endeavouring to awaken the public mind to a sense of the unjust and iniquitous state of the law in that country, in reference to the wholesale piracy of British works.

‘Having been successful in making the subject one of general discussion in the United States, I carried to Washington, for presentation to Congress by Mr. Clay,* a petition from the whole body of American authors, earnestly praying for the enactment of an International Copyright Law. It was signed by Mr. Washington Irving,† Mr. Prescott,‡ Mr. Cooper§ and every man who has distinguished himself in the literature of America ; and has since been referred to a Select Committee of the House of Representatives.

‘To counteract any effect which might be produced by that petition, a meeting was held in Boston—which you will remember is the seat and stronghold of Learning and Letters in the United States—at which a memorial against

* Henry Clay, 1777–1852, the eminent American statesman, who sat in the United States Senate from 1806 until 1842, when he retired into private life, but was re-elected in 1848.

† Washington Irving, 1783–1859, the American novelist and diplomatist, whose first work, *The Sketch Book*, appeared in 1819, and his last, *The Life of Washington*, in 1859. In 1826 he went as Attaché of Legation to Madrid, whence he moved, in 1829, to London, and remained three years. He then returned to America, but, in 1842, accepted the post of Minister to Spain, which he held for four years. He returned to America for the remainder of his life in 1846.

‡ W. H. Prescott, 1796–1859, the American historian. His early determination to devote himself to literature was caused by his having completely lost the sight of one eye, and that of the other becoming impaired. His first important work, *History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella*, appeared in 1838. He was a member of most of the learned societies of Europe, and was a D.C.L. of Oxford.

§ James Fenimore Cooper, 1789–1851, the well-known American novelist. After graduating at Yale College he served in the navy for six years. Among his best-known works are *The Spy* and *The Last of the Mohicans*.

any change in the existing state of things in this respect was agreed to, with but one dissentient voice. This document, which, incredible as it may appear to you, was actually forwarded to Congress, and received, deliberately stated that if English authors were invested with any controul over the republication of their own books, it would be no longer possible for American editors to alter and adapt them (as they do now) to the American taste!

‘This memorial was, without loss of time, replied to by Mr. Prescott, who commented, with the natural indignation of a gentleman, and a Man of Letters, upon its extraordinary dishonesty. I am satisfied that this brief mention of its tone and spirit is sufficient to impress you with the conviction that it becomes all those who are in any way connected with the Literature of England, to take that high stand, to which the nature of their pursuits and the extent of their sphere of usefulness justly entitle them; to discourage the upholders of such doctrines by every means in their power; and to hold themselves aloof from the remotest participation in a system, from which the moral sense and honourable feeling of all just men must instinctively recoil.

‘For myself, I have resolved that I will never from this time enter into any negotiation with any person for the transmission across the Atlantic of early proofs of any thing I may write; and that I will forego all profit derivable from such a source. I do not venture to urge this line of proceeding upon you, but I would beg to suggest, and to lay great stress upon the necessity of observing, one other course of action: to which I cannot too emphatically call your attention.

‘The persons who exert themselves to mislead the American public on this question, to put down its discussion and to suppress and distort the truth, in reference to it, in every possible way are (as you may easily suppose) those who have a strong interest in the existing system of piracy and plunder; inasmuch as, so long as it continues, they can gain a very comfortable living out of the brains of other men, while they would find it very difficult to earn bread by the exercise of their own. These are the editors and proprietors of newspapers almost exclusively devoted to the republication of popular English works. They are, for the most part, men of very low attainments and of more than indifferent reputation; and I have frequently seen them, in the same sheet in which they boast of the rapid sale of many thousand copies of an English reprint, coarsely and insolently attacking the author of that very book, and heaping scurrility and slander upon his head.

‘I would therefore entreat you, in the name of the honourable pursuit with which you are so intimately connected, never to hold correspondence with any of these men, and never to negotiate with them for the sale of early proofs of any work over which you have control; but to treat, on all occasions, with some respectable American publishing house, and with such an establishment only.

‘Our common interest in this subject, and my advocacy of it, single-handed, on every occasion that has presented itself during my absence from Europe, form my excuse for addressing you, and I am faithfully yours.’

2. A. L. S. Dated ‘Piazza Coffee House, Friday, sixth December, 1844. In the greatest haste.’ 1 page 4to.

‘My dear Lady Blessington,—My proofs have been delayed. I send them to you the moment I receive them. As the book* is not published until the sixteenth, I need not ask you to keep them “close.”

‘I purpose coming to you on Sunday to say goodbye. Meanwhile remember me most cordially to Count D’Orsay and to the young ladies and believe me, with earnest regard, ever faithfully yours.’

3. A. L. S. Dated ‘Covent Garden, Sunday Noon’ (December 8th, 1844). 1 page 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

‘My dear Lady Blessington,—Business for other people (and by no means of a pleasant kind) has held me prisoner during two whole days, and will so detain

* *The Chimes.*

me to-day, in the very agony of departure, that I shall not even be able to reach Gore House, on which I had set my heart. I cannot bear the thought of going away without some sort of reference to the happy day you gave me last 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 even to America—to come home again and feel as I feel in the friendship of yourself 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 anyhow, I am ever, my dear Lady Blessington, in no common degree and not with an every-day regard, yours.'

4. Lithographed Circular. Dated 'Office of the Secretary, Mr. Peake, Piazza Coffee House, Covent Garden, June 23rd, 1847.' 1 page 4to.

'Madam,—I offer no apology for soliciting your attention to the enclosed document, feeling assured that it addresses itself to all who are known to sympathize, by taste and education with what is good in English Literature, or who may be supposed, from their position, happy to avail themselves of any convenient opportunity of acknowledging its claims to consideration.

'Allow me to remain, on behalf of those gentlemen associated with Literature and Art who are embarked in this undertaking, and who have commissioned me to address you, your faithful servant.'

D'ORSAY (Lady Harriet), Daughter of Lord Blessington, and Wife of Alfred, Count D'Orsay. (1812–1869.)

Four Letters on the subject of her affairs.

(1.) *Mr. J. H. Hutchinson, M.P., to Mr. Thomas Farrer. Dated Palmerston House, April 12th, 1832.*

'Dear Sir,—On the part of Lady Harriet Dorsay I am requested to ask your opinion on the following points.

'Count Dorsay has suggested that an application should be made to the Irish Chancellor, in his name and that of his wife, for an allowance to be allocated to them for present maintenance out of the surplus rents of the Estate. He mentions the sum of £1000 a year. Lady Harriet wishes to be advised whether in your opinion she ought to join in this application and, farther, if you could discover through Mr. Powell what sum the Count would allocate to her, to be paid to her sole and separate receipt, provided the Chancellor made the order for a yearly allowance of £1000? This is the point on which we are most anxious to have your answer, and for this reason, because when Mr. Norman was desired to make this application by Count Dorsay his reply was "that he would not introduce Lady Harriet's name without consulting you."

'The Count has been pleased to make another offer leading, I suppose, to a final settlement; it is as follows:

"When the actual value of the estate left to Lady Harriet is ascertained, let the surplus be divided into three parts, two of which are to go to the Count and one to Lady Harriet." On this point I am requested to put the following questions to you, in the hope that the Count will explain himself more fully.

'Does the Count mean that Lady Harriet is to have the absolute dominion over the third? And there is another point to which I wish to call your attention, and it is this:

'Supposing the incumbrance affecting Lady Harriet's estate was discharged, the actual surplus would be trifling, but then there is a certainty of its increasing by the falling in of heavy annuities.

'Supposing then that Lady Harriet was inclined to accede to Count Dorsay's proposal, would it be possible to secure to Lady Harriet her fair and just portion of a third? always keeping in view the prospective value of the estate when the annuities fall in; and is this the Count's intention?

‘What Lady Harriet wishes to know is this : whether the Count will give her absolutely a third of her own estate, taking into consideration its actual value when the annuities fall in, and, if he is willing to do so, whether in your opinion it would be possible to put it into a legal form, and to bind him by a legal instrument.

‘These are the points on which I beg for your advice. In my mind Lady Harriet ought not to be in any hurry to answer this last proposal. I should consider that the greater the Count’s difficulties the more likely would he be to make a more liberal offer. I suppose you know that he has raised money nearly to the full amount of the interest of the bond of 40 thousand which Lord Blessington gave him on his marriage.

‘This is a private letter, and I must beg that *my name* may not be introduced in any way in this business.

‘I have the honor to be, dear Sir, your faithful & obedient humble servant.’

(2.) *From Mr. Farrer to Mr. Hutchinson, April 18th, 1832 :—*

‘My dear Sir,—Your letter of the 12th reached me only yesterday. I very much regret that the state of my health has prevented me from giving that speedy attention to Lady Harriet D’Orsay’s arrangements which the interest I feel in her situation makes me desire to give, and I am sorry to say I have before me the prospect of a long confinement with suffering & danger.

‘The papers are now before an English counsel to advise whether in the progress of Lord Blessington’s affairs Lady H. should act separately from or in conjunction with the Count. I daily hope for this opinion. In the meantime I see no objection, on the contrary every reason, for her uniting with him in an application to the Chancellor for a maintenance for herself out of the surplus rents. Indeed I have seen Mr. Powell with that same view, and he assures me of the Count’s readiness to concur in such an application, and I should therefore recommend its adoption as speedily as possible, least the Count’s incumbrances should form an obstacle, which I fear they may do if his annuities secured by judgments should exceed the income of his £40,000. I have pointed out this danger to Mr. Powell. It seems to me that, if that should be the case, there might be a doubt whether the Chancellor could apply *Count D’Orsay’s* surplus income (for in law it is *his*) without providing first for his judgments ; but Mr. Norman will be the best judge of this.

‘With regard to your statement of Count D’Orsay’s proposal, I understand it to be as follows : That the whole of Lady Harriet’s & Mr. Gardiner’s interest in her father’s estate shall be brought to sale, and he shall receive two-thirds & Lady H. one-third of the clear surplus of Lady H.’s interest, after discharging everything to which that interest shall be liable. This proposal, as I understand it, would be thus arranged. The expenses, the mortgages, the bonds & other debts in gross sums & legacies would be paid out of the produce of the sales of the whole estates. Sums would be set apart from the dividends, of which annuities & jointures would be paid. Separate accounts would be kept of the produce of the estates devised to Lady H. & to Mr. Gardiner. All the questions relating to those two estates would be discussed & decided, and according to that decision the above incumbrances would be apportioned to fall on each of the sums produced by the sale of those estates. The surplus of Lady H.’s estates would be the subject of the division between her & Count D’Orsay ; that surplus would be increased as each annuity charged on the estates devised to her ceased ; in the first instance all that there was at the time of division would be divided on a joint application, one-third to Lady H. & two-thirds to Count D’Orsay ; as each annuity fell in, application would be made to the Chancellor for the same division of the fund appropriated to answer it. If I am right in this, I can answer your question by saying that, provided Lady H. is satisfied with the proportion, I think an arrangement may *now* be made to secure its completion, in spite of Count D’Orsay’s future debts and incumbrances ; but the sooner it is done the safer it will be. I should think the Court will insist that any income that may be paid to Lady H. by the Chancellor in the meantime should be taken as part of her proportion.

‘You will perceive by the will that the persons between whom the serious

questions exist as to the construction of the will are Mr. Gardiner & Lady H.; their interests under the will are completely opposed to each other & must be stoutly contested for each, since on the result of those contests will depend the extent of burthen each estate is to bear.

'I regret very much your prohibition from using your name in the treaty, since it would be so material a benefit to Lady H. if I were at liberty to say that you were her friend in the business—otherwise it appears as if no connection or friend would render her any assistance.

'If I hear from you or Lady H. of her willingness to adopt Count D'Orsay's proposal, I will communicate with Mr. Powell as to the means of carrying it into effect. If you will direct your letters still to Lincoln's Inn Fields they will be forwarded to me, as it is uncertain where I shall be. I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully & obliged.'

(3.) *Mr. Thomas Farrar to Mr. Norman. Dated May 9th. 1832*

'Dear Sir,—I am much obliged by your letters of the 1st and 2nd instant, which should have been sooner answered, but that I am obliged by the state of my health to reside at present at Brighton, and can only do what little business I am capable of through the office in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

'I had urged to Mr. Powell the improbability of the Court making any allowance to Lady H., on account of the precariousness of the surplus income of the Estates. He answered me that the Court did make an allowance to Mr. Gardiner of 1000*l.* per ann: and that Lady H. had (as it seems to me she has) as good a claim as he had. The application should certainly be made, if made at all (as you state) by Lady H.'s solicitor. Counsel here have recommended Lady H. to answer separately from the Count. Indeed she cannot as a minor heiress-at-law admit her father's will, which the Count must and must insist upon. I understand you act for Mr. Gardiner and I perceive by the intended answer of the Count (of which Mr. Powell has lent me the draft) that he makes a question as to the validity of the direction to pay you the annuity of 1200*l.*, on the ground of your having ceased to be agent of the Tyrone Estate previously to the death of Lord B.

'This is the first time I ever heard a doubt on the subject. I conclude it is on account of the conflicting interests between Mr. Gardiner on the one hand & the Count & Lady Harriet on the other as to the construction of the whole will, and between yourself on the one hand and Lady Harriet on the other as to the 1200*l.* a year, that occasions you to speak of the Count & Lady Harriet acting by another solicitor.

'It certainly, to my mind, is a matter to be much regretted, that Lady Harriet cannot have the benefit of your assistance in the prosecution of the suit, altho' I am assured you will afford her the more valuable aid of your advice in the general arrangements of the property for winding up the affairs. You will perceive, however, that Lady H. cannot act by the same solicitor as the Count. If Mr. Hutchinson should be in Dublin, perhaps you would have the goodness to speak to him on the subject, and arrange for someone to act for her; if he is in London, I will endeavour to do so.

'Mr. Powell at our first interview in August offered for Count D'Orsay 400*l.* a year to Lady Harriet out of the interest of the 40,000*l.* You will perceive from the date of his annuity deeds that, *subsequently to that offer*, he put it out of his power to fulfil it. If, however, he receives 6 per cent., there will be still enough and I shall press for it. I am glad to find the Count has not given judgments; there is no saying, however, how soon he may be compelled to do so.

'When I wrote to Mr. Hutchinson, I only treated the proposal (if I may use the expression) in gross, that is, to make the nature & effect of it clear to him. I imagine the meaning of the proposal to be that Lady Harriet's reversionary interest for life in the 40,000*l.* would be preserved to her, but that the Count would claim that sum, subject to her life interest, on her death & failure of issue of the marriage.

'I imagine the mode of carrying the proposal into effect would either [be] independent of the Court or with its sanction, as was found most practicable when it comes to be worked out; but of course the whole would at all events be

made to depend on Lady Harriet's confirmation by recoveries and other assurances when she came of age. If Lady H. were to die during her minority the whole would fail & the reversionary interests would take effect; and, if she refused to concur in doing what was necessary to carry the proposal into effect, provision would be made for all parties to stand in the same situation they now are in.

'With regard to an actual sale, I had not any idea in my mind but to make the proposition clear to Mr. Hutchinson. I consider that your advice on that subject would be invaluable to all parties, and I should be doing Lady Harriet great injustice if I were to attempt to intrude any notions of my own on the subject; indeed, I consider that when the plan of separation is arranged and effected as far as it can be, that Lady Harriet's Irish friends (particularly yourself) are those on whose judgment & local knowledge alone she can place reliance.

'The same observation applies to the disposal of the annuities.

'I should consider that I was best consulting Lady Harriet's interest, by assisting you, if in my power through my acquaintance with Mr. Powell, in carrying into effect any arrangements you may think beneficial to the owners of the Dublin Estate.

'I should be glad to know whether Lady Harriet accedes to the general proposition of a division—one-third to herself and two-thirds to the Count—of all that may come to her either under the will or as heir-at-law or next-of-kin of her father; and if she does I will consider of a plan for carrying it into effect. I remain, dear Sir, yours very truly.'

(4.) *From Mr. Farrar to Mr. Norman. May 21st, 1832.*

'My dear Sir,—I am much obliged by your letter of the 14th instant. I should not have hesitated, had the draft answer been ready, at sending it to you open, and should have indeed requested your perusal of it, notwithstanding your inability to act for Lady Harriet. I hope to send it to Mr. Hutchinson's sol^r, Mr. Dachell, in a few days.

'I now trouble you to request you will procure Lady Harriet's answer to the proposal of dividing the property that may be left into thirds—her Ladyship taking one-third & Count D'Orsay the other two. Until I know whether that principle be acceded to, I cannot continue the negotiation with Mr. Powell. In consequence of the opinion that Count D'Orsay is entitled to six per cent., I shall of course insist on the 400*l.* a year offered by Mr. P. at that interest. Yours very faithfully & obliged.'

DRUMMOND (Sir William). A Diplomatist and Scholar. (Died 1828.)

A. L. S. to Lord Blessington. Dated 'Friday.' 1 page 4to., with Superscription.

'My dear Lord,—I am ashamed of having been so long of answering your Lordship's kind letter, but I could not get the decision of Prince Stiliano Colonna 'till the night before last, and the death of one of my own horses yesterday made me uncertain whether I could go to Capo di Monte or not to-morrow. It is, however, now settled that we are to have the honour of waiting on your Lordship and Lady Blessington. I have taken the liberty of asking the Prince's brother, who lives with him and who sat near your Lordship at my house. I remain, my dear Lord, most faithfully yours.'

DURHAM (John George Lambton, 1st Earl of). A Diplomatist. (1792-1840.)

1. A. L. S. Dated 'Cleveland Row, Friday m^{ng}, 1833.' 2 pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'Dear L^d Blessington,—I have been so occupied that I have been unable to answer your note before. I had already completed my number of A.-D.-C.'s before I received it, & had on my list 16 others. In these circumstances I can-

only say that I shall take every opportunity of doing all that is kind to your nephew when we meet in those distant climes. Ever y^{rs}.'

2. A. L. S. Dated Sudbrook Park, July 19th, 1834. 1 page 8vo., with Superscription.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—I am afraid I shall be in the north on the 27th; as it is not, however, certain, if you will allow me, I will thus accept your kind invitation.

'Lady D. is still very weak & unwell. Yours very truly.'

3. A. L. S. Dated 'Cowes, June 14, 1835.' 4 pages 8vo.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—I thank you much for your very agreeable letter, which I received this morning, and for your kind enquiries 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 L^d 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 unfavourable 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 know they would not be permitted.

'Your estimate of the three books—Miss Kemble's, De La Martine's, and Bulwer's—is a most just one. The latter is full of first-rate genius.

'Ellice* leaves me to-day, and will tell you what a charming life this is. Yours very truly,' &c.

4. A. L. S. Dated Lambton Castle, August 16th, 1837. 1¼ pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—When I left town I was told by Colonel Cavendish that the permission for the Dedication was granted, & I am therefore surprized to hear that Mrs. Fairlie has not heard of it. I will, however, write again to him & make the necessary inquiries. Y^{rs} very truly.'

5. A. L. S. (marked 'Private'). Dated Lambton Castle, August 21st, 1837. 3 pages 8vo.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—I enclose 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 then more trouble about this affair than all those of my Embassy.

'However, I think it is now concluded according to your desire. Y^{rs} very truly.'

* Edward Ellice, the elder, 1781–1863, a politician and a busy and successful merchant, the first to pass from the counting-house to the Cabinet. In 1818 he entered Parliament as Member for Coventry, for which place he was defeated in 1826, but was again returned in 1830, and represented that town until his death. In 1830 he became Secretary to the Treasury and Whip; in 1832 he was appointed Secretary for War, a post he retained until 1834. He was for many years connected with the Hudson's Bay Company, from which circumstance he was nicknamed 'Bear'—'for his wiliness,' says Carlyle, 'rather than from any trace of ferocity.' Prosper Mérimée said of him, 'Il était l'un des plus parfaits modèles de la vieille roche.'

† The 'extract' is as follows:—'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, & probably before you receive this you will have heard that the permission is granted.' The work referred to was Mrs. Fairlie's *Children of the Nobility*, which was dedicated to the Queen.

6. A. L. S. (marked 'Private'). Dated Lambton Castle, August 23rd, 1837.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—I enclose you the Royal permission. It would be right that Mrs. Fairlie should address a letter of thanks herself to Mr. Glover. Y^{rs} truly.'

7. A. L. (incomplete) to (Lord Anglesey*). Dated Government House, Fredericktown, New Brunswick, November 24th, 1837. 4 pages 8vo.

'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 September, with an enclosure from Lady Blessington.

'The Lady does tell her story with much natural & becoming feeling (as respects her mother) & therefore with eloquence. I had personally received a similar communication from Lady Canterbury, but I fear I must be ungentle enough to confess to your Lordship that all the eloquence *du billet* in the world, & 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 & kind patron.

'*It shall go hard* but I will endeavour to find some situation for Capt. Power ere long. He seems fit for *anything*—his manners & conversation (& I will add, his appearance) most prepossessing; add to which the interest which your Lordship has expressed in his welfare, exclusive of the appeals of his two fair sisters & an indirect recommendation to my notice from my friend, Sir Henry Hardinge.† My patronage, however, is very far from being of that extensive character which Lady B. appears to suppose. Still, something shall be found for Captain Power.

'I rejoice to tell your Lordship . . .'

8. A. L. S. (marked 'Private'). Dated Cleveland Row, January 24th, 1838. 6½ pages 8vo.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—I really have no appointment in my gift, & 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, & 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; & if it was not, the absence of pecuniary emoluments would render these employments more onerous than valuable.

'*Here I should end* but for an expression in Mr. J. de Fonblanque'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, & 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 & esteem beyond most men; but as to any promise of provision, I am certain I would not be so thoughtless as to make it.

* Henry William Paget, 1st Marquis of Anglesey, 1768–1854, a military commander, who first served under the Duke of York, and distinguished himself in the Peninsular War and at Waterloo. He was created a K.G. in 1818, and was made a Field-Marshal in 1846.

† Sir Henry Hardinge, 1st Viscount Hardinge of Lahore, 1785–1856, the well-known military commander. He entered the army in 1798, went through the Peninsular War, but, having lost his left hand at Ligny, was absent from Waterloo. For this wound he received a K.C.B. He was Secretary for War in 1828, Chief Secretary for Ireland in 1830, Governor-General of India in 1844, and, after the Sikh War, was created a Viscount, and received a pension of 3000*l.* a year from Parliament, and of 5000*l.* a year from the East India Company. On the Duke of Wellington's death he became Commander-in-Chief and a Field-Marshal.

‡ Lord Durham was appointed Governor-General of the North American Provinces, January 16th, 1838.

'I never violate a promise, but I 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, & also my best regards to my little friend? Y^{rs} very truly.'

9. A. L. S. (marked 'Private'). Dated Cleveland Row, January 27th, 1838. 4 pages 8vo.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—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. Fonblanque.

'My power of direction, of controul, 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. Y^{rs} truly.'

10. A. L. S. No date. 1 page 8vo., with Superscription and Seal.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—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. Y^{rs} ever.'

11. A. L. S. Dated 'Cleveland Row, Wedn^y Mo^g.' 2 pages 8vo.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—I have not called on you, because I have been too unwell to enjoy any society, and in that state, the more I remain at home the better.

'I am going to the Isle of Wight to-morrow. If you are at home to-day at one, I will call and thank you for your kind recollection of y^{rs} always truly.'

12. A. L. S. Dated 'Cleveland Row, Friday Mo^g.' 2 pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'I regret to say that I must give up the pleasure of dining with you, as a veto is put on my going out in such abominable easterly weather.

'I almost despair of getting quite well until I go out of town, which I think of doing next week, Lord Essex having lent me Cassiobury.

'My best regards to M. le Comte. Y^{rs} very truly.'

13. A. L. S. Dated 'Cleveland Row, Friday Night.' 1 page 8vo., with Superscription.

'I am obliged to go out of town without seeing you, but I shall return in a week or so, when I shall hope to have that pleasure. I enclose Ellice's answer to me respecting Fonblanque. Y^{rs} very truly.'

14. A. L. S. Dated Cleveland Row, Friday Night. 3 pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—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 very 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 R. H. is no favourite of yours I hear, but I have always found him a steady and kind-hearted friend.

'Ellice and I start for Paris on Friday next. Can I take anything 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. Y^{rs} very truly.'

FERGUSON (Sir Ronald Cutlar). A Military Commander. (1773-1841.)

1. A. L. S. Dated London, January 25th, 1830. 3 pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—I fear you will begin to think that I have paid little attention to the commission with which you charged me; but I assure you it was about the first thing in my thoughts when I arrived in London, which was on Saturday the 10th. On Sunday I called on Mr. Powell at his house, but heard that he was out of town. I was told that he was expected on the Wednesday following. On the Friday I went to his chambers in Lincoln's Inn, when I was informed that he was shortly expected, but was not yet arrived. I called on Douglas Kinnaird,* but could not see him. He is, I am sorry to say, seriously ill. As Mr. Powell and Douglas Kinnaird were the only persons to whom I thought it likely you would wish me to speak on the subject of your affairs, I have hitherto been unable to show more than a desire, which you will own to be sincere, to be of any service in my power. I shall no doubt see Mr. Powell in a day or two, and will communicate to you the result of our interview.

'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.'

* Douglas James William Kinnaird, 1788-1830, fifth son of the 7th Baron Kinnaird. After being educated at Eton and Göttingen he travelled with Hobhouse, and went to Venice to visit Byron. He afterwards became the head of Ransome's Bank, and entered Parliament. Byron calls him 'my trusty and trustworthy trustee and banker, and crown and sheet-anchor.' He died six weeks after the date of the above letter.

† John Russell III., 6th Duke of Bedford, 1766-1839, brother of the 5th Duke, whom he succeeded in 1802. He was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1806, and was made a K.G. in 1830.

‡ William Wentworth Fitzwilliam, 2nd Earl Fitzwilliam, 1748-1835, succeeded his father in the title in 1756, was Lord President of the Council in 1794, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland 1794, and Lord President of the Council again in 1806.

§ Henry Vane, Earl of Darlington, 2nd Duke of Cleveland, 1788-1864, succeeded his father as 2nd Duke in 1842. A Colonel in the army; M.P. for Durham county from 1812 to 1816; for Tregony from 1818 to 1826; for Totnes from 1826 to 1830; and for South Shropshire in 1832, 1835, 1837, and 1841-2.

2. A. L. S. Dated Margate, November 6th, 1831. 1 page 8vo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I have just received your note of yesterday, and have very great pleasure in accepting your kind invitation for Friday next.

'I am here for a day or two for the sea air and baths, from which I always imagine I derive benefit, even for so short a time. Ever truly yours.'

FONBLANQUE (Albany). The well-known Journalist. (1793–1872.)

1. A. L. S. Dated February 25th, 1835. 2 pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I am equally surprised and annoyed at the neglect you mention as to the paper of Lord A. Conyngham.

'The fault I find does not rest with my office, and I have given directions to correct it; but should there be any irregularity in future, it will be a favour to me to apprise me of it.

'As soon as I have leisure to do anything agreeable I shall find my way to Seamore Place; and meanwhile accept my most cordial thanks for your kind interest on the behalf of the Examiner. Believe me, y^{rs} faithfully.'

2. A. L. S. Dated March 31st, 1836. 4 pages 12mo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I have had a feverish cold, with the complicated torments of tooth, or rather teeth-ache and headache, and the inconvenience of starvation. I am, however, getting better, in my miserable way of amendment.

'Easthope will be much gratified that you are gratified, and I will write him conveying your acknowledgments, or I will bring him to Gore House some evening, or both. He is an honourable man, and a kind friend.

'My wife desires me to return her warmest thanks for your kind offer, but this change in the weather makes it imprudent to go out.

'Mrs. Bulwer has attacked her husband in *Frazer's Magazine*. This must surely make the case between them understood. The reason of the work must be, that the woman who could take such a step must have in her a fund of ungovernable malice, accounting for all antecedents. She has very plainly written herself down.

'My first visit when I can open my mouth without fear and trembling will be to Gore House. Believe me, yours faithfully.'

3. A. L. S. Dated 'Thursday' (October 13th, 1836).

'My dear Lady Blessington,—Your *Elderly Gentleman* has inordinately delighted me. I have just written an article on it for the next *Examiner*,* and have drawn pretty freely on your good things, but yet wish that I had spare space for more of them. I think it must be very popular. Yours faithfully.'

4. A. L. S. Dated 'Friday' (October 26th, 1836). 1 page 8vo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I have been confined to my bed for some days past by a severe attack of fever, and, though now recovering, can hardly hope to be well enough to avail myself of your invitation for Sunday. This is a cruel addition to the annoyance of illness, for your parties are indeed temptations strong. Ever yours faithfully.'

5. A. L. S. (imperfect). Dated 4 Rue d'Alger, October 31st, 1839. 4 pages 8vo.

'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 anything to do with the hoax was sufficiently refuted by all who knew him, by the two circumstances that it was

* The article, which was long and laudatory, appeared in the *Examiner* of Sunday, October 16th, 1836.

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 everywhere by his amiable qualities, very popular. My dear Lady Blessington,' ever faithfully yours.'

6. A. L. S. Dated 48 Connaught Square, December 24th, 1839. 1½ pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—Neither Bentham nor I had forgotten your kind invitation for Christmas Day, but we are both unable to avail ourselves of it, both having been confined to the house for the last ten days by severe colds, but for which I should have called at Gore House.

'I have just penned this note at the last moment, because it is really as great a disappointment to me as to my boy.

'Ever my dear Lady Blessington, faithfully yours.'

7. A. L. S. Dated 'Tuesday' (February 4th, 1840). 1 page 12mo., with Superscription.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—I am so unwell with a bad cold that I must refuse myself the pleasure of dining with you to-day, and starve in solitary confinement. Ever yours most faithfully.'

8. A. L. S. Dated 48 Connaught Square, February 9th, 1840. 3 pages 12mo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—Many thanks for the present of the velvet, which is of a beauty I have never yet attained to in waistcoats, and will constitute a new era in my costume. I shall be tempted to play "Whiskerandos" (without whiskers) and, throwing open the disguise of my rusty black coat and discovering my fine waistcoat, ask "Am I beefeater now?"

'You will be glad to hear that I have better accounts from Paris.

'I will take my chance of finding you at home to-morrow morning or evening.

'Believe me, dear Lady Blessington, faithfully yours.'

9. A. L. S. Dated March 10th, 1842. 2½ pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—I found that nothing could be made of the subject you pointed out to me, for the next night Lord A. cut away the ground by admitting that the context of what he said was such as really to bear out St. A.'s construction, so that though he blundered about the word he was not far from the import. Lord A., of course, could not have meant what he said, but he must have a most unhappy mode of expressing himself. Yours faithfully.'

10. A. L. S. Dated Connaught Square, 'Wednesday Evening' (October, 28th, 1842). 1½ pages 8vo.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—I very much regret that I am engaged for Saturday next. I have been daily proposing a visit to Gore House, but wind & weather or some other annoyance has been against me. Faithfully yours.'

FONBLANQUE (John). Brother of the preceding, a Legal Writer, and a Commissioner in Bankruptcy. (1787–1865.)

A. L. S. Dated 'Tuesday Evening' (February 9th, 1836). 4 pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—It grieves me that you should have thought it

necessary to enclose a document in proof of what I have so much reason to feel assured of—your kind disposition towards me, a persecuted man.

‘I forget whether I mentioned the manner in which my brother had the assurance of something being done for me at once. H. Bulwer* met him in the House of Commons on Thursday, & *congratulated* him on my prospects, which he said he had just learnt to be favourable from Mr. Edward Stanley.† Now, as Mr. E. Stanley told me most distinctly that both Lord Melbourne & Lord Palmerston refused to do anything for me, and I quitted him with an intimation that I should appeal to Parliament, it is not easy to account for the change of *councils*. Let me therefore once more ask your Ladyship to bring this matter to such an *éclaircissement* that my future course may be simple & straightforward. You kindly introduced me to Mr. E. S., and there would consequently be nothing *hors des règles* in writing to ask him whether anything is, to his knowledge, in contemplation for me; the more especially as it might have been my *name* and NOT myself that he mentioned to B.’

‘This, dear Lady Blessington, will bring the matter to a final issue, and I trust to your usual promptitude when anything kind & good is to be done. My suspicion has long been that there is an evil influence at work, which has misled my brother. Your obliged & very faithful serv^t.’

FULLER (John). An Eccentric Humourist.

1. A. L. Dated Devonshire Place, January 6th, 1832. 1 page 4to.

‘Mr. Fuller presents his compliments to Lady Blessington. He dines at half after five, & 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.’

2. A. L. S. Dated Devonshire Place, February 19th, 1832. 1 page 4to., with Superscription.

‘D^r Madam,—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.’

3. A. L. S. Dated Rosehill, Robertsbridge, Sussex, February 24th, 1832. 2 pages 4to.

‘Dear Madam,—I send you a brace of pheasants, in order to have an opportunity of enquiring after your’s & your sister’s health, & at the same time to assure you how much the public feel indebted to you for your continued literary labours in London during one of the finest summers ever known, for the purpose of their edification and instruction, & I have the honour to remain, with my kindest compliments to your sister, dear Madam, ever sincerely yrs.’

4. A. L. S. Dated Devonshire Place, May 26th, 1833. 2 pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

‘Dear Madam,—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

* Henry Lytton Earle Bulwer, Baron Dalling and Bulwer, 1804–1872, a distinguished diplomatist; sent as Minister to Madrid in 1843, to Washington in 1849, and to Florence in 1852. He was also Ambassador to Turkey from 1858 to 1865. He was raised to the peerage in 1871.

† Edward John Stanley, 2nd Baron Stanley, 1802–1869, eldest son of the 1st Baron, whom he succeeded in 1850, having been previously (in 1848) created Baron Eddisbury. At the date of the letter he was one of the Secretaries to the Treasury; was President of the Board of Trade from 1855 to 1858, and Postmaster-General from 1860 to 1866.

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.† Dr Madam, sincerely yours.'

5. A. L. S. Dated Rosehill, Robertsbridge, Sussex, July 25th, 1833. 2 pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'Dr Madam,—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, dr. Madam, your very sincere & humble servant.'

6. A. L. S. No date. 2½ pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'Dr Madam,—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 a great service to my Juvenal band—Miss Stephen's nephew and nieces, by giving them the sanction of your support and possible recommendation. If the person publishing the *Gems* ‡ is a *protégée* of yours, and requires protection, 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 laying about me. Excuse the trouble I am giving you, and believe me ever sincerely yrs.

'P.S.—Your old and staunch friend Sir F. Freeling dines with me on Sunday.'

GALT (John). A well-known Man of Letters. (1779–1839.)

1. A. L. S. Dated King's Arms, Liverpool, July 27th, 1822. 5¼ pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'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 cannot 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 that 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, amounting to 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 pled 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, or 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

* Giuditta Pasta, 1798–1865, the great Italian singer, who was trained at the Conservatorio at Milan, first appeared in England in 1816, and practically left the stage about 1839, though she sang at St. Petersburg in 1840, and in London in 1850.

† Catherine Stephens, 1794–1882, one of the most charming singers of her day, possessing a pure soprano voice, rich, full, powerful, and of extensive compass. In 1838 she married the Earl of Essex, and became his widow in 1839.

‡ *Gems of Beauty*, with fanciful illustrations in verse by the Countess of Blessington, a publication which only enjoyed a short existence of four years, from 1836 to 1840.

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 favouritism, 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 experiences 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 operose affair than I had imagined. The merchants consist of five different chambers, constituted by their respective 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 towards Mr. Huskisson,‡ and his favour towards 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 honour 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 at once adding 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 to say that I am almost an ancient, as I am ever your Ladyship’s faithful and sincere friend,’ &c.

‘I left the book with one of the servants in the hall, that your Ladyship might at leisure fill up the blanks.

‘My address may either be “Greenock” or “McGreger’s Hotel, Edinburgh.”’

2. A. L. S. Dated 32 Tavistock Place, December 17th, 1822. 3 pages 4to.

‘My dear Lady Blessington,—Mrs. Galt, during my absence in Scotland, having gone to the seaside with her father, your Ladyship’s estimable letter with my Lord’s lay neglected here till her return, when expecting me daily back she did not think of sending them forward to Edinburgh. I have thus been apparently guilty of a degree of inattention which would not be pardonable in any ordinary acquaintance. But I should only offend your Ladyship were I to say more, or were I indeed to offer any particular expression of obligation for the effects which I have already experienced of your Ladyship’s friendship. I only

* *Sir Andrew Wylie of that Ilk*, a novel by Mr. Galt, published shortly before the date of the letter.

† George Canning, 1770–1827, the celebrated statesman and orator, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in 1807, and again in 1822; M.P. for Liverpool.

‡ William Huskisson, 1770–1830, a statesman who filled many high official posts in several ministries. He was killed at the opening of the Manchester and Liverpool Railway.

§ Sir John Gladstone, 1746–1851, a well-known Liverpool merchant, father of Mr. W. E. Gladstone. He first entered Parliament in 1818 as Member for Lancaster, was elected for Woodstock in 1820, and for Berwick in 1826. He was created a Baronet in 1846. At the time Mr. Galt writes Canning was M.P. for Liverpool, but a bye-election was expected on Canning taking office, and took place in 1823, when Mr. Huskisson was elected.

got back to London Monday week, and I was then so indisposed with cold that, except necessary visits to the Colonial Office and the Treasury, I have not since been out of doors. At the former I found that the powerful influence of the Speaker had been at work, and Wilmot requested me to state in writing what object connected with Canada would suit, which I have done, namely—the representative agency for the provinces. I after called at the Speaker's to thank him for so distinguished a recommendation, but he was then in the country. Since that time I have been confined to my room. I am now, however, better and hope to be soon well enough to repeat the call.

'My *Lairds of Grippy* was published last week, and my friends flatter me with the opinion of its being the most impressive and various of my works.

'I anticipate, from the pleasure you have enjoyed in your tour, an amusing little volume, but no result of it will give me so much delight as to think it has contributed to restore your health, and therefore, although no one looks forward to the era of your Ladyship's return with more solicitude than I do, yet when I consider this most foggy air, I almost wish it may be deferred till late in the spring; the roses and Lady B. should come together.

'As I intend to write my Lord to-day, your Ladyship will excuse this short note. I shall now be a regular correspondent.

'Mrs. Galt desires me to offer your Ladyship her best respects. She has really a multitude of cares at present; her father dangerously [ill], her *cara sposa* scarcely much better and her little Solomon ill of the whooping cough, by which her other darlings are interdicted from home during the holidays. I beg your Ladyship will present my compliments to Miss Power, and to believe me to be, with the most respectful esteem, your faithful friend and servant,' &c.

3. L. S. Dated February 4th, 1833. 1 page 4to.

'My dear Madam,—I have set out three times purposely to call on your Ladyship, but the state of the weather had such an effect on me that I was obliged to forgo the pleasure. For some days I will be occupied in the city.

'I wish very much to hear if the agreement with Heath* is completed, because I will do my best to help it into execution; I have several papers ready and, if they will not do, I shall try my hand at others; my Scotch Stories have been preferred, and your Ladyship has a claim to my best.

'Yesterday the *Examiner* quoted from the *Conversations* Byron's notice of me, I have a great mind to give my epigram on him written in 1809, although it has been many years ago published. I remain, my dear Madam, most respectfully yours,' &c.

4. L. S. Dated 'Barn Cottage, Tuesday.' 1 page 4to.

'My dear Madam,—I was guilty yesterday of a very stupid thing, but could not help it. My intention in the visit was to speak of Heath's book, but it entirely escaped my recollection, and this circumstance more than the occasional lapses in my memory is, I fear, to be ascribed to my disease.

'What I desire to know is when your Ladyship wishes to go to press, that I may look out my manuscripts from which the selection is to be made.

'I think the idea of the artist is exceedingly good. If your Ladyship does not make use of it yourself, I will certainly try an autobiography of it for the *Beau Ideal*. I remain, my dear Madam, your most obedient servant,' &c.

5. A. L. S. Dated '12 Cecil St, Strand, Saturday.' 2 pages 8vo.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—The first day I have been able to sit up cannot be better devoted than in writing to you. My complaint affords but little hope of amendment, and I believe medicine more than health is the cause of my present relief.

'The illness of my amanuensis must excuse my apparent inattention in not inquiring for your health, and inability to move by the effects of a surgical operation my employment of a stranger pen.

* Charles Heath, 1785–1848, an engraver and etcher; in his later life principally engaged in the production of the *Book of Beauty*, *Keepsake*, &c.

'In my aphorism about confidence I merely meant to take another way of saying that kindness was ingenious. I considered your Ladyship was at the bottom of what I do not scruple to acknowledge a well-timed favour merely as to time alone, for I could not but feel a new attack as an incident for which I was not prepared. I thought not of the political matter, but only thought of your kindness, and endeavoured to imagine how it had been brought about, and do not wish to think otherwise than that I owe to you a great favour. Very long experience has now convinced me of the correctness of early impressions of Mr. Ellice's character, but in every action there must be a moving cause.

'There is a particular pleasure in having the name of Sir James Scarlet, for all those I have, with the exception of your Ladyship's friends and the Duke, are of my old acquaintance or got by them, many of whom I have not personally seen for a long course of years, and I think he comes near to be reckoned among the number, especially if he be, as I think, connected with the Gordons of Earlston, but thereby "hangs a tale" which till I am able to repeat must be suspended.

'I have not seen or heard of Lockhart this week. I had a note from him on Sunday. But I must conclude abruptly, for the swimming in my head has returned. Believe me,' &c.

6. A. L. S. Dated 'Atheneum, Monday.' 1¼ pages 8vo.

'Dear Lady Blessington.—I am so much engaged just now during the day, and so lame, that it is seldom in my power to have the gratification of calling on your Ladyship.

'Last night I thought it probable the Guicioli would be at your house, but when the time came at which I proposed to go I was utterly unable, and I am compelled in consequence to solicit, as a very great favour, that when she is likely to be with your Ladyship any evening in the course of the week you would permit me to call.

'I requested Frazer to send a copy of a little work on the spirit of the times—the *Radical*, which I hope will give you some amusement. I remain,' &c.

7. A. L. S. Dated Edinburgh, July 28th, 1834. 1 page 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—Frequently since I left London have I intended to have had this pleasure, but although much better of the voyage, I have been obliged to submit to the dreadful operation of the burning moxa, by which the power of commanding myself has been in the meantime greatly impaired. But, while the total uselessness of my limbs continues, my health is greatly improved and I hope to resume my journey to Greenock this week; my chief object is to inquire how your literary undertakings come on and to beg your Ladyship to write me to Greenock.

'The political changes have less excited me than they would have done at any other time, but I am glad they are so slight. Being, however, confined to my chair, I know very little, and can only express my inability to comprehend the cause of the rupture. One thing, however, gives me great pleasure—the increase of importance to Mr. Ellice, for his talents are now in a situation in which I think it will be advantageous to the public they should be.

'Pardon this brief letter, for I write with pain and difficulty, and believe me always to be, my dear Madam, your Ladyship's sincere & respectful,' &c.

8. A. L. S. Dated Maybank, Gourrock, by Greenock, August 23rd, 1834. 1½ pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—Since I had this pleasure with the Legend of the Flowers, I have come from Edinburgh without experiencing much benefit from the change. A little excitement there made me hope I was slowly growing better, but since my arrival at Greenock, a kind of comatose state puts me too often to bed, and I have in consequence been induced to come to the seaside for a short time. My address is still however Greenock.

'My work is nearly ready and I expect it will be published in a few days. In the meantime I have sent to Fraser a list of the names your Ladyship procured, requesting him to attend to the copies. I did not, however, send your own, because there are two or three copies for particular friends that the publisher, Mr. Cadell, will take charge of, and I trust you will not be offended that I should have included your Ladyship in the number. My proceedings suffer by the illness of Blackwood, in the two months I was in Edinburgh we could not meet.

'I wrote the other day to the editor of the *White Rose*, but have not yet received his answer; indeed I would not have had this pleasure before it came, only I am such a valetudinarian that I must write when I can sit up. But my silence proceeds not from negligence to my friends, for I do think the more of them in proportion to my inability to evince the constancy of my remembrance. Therefore, though I may now be but a poor correspondent, be assured that few can be happier to hear of your welfare, or take a more earnest part in everything that concerns your ease of mind and prosperity; so when you please to write let me know all by which you may be affected. I say so lest you imagine it is only in your literary schemes that I am interested. But my swimming head obliges me to conclude abruptly, and I can only say how perfectly I remain, my dear Lady Blessington, your ever sincere friend,' &c.

9. A. L. S. Dated Greenock, October 12th, 1834. 1½ pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'My dear Madam,—Last night I received a letter from London, which induces me to request your Ladyship to pay no attention to what I said respecting my late publisher. I am very unfortunate just now, for where I wish to serve I am always disappointed. It has been so with the *White Rose*. I know Mr. Hogarth* but slightly, and our mutual acquaintances were highly respectable, but he has fallen short of his word. Latterly I resolved to sink my own verses, and asked him for a remittance for the others, but he has not noticed my letter. But in what your Ladyship says I am gratified to discern that tact for which I ever gave you credit for singularly possessing in a very great degree. If the world's goods can be only won by such arts as many literary men practice, there is reason to hug my poverty.

'I heard lately from Mr. Ellice, and I am truly concerned that he is no better, for myself I am thought by some mending, but I daily grow more rigid; my right hand, however, improves, but my general health begins to decay.

'When your Ladyship has had time to look at my book I shall be glad of your opinion, for there are few that I would ask—still fewer that I would most implicitly attend to, and the work is upon the whole a sort of sample of what I endeavoured to be. Believe me to be, my dear Lady Blessington, your sincere & obliged,' &c.

10. A. L. S. Dated Greenock, February 10th, 1835. 2½ pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'My dear Madam,—On the evening I last had this pleasure I was taken unwell, and have continued ever since very poorly in general health. I then expected in the course of two days an answer from Mr. Russell Ellice, but he did not write, a circumstance which, though it does not make the matter a whit better for his brotherly love, I am now glad of, because I could not have attended farther to the business. I most sincerely rejoice, however, that his brother has again been returned for Coventry.

'I would probably not have had this pleasure so soon, for there is a strange lethargy upon me that renders me averse to almost everything; but I have just seen an extract in the papers from your Ladyship's new novel,† a description of the

* George Hogarth, 1783-1870, a musical critic, born in Edinburgh, who in 1831 came to London, and was engaged on the *Morning Chronicle*. On the establishment of the *Daily News* in 1846 he was appointed musical critic, and was also for many years the musical critic to the *Illustrated London News*. In 1850 he became the Secretary to the Philharmonic Society. The work Galt refers to was *The White Rose of York*, a midsummer annual, published in 1834. One of Mr. Hogarth's daughters married Charles Dickens.

† *The Two Friends*, then just published.

French ladies, and which in my opinion is very *masterly*, displaying much of that kind of acumen for which I ever thought you distinguished. It struck me so forcibly for its dramatic feeling that I resolved to enquire if your Ladyship had ever thought of writing for the stage.

'I also see extracts from a work about Shakespeare from Mr. Landor.* It seems a very ingenious production. It has the more interested me as I once projected a work on the same subject.

'I have now some local news. Several young gentlemen here had projected a little periodical and, having called on me to become a subscriber, I wormed myself into their confidence. I mean to make them send your Ladyship through their publisher a copy, and I beg you will allow me to give your name as from yourself as a subscriber. The cost is to be little, which I will attend to, but the pleasure to the party will be very great.

'I am glad the Legend of the Flowers was kept back, it would not at all harmonise with the other contents of the book; but I will send you something for the next number which may perhaps suit. I cannot conclude without expressing my surprise at your Ladyship's industry, it, in fact, alarms me and in my morbid sleep really haunts my dreams afflictively. Often do I entreat for your friends not to be so constant in your *moi*. But I must conclude, for my unsteady head gives warning, and I can only assure you, my dear Lady Blessington, of my sincere regard for your Ladyship's happiness and welfare.'

11. A. L. S. Dated Greenock, August 15th, 1835. 2 pages 4to., with Superscription.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I send your Ladyship a little elegiac poem which may possibly suit the *Book of Beauty*. I would have sent it sooner, but many things which add to the romance of my life have of late required attention. The dénouement has not yet come, but they would "adorn a tale;" nor have I of late made any progress towards recovery, chiefly, I think, owing to the want of agreeable topics of reflection. But I must be very brief.

'Your Ladyship's last letter gave me sincere pleasure, because I like to hear of whatever is pleasant to my friends, and it contained intelligence of that kind. I hope the Countess St. Marsault is quite well. I need not say that I return my best thanks for her remembrances and Count D'Orsay's also.

'In the midst of many troubles long foreseen, I have pleasure in mentioning, because I am sure you will sympathise with me, that though the Governor and Council have given my sons a considerable grant of land in Upper Canada, the effect of my plans being now no longer equivocal in the rapid improvement of the province, the boys do not mention by whom they were set on to make the formal application, but they crow over me for predicting disappointment. It is indeed almost the only thing I never did expect to see realized. You must, however, excuse this short note, and believe me, my dear Madam, most sincerely your true friend,' &c.

12. A. L. S. Dated Greenock, December 4th, 1838. 2 pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—A number of little incidents have occurred within these few days to cause me to remember your Ladyship as it were with revived recollections. A London correspondent mentioned you in a way that was exceedingly gratifying. I got your *Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman* to read, in the perusal of which I enjoyed very great pleasure. It unquestionably does you very great credit indeed, and a Mr. Kendal whom I met in Canada called on me and, among other agreeable topics, mentioned his knowledge of your Ladyship's brother, Major Power, and his family in New Brunswick. It is an old remark of some of the Germans, that when one thinks much of absent friends, they are then thinking of you. I hope this has been the case, and that I am still remembered as one that you believe interested in all that concerns your happiness, notwithstanding

* Walter Savage Landor, 1775-1864, the well-known man of letters and poet, the friend of Southey, and the enemy of Byron.

my long silence. The fact is that since I had last this pleasure, I have been in a kind of stupor, keeping the eyes of my memory shut, as if I could thereby forget many things which I desire to remember. Indeed, soon after I wrote last I fell into a haze and wished, if possible, to forget the remembrance of times past, and continued in this stupor till very lately; no doubt health has something to do with the infirmity and I have, I fear, only wakened for an instant, for health is now quite precarious, and I am greatly now worse than I ever was. I can neither now rise nor stand without aid, and cannot walk with any whatever, and my whole mind is in as powerless a state as my limbs. Having been only twice lifted into a carriage during the last 15 months, I am utterly ignorant of the world, for I see only the local paper, and hear only of remarkable news; but occasionally my visitors tell me of what is new in public, and frequently give me cause to be not a little proud in thinking I passed so long ago so correct an estimate of your Ladyship's powers. But the vagueness of this expression is a proof of how much I would delight in hearing now and then from yourself as to your literary proceedings.

'For some time after I came into this sequestration, I thought myself growing better, and endeavoured to renew my usual activity, but it was not strength but a spasm I felt, and I am become as literally an invalid as a doctor could ever desire for a *patient*, and to add to my annoyances is the anguish I suffer in the attempt to obey the prompting of my anxieties to return the good wishes of my friends. My nerves are quite impaired, and my memory may not be trusted now in what I think best likely to be ever forgotten. Do not therefore imagine that this short note is because I have little to add, but consider its brevity as the result of my wish not to be more apparently imbecile than I am very sensible of being. Believing me to be ever, my dear Lady Blessington, your Ladyship's sincere & respectful,' &c.

GAMBARDELLA (S.). A Painter, who exhibited at the Royal Academy between 1842 and 1852.

A. L. S. to ——— (?) Dated November 1st, 1844. 4 pages 8vo.

'My dear Friend,—How do you all do? It is so long since I heard anything about you and your family that I can resist no longer.

'I have been very busy in many things since I wrote you last, perhaps you will laugh at me when I tell you that I intend to bring out some sculptor works. I have been working at great rate with clay and plaster, and with success. My gas lamps are finished, and I send you the first specimen of the effective shadows they give.

'I have been in Manchester for four days to paint Lord Ashley's* portrait. He is a very pleasant man and a true philanthropist.

'I still intend to return to London for good in February, though I have not let the house yet.

'Please to let me know when the picture must be sent for the British Institution. I am thinking of sending one or two pictures painted by gas light.

'Have you been to Gore House since? Will you have the kindness to send the canvass to Roberson, 51 Long Acre, and send him the measure of Thorneley's canvass, and tell him in my name to put it on stretchers and charge me for it. He will take care not to injure the paint. The reason I send it so is that I could not remember the size of the other. My best love to all. Ever your affectionate,' &c.

GARROW (Theodosia), afterwards Mrs. Thomas Adolphus Trollope. An Authoress, Musician, and Artist. (Died 1865.)

1. A. L. S. Dated 'Braddons, Torquay, March 17th' (1840). 4 pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'My dear Madam,—I wish I could express to you how deeply I feel your

* Anthony Ashley Cooper, 7th Earl of Shaftesbury, 1801–1885, the celebrated philanthropist, succeeded his father as 7th Earl in 1851. He entered Parliament as M.P. for Woodstock in 1826, represented Dorchester and Dorset from 1830 to 1846, and Bath from 1847 to 1852. He was made a K.G. in 1862.

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 one 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 favour, to be wished well to by a few, and then forgotten by most, except those nearest to them in life.

'Thinking thus, I cannot 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?' &c.

2. A. L. S. Dated 'November 17th' (1840).

'I have just finished reading the inimitable "Old Irish Gentlemen," 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 in which one might see *more of him*. Am I wrong in thinking that, in such miniature poems, the features of his great genius are by no means shewn to advantage?' &c.

3. A. L. S. Dated December 26th, 1842. 4 pages 12mo.

'My dear Madam,—Why will you leave me without one word of thanks to offer in return for your kind and most beautiful gifts? Indeed, indeed, I *will* not pass under false pretences, you rate my poor verses far, very far beyond their desert, and I in my turn have good cause to wish they were worthy one half the kind praise you bestow on them. Will you believe, my dear Madam, that I feel most grateful for the charming presents and flattering assurance of regard they embody—each has its own peculiar grace, and in good truth I know not which to admire most—it were idle, worse than idle, to wish you (in good old-fashioned phrase) a *merry* Christmas, when so much of pain and anxiety is around you, and those you love best, but yet I may express and earnest wish that the dark season may open brighter as it goes on, that less of sorrow may be hidden in its depths than you as yet suppose, and that the New Year may dawn on you with gladder auspices than you now venture to hope for. Poor Mrs. Fairlie! Miss Power's charming letters have made me feel that interest which every woman's heart must feel in the declining health of one so dear to all around her, and her portrait in the Keepsake has helped me to image her to myself as vividly as if I knew her. Has she yet tried the influence of a Southern climate? But I know it is a hard thing for a young mother to be parted for health's sake from the children, whom her fears keep whispering she may never see again.

'My dear father begs me to offer you his best compliments, and thank you warmly and truly in his name for all your goodness to me. With my kindest regards to Miss Power. Believe me,' &c.

GRAMMONT (Anne Quintina Albertine Ida d'Orsay, Duchess de)
Count d'Orsay's sister. (1802–1882.)

A. L. S. to Mr. Madden. Dated Paris, June 25th, 1854. 4 pages 8vo.

'*Paris, 25 Juin, 1854.*—Le triste état de santé de Monsieur de Gramont m'a empêché de répondre plutôt à la lettre que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de m'écrire le 26 Mai dernier, pour me prier de vous faire prévenir les lettres et papiers en ma possession qui pourraient servir à compléter ce que vous avez l'intention de publier sur la vie de mon frère le Comte d'Orsay. Quand j'ai eu le plaisir de vous voir, il y a deux ans, à Chembrucey, la force de ma douleur et l'amertume de mes regrets était tels que je saisisais avec ardeur tout ce qui me semblait pouvoir faire revivre mes souvenirs et rappeler au monde qu'il venait de quitter celui que

j'aimais si tendrement et dont la perte m'a laissée inconsolable. Alors j'acceptai avec reconnaissance, je dois le dire, la proposition que vous me fîtes d'écrire la vie de mon bien-aimé frère. Les circonstances vous ont fait remettre ce projet, et vous m'annoncez que votre intention est de placer les souvenirs de mon frère dans le mémoire que vous allez publier sur la vie littéraire et la correspondance de Lady Blessington, la délicatesse des sentiments que vous m'exprimez dans votre lettre, Monsieur, et pour lesquels je ne saurai trop vous remercier, m'engageant à vous parler franchement et à cœur ouvert. Ce que je chéris dans la mémoire de mon excellent frère, c'est bien plus les adorables qualités de son cœur que les brillantes facultés de son esprit et de sa nature privilégiée. L'éclat de ces dernières appartenait au monde plus qu'à sa famille, et vous comprendrez sa sœur quand elle verra qu'il y a certaines circonstances de cette existence publique qu'elle verrait avec peine livrées à la publicité et, par conséquent, à la discussion.

'En intercalant la biographie de mon frère dans les mémoires littéraires de Lady Blessington, il sera difficile d'éviter des associations d'idées qui je vous l'avoue me seront bien pénibles, car non-seulement je chéris la mémoire de mon frère, mais j'ai le bonheur de pouvoir la respecter. Je vous parle avec confiance, Monsieur, et suis certaine que m'adressant à un homme d'honneur, il appréciera mon langage, dut-il ne pas partager mes idées. Ma vie est grave et sérieuse, j'ai plus de douleur que de joies, peut-être en résulte-t-il une disposition d'esprit qui fausse mon jugement, mais aujourd'hui mon vœu le plus sincère serait de voir cette tombe si chérie recevoir pour hommage le silence des vivants. Je n'achèverai pas, Monsieur, sans vous assurer que je conserve, néanmoins, une profonde reconnaissance pour les sen^{ts} que vous exprimez et, en vous envoyant tous mes remerciements, j'y joins l'assurance de ma considération distinguée, &c.

GUICCIOLI (Teresa Gamba, Countess), afterwards Marchioness de Boissy. Byron's Mistress.* (1800-1872.)

1. A. L. S. (in French). No date (June 13th, 1832). 2¼ pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'Ma chère Lady Blessington,—J'avais l'intention de venir moi-même en personne ce matin pour avoir le plaisir de vous voir, et pour répondre à *vive voir* à votre aimable billet de ce matin. Mais le mauvais temps et le mal de tête qu'il me cause m'ont empêché de sortir de toute la journée.

'Il paraît qu'il y a une mauvaise destinée pour moi qui s'oppose non-seulement à ce que mes désirs soient accomplis, mais encor particulièrement à ce que je ne doive pas jouir du plaisir de faire une quelque agréable excursion avec vous dans les environs de Londres. Je crains beaucoup de devoir renoncer pour Samedi aussi au plaisir de vous accompagner à Greenwich. Une de mes amies part de Londres pour la campagne dimanche ou lundi prochain, et, n'ayant *avant samedi* aucune soirée libre, je me suis engagé avec elle depuis plusieurs jours à dîner avec elle et à prolonger notre adieu de toute la soirée de samedi. Si je trouve *le moyen* de me désengager, je préférerais bien certainement de venir à Greenwich avec vous. J'en garde donc encore l'espoir, et vendredi, au plus tard, je vous écrirai, si j'ai obtenu ma liberté. Ce mauvais temps qui ne permet pas de prendre de l'exercice en plein air me rend triste et un peu malade aussi. J'espère que vous, du moins, vous vous portiez bien, ma chère Lady Blessington. Auriez-vous quelque livre amusant à me donner à lire? par ex., un *Voyage d'un Prince* (allemand, je crois,) en Angleterre? qu'on me dit très spirituel et amusant? Ou, si non, quelque roman. Je vous en serais reconnaissante. Adieu, ma chère L. B. Votre A., &c.

2. A. L. S. No date (January 7th, 1833). 1 page 8vo., with Superscription and Seal.

'One kiss more, and God bless you, my dear Lady Blessington. I shall

* It is said that the Marquis in introducing his wife to any stranger, usually did it in these terms: 'Voici Madame la Marquise de Boissy, ma femme;,' then, lowering his voice to a stage-whisper, 'ci-devant maîtresse de Lord Byron.'

always be very glad to hear from you: and I have some hope, too, that my absence from England will not be very long.* Yours ever, &c.

3. A. L. S. (in French). Dated Ravenna, July 4th, 1833. 3½ pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

‘Ma chère Lady Blessington, — Il y avait si longtemps que je désirois de recevoir de vos nouvelles, que je ne pourrais pas vous exprimer toute la satisfaction que j’ai éprouvée à la vue et à la lecture de votre aimable lettre, qui me fais témoignage de votre bon souvenir et de la continuation de votre amitié pour moi. J’avoue, pourtant, que cette lettre m’aurait été bien encore plus chère, si elle m’eût apporté quelque détail sur vous, sur votre santé, et sur tout ce qui vous regarde. Auriez-vous voulu me punir, en gardant le silence sur toutes ces choses qui m’intéressent si sincèrement, pour n’avoir pas été moi la première à vous écrire? Mais, hélas! ma chère Lady Blessington, si vous pouviez voir combien de fois j’ai pris la plume dans mes mains pour vous écrire, et puis j’ai dû la quitter, sans le faire, n’ayant pas le courage de venir troubler votre repos, en vous entretenant de mes nouveaux chagrins, de mes craintes, je suis bien certaine que votre bon cœur saurait me plaindre, au lieu de m’adresser des reproches. .

‘Mon voyage fut long mais heureux, puisque il ne nous arriva aucun autre accident bien désagréable en route que la perte de mon cher petit perroquet, qui, ayant un peu souffert dans le passage de la mer, n’eût pas la force de supporter la rigueur du climat de Calais, et y mourut la nuit-même de mon arrivé, ce qui me causa beaucoup de chagrin, et je n’ai pas honte de vous avouer que j’ai pleuré sa mort comme celle d’un être chéri. Car vous savez comme il était aimable et beau, et comme je l’aimais. J’ai fait empailler son joli corps à Paris, et dans cette manière il a été encore mon compagnon de route jusqu’ici. J’aurais dû regarder sa mort comme un funeste présage, mais les lettres de ma famille étant rassurantes, j’ai continué ma route sans craindre de plus graves malheurs, et je me suis même arrêtée à Gènes et à Florence où j’ai passé les derniers jours du Carnaval.

‘Je me suis ensuite rendue à Ravenne, mais, en remettant le pied dans ma maison paternelle, où je me promettais tant de joie en revoyant mes parents après une si long absence; je les ai trouvés dans la plus grande consternation. Ma plus petite sœur, une jeune fille de 13 ans, était à ses derniers moments. Elle était tombée malade quelque mois auparavant dans le couvent où elle était en pension. On l’avoit soignée de toute manière, on l’avoit fait transporter à Ravenne, espérant dans le changement de l’air. Mais tout a été in[utile], elle est morte de consumption, après une longue agonie, quelques jours après mon arrivée. Elle était une fille charmante, remplie de talents et douée d’une beauté non-commune. Elle était celle de toutes mes sœurs vivantes que j’aimais le plus tendrement. Vous pouvez donc vous imaginer, ma chère Lady Blessington, comme sa perte a dû m’affliger. Pour elle je ne devrais pas m’affliger pourtant, les épreuves 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 eu lieu dans le commencement de mai. Après la cérémonie du mariage qui, étant heureux pour tous les rapports, nous avait tous réjouis, elle est partie de Ravenne pour se rendre au lieu de résidence de son époux. La fatigue du voyage, l’émotion d’une cérémonie si importante, ont ébranlé son âme et son corps au point qu’elle est tombée malade, et nous et son époux qui l’adorait nous avons dû la voir pour deux mois *entre la vie et la mort*, à 18 ans. Ce n’est que depuis trois jours que les médecins ont déclaré que sa vie est hors de danger. Mes autres sœurs se marieront dans le courant de l’année. Mes parents voudraient que je fusse présente à tous ces mariages; c’est à cause de cela particulièrement que je me trouve forcée à remettre à une époque plus éloignée l’exécution de mes plans chéris de visiter une fois encore l’Angleterre. Je me porte très bien et, entourée de l’affection de mes parents, je ne m’aperçois pas des ennuis de ces séjours. Je vous remercie bien

* The letter is endorsed in Lady Blessington’s handwriting, ‘From Countess Guiccioli with a lock of her hair.’ This lock of hair, which is of a beautiful shade of auburn, or rather gold, is tied with white silk to a piece of thin paper, and inscribed, ‘T. Guiccioli, hair. To the C^{ss} of Blessington. Friendship’s offering.’

de la lettre que vous m'avez envoyé. Veuillez, je vous prie, me rappeler à M^{me} votre sœur,* et au Comte d'Orsay, *m'écrire quelquefois*, et me garder une place dans votre affection. Votre affectionnée et sincère amie.

‘P.S.—Ecrivez-moi, et bientôt.

4. A. L. S. (in English). Dated ‘Wednesday night.’ 2½ pages 8vo.

‘My dear Lady Blessington,—I am just coming back from Harrow, where I have enjoyed many melancholy pleasures, and dined with Mr. Drury’s† family, and spent all the day, from one o’clock in the morning till ten in the evening, amidst them.

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

[‘I send you the three tickets for M^{me} Vigano’s Concert with my best thanks. Good evening, my dear L^y Blessington, and believe me always yours very affectly.’

‘If you could without taking any trouble for that induce one or two more of your friends to take a *ticket* for the same concert, you will be sure I shall be very grateful to you, but if you cannot easily don’t take any pain about.’]

5. A. L. S. (in English). No date. 1 page 12mo.

‘My dear Lady Blessington,—Pray send me a word to say if you stay at home this evening, as I would come to pass an hour in your society; only send me *yes* or *no* by voice, to spare you the trouble of writing, and believe me always, my dear L. B., your affec. friend.’

6. A. L. S. (in English). No date (June 11th, 1834). 3 pages 8vo., with Superscription and Seal.

‘My dear Lady Blessington,—[Many thanks for your dear note and for the two letters inclosed. They bring me news of some friends of Italy and Paris, but none of my family. My dear Lady Blessington, indeed I feel I don’t deserve to be scolded by you because I passed your door yesterday without calling upon you. Your good heart will entirely absolve me when you know that I was just then in my way, and in the greatest hurry, to see a friend of mine (a lady) who was indisposed; I was also very tired and fatigued, having spent all the morning to receive and pay visits of compliments. However all that, I certainly would not have passed your door without entering had I hoped to find you at home, or not to disturb you in your occupations.]

‘Mr. Campbell cannot 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* in London. Good morning, my dear Lady Blessington, present my compliments to your sister, and believe me very sincerely your aff: fr.’]

7. A. L. S. (in English). Dated January 5th, 1835. 4 pages 4to.

‘[It was very unfortunate for me, my dear Lady Blessington, to have missed your visit yesterday. I was just gone out, and I think at such an hour for the first time since I saw you. I have been almost always unwell for the last week, and now that I am better I have not a moment of rest from my preparations for my journey, which must take place to-morrow night. If I can’t see you before I go receive my best thanks for all your kindness, and my best wishes for your happiness.] My brother told me that the Count wished me to send the little miniature of L— B—; *that I can’t do*, having sent this miniature, together with some papers very valuable to me, *to Paris a week ago, for 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

* Mary Anne Power, Lady Blessington’s youngest sister. She married the Count de St. Marsault in 1832, but the disparity of years was too great, and they soon separated, the Count returning to France and the Countess to Ireland.

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

for Italy, if you have any. Once more, God bless you, my dear Lady Blessington, and believe me, very sincerely your ob^t and af^{te}.

‘[P.S.—My brother joins in my good wishes to you, but if he can spare a moment in this *immense business we have* he will come to take his leave in person.]’

8. A. L. S. (in French). Dated ‘Paris, February 19th, 1835’ 3½ pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

‘Ma très chère Lady Blessington,—Je ne veux pas laisser partir le Marquis Pepoli, qui doit bientôt avoir le bonheur de vous revoir, sans lui donner quelque lignes qui viennent me rappeler à votre souvenir. Il y a bien longtemps, ma chère Lady Blessington, que je ne l’ai pas fait, quoique je me sois réveillée très-souvent le matin déterminée à ne pas laisser passer la journée sans le faire, et que je me sois couchée le soir pleine de regrets, et presque de remords, pour ne l’avoir pas fait. Je vous fais à vous très franchement l’avou de mes torts, car vous êtes un être supérieur, et sachant par conséquence mieux que qui que ce soit expliquer et pardonner ces contradictions qui sont dans l’ordre d’êtres imparfaits, ces combats entre les bons et les mauvais penchans, entre l’esprit, le cœur, et la matière, qui produit, hélas! la détestable paresse. Mr. Chorley me fit savoir trop tard son départ pour que j’en pusse profiter pour vous écrire; mais quoique cette circonstance puisse alléger mes torts je suis loin, tout en implorant votre pardon, de pardonner à moi-même d’avoir différé jusqu’à présent à vous dire combien votre lettre m’a fait de plaisir. Combien le *Book of Beauty* est plein de beauté, quel haut prix il a pour moi, me venant de vous, et combien de remerciements et compliments j’ai à vous présenter de la part de Mad^{me} Colet,* et de M. Léon Bruys d’Ouilly, qui ont été enchanté et flatté de votre souvenir. J’espère que la grippe n’aura pas osé se présenter à votre porte, et que malgré sa rudesse elle aura senti que sa vilaine figure aurait été hideuse auprès de vous, dans un séjour que je me représente tantôt comme un lieux enchanté, une féerie, tantôt comme un temple de Poésie et de paix, mais que sous une forme ou une autre mon imagination m’y conduis souvent, car c’est vous qui l’abitez, et que je vous aime bien sincèrement. Que faites vous à présent pour votre gloire et pour notre plaisir? Ecrivez-moi deux mots bientôt; mon adresse fixe est 35 rue Godot Mauroy, j’ai loué à l’année un appartement, et je l’ai fait meubler, pour avoir un pied à terre à Paris, car il est trop désagréable de ne jamais planter sa tente, malgré qu’on ne renonce à la vie errante imposé par son étoile. J’ai si peu envie d’y renoncer que j’ai même quelque légère espérance de venir vous embrasser cet été avant d’aller en Italie, où je dois être en automne pour le mariage de mon frère, qui épouse une belle et jeune personne, encore en éducation à Venise, trop jeune selon mes idées (17 ans), mais très bien élevée, riche, et d’une très noble famille de Romagne! Paris n’a pas été gai cet hyver, une quantité de causes qui ont divisé la bonne société, auxquelles la grippe est venue s’y joindre, ont produit la langueur des salons Parisiens. Ce que vous m’avez écrit de Lady Canterbury ne m’a pas étonné, il est en rapport avec l’opinion dont elle jouit, comme vous pouvez imaginer. Je ne l’ai pas recherchée et quoique certainement nous yons dû nous trouver souvent dans les mêmes salons, soit chez les Ambassadeurs, soit aux Tuileries, nous ne nous sommes pas rencontrées et nous sommes restées et nous resterons probablement inconnues l’une à l’autre. Votre dernier ouvrage est ravissant, je l’ai lu avec un plaisir extrême. Veuillez dire bien des choses de ma part au cher Comte, m’écrire, m’aimer toujours et me croire votre affect^{te}.’

9. A. L. S. (in French). Dated London, May 31st, 1835. 2½ pages 8vo., with Superscription.

‘[Ma chère Lady Blessington,—Je suis ici depuis deux jours, et j’aurais bien voulu venir vous voir, mais je me trouve dans un tel état de *désolation* à cause de la santé de mon frère qui ne me laisse pas la force de sortir ni de m’occuper

* Louise Colet, 1810-1876, a French authoress, who wrote both prose and verse, and translated Shakespeare’s *Tempest*.

d'autre chose que de lui. Il a été un peu souffrant pendant tout l'hiver à Paris, et sa maladie a été un mystère pour les médecins mêmes. Je voulais le faire partir pour l'Italie, mais il n'y a pas eu moyen de le persuader, et il a voulu même me suivre à Londres. Maintenant sa maladie examinée par les médecins d'ici semble avoir des symptômes si *caractérisés* et si *graves* de *consomption* qui rendent le retour à son climat et à son pays indispensable.] Il va donc me quitter Jeudi prochain, et vous pouvez vous imaginer, ma chère Lady Blessington, comme je dois être sensible à une séparation faite dans des telles circonstances. Je n'ajouterais pas davantage pour ne pas vous ennuyer avec les détails des tourmens que je souffre, mais j'ai voulu pourtant vous faire connaître ma position afin que vous m'excusiez de n'être pas venue encore chercher de vos nouvelles, que j'espère bonnes sous tous les rapports. [Adieu, ma chère Lady Blessington, faites mes complimens à M. le Comte d'Orsay, et en attendant que je puisse trouver assez de calme pour sortir, veuillez agréer ma bonne volonté au lieu de la visite que j'aurais bien voulu vous faire, et mes sincères sentimens d'affection et estime. Votre dévouée S. et amie.']

10. A. L. S. (in English). No date (July, 1835). 3½ pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I regret very much that my letters of Friday evening have not reached you before your departure for *Anglesea Ville*, as I should have been delighted to accompany you there, and spend some days with you, and indeed it is possible to me I will come there and pay you a visit and remain with you two or three days. If I come I will stop to Portsmouth, and from there I will send you a message as soon as I reach Portsmouth; where if it is late I may spend the night, and come to Anglesea in the next morning. If I don't make that the only reason will be that I don't dare to expose myself to make this journey alone. But I have the hope still to visit you to Anglesea; and with this hope I remain, my dear L^y Blessington, your affec^{to} friend.'

11. A. L. S. (in English). No date: 2½ pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I cannot express you how *sorry* I am not to be able to accompany you at Greenwich next Sunday, as I am *engaged from many days to dine with Lady Davy** in the *same day* where Mrs. Lockhart† and *her husband* must come and be presented to me.

'I cannot say how sorry I am for all that.

'Many thanks for the tickets you have sent me, of which I will make use with great pleasure on Friday next at the hour the most convenient to you. I shall be free of all engagements, and able to go with you to see the shops. I am going this moment to see His Majesty's picture in Pall Mall. Good morning, my dear Lady Blessington.

'I am very glad you have received letters from Mr. Barry.‡

'If you answer him, pray don't forget to present him with my compliments.

'Believe me always your aff^{to} friend.'

12. A. L. S. (in English). Dated 'Wednesday morning.' 1¾ pages 8vo., with Superscription.

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

* Jane Kerr, Lady Davy, daughter and heiress of Charles Kerr, of Antigua. She married first, in 1799, Mr. Aprece, eldest son of Sir T. H. Aprece, who died in 1807, and secondly, in 1814, two days after he was knighted, Sir Humphrey Davy, by whom she was left a widow in 1829; she died in 1855. Her marriage with Sir Humphrey does not appear to have been a very felicitous one, for, although a clever and accomplished woman, there is no doubt she was deficient in the more homely qualities necessary for domestic happiness.

† Charlotte Sophia Scott, Mrs. Lockhart, 1799-1837, eldest daughter of Sir Walter Scott, and wife of John Gibson Lockhart, whom she married in 1820.

‡ Mr. Barry was the friend and banker of Lord Byron at Genoa.

'Perhaps, by the means of Sir Francis Burdett,* you could obtain me this favour.

'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.'

13. A. L. S. (in French). Dated '10 Aout.' 1½ pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'Ma chère Lady Blessington,—Vous n'avez fait que devancer mes désirs en me proposant de venir passer la soirée avec vous. C'était justement ce que je comptais de faire, et je serais enchanté de faire la connaissance de M^{me} votre belle sœur, et de M^r votre frère autant que de vous revoir. Votre voiture (puisque vous voulez avoir la bonté de me l'envoyer) me trouvera prête à dix heures et demi. En attendant croyez-moi toujours, ma chère L^y Blessington, votre dévouée et affect^{ée}.'

14. A. L. S. (in English). Dated 'Friday evening.' 2½ pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I cannot say how sorry I am to hear that you have been unwell, but in the same time I am very glad to know you are getting better now. I too have suffered a great deal since the evening I had the pleasure to see you; and indeed, if I was more apprehensive than I am, I could have been very much alarmed, as for three days I had very strong symptoms of cholera. *Remedies*, &c., and the assistance of a good physician have almost cured me.

'Many thanks for the letter you have sent me. I am now sure no other letter will come at your address, but at Mr. Richard Ed^s.†

'Good evening, my dear Lady Blessington, my brother will bring me some other news of you and your health this evening. Yours sincerely.'

15. A. L. S. (in French). Dated 'Mardi matin.' 1½ pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'Ma chère Lady Blessington,—Pourrez-vous m'envoyer aujourd'hui ces deux lettres en Italie et l'autre en Genève? Je vous en serais bien obligée. Comment vous trouvez-vous, ma chère Lady Blessington? J'espère parfaitement bien. Je ne peux pas vous dire combien j'ai été fâchée l'autre soir d'avoir reçu votre billet si tard—ce qui m'a empêché de venir pour une heure dans votre aimable campagne. Mais j'espère me dédomager de cette perte bientôt. Croyez-moi toujours, avec la plus sincère amitié, votre d. amie.'

16. A. L. S. (in English). Dated 'Monday.' 2½ pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I cannot express you how sorry I am for all the trouble I gave yesterday evening.

'I was just returned home when I was seized with a violent *vomissement*, which caused a great relief to me.

'My headache, who had been *dreadful* for so many hours, greatly diminished. I was put to bed, where I [fell] fast asleep, and was only awakened by the thunder this morning. I found then the *principal* cause of all my sufferings of the evening. A

* Sir Francis Burdett, 1770–1844, a well-known politician, who first entered Parliament as Member for Boroughridge in 1796, and represented Westminster from 1812 to 1838. He is considered to have been a perfect type of an English country gentleman.

† The Hon. Richard Edwards, 1807–1866, fourth son of William, 2nd Baron Kensington, Chargé d'Affaires and Consul-General to the Republic of Venezuela, and subsequently Minister Plenipotentiary to the Argentine Republic.

remarkable change in the weather has frequently caused to me in Italy the same complaint as yesterday. This morning I am almost perfectly well. I beg your pardon once more, my dear Lady Blessington, for all the trouble I caused you yesterday evening, and I wish you will present also my remembrances to the Countess your sister, and Count D'Orsay.

'What you told me yesterday evening (though I was in a state of great bodily suffering) made upon my mind and heart the greatest impression; and I hope you give me credit enough to be certain of the feelings of tenderness, respect, and gratitude I entertain towards you.

'Good morning, and believe me always, my dear Lady Blessington, your affectionate f.'

17. A. L. S. (in English). No date. 3 pages 8vo., with Superscription and Seal.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I have no engagement for Sunday evening which may prevent my calling upon you to dine and spend the evening in your dear company. If I may I will also come to see you before, though scarcely I may hope it, having taken engagements for this evening and for to-morrow evening too, and being also engaged to go on Saturday evening with some friends at the King's Theatre. Notwithstanding all these difficulties who probably will deprive me of seeing you before Sunday, I want, however, to indulge myself in the hope that I may be able to do it.

'I hope, my dear Lady Blessington, that your head-ache of yesterday is over today. My brother says me that your father is gone. I am very sorry, because I am sure that his departure has given much pain to you and to the Countess your sister. Pray remember me to her.

'As for going to see together the sights, I want before to speak about with you, as I don't well understand well what it is.

'Many, many thanks, my dear Lady Blessington, for all your kindness towards me; and believe me with all my heart, your affectionate f.'

18. A. L. S. (in English). Dated 'Friday morning.' 2 pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I must begin for thanking you for the letter you sent me the day before yesterday. It was a letter of my family, bringing me good news of all of them. My brother Ippolito sends you his best remembrances and respects, as well as to the Countess your sister, and Count D'Orsay. I enclose here my answer to him, hoping you will be able to forward it through the Foreign Office to-day.

'I shall be happy to come with you tomorrow to Greenwich. It is so long I have not enjoyed the pleasure of your company, that I could not resist to give up my other engagement, but I scarce hope the weather will permit us to make the excursion.

'In the hope, then, to see you to-morrow, I am, my dear L^d Blessington, your ob. and aff. f.'

19. A. L. S. (in English). Dated August 9th. 3 pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—You never cease to send me gifts, and show me in every manner your kindness, goodness, and friendship for me, who cannot repay you but with my affection, and the most grateful heart.

'The dress of Irish poplin is the most handsome in every respect I could wish to wear, and were I to choose a dress in all the London shops, I could not have chosen one more suited to my taste. I shall wear it with fondness.

'My brother will I hope see you, and bring me some more news about you and your health. I have received this morning a letter from my family, in which they recommend me to go back to Italy the soonest possible. I shall then remain in London one week more, and then I mean to go to Paris one or two weeks previous my departure to Brighton, or some other little town of England, to give my

brother the liberty of indulging in his most favourite sport—hunting. I hope and wish extremely to see you the soonest possible. My best remembrances to the Countess your sister and Count D'Orsay. Your affectionate f.'

20. A. L. S. (in French). Dated 'Lundi Matin.' 3½ pages 8vo.

'Ma chère Lady Blessington,—En relisant le billet que vous m'avez écrit hier, pour me donner l'adresse à envoyer à mes parens et amis, il me paraît que vous avez cru nécessaire de me faire envoyer mes lettres sous *triple* enveloppe, c'est-à-dire d'adresser une première lettre à *moi* qui devrait être renfermée dans une seconde à *vous*, et celle-ci renfermée dans une troisième à L. Richard, &c. Mais, comme ce moyen me paraît un peu compliqué, je vous prie, ma chère M^{me} Blessington, de me dire de quelle manière je pourrais le simplifier, par exemple :

To the Countess of Blessington,
recommended

To the Hon^{le} Richard Edwards,
et sur le *dos* de la lettre y faire écrire *pour la Comtesse* Guiccioli. Celui-ci serait bien le moyen le plus simple, car il suffira d'une seule adresse ; mais, peut-être l'est-il trop. En tout cas, je vous prie, ma chère Lady Blessington, de vouloir m'instruire positivement sur cette adresse à donner avant midi, s'il vous sera possible. Croyez-moi toujours et pour toujours, votre amie aff^{ée}.

'Lundi soir.—Ce billet était écrit quand vous m'avez envoyés votre billet avec l'extrait de la Gazette. Etant dans ce moment-là dans l'impossibilité de vous répondre, j'ai préféré de retenir pour y ajouter quelque mots pour vous dire combien l'article inséré dans le journal est flatteur pour moi ! et combien je me sens d'obligation envers l'aimable auteur, qui va me placer bien plus haut que je ne mérite dans l'opinion de ceux qui ne me connaissent pas. Quant à ceux qui me connaissent, je crains bien, ma chère Lady Blessington, qu'ils ne pourront pas partager les illusions que la bonté naturelle et l'amitié pour moi peuvent faire naître dans le noble cœur de l'auteur de l'article.

'Veuillez agréer, ma chère Lady Blessington, les assurances de ma plus vive reconnaissance et de mon affection la plus sincère. Votre dévouée amie.'

21. A. L. S. (in French). Dated 'Vendredi soir' (September 5th, 1835). 3 pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'Ma chère L^y Blessington,—J'attends de vos nouvelles avant de me décider pour mes excursions. Si vous êtes toujours décidée à partir bientôt, quoique l'endroit que vous avez choisi soit hors de ma route, je viendrais avec le plus grand plaisir passer quelque jours avec vous, et je reviendrais ici pour me rendre ensuite à Leamington, où le D^r Lardner m'attendra patiemment quelques jours de plus. Si je viens avec vous le charme qui m'attirera ce sera de pouvoir causer de longues heures et confidentiellement avec une personne aussi aimable, intellectuelle, et sensible que vous êtes—chose qui a les plus de charmes pour moi à présent dans la vie, et qui n'est guère possible dans les salons de Londres. J'attends un mot sur votre décision pour prendre la mienne. Adieu en attendant, ma chère L^y Blessington, et veuillez me croire bien sincèrement votre affect^{ée} A.'

'Bien de choses à M^{me} de Marsault.'

22. A. L. S. (in French). Dated October 27th, 1835. 1½ pages 8vo., with Superscription and Seal.

'Ma chère Lady Blessington,—Me voici à la fin de retour de mes excursions. Je suis logée au N^o 244 Regent Street, Argyll Street.

'Si je sortirais dans la journée mes premières pas vous seront consacrés, ma chère Lady Blessington, si vous ne me voyez donc pas vous saurez que je ne suis pas sorti étant un peu toujours indisposé. J'ai plusieurs lettres de ma famille sur ma table, et je n'ose pas de les ouvrir ! Donnez-moi de vos nouvelles, de grâce, en attendant que je puisse vous voir elles me feront le plus grand plaisir.

'Adieu, ma chère amie ; bien des choses au cher Comte, et veuillez me croire bien sincèrement.'

23. A. L. S. (in English). No date (1836). 1 page 4to., with Superscription.

'I enclose you a letter for Italy; I hope it is not too late to forward to Italy to-day.

'I hope also you are always very well; and so it is of me. This warm is delightful. Believe me always, my dear Lady Blessington, your sincere friend.'

24. A. L. S. (in French). Dated 'Paris, 106 Rue St. Lazare, June 21st, 1836.' 3½ pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'Ma chère Lady Blessington,—[Permettez-moi de vous présenter Mad^{me} Crescini, une très aimable dame des états de Venise. Elle vient en Angleterre pour y passer quelque temps, et je ne veux pas qu'elle la quitte emportant avec elle le regret de n'y avoir pas connu une des dames les plus distinguées et les plus aimable dont votre pays se vante. Elle chante admirablement, et vous qui avez une âme si faite pour sentir et apprécier tout ce qui est beau vous serez enchantée de son talent, et le cher Comte d'Orsay (au quel vous direz bien des choses de ma part) en sera ravi aussi.] Il y a un âge que nous ne nous disons plus rien par écrit, et cependant de mon côté, au moins, je suis bien souvent avec vous, en idée, et avec mon cœur. Je m'imaginais parfois de vous voir toute contente vous promener dans le jardin de votre charmante maison, où vous recevez tant d'amis et des personnes distinguées dont vous faire la délice, et y méditer plus tranquillement que dans l'autre, trop au centre du grand bruit du grande monde, des ouvrages nouveaux que le public doit toujours attendre avec impatience et accueillir avec enthousiasme. Est-il donc vrai ce que les journaux annoncent et représentent depuis longtemps au sujet des époux Norton, et de L^d Melbourne.* Si vous voulez bien, comme je vous prie, m'écrire un mot pour me donner de vos nouvelles (et bientôt, car au commencement de Juillet je quitte Paris pour aller prendre les Bains à Baden-Baden, ou à Aix-la-Chapelle), veuillez me dire ce qu'il y a de vrai au sujet de M^{rs} Norton.† J'en suis réellement curieuse. Le choléra m'empêche de me rendre en Italie, et un peu aussi la crainte qu'on ne veuille pas me laisser partir. J'y irais donc seulement l'année prochaine. Ma sœur est mariée et très heureuse, et tout va bien dans ma famille; mais j'ai perdu tout espoir de faire passer les Alpes à mon frère, car mon père depuis notre dernier malheur, il ne peut plus souffrir qu'il s'éloigne de lui pour un jour. Adieu, ma chère Lady Blessington, écrivez-moi et veuillez croire à mon amitié sincère et inaltérable. Votre a. dévouée.'

'P.S.—Si par azard au lieu d'aller à Baden j'allais, comme il ne serait pas impossible, prendre les Bains à Boulogne-sur-mer, je ne pourrai pas résister au désir de venir un jour vous faire une visite; cette idée me sourit beaucoup.'

25. A. L. S. (in French). Dated Paris, October 27th, 1836. 5 pages 8vo., with Superscription and Seal.

'Ma chère Lady Blessington,—Il y a bien longtemps que vous ne me donnerez pas de vos nouvelles. Je viens donc me rappeler à votre souvenir avec cette lettre, et puisque il me se présente une bonne opportunité, je vous envoie aussi le volume de poésie de M^{lle} Colet, dont je vous ai parlé dans la lettre que mon cousin le Comte Pasolini de Ravenne doit vous avoir remise et que j'avais oublié de lui donner. Cette lettre vous sera présentée par M^r Charles Tottenham,

* William Lamb, 2nd Viscount Melbourne, 1779-1848, a statesman and diplomatist, Secretary of State for the Home Department in 1830, and Prime Minister (with the exception of short intervals) from 1834 until 1841.

† Caroline Elizabeth, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, 1808-1877, one of the three beautiful granddaughters of Sheridan. In 1827 she married the Hon. George Norton, from whom she separated in 1835, after he had brought an action for divorce against Lord Melbourne. In Lady Blessington's answer to the above letter, printed in Madden's *Life*, &c., she remarks, '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.'

fil de Lord Robert Tottenham et neveu du Marquis d'Ely. Il est votre compatriote, et il est plein de désirs de faire votre connaissance. Vous me permettez donc de vous le présenter et je [suis] sûre que vous ferez sa connaissance avec plaisir, car il est un jeune homme très bien élevé et rempli de qualités aimables.

‘J’ajoute au livre de M^{me} Colet quelques romances dont j’ai fait la poésie, et que par amitié pour moi vous vous ferez chanter ; l’auteur de la musique est le mari de la jeune Muse dont je vous envoie les poésies.

‘Je suis ici de retour depuis quelques semaines d’un très long voyage que j’ai fait en Allemagne, qui m’a beaucoup intéressée et amusée, mais dont je suis bien aise de me reposer, car, sans conter mon voyage d’ici à Baden et le séjour que j’ai fait aux eaux, mes dernières excursions sur les bords du Rhin, en Prusse, et dans les petits états de la Confédération, à travers le Mont Taunus, etc., ont duré 25 jours de suite, dont les trois derniers, avec les nuits, je les ai passé en voiture. Vous connaissez, donc, que le repos doit m’être doux à présent et nécessaire. L’Italie m’a été fermé par le choléra, je passerai donc encore tout l’hiver à Paris, et je me bercerai de l’espoir de pouvoir visiter de nouveau l’Angleterre au printemps. Veuillez de temps en temps, ma chère L^y Blessington, me donner de vos nouvelles. Lady Canterbury est tout-à-fait établie à Paris, à ce que j’entends, je la connaîtrai avec plaisir, parce qu’elle est votre sœur. Voulez-vous me procurer sa connaissance.

‘Vous plaisez-vous toujours dans votre belle Villa ? Votre santé est-elle bonne ; et que préparez-vous au public qui vous admire et aux amis qui vous aiment et qui sont fier de votre gloire pour l’année 1837 ? Parlez-moi un peu de cela quand vous écrivez. Bien des choses au Comte d’Orsay, et veuillez, ma chère L^y Blessington, croirez aux sentiments de mon amitié la plus sincère. Votre A. dévoué.’

‘P.S.—Mon adresse à Paris sera jusqu’au 15 Janvier, No. 44 Rue Basse du Remparts.’

26. A. L. S. (in French). Dated Boulogne-sur-Mer, August 17th, 1837. 2½ pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

‘Ma chère Lady Blessington,—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-être 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 étouffés par le souvenir des jours heureux que j’ai passé à Anglesea villa auprès de vous, et par le désir 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 hôtel : où elle pourra encore très bien s’occuper de moi.

‘Une expression de votre lettre me fait aussi de la peine et augmente mes indécisions. 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 quelque 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 de onze heure à midi à Londres.

‘[Vous avez encore le temps de calmer mes doutes. Veuillez envoyer au Custom House deux mots, et si par ce que vous me direz je pourrai me tranquilliser, je viendrai descendre chez vous Lundi, vers les deux heures, après midi, heureuse de vous embrasser et de vous dire comme je suis sincèrement votre amie affectionnée.

‘Ne dites pas au comte que je viens, ni quand ; car je voudrai lui faire une surprise.’]

27. A. L. S. (in French). Dated Paris, October 16th, 1837. 6 pages 4to.

‘Ma chère et bonne amie, — Je m’étais proposée de vous écrire aussitôt que je serai sortie de mes embarras, et ennues de déménagements, &c., et j’envisageai l’instant heureux dans lequel je pourrai m’entretenir avec vous comme un dédommagement à toutes mes peines et aux heures pénibles et insipides que je me trouve condamnée à passer. Mais il paraît que cet instant de repos s’éloigne de moi comme un mirage trompeur, et mon cœur qui s’élance vers vous sans cesse, plein d’affection, de dévouement, de reconnaissance, ne me permet plus de prendre patience, et m’oblige à tremper ma plume pour vous écrire au risque de devoir la quitter à chaque minute pour parler à un malheureux ouvrier, à un commissionnaire ; mais les exigences du cœur sont des commandements pour moi, et je lui obéis en vous écrivant. Chère et excellente et charmante amie, comment vous portez-vous ? que faites-vous ? où êtes-vous ? Comme il me serait doux de n’avoir qu’à descendre un escalier, qu’à attendre deux minutes pour recevoir la réponse à de pareilles questions ! Mais hélas ! comme tout est changé autour de moi depuis huit jours, et qu’ils m’ont donc paru longs, ces jours écoulés depuis celui où je vous ai fait mes adieux ! On se fait si vite au bonheur, et je m’étais tellement habituée à votre compagnie et à l’existence délicieuse de Gore House qu’il m’a fallu des véritables efforts de raison pour me résigner au changement. J’ai quitté le séjour où j’avais passé six semaines (qui marqueront sur la route de ma vie, comme un oasis au milieu des sables) avec le cœur gros, et éprouvant une tentation pareille à celle de l’exilé. Mon passage sur la mer a été très long et ennuyeux ; le paquebot a du rester à l’ancre près du port de Boulogne plusieurs heures, à cause de la basse marée ; à trois heures du matin nous sommes débarqués, et alors ont commencé les ennues, les inquiétudes, les embarras des visites des officiers des douanes. N’ayant pas la conscience bien nette, je ne me sentais pas la tranquillité de l’innocence ; il y a même eu des instants où j’eusse préféré avoir des moins jolis rideaux à mes croisées, est mes malles *plus légères*, toutefois on a été très indulgent pour moi. J’en ai été quitte *pour la peur* et *pour la perte d’un* de deux jolis rideaux blancs que je me faisais une fête de voir aux fenêtres de mon salon étant pareilles aux vôtres, et je l’ai perdu parce qu’il a été trouvée parmi les effets de ma femme de chambre. Je l’ai réclamé comme mien, et j’ai l’espérance qu’il me sera rendu. J’ai continué mon voyage pour Paris très fatiguée, au point même phisiquement et moralement fatiguée que j’ai craint un moment de n’avoir pas la force de soutenir le voyage de suite ; mais Dieu qui donne la laine à l’agneau selon les vents, m’a donné à moi aussi la force qui m’était nécessaire. Je suis arrivée à bout de mon voyage sans trop avoir souffert, et pendant toute la route dominée et pleine de votre souvenir, ma chère et bonne amie ; j’ai même fait des vers sur vous, j’ai mis en rime mes sentiments pour vous, et mes idées sur votre esprit et votre cœur, et sur toute cette unison de dons dont le ciel vous a comblée pour vous rendre un être si complet et si charmant. Mais ces pauvres vers resteront dans mon portefeuille, n’ayant aucun mérite que le cœur et la vérité. Arrivée à Paris j’ai commencé par trouver tout mal, tout mesquin, tout malpropre, routes étroites, mal éclairées, mal pavées ; et alors le cher Comte, et toutes nos violentes disputes se présentaient à mon souvenir et il était bien vengé. Et puis mon appartement ne me plaisait plus ; mon lit me paraissait dur, les mets insipides, la vue des murailles au lieu de beaux arbres d’Hyde Park me serrait le cœur, enfin je me sentais si triste que peux il aurait fallu pour me faire revenir à Londres. Vous voyez comme Gore House m’a gâtée ! Mais enfin la nécessité et la raison ont trionfé dans la lutte ; j’ai repris mon fardeau, je me suis remise en marche, et déménageant, et emménageant, et me remuant, j’ai réussi à endormir les exigences de mes facultés spirituelles, et matérielles. Depuis ce moment je marche toujours ; j’ignore s’il me sera plus permis de me passer du remède ; je sais qu’il est bien désagréable et que je préférerais l’échanger contre un peu de repos. Je me trouve depuis ce matin installée dans mon nouvel appartement de la rue St. Honoré, 348, et c’est au milieu des coups du marteau des menuisiers et des tapissiers que je vous écris ; mais rien ne peut plus m’empêcher de vous écrire après huit jours de silence. Pourrez-vous lire ce bavardage ? Mille mille choses pour moi au cher Comte, et

veuillez lui dire aussi que je me suis déjà occupée de la commission qu'il m'a donnée. Ayant fait demander l'heure &c., pour parler à M^r le Baron de Noyers, et ayant su qu'il ne voyait personne que le soir, je suis passée hier au soir chez lui, mais étant près de dix heures il était déjà couché. Je suppose que sa santé ou ses occupations lui imposent un système de vie si extraordinaire, et demain au soir je m'y conformerai et j'irai le retrouver à huit heures, et dans ma première lettre je vous chargerai de communiquer au Comte le résultat de mon entrevue avec M^r de Noyers. Je me suis mise aussi à la recherche de quelque vieille chronique imprimée en français sur Bianca Capella, et si c'est une chose possible de la trouver à Paris je la déterrerai. J'ai eu le plaisir de retrouver à Paris M^{me} Martinetti, sa santé était tellement altérée à Boulogne qu'elle s'est décidée à essayer un changement de climat, elle passera ici l'hiver. Je ne l'avais plus revu depuis trois ans, hélas, le temps impitoyable ! lors même qu'il n'abât pas avec sa faux cruelle, en passant son aile glacée et empoisonnée sur les joues de roses et de lis il leur en enlève le parfum, le duvet, les imperceptibles et célestes nuances qui constituent la beauté ! M^{me} Martinetti est donc cette fois décidément changée, et j'en suis désolée, car j'aimai tant à la regarder, et la nature ne se met pas souvent à l'œuvre dans les jours de fêtes. Si nous avons à présent une discussion sur ce sujet avec le cher Comte je n'oserais pas même peut-être lui dire avec notre grand chanteur de Laure.

“ Chi vuol veder quantunque può natura
E'l ciel fra noi, venga a veder costei—
. . . . Ma venga presto perchè morte fura
Prima i migliori et lascia stare i rei.”*

‘Irez-vous sur les bords de la mer, cher amie ? Je l'espère, car je suis convaincu qu'il vous faut un changement d'air pour remettre en équilibre votre santé. Veuillez me donner les nouvelles de cette santé qui doit être si chère à tous ceux qui vous aiment, c'est-à-dire à tous ceux qui vous connaissent, mais qui ne l'est pas certainement à personne davantage qu'à moi qui vous suis si sincèrement affectionnée et dévouée. Veuillez donc au premier jour que la table impitoyable de l'antichambre se trouvera *moins encombrée*, veuillez m'écrire les nouvelles de votre santé ! Je vous envoie cette lettre par le moyen de la Vicomtesse votre sœur ; elle est à Paris, et par le plus singulier hazard je le sais. Je me suis arrêtée le jour après mon arrivée ici chez un marchand d'antiquités et curiosités, dans la Rue Neuve des Capucines, et tout en observant les objets et pensant à vous pour me demander cela plairait-il ou ne plairait-il pas à L^y Blessington, la femme chargée de les vendre me dit, “il demeure ici dans la rue un Lord et un Lady qui m'en achètent, c'est Lord Canterbury, et le voilà qui passe.” Je me retourne et je vois sur la porte en effet deux dames et une jeune fille et un homme de l'âge de Lord Canterbury, je suis donc persuadé que c'était la famille Canterbury, mais je n'ai pas vu leurs figures.

‘Je ne puis pas finir cette lettre, je ne puis pas vous quitter, il me semble que vous trouvés encore au [coin] du feu à l'heure de minuit, qui a été si douce pour moi à Gore House. Pardonnez, donc, à l'illusion de mon amitié ce long bavardage. Adieu, ma chère et excellente amie, aimez-moi comme je vous aime.’

‘P.S.—Paris est triste et désert, et assommant. Je n'y trouve pas une tête de ma connaissance, les peux de personnes comme il faut qui s'y trouvent se cachent le jour et se couchent avec le soleil, car elles seraient honteuses de faire savoir qu'elles sont à Paris dans ce bel automne.’

28. A. L. S. (in French). Dated Paris, January 4th, 1838. 3 pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

‘Ma chère et bonne amie,—Permettez-moi de vous présenter et recommander

* This verse is in No. 210 of Petrarch's *Sonnets*, and in the original runs as follows :—

‘Ch'è sola un sol, non pur agli occhi miei,
M'al mondo cieco, che virtù non cura ;
E venga tosto, perchè morte fura
Prima i migliori, e lascia star i rei.’

un jeune Allemand, M^r Edouard Helle, ma connaissance et ami de mes amis, et qu'on me dit être très distingué pour son intelligence. Quoique très jeune encore il est auteur de dix volumes d'ouvrage de littérature et de science, en fait de dernière c'est de la chimie qu'il s'occupe principalement, et il a déjà fait quelques découvertes importantes dont il veut faire adopter les résultats au profit de l'industrie, &c. Il me dit qu'il serait malheureux de quitter l'Angleterre sans vous y avoir connue. Je viens, donc, à son aide, et avec autant plus de courage que je puis compter pour votre bon accueil, au moins autant sur les qualités de mon recommandé que sur votre amitié pour moi.

'Nous sommes en jouissance d'un printemps décidé depuis un 15^{me} de jours, la végétation s'est réveillée déjà à ce sourire du ciel, la température est celle du mois d'avril, mais ce n'est pas naturel, et tout en jouissant de cette surprise j'en ai presque peur. Veuillez me donner les nouvelles de votre santé le jour que vous aurez un petit quart d'heure un peu libre, et surtout me garder ma place dans votre chère amitié, et me croire pour toujours votre amie très affectionnée.'

'Mille choses de ma part au Comte d'Orsay.

'P.S.—J'ai vu l'autre soir au bal pour la première fois M. le Duc de S^t Théodor, et je lui ai rappelé la promesse des lettres pour Naples qu'il a si mal tenue, et il doit venir chez moi pour prendre l'adresse et le nom de M^r Reynolds pour remédier à sa négligence, dont il a paru étonné lui-même et honteux. Il vous envoie mille compliments.'

29. A. L. S. (in French). Dated Paris, 44 Rue Basse des Remparts, August 7th, 1839. 8 pages 8vo.

'Ma chère Amie,—Votre lettre m'a fait un bien vif plaisir. Il me tardait depuis bien longtemps d'avoir de vos nouvelles, mais à ce désir, tout fondé sur la sincère affection que je vous porte, je puis bien vous assurer que le moindre reproche à cause de votre silence ne s'y trouvait mêlé. Je connais trop votre excellent cœur, ma chère Lady Blessington, et les preuves d'amitié que vous m'avez donné sont trop profondément gravées dans mon souvenir et dans mon cœur pour que je me crois le droit de douter de votre affection et de vous reprocher un silence—qui d'ailleurs n'est que trop bien justifié par la simplicité de vos occupations intellectuelles dont vous donnez sans cesse au public des si brillants témoignages.

'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 faisant 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 là une page que je me sens loin de mériter.

'Je suis charmée toutes les fois que M^r Henry Bulwer vient me voir, car nous parlons de vous sans cesse, et des nos heures agréables, et de nos rires étouffés au sujet des vertus du Marquis Guidotti, qui chantait dans les chœurs de M^{me} Merlin, et de l'incrédulité du cher comte exposée avec des propos qui sont une spécialité toute à lui.

'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'écrivit qu'il a perdu toute espérance et toute illusion, et qu'elle ne peut plus survivre que quelques semaines encore.

'Mais, par d'autres lettres, on me signifie que mon père est dans l'intention de persuader Hyppolite à faire une excursion à Paris, aussitôt que le triste événement aura eu lieu, pour l'arracher ainsi à la présence des objets qui lui rappelleraient trop vivement sa perte, jusqu'à ce que le temps puisse exercer un peu de son influence.

'Je m'attends donc à revoir ici mon frère, et je lui ai déjà préparé son logement pour l'hiver. Mais comme ma pauvre belle-sœur suivra probablement la loi générale de la cruelle maladie qui nous la ravit et ne succombera qu'en

Septembre, ainsi je n'attends mon frère qu'en Octobre. Cela fait que je pourrais disposer de ce temps pour venir vous faire une visite, et le désir que j'en éprouve est *immense*. Mais est-ce que je ne vous gênerai vraiment pas, ma chère Lady Blessington? En acceptant de nouveau l'offre de votre bonne amitié, votre généreuse hospitalité (et autre part que chez vous je ne saurais plus me plaire à Londres) ne vous serais-je pas à charge? ne vous empêcherais-je pas au moins de faire des excursions, des tours pour votre santé ou votre plaisir?—comme il m'est resté toujours le doute d'avoir fait l'autre fois—et par cela, un remord au fond de l'âme. Enfin, veuillez, ma chère amie, me parler aussi franchement que vous feriez à votre sœur; alors seulement je fixerai mes projets, et, si je dois vous voir, je quitterai Paris pour Londres du 18 au 20 du courant. J'attendrai donc votre réponse, et si le moyen de la poste est plus rapide que celui de l'ambassade, pour cette fois veuillez me l'envoyer par la poste.

'Il y a ici une dame Napolitaine, qui vous a connu à Naples et qui me parle toujours de vous avec l'enthousiasme que vous avez toujours su inspirer; elle est Camaldoli, de sa naissance, mariée à un Capulatro, neveu de l'Archevêque qui vous aimait tant. Elle est une personne d'esprit, et son mari est un musicien très distingué.

'Adieu, ma chère Lady Blessington. Mille choses au cher Comte, et croyez-moi, comme je vous aime, votre amie sincère.'

30. A. L. S. (in French). No date. 3 pages 8vo., with Superscription

'Il y a si long temps que je n'ai pas le plaisir de vous voir que je ne pourrais pas me contenter de vous envoyer un simple mot par le moyen de mon frère, mais il faut que je le charge de deux mots par écrit. Je vous remercie, ma chère Lady Blessington, des lettres que vous m'avez adressés en Italie dans les jours passés, et de celle que j'ai reçu ici par votre moyen. J'espère que dorénavant on m'écrira à ma propre direction. J'ai vu traduire votre ouvrage dans les journaux que j'ai l'habitude de lire, et j'éprouve un véritable plaisir de voir généralement loué votre talent, votre esprit, et votre élégance d'écrire.

'J'ai fait plusieurs courses dans les deux semaines passés, et la fatigue, jointe à ma paresse naturelle, ne me permettent presque jamais de sortir le soir. Je viendrais pourtant vous voir bientôt, le jour du moins.

'Mes compliments à la Comtesse votre sœur, et croyez-moi toujours votre.'

31. A. L. S. (in French). Dated Ravenna, October 18th, 1846. 4 pages 4to.

'Ma très chère Lady Blessington,—Permettez-moi de vous présenter et recommander un de mes compatriotes, Monsieur Biletta de Turin. Il se rend à Londres pour y faire connaître et y exercer utilement le beau talent qu'il possède pour la musique comme compositeur et Professeur de Chant et de Piano. Votre protection, si puissante et intelligente, plus que toute autre pourrait lui frayer la route toujours si difficile, même aux talents les plus distingués, dans une si immense capitale. J'ose y compter, ma chère Amie, me confiant sur l'extrême bonté que vous avez toujours témoigné à mes compatriotes, et sur la certitude que vous en trouverez digne Monsieur Biletta. Veuillez me pardonner, ma chère Lady Blessington, avec votre bonté accoutumée, cette nouvelle liberté que je prend, confiée sur votre bonne amitié pour moi, que j'ai la conscience de mériter à cause de l'affection sans borne et inaltérable que je vous porte.

'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 quelque autre partie de l'Italie pouvait produire quelque chose qui vous fût 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.'

32. A. L. S. 'T. de Boissy' (in French). Dated Paris, 23 Rue d'Anjou, S^{te} Honoré, June 20th, 1848.

'Ma chère Amie,—Votre lettre et les nouvelles que m'ont apporté de vous mes amis 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 tout ce qui en fait le charme—cœur—grâce—esprit. Aussi 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 même temps que cette lettre, un numéro d'un Journal qui a un grand succès pour son courage et son bon sens. Dans ce Journal, vous y trouverez une lettre de M^r de Boissy, qui vous expliquera comment et pourquoi nous n'irons pas en Italie avec la mission diplomatique qu'il avoit acceptée. Je suis certain que l'esprit de la lettre et la noble franchise de la rédaction vous plairont et obtiendront aussi l'approbation du cher Comte, auquel vous direz 1000 choses affectueuses de ma part. Quelques grand que fût 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 des 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 événemens 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 régulier on peut appeler cette agglomération d'hommes, d'éléments discordants, hétérogènes, 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 sont 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 lèvres. C'est qu'une assemblée qui a besoin d'un armée permanente pour se défendre, et qui ressemble (moins la forme) à une forteresse prise d'assaut ne peut pas être indépendante. Ajoutez à cela, 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 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 réaction, et on lâche l'armée Socialiste en blouse dans les rues. Pensez à tout cela, ma chère amie, et dès lors ne vous étonnés pas que 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 fera, 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 très 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 lue 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 eu un moment la destinée de la France dans ses mains, mais son association avec Ledru Rollin et Louis Blanc 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*.

‘Heureux vous autres qui savez et pouvez avec une poigné de constables éloigner tous les dangers, et jour 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 dit 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 nièce charmante, M^{lle} Marguerite.

‘Aimez-moi comme je vous aime.—Votre amie dévouée.’

33. A. L. S. ‘Marquise de Boissy,’ to Dr. Madden. Dated Paris, 98 Rue St. Lazare, June 28th, 1854. 4½ pages 8vo.

‘Monsieur,—J'ai regretté que l'arrivé de la dame qui venait me visiter vous ait empêché de bien me préciser la demande que vous désirez que je fasse de votre part à M^{me} la Duchesse de Grammont. Veuillez, donc, me l'indiquer par écrit avant votre départ, et soyez certain que je ferais avec empressement auprès de Mad^{me} de Grammont la démarche qui sera nécessaire. Veuillez avoir la complaisance de dire à M^r C. Newby, ainsi je vous l'ai dit ce matin de vive voix, que je vais rechercher parmi mes papiers s'il n'y a pas quelques lettres de L^y Blessington présentant quelque intérêt, et dans le cas où j'en trouverais je vous enverrais avec le désir qu'elles vous soient agréables. Si je n'en trouve pas à Paris j'en trouverais parmi les papiers que j'ai fait envoyer de Ravenne à Florence, où, cependant, je ne serai que vers le commencement de Septembre.

‘Permettez moi, Monsieur, de vous renouveler la prière de ne pas laisser passer les fautes d'orthographe échappées à la rapidité de l'écriture—tant en français que en anglais. Et en vous remerciant de la complaisance avec lequel vous avez bien voulu *modifier* les quelques mots et les expressions plus intimes qui m'aurait été pénible de voir livrées au public dans les lettres que vous désirez publier, je suis, Monsieur, avec la plus haute considération.’

34. A. L. S. to the same. Dated Paris, 98 Rue St. Lazare, June 29th, 1854. 4½ pages 8vo.

‘Monsieur, je recevrais avec une vive reconnaissance votre ouvrage sur Savonarole, sa réputation m'avait déjà donné un grand désir de la lire : ce sujet doit m'intéresser doublement, puisque je suis la compatriote de ce célèbre martyr.

‘Si vous n'êtes pas encore parti, permettez-moi, Monsieur, de faire un appel à votre obligeance en *laissant dans mes mains pour un ou deux jours seulement* la copie de mes lettres *françaises* que vous destinez à l'impression. Je désire les relire avec plus d'attention. Je les ai écrites à une époque où la langue française m'était beaucoup moins familière. Je puis donc craindre qu'il ne s'y soit glissé des tours de phrases et des *Italianismes* que l'impression doit naturellement rendre plus choquant, et je vous serai reconnaissante de sauver mon amour propre en me permettant d'y faire quelque *corrections* qui ne porteront que sur le style, et *nullement* sur les idées et sur les faits.

‘Quant aux lettres écrites en Anglais je les recommande à votre bienveillante attention pour leur rendre le même service. Elles seront alors moins indignes d'être connue du public anglais.

'Je vais faire mes efforts auprès de la Duchesse de Grammont pour obtenir ce que vous désirez d'elle. Je vous écrirai à ce sujet aussitôt que j'aurais eu une réponse de la D^{esse} qui est à la campagne.

'J'espère trouver ici quelques lettres de L^y Blessington pour en enrichir votre ouvrage. Je ne veux pas finir cette lettre, Monsieur, sans vous dire combien je suis reconnaissante de toutes les choses si aimables que vous me dites, les hommages d'un homme aussi distingué que vous sont très flatteurs, et croyez que j'en sens tout le prix.

'Recevez, Monsieur, mes plus empressés compliments, avec lesquels j'ai l'honneur d'être.

'P.S.—Si vous avez l'obligeance de me laisser les lettres dont je vous ai prié, je vous le enverrais à l'adresse que vous me donnerai à *Londres, franchises de post.*'

35. A. L. S. to the same. Dated Paris, 98 Rue St. Lazare, July 2nd, 1854. 4 pages 8vo.

'Je m'empresse, Monsieur, de vous renvoyer les lettres que je vous remercie d'avoir bien voulu me confier ; vous verrez que je me suis tenue *strictement* à ce que je vous avais promis. Vous avez cru m'en confier 9, mais je n'en ai trouvé que 8 dans le paquet. Je vous recommande celles qui sont écrites dans votre langue, et si parmi celles qui vous restent *en français* vous en découvriez quelques autres que vous aimeriez de substituer ou d'ajouter à celles-ci, j'ose encore vous demander la faveur de me les communiquer également avant de le publier.

'J'ai retrouvé parmi mes papiers restés en France *plusieurs lettres* de L^y Blessington ; j'en choisirai 10 ou 12 que vous pourrez insérer dans votre ouvrage s'il vous sera agréable. Si je trouve une bonne occasion je vous les enverrai en originaux, mais si je dois les envoyer par la poste je préfère les faire copier.

'J'ai déjà écrit à la D^{esse} de Grammont pour lui faire connaître votre désir, aussitôt que je recevrais sa réponse je vous la transmettrais, et je serais charmée si elle est conforme à ce que vous désirez.

'J'espère, Monsieur, que votre voyage aura été heureux, malgré le temps orageux qui a dû vous accompagner jusqu'à Londres.

'Lorsque vous reviendrez à Paris j'espère que vous n'oublierez pas que l'on sera toujours charmés et flattés de vous revoir à la cité de Londres, 4 Rue S^t Lazare, comme j'ai été de faire votre connaissance.

'Agréez en attendant, Monsieur, les expressions de ma sincère reconnaissance et de ma considération la plus distinguée.'

36. A. L. S. to the same. Dated Château de Castlenau (Cher), July 8th, 1854. 3 pages 4to., with Superscription.

'Le jour après vous avoir expédié à Londres, à l'adresse de M^r Newby, le paquet de mes lettres je suis partie pour ma terre de Berry. Avant, cependant, de quitter Paris j'ai reçu la réponse de M^{me} la Duchesse de Grammont, et je ne veut pas attendre mon retour à Paris (qui n'aura lieu que le 14) pour vous dire que le résultat de mes démarches n'a pas été couronné de succès. Je regrette d'avoir laissé à Paris la réponse de M^{me} de Grammont, car j'aurais voulu vous la communiquer. Je le ferai de Paris, et en attendant je vous dirai en peu de mots qu'elle me dit de vous avoir déjà écrit que le meilleur hommage qu'elle désire qui soit rendu à la mémoire de son frère, c'est d'entourer d'un religieux silence son tombeau. Vous saurez, Monsieur, si ce vœux d'une sœur peut obtenir satisfaction ; je crains que non. Aussitôt que je serai de retour à Paris j'irai rendre à la D^{esse} une visite à sa campagne, et je tâcherai d'obtenir de vive voix ce que je n'ai pu obtenir par ma lettre.

'Comme je vous l'ai écrit dans ma précédente j'ai retrouvé et fait choix d'un certain nombre de lettres de L^y Blessington à moi, écrites en différentes années, et presque toutes ayant relation aux miennes que vous voulez publier, et je les garde à votre disposition pour en faire prendre copie si vous le désirez.

'Agréez, Monsieur, l'expression de mes sentiments les plus distingués.'

'P.S.—Ecrivez-moi à Paris, 98 Rue S^t Lazare, car j'y serai le 15.'

37. A. L. (in the third person) to the same. Dated Paris, 98 Rue St. Lazare, July 26th, 1854. 3 pages 16mo.

'Madame de Boissy présente ses compliments à M^r Madden et lui confie 16 lettres en original de Lady Blessington, le priant de vouloir les lui faire remettre à Paris lorsque il en aura fait prendre copie. Mad^{me} de Boissy a recouvert avec une bande de papier les passages qu'elle veut qui *soient supprimés*, et elle se confie pour cela à M^r Madden. Elle a passé aussi la plume sur quelques lignes des lettres 8 et 13, lignes qu'il vaut mieux omettre. La lettre N^o 6 qui regarde M^{rs} Norton il ne faut pas la publier.

'Madame de Boissy profite de cette occasion pour renouveler à M^r Madden les expressions de sa considération la plus distinguée.'

38. A. L. S. to the same. Dated Paris, 98 Rue St. Lazare, September 15th, 1854. 4 pages 8vo.

'Je ne veux plus tarder, Monsieur, vous témoigner toute ma reconnaissance pour votre bell' ouvrage sur notre grand Héros Chrétien, Savonarola, dont vous avez bien voulu me faire don. Et ce don m'est encore doublement précieux précédé comme il est par une lettre si flatteuse pour moi. J'aurais voulu vous dire cela bien plus tôt, mais un accident arrivé à mon bras droit (quoique sans gravité pour les conséquences) m'a empêchée jusqu'à présent d'écrire, et ne me le permet encore aujourd'hui que avec peine. Je pars d'ici à peu de jours pour Florence, et quoique j'ai déjà parcouru avec un intérêt immense votre ouvrage si élevée pour son but, et si remarquable pour son exécution, c'est à Florence, en présence des lieux même et des monuments témoins de la prodigieuse influence exercée par le grand esprit et la puissante parole du Héros Martyr que je veux lire et relire votre beau livre.

'J'ai regretté que Monsieur Stapleton ne soit resté à Paris que des instants, car j'aurais été charmée de pouvoir lui témoigner de quelque manière ma reconnaissance pour la peine qu'il s'était donné de m'apporter les livres et les papiers que vous m'avez renvoyés.

'Je n'oublierais pas, une fois en Italie, de chercher si parmi mes anciennes correspondences j'ai encore quelques lettre de L^d Blessington qui pût vous être agréable de connaître. A Paris je serai jusqu'à tout le 25 7^{bre}; et si après vous avez quelque chose à me demander ou à me communiquer mon adresse à Florence est *Poste restante*.

'Agréez, Monsieur, les expressions de ma reconnaissance et de ma plus haute considération.'

HALL (Samuel Carter). An Author and Editor. (1800-1889).

A. L. S. to (Dr. Madden). No date. 2 pages 8vo.

'I once chanced to encounter a young man of good education and some literary taste, who with his wife and two children were in a state of absolute want. After some thought as to what had best be done for him, I suggested a situation in the Post Office as a letter carrier. He seized at the idea, but being better aware than I was of the difficulties of obtaining it, expressed himself to that effect.

'I wrote to Lady Blessington telling her the young man's story, and asking if she could get him the appointment. Next day I received a letter from her, enclosing one from the Secretary, regretting his utter inability to meet her wishes, such appointments, although so comparatively insignificant, resting with the Postmaster-General.

'I handed this communication to the young man, who was by no means disappointed, for he had not hoped for success. What was my surprise and delight, however, when the very next day there came to me another letter from Lady Blessington, enclosing one from the Postmaster-General conferring the appointment on the young man. This appointment I believe he still holds, at least he did so a year or two ago.'

HALL (Anna Maria). Wife of the preceding. A Novelist and Miscellaneous Writer. (1800-1881.)

A. L. S. to (Doctor Madden). Dated Fairfield, Addlestone, Surrey, August 3rd, — (?). 8 pages 8vo.

'The letters you were so good as to mention, were sent to me, and I was very much obliged. They contained nothing of importance, were very, very stupid, and alluded in a painful manner to a very remarkable, but as it turned out, most unfortunate individual, since dead, and whose family would be pained to see his name. I beg you not to use them.

'If these "bits" are of any value to you, you may mention me as your authority. I have no means of knowing whether what the world said of this most beautiful woman was true or false, but I am sure *God* intended her to be good, and there was a deep-seated good intent in whatever she did that came under my observation. She never lost an opportunity of doing a gracious act or saying a gracious word.

'My acquaintance with Lady Blessington was strictly a literary one, commencing when, at my husband's suggestion, she published much about Lord Byron, in the pages of the *New Monthly Magazine*, which, at that time, he edited: and continuing until her death. I wrote regularly for her annuals, and she contributed to those under our care.

'When Lady Blessington left London she did not forget the necessities of several of her poor dependents who received regular aid from her after she resided in Paris. She found time, despite her literary labours, her anxieties, and the claims which she permitted society to make upon her time, not only to do a kindness now and then for those in whom she felt an interest, but to give what seemed perpetual thought to their well doing.

'Her sympathies were quick and cordial, and independant of worldliness; her taste in art and literature womanly and refined. I say "womanly," because she had a perfectly feminine appreciation of whatever was delicate and beautiful. There was great satisfaction in writing for her whatever she required, labours became pleasures from the importance she attached to every little attention paid to requests, which as an editor she had a right to command.

'Her manners were singularly simple and graceful, it was to me an intense delight to look upon beauty, which, though I never saw in its full bloom, was charming in its autumn time, and the Irish accent, and soft, sweet Irish laugh, used to make my heart beat with the pleasures of memory. I always left her with a sense of enjoyment, and a perfect disbelief in everything I ever heard to her discredit. Her conversation was not witty nor wise, but it was in good tune and good taste, mingled with a good deal of humour, which escaped everything bordering on vulgarity, by a miracle.

'A tale of distress, or a touching anecdote, would at once suffuse her clear, intelligent eyes with tears, and her beautiful mouth break into smiles and dimples at even the echo of wit or jest. The influence she exercised over her circle was unbounded, and it became a pleasure of the most exquisite kind to give her pleasure.

'I think it ought to be remembered to her honor, that with all her foreign associations and habits, she never wrote a line that might not be placed on the bookshelves of any English lady. Yours sincerely.'

HILL (Sir George). Nephew of the 2nd Baronet, whom he succeeded in 1839. (1804-1845.)

A. L. S. Dated Lismonaham, September 7th, 1833. 3 pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—Had I not fully expected to have been in England long before this, I should have done myself the honor of writing to your Ladyship

to say that on my explaining to Mr. Gardiner* what you told me about the plate at Rundle & Bridges, he at once consented to give it up, & was much pleased when I told him the very kind feelings you had expressed for his welfare, & also with the manner in which the Count had spoken of him; in fact, it seemed to be a great relief to him to hear from me that he was not as deep in your black books as he felt he deserved to be, as he said it was the way he had been pestered by his sisters and their party, & not from any feeling of his own that he acted, & decidedly against his own opinion & inclination. I have heard nothing of Lady H., except some flying reports not new to me, since I had the pleasure of seeing your Ladyship in town. She never writes to him now. He has an invitation to go to the Duke of Hamilton's to shoot grouse the latter end of this month, which I believe he intends accepting. I believe the Isle of Arran, which is the Duke's property, is considered to be the best grouse shooting in Scotland, & it is nothing going there from this. I am happy to say he has had a very quiet rational life ever since my return. He was with us at a small bathing place—Portstewart, near the Giant's Causeway, for more than a month. He has quite given up the racing, and I sincerely hope for ever. Since the shooting he has been staying with Mr. Barre Beresford at Brook Hall, near Derry, and report says he is very attentive to Miss Beresford. The part that astonishes me most is that when I told him so he did not deny it. Her other sister went to Paris with or at the same time that Lady H. did, and remained there for some time. I hear she is a well-educated, nice girl, & has 8 or 10,000 pounds, but as I told him, he is much better wanting a wife till he gets out of Chancery.

'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.

'I fear I have already trespassed too long on your Ladyship's patience, but from your very great kindness to me when in London, I trust you will attribute it to a good intention. May I beg of you to present my very best respects to the Count, and also Mrs. Hill's, with many thanks for his kind present of "The Two Friends," which I assure you we have all read with very great delight, and with great respect, allow me to subscribe myself, your Ladyship's much obliged & very faithful servant.'

HOOK (Theodore Edward). A Novelist and Miscellaneous Writer. (1788-1841.)

A. L. S. Dated 'Fulham, Monday.' 1 page 8vo.

'My dear Madam,—Mr. Colburn is, I hear, out of town. I never have heard one syllable about the tales to which you refer. I shall go to Marlborough Street to-morrow, and if he is come back make all due inquiries. Believe me, dear Madam, yr Ladyship's faithful.

JAMES (George Payne Rainsford). The well-known Novelist. (1801-1860.)

1. A. L. S. Dated 2 Verulam Place, Hastings, June 21st, 1840. 1 page 4to.

'My dear Madam,—I have just received your letter, and yesterday got the packet and proof to which you allude.

'I had been called away for a day or two, and returned on Thursday night. This unexpected absence at a moment of much business has increased my occupations, but as soon as possible the proof shall be corrected and sent back by your faithful servant.'

* Charles John Gardiner, Lord Blessington's illegitimate son by Mrs. Brown, who afterwards became the first Lady Blessington. He was born in 1811.

2. A. L. S. (to Dr. Madden). Dated British Consulate, Norfolk, Virginia, U. S., March 23rd, 1853. 1 page 4to.

'You must have been misinformed in regard to my acquaintance with the late Countess of Blessington, which was extremely slight. I never had the pleasure of seeing her more than three times, and the only correspondence that took place between us consisted of two or three invitations to dinner, and my replies. I am very sorry that I cannot assist you in this matter, but I should suppose you would obtain much information from my admirable friend, Walter Savage Landor, who was, I think, related to the late Earl of Blessington. Believe me to be, dear Sir, your faithful servant.'

JEKYLL (Joseph). A Wit and Politician. (Died 1837.)

1. A. L. S. Dated Spring Gardens, Thursday, June 13th (1822). 1 page 8vo., with Superscription and Seal.

'Dear Lady,—The horrible extinguisher 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. Y^{rs} ever.'

2. A. L. S. Dated 'Monday.' 1 page 8vo., with Superscription and Seal.

'Sincere thanks to my kind and good friend for her enquiries. 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 progress be commonly tedious, yet I hope it will not be long before I am visible, and then that you will come and look at yours ever,' &c.

3. A. L. S. Dated Spring Gardens, Wednesday, June 20th. 1 page 8vo., with Superscription.

'My charming Friend,—Don't upbraid me, for I am so lame, & so sensible that I have not inflicted two morning visits any where, since I did homage in Seamore Place.

'On Friday I will pay my vows to a brace of fair Countesses, who have been immortalised by the adoration of wits and poets. Ever yours affectionately.'

4. A. L. S. Dated Spring Gardens, July 12th, 1822. 1 page 8vo., with Superscription.

'Dear Lady,—Rogers tells me of "Magic Lanthorns 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.'

5. A. L. S. Dated Spring Gardens, Saturday, December 17th (1825). 1 page 8vo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—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 quite well again, yet hardly heroic enough for a morning visit; but the good time will come. Y^{rs}, my dear Lady, most faithfully.'

6. A. L. S. Dated Spring Gardens, Wednesday, January 2nd, 1832. $\frac{1}{2}$ page 8vo., with Superscription and Seal.

'Dear Lady,—The apparent guilt shall be expiated on Saturday next. Y^s most faithfully.'

7. A. L. S. Dated Spring Gardens, Monday, January 2nd, 1832. 1 page 8vo., with Superscription and Seal.

'My dear Lady,—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. Ever y^{rs}.'

8. A. L. S. Dated Spring Gardens, Monday, January 16th (1832).
½ page 8vo., with Superscription and Seal.

'Never did any Amphytrion of antient or modern times furnish so delicious a plate.

'Never was sent a more beautiful memento of that scarce commodity, a bosom friend—she shall soon be thanked in person.'

9. A. L. S. Dated Spring Gardens, Wednesday, November 7th (1832).
1 page 8vo.

'My dear Lady,—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. Y^{rs} affectionately.'

10. A. L. S. Dated Spring Gardens, December 12th (1833). 1 page 8vo., with Superscription and Seals.

'Thanks, my dear friend, for your repeated enquiries. The attack was confined to my hand, but I still keep my chamber, and am only visible to make gossips. I shall be ravenous for your new novel, and observe you have changed your publisher. Yours ever.'

11. A. L. S. Dated 'Spring Gardens, Sunday.' ½ page 8vo.

'My dear Lady,—You would have seen me long before now, but the horrible east wind, a fortnight ago, encoed 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."

Y^{rs} ever.'

12. A. L. S. Dated 'Spring Gardens, Thursday.' 1 page 8vo.

'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 cannot 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.'

13. A. L. S. Dated 'Thursday, September 24th' (1835). 1 page 8vo., with Superscription.

'My delightful friend, I thought, was as inveterate a metropolitan as myself

* 'Conversations of Lord Byron with the Countess of Blessington' first appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine* for July, August, September, October, and December, 1832, and for February, March, June, July, September, and December, 1833. These articles were published in volume form in 1834; a new edition appeared in 1893.

† James Smith, 1775-1839, a solicitor to the Board of Ordnance, who aquired some fame in the literary world, principally as the author, in conjunction with his brother Horace, of the *Rejected Addresses*.

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.'

14. A. L. S. Dated 'Spring Gardens, Monday.' 1 page 8vo.

'My dear Lady,—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 anybody 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 Mæcenas 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. Y^{rs} ever.'

15. A. L. S. Dated 'Saturday.' (1835.) 1 page 8vo., with Superscription and Seals.

'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. Yours ever.'

JERDAN (William). A Journalist. (1782-1869.)

1. A. L. S. Dated 'Thursday, July 23rd' (1840). 2¼ pages 8vo.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—I am very sorry indeed that I cannot have the pleasure of seeing Seamore Place on Sunday, but I am engaged to be at Tunbridge on that day with an old crony, Tyrone Power,† who has just returned from a very successful trip to America, and whom I should not like to disappoint.

'I am going to pay my first visit to Ireland very early in August, and I hope to bring home bright recollections of Dublin, Limerick, Killarney, Cork, the Blackwater, and as much as I can manage in a brief tour.

'In the animal world I cannot expect to increase my admiration, even by seeing all the fair of the country, and getting the Lord-Lieutenant‡ to countenance your faithful.'

2. A. L. S. Dated 19 Surrey Street, Strand, January 10th. 2¼ pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—The new year is passing on, and I can no longer endure the vexed feeling of not having said to your Ladyship, that no such season can return without recalling to my mind the pleasures of bygone times, for which I owe a grateful debt to you by inspiring me with the still strengthening hope that you may continue to enjoy all prosperity and health and happiness. I have learnt with sincere regret that you of late have not been as well as friends could

* Abraham Hayward, 1801-1834, a well-known writer and *raconteur*, by profession a barrister; founder, and for some years editor, of the *Law Magazine*. *Selections* from his correspondence was published in 1886. His translation of *Faust* came out in 1833.

† Tyrone Power, 1795-1841, an author, actor, and theatrical manager. In March, 1841, he set sail, for the third time, for America in the steamship *President*, but neither the vessel nor the 123 souls on board were ever heard of from that day.

‡ Hugh, Viscount Ebrington, afterwards 2nd Earl Fortescue, 1783-1861, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland from 1839 to 1841.

wish ; but I trust all cause of regret is now removed, and that the opening season will find you as well provided as ever with health and spirits to partake of its attractions.

‘At all events I could not resist this trespass to renew the assurance of my warm regard and esteem, and beg that your Ladyship will not forget how sincerely these sentiments are entertained for you by yours faithfully.’

‘P.S.—Can I do aught to promote Count D’Orsay’s benevolent scheme? May I pray to offer my services and my best wishes to him.’

3. A. L. S. Dated 19 Surrey Street, Strand, June 8th (1841). 3 pages 8vo.

‘Dear Lady Blessington,—I had yesterday the pleasure of hearing the Baroness Callabrella read the concluding volume of her novel, and was extremely gratified by the manner in which she has improved upon, and finished her arduous task. It appears to me to be almost a new style of writing. There are no startling effects, no singular characters, no extraordinary events ; but there is a reality of description and feeling in every trait which I do not remember to have met with, at least in any author within the last thirty or forty years. The delicacy of the touches and the tone of the whole picture are truly refined, and yet the general impression is as forcible as if the bolder strokes and higher colouring were employed. We go along in full persuasion that everything happened and everything spoken about exactly in the natural manner the Baroness has represented, and I think the public will show little taste if it does not appreciate this work as a correct and interesting sketch of Society.

‘The Baroness wished me to communicate my opinion to you, and in compliance with her wish, I have much satisfaction in putting you to what I know will be an agreeable trouble—the reading of this long note. I am,’ &c.

‘I rejoice to hear that you are to edit the *Keepsake* and *Book of Beauty*.’

JESSE (John Heneage). A Historical Writer. (1815–1874.)

1. A. Verses. Dated March 20th, 1840. 2 pages 4to.

‘In your gay, favoured leaves, I am ordered to write,
Where wit on poetical verdure reposes ;
But I fear I shall prove in those pages so bright—
To use the Count’s phrase—like a pig among roses.

‘Should this lay, in your book, with the verses entwine
Of painters, bards, sculptors, blue-ribbons and Earls ;
Instead of the pearls being thrown among swine,
I fear that the *swine* will be thrown among pearls.

‘But should you find room in your splendid *parterre*
Of fancy and wit, for a slave so devout,
Though a pig among flowers is a sight rather rare,
At least he’s an excellent hand at a *roul*.

‘In pity, accept this nonsensical lay,
Instead of my promised historical lore ;
I but wish to escape from the grave to the gay,
Lest the pig, to your sorrow, should turn out a *boar*.

‘But your “wonderful pig” must give over his feats,
And endeavour to quench his poetical fire ;
Lest, striving to enter a garden of sweets,
In the end he should find himself sunk in the mire.’

2. A. L. S. Dated Admiralty, April 27th, 1840. 2½ pages 4to.

‘Dear Lady Blessington,—After all the kindness which my work and its author so undeservedly received at your hands, I should be very ungrateful if I did not exert myself to the best in my power to obey your commands. I hope before long to send you something of the nature you require, but whether it will

be worthy a place in either of the delightful works you mention, is, I fear, another question.

'I am afraid I laboured under some mistake when I sent you the absurd verses which you were good enough to speak so much better of than such nonsense deserves. I thought at the time that you required something for your album, for which, of course, the verses I sent could only be adapted, if indeed, they were worthy of that. I have been out of town for some time, or I should have done myself the pleasure of paying my respects at Gore House. Believe me,' &c.

3. A. L. S. Dated 22 Down Street, Piccadilly, May 16th, 1840. $3\frac{1}{2}$ pages 8vo.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—In sending you the enclosed odd-looking document, some explanation is necessary. Two or three years ago my father asked me to write him a short tale for some book which he was about to publish. I happened to have some scraps of poetry about me (written when I was very much in love with a person who was not at all in love with me), and these I embodied in the story, if such it may be called, which I now send you. After a portion was printed (for reasons I need not trouble you with), I contrived to get it suppressed, and something else was substituted in its room. This, however, was a long time ago, and the motives which then influenced me now no longer exist. I merely trouble you with all this rigmarole, to explain how a portion of the story happened to be already in print. In the next place, I am very doubtful whether it be worthy of its destination; if, therefore, it should prove to be great nonsense, which I rather suspect to be the case, I hope you will not scruple, either to return it or put it in the fire, and I will endeavour to write something in its stead. I believe that I should hardly have prevailed on myself to send it, but that it will at least show that I have not forgotten your kindness or commands.* Believe me,' &c.

4. A. L. S. Dated West Cowes, August 26th, 1840. 2 pages 4to., with Superscription.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I should be very thoroughly and properly ashamed of myself for not having acknowledged the receipt of "Meredith"† at an early period, had I not a good reason for not having done so. I was very busy for some time before I left London, and therefore I put them on one side to read as a treat when I came into the country, and I now beg to thank you very much for the volumes themselves, and the pleasure they have afforded me in this quiet place. I must tell you, however, that you have no business to send me your books. I send you mine because you have shown me much kindness which I did not deserve, and it is the opportunity which I have of showing you that I have not forgotten it. You, however, have not the same excuse, and I know there must be too many persons to whom you are either obliged or desirous to present your books, not to put me out of the question. You would not care for my opinion, or what is worse, you might think it flattery, so that I will not tell you what pleasure your books have always afforded me. You have never a second time asked me to write for the Keepsake, so that I conclude the story I sent you two years since was great nonsense. Should you, however, by any chance ever be in want of a few make-shift pages, you may always rely upon such trash as I can supply you with. Believe,' &c.

5. A. L. S. Dated Admiralty, July 14th, 1845. 2 pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I must return you many thanks for your very kind, but I fear too flattering note. Your promise, which I always value most highly, is the more agreeable, as I was sadly afraid that the romantic story of Charles and his wanderings had been told too often already, and I was aware how few fresh materials I had to make them appear in a fresh light.

'It is a great disappointment to me, that I am not able to dine with you on

* A short story, called 'The Wanderer,' by Mr. Jesse, appeared in the *Keepsake* for 1842.

† Lady Blessington's novel of that name, published in 1843.

Thursday, but I hope to have the pleasure of paying my respects to you in the course of the evening. I hope to send you in a short time a contribution for the *Book of Beauty*, but if it will be worth having is another question. You can but put it in the fire. Believe me,' &c.

6. A. L. S. Dated 84 Mount Street, May 4th, 1847.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I should indeed be most ungrateful if your wish was not law with me, but you have given me the refuse of the Queens of England, and how to write half a dozen pages (much more twenty or thirty), about either Jane Seymour or Catherine Parr,* I have no idea.

'As far as I recollect, there is no interest attached to either of them. There are so many romantic incidents connected with the histories of many other of our queens, that it would indeed be a great favour if you could substitute one of them. Believe me,' &c.

7. A. L. S. to Mr. O'Beirne. Dated Admiralty, 'Tuesday.' 2 pages 8vo.

'My dear O'Beirne,—The only London clubs that Count D'Orsay belonged to were "Crockford's," as long as it lasted, and afterwards the "Coventry." There was an attempt made to get him into "White's," but it was discovered that there was a party which was determined to exclude him, and consequently his friends withdrew his name, before it came up for ballot. This was my own impression of D'Orsay's club history, but I did not like to give it to you as certain, till I had consulted a friend, who was more intimate with him than I was.

'That friend, however, has fully corroborated what was my own impression. Yours very truly,' &c.

KENYON (John). A Poet and Philanthropist. (1784-1856.)

1. A. L. S. Dated Paris, 38 Rue Neuve, St. Augustin, July 15th, 1840. 2 pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'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 your 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 peppercorn 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 enquire whether you can make any use of them, such as they are, for your forthcoming annual.

'I have endeavoured 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, tho' 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.

'And may I further intrude on you for two lines of answer, addressed to me here. I am, dear Madam, very truly yours.'

* The *Book of Beauty* for 1848 consisted of short historical notices of different English queens, by different authors, those of Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, Katharine Parr, and Eleanor of Provence being by Lady Blessington.

'ITALY.*

'Fair blows the breeze—depart, depart !
And tread with me th' Italian shore,
And feed thy soul with glorious art,
And drink again of classic lore.

'Nor, haply, wilt thou deem it wrong,
When not in mood too gravely wise,
At idle length to lie along
And quaff a bliss from bluest skies.

'Or, pleased more pensive joy to woo,
At falling eve, by ruin gray,
Muse o'er the generations who
Have passed, as we must pass away.

'Or mark o'er olive-tree and vine
Steep towns uphung, to win from them
Some thought of Southern Palestine,
Some dream of old Jerusalem.'

2. A. L. S. Dated No. 4 Harley Place, July 6th, 1841. 3 pages 8vo., with Superscription and Seal.

'I ought to begin by thanking you for the long and therefore agreeable visit you allowed me to pay. It was your good nature that retained me, yet it seems to me that I ought not to have intruded so long.

'First, I have the honour to send you the tract I spoke of. Pray keep it ; I have another copy.

'Secondly, the lines on Upper Austria.† You will immediately see and be good enough to let me know whether they will suit your purpose. They will occupy seven or eight of your pages, for I would desire that they should be printed with the intervals, as I have written them. Who is not rebutted by an unbroken series of lines ? Stanzas tempt one on ; they do not intrude on the free will. We feel we can leave off at any point, and feeling this—go on.

'Nor if the piece is what I intended can it be made shorter, for I hope every one part leans on the preceding, else it is not worth much. So you perceive that if you do me the honor to take it, you must take it as it is—for better or worse.

'I said I would send another shorter piece—The Contrast.‡ It strives merely to be polished and elegant. I say "strives," not attains.

'But I also send a modification of Schiller's "Gods of Greece,"‡ which is as long again as I have made it ; and mine is full long, if I have not succeeded to make it short by rapid movement of measure and phrase. There is a stanza, too, of mine, which is not in Schiller. I have marked it.

'Now, dear Lady Blessington, do not take these verses or any of them unless they perfectly suit you.

'Should you ever decline them on the ground of not being good enough, I shall console myself by thinking that my taste is better than yours. I am,' &c.

3. A. L. S. No date (March 22nd, 1843). 3 pages small 4to., with Superscription.

'I had heard, dear Lady Blessington, what afflicting hours have been passing over you, and that you are still hanging over a sick-bed.

'When I saw you last year, you made me fully comprehend all your love for that interesting child, to whose departure from you I will no further allude than to say I feel for what you have been feeling.

'To-day I heard from London communicating to me about the loss of poor Southey—an event to have been prayed for—and which yet, like all such losses, makes one—in the spite of all one's wise reason—sorrowful for a time. Believe me,' &c.

* These lines appeared in the *Keepsake* for 1841.

† Published in the *Book of Beauty* for 1842.

‡ Published in the *Keepsake* for 1843.

LANDON (Rev. Whittington Henry). Brother of L. E. L. (1804–1883.)

1. A. L. S. Dated 4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, January 17th, 1839.
4 pages 8vo.

'My Lady,—I will have the honour of waiting upon your Ladyship to-morrow evening.

'I have this morning heard from Lord Munster,* who has also lent me his countenance on this occasion; but I have also received a letter from Oxford, which says that the Provostship of Worcester College must be given to one of the Fellows. If this be so, I shall never be able to sufficiently apologise to your Ladyship for having solicited your patronage and influence when I could have no prospect of success. I beg to remain,' &c.

2. A. L. S. Dated 15 Hyde Park Street, November 8th, 1839.
2 pages 4to.

'Madam,—If I desired your Ladyship's kindness in anything which related to the memory of my sister, so generously was it extended to me formerly, that all hesitation to intrude on her account would at once be removed. Were it not a very critical period of my life, and did I not feel assured by your Ladyship's former condescension to me, I should not venture to solicit your advice. Your Ladyship's opinion would be to me now decisive of the hopes I may entertain and of the plans I have to adopt. In asking that I may either wait upon your Ladyship or write on the subject of my prospects, I trust that you will believe that I am very grateful for the countenance which you have already conferred upon me, of a nature characteristic, as I learn, of your Ladyship, but such as I have nowhere else known. I beg to remain,' &c.

3. A. L. S. Dated 15 Hyde Park Street, November 12th, 1839.
2½ pages 4to.

'Madam,—I ventured to wait upon your Ladyship, thinking that I should thus give less trouble, and could be more explicit in stating my views in life than by a letter. In availing myself, however, of the permission also accorded to me to write on this subject, I will intrude but very briefly.

'With the death of the late Dean of Exeter† my expectation of preferment closed, and I offered at once to give up an engagement into which I had entered before my sister left England. This was not wished by the lady's family; the father is very kind and of some fortune, but by no means sufficient to allow me to marry, nor would I think of it without some prospects in my profession. If your Ladyship thought that I am not presuming in the request that I may mention in confidence the promise of your interest when occasion favours, I am sure that he would feel satisfied of my hope of provision in the Church, and I think that I should be allowed to fulfil my engagement.

'Your Ladyship's kindness has been to me, since I lost my sister, as the sound of the fountain on the ear in the desert, and would thus, I do not doubt, become the source of my future welfare; but whatever may be my lot, nothing can deprive me of the grateful memory of that kindness, or the consciousness of the generous feeling from which it flowed. Madam, I have the honour to remain,' &c.

4. A. L. S. Dated Devonport Street, Oxford Terrace, January 12th, 1842.

'Madam,—The kind interest which your Ladyship ever took in my late sister,

* Colonel George FitzClarence, Earl of Munster, 1794–1842, eldest son of King William IV. and Mrs. Jordan.

† The writer's uncle, the Rev. Whittington Landon, 1758–1839, was Dean of Exeter from 1813 to 1839, and Provost of Worcester College from 1796.

and the countenance which you were pleased to lend me on a former occasion, makes me entertain the hope that your kindness will not condemn me as intrusive in soliciting your patronage at the present moment.

'A friend, who is not without the respect of the present Government, has undertaken to ask some small preferment for me in the Church, and I have, under advice, written to Sir Robert Peel to this end. It would be of essential service to me at this time if your Ladyship would interest the Chancellor in this application on my behalf. My health has obliged me to resign one situation, which I procured mainly through your Ladyship's aid, and I have found myself unequal to clerical duty in the smoke of London; but am fully able to discharge my duty in the country, as there I seldom lose my health. I have served as curate sixteen years, and have given satisfaction in every instance. While the recent death of my uncle and only patron, the late Dean of Exeter, by which every hope of preferment was wrecked, will, I trust, plead a little in my favour.

'However great your kindness may be, I cannot but feel conscious that I am intruding upon it; yet I am unable to divest myself of the belief that you will still excuse it. I have the honour to be,' &c.

LANDOR (Walter Savage). The well-known Author. (1775-1864.)

1. A. L. S. Dated 'Sunday, November 4th' (1827). 2 pages 4to., with Superscription.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—If I could hear of any wrong or any rudeness offered to you without at least as much resentment as you yourself would feel upon it, I should be unworthy not only of the friendship with which you honour me, but of one moment's thought or notice. Lord B. told me what had occurred yesterday. I believe I may have said on other occasions that nothing could surprise me, of folly or indecorum in Lord Burghersh.* I must retract my words: the only ones he will ever make me retract. That a man educated among the sons of gentlemen could be guilty of such incivility to two ladies, to say nothing of condition, nothing of person, nothing of acquaintance and past courtesies, is inconceivable, even to the most observant of his behaviour throughout the whole period of his public life. From what I have heard and known during a residence of six years at Florence, I am convinced that all the ministers of all the other Courts in Europe (I may throw in those of Asia and Africa) have never been guilty of so many unbecoming and disgraceful actions as this man. The only person for whom he ever interested himself was a Count Aceto, the most notorious gambler and profligate, who had been expelled from the Tuscan and the Lucca States. And now his conscience will not permit him to sanction a father's disposal of his daughter in marriage with almost the only man who deserves her, and certainly the very man who deserves her most.

'I said little in reply to Lord B., only to praise his coolness and forbearance. Nothing can be wiser than the resolution, to consider in the light of diplomacy what has happened, or more necessary than to represent it in all its circumstances to the Administration at home; without which it cannot fail to be misinterpreted here, whatever care and anxiety the friends of your family may display, in setting right the erroneous and malicious. I hope Count D'Orsay sees the affair in the same point of view as I do, and will allow his resentment to lose itself among feelings more congenial to him. Lord B., I do assure your Ladyship, has quite recovered his composure: I hope that you have too—otherwise the first smile on seeing him at Rome will not sufficiently reward him for his firmness and his judgment.

'With every good wish in all its intensity to the happy couple, and with one good wish of much the same nature to Miss Power, I remain your Ladyship's very devoted servant.'

* John, Lord Burghersh, 11th Earl of Westmorland, 1784-1859, a distinguished military officer and diplomatist, at the date of the letter English Minister at Florence. The letter no doubt refers to the marriage of Lady Harriet Gardiner and Count D'Orsay, which took place at Naples, December 1st, 1827.

2. A. L. S. No date (August, 1828). 1½ pages 4to., with Superscription.

‘It would be too much to ask Lord Blessington the grant of a little place in his letter, nor do I imagine that any offence would be less pardonable to Lady B. Another thing—I am about to inform against his Lordship. He is a great deal happier than he has any right to be; and, although I have exhausted my ingenuity, I can discover but two reasons for it—the improvement of his health and the approach of the first of September.* It is hardly worth while to say anything of myself, to one who is disposed to make more of me than I could do—but since I have performed a miracle, I am in conscience bound to declare it for the edification of the faithful. Now call Miss Power—I foresee she is quite recovered, and can listen as well as if she were seated at dinner, with the full effect of a pair of animated blue eyes exercising all their influence on her acoustics.

‘While others were making one voyage, I was making two, and travelled over the Isle of Wight in the best and wittiest company it was ever my destiny to meet. And now I have only to request Lady Blessington to present my best thanks and compliments to any of the party she may happen to know at Florence, and to all my friends in her society who were not of it, and so believe me her Ladyship’s ever obliged and faithful servant.’

3. A. L. S. Dated Florence, December 20th (1828). 2½ pages 4to., with Superscription.

‘Dear Lady Blessington,—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 anything pleasant to you, I may take my part of the pleasure, *nem. con.*, 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. Purvis, not one has been so long in coming to the point. It is something like the Preface to the Catilinarian conspiracy. I must, however, waft my incense thro’ in an earthen pot.

“Mighty well, good Mr. Landor! but I cannot 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 Dean 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 use to him, let me hope it. I should be overjoyed to see the representative of the earlier patriot in Ireland protected by him, whom I consider the most disinterested and the greatest. His grandmother was a Meadows; 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, or recollection (if he should recollect such a thing) that it was a gift from the D’Orsays.

[‘I am waiting very anxiously to offer Miss Power better compliments than those of the season. Why is she contented with holley, when she may have myrtle? I must not begin to ponder and meditate, for whatever effect these ponderings and meditations may have upon the ponderer and meditator, the effect is likely to be very different on those whom they befall. And I do not think your post

* The first of September was Lady Blessington’s birthday.

comes in at bedtime. I have not yet transgressed so far, that I may not request to be presented to all your house and to wish you many, many years of health and happiness. I remain, dear Lady Blessington, your very devoted servant.']

4. A. L. S. to Julius Hare.* Dated (Florence), January 28th (1829). 3 pages 4to., with Superscription.

'My dear Sir,—I do not know what or whether any progress is made in the sixth volume. This conversation will come in well between Philip 2nd and Cardinal Legate, or between the latter and Filippo Lippi, or anywhere before Ippolito di Este. I am curious to see or hear what number of pages are in the 5th volume. Surely the sixth will *now* contain 550 without the letters. Yours ever.'

'Will you have the goodness to order the fourth, fifth, and sixth volumes to be sent to Countess of Blessington, Hotel de Ney, Rue de Bourbon, Paris.'

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION † : LORD MOUNTJOY ‡ AND LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.§

'*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 honour 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 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,

* Julius Charles Hare, 1795-1855, Archdeacon of Lewes, one of the four brothers Hare, whom Landor described as 'the most brotherly of brothers.' He was the author of various sermons and pamphlets, of *Guesses at Truth*, in connexion with his brother Augustus, and he assisted Thirlwall in the translation of Niebuhr's *History of Rome*.

† This imaginary conversation is not published in any edition of Landor's works, but is printed in Dr. Madden's *Life of Lady Blessington*. Mr. Sidney Colvin seems to be the only writer on Landor who has detected its existence, and he only refers to it in the prefatory note to his *Landor* in the 'English Men of Letters' series.

‡ Luke Gardiner, 1st Viscount Mountjoy, 1745-1798, Lord Blessington's father, was a Privy Councillor for Ireland and Colonel of the Dublin Militia. He was created a Viscount in 1789, and fell at the head of his regiment at the battle of Ross.

§ Lord Edward Fitzgerald, 1763-1798, the Irish rebel, and one of the seventeen children of the first Duke of Leinster. He entered the army, and served as Major in America. In 1792 he went to Paris, where he became connected with the revolutionary party, and in consequence of his conduct at a public banquet, was dismissed from the army. He afterwards retired to his estate in Ireland, but in 1798 joined the disaffected party, was taken prisoner, but in the scuffle which took place while effecting his capture was shot, and died a few days afterwards.

which, supported by others throughout the kingdom, was then strong enough to have set at defiance the battered and broken aims 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 array 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 everything 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 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 cannot 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 neighbour of his neighbour. 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 shew 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

* Here Landor puts the following note:—'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.'

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 tost 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 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 her 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 dependants 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, expecting this. The Horatii and Curiatii, 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 mussel shells and skate tails of Helvoet-sluyts or Flushing, so disorderly a gang of cut-throats and cut-purses never sate 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 pedlary; wonderful it must appear, that England, as a residence, is preferable to Ireland amongst 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 everything 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 gentlemen, which is seen more advantageously, when people are not standing upon stilts about you. Is it not a shame to hold by favour, 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 God and my country! shall be distributed by a hand both steady and unsparing.

'*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 an 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 blood-suckers 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 colour. 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 high-way of oppression and speculation? Hence their love for you, which was unrivalled, 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 anything were necessary to shew it, that 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 cannot. 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 now 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?''*

* The following note is in Landor's writing:—'Lord Mountjoy, killed in the beginning of the insurrection, left an only son, the Earl of Blessington, who voted for the Union, in the hope that it would be beneficial to Ireland, though the project had suspended the erection of several streets and squares on his estate in Dublin, and it was proved to him that he must lose by it two-thirds of his rent-roll. He voted, likewise, in defence of the Queen, seeing the insufficiency of the evidence against her, and the villainy of the law officers of the Crown, though he esteemed her little, and was personally attached to the King. For these votes, and for all he ever gave, he deserves a place by the side of his father in the memory of both nations.

'Addition to the note on Lord Blessington in the conv. of L^d Mountjoy and Ed. Fitzgerald: Scarcely is the ink yet dry upon my paper when intelligence reaches me of his sudden death.

'Adieu, most pleasant companion! Adieu, most warm-hearted friend! Often, and long, and never with slight emotion, shall I think of the many hours we have spent together, the light seldom ending gravely, the graver always lightly. It will be well, and more than I can promise to myself, if my regret at your loss shall hereafter be quieted by the assurance, which she who best knew your sentiments has given me, that, delighted by you among the many, I was esteemed and beloved among the few.'

5. A. L. S. Dated Baths of Lucca, June 6th (1829). 2½ pages 4to.

[‘Dear Lady Blessington,—If I defer it any longer, I know not how or when I shall be able to fulfil so melancholy a duty. The whole of this day I have spent in that stupid depression which some may feel without a great calamity, and which others can never feel at all. Every one that knows me knows the sentiments I bore towards that disinterested and upright and kind-hearted man, than whom none was ever dearer or more delightful to his friends. If to be condoled with by many, if to be esteemed and beloved by all whom you have admitted to your society is any comfort, that comfort at least is yours. I know how inadequate it must be at such a moment, but I know too that the sentiment will survive when the bitterness of sorrow shall have past away.]

‘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[ashwood], whose sister married poor Reginald Heber,* the late Bishop of Calcutta. She is a cousin of Hare’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 amongst 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.

[‘I fear that the recovery of your health may yet be retarded, about which I have often thought of writing to Count D’Orsay, for nothing is more inconsiderate than to oppress with a weight of letters one whom you know to suffer, and to be more than enough fatigued already. May he and his Countess endeavour to promote your happiness as anxiously as you have promoted theirs! To-morrow I rejoin my family, if indeed I can reach Florence in one day.

‘Believe me, dear Lady Blessington, your very faithful and devoted serv^t.]’

6. A. L. S. Dated July 21st (1829). 2½ pages 4to., with Super-
scription.

‘Dear Lady Blessington,—Too well was I aware how great my pain must be in reading your letter. So many hopes are torn away from us by this unexpected and most cruel blow. I cannot part with the one of which the greatness and the justness of your grief almost deprives me—that you will recover your health and spirits. If they could return at once, or very soon, you would be unworthy of that love which the kindest and best of human beings lavished on you. Longer life was not necessary for him to estimate your affection for him, and those graces of soul which your beauty, in its brightest day, but faintly shadowed. He told me that you were requisite to his happiness, and that he could not live without you. Suppose then he had survived you—his departure, in that case, could not have been so easy as it was, so unconscious of pain—of giving it, or leaving it behind. I would most wish such a temper and soul as his, and next to them such a dissolution. Tho’ my hand and my whole body shakes as I am writing it, yet I am writing the truth. Its suddenness—the thing most desirable—is the thing that most shocks us. I am comforted at the reflection that so gentle a heart received no affliction from the

* Reginald Heber, 1783–1826, the well-known Bishop of Calcutta, and author of various hymns and other poetry. His *Journal through India from Calcutta to Bombay* was published in 1828.

† Augustus William Hare, 1792–1834, elder brother of Julius Hare. At five years of age he was adopted by his aunt, the widow of Sir William Jones, by whom he was sent to Winchester, and afterwards to New College, Oxford. He was ordained in 1825, and in 1829 was appointed to the living of Alton-Barnes and married. He died at Rome in 1834, his widow surviving until 1870.

anguish and despair of those he loved. You have often brought me over to your opinion after an obstinate rather than a powerful contest; let me, now I am more in the right, bring you over by degrees to mine, and believe me, dear Lady Blessington, your ever devoted servant.'

'I hope Miss Power received my letter from Lucca, as it rained very hard, and I sent it by a waiter. I am in some apprehension about it, and two others. Whenever she can spare a moment from the attention due to you, persuade her to favour me with two or three lines. Again, adieu.'

7. A. L. S. No date (March 14th, 1833). 2½ pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—[Your letter, like a talisman, brought me into your presence. I will not swear that I cried aloud, "You shall be obeyed," but that you are, the sonnet within will vouch for me. I happened to have these two conversations in the number of those which I once intended to publish. People have got lately so many better things, that I have been obliged to add another 700 to a debt of 24,000, in order that my publisher might not be a loser by me. He had made an improvident bargain, to share in the profits or loss. Now, a little improvidence added to mine is no more important than a little debt added to it; but with him it must be otherwise. Enough of this.]

'The children are delighted at your recollection of them. Arnold* is idle. A German tutor is coming to manage him 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 free enjoyment of that conversation, which I had no right even to partake.

[I can give you but an imperfect account of Florence. Until last week I had not been there for nearly a month; but, hearing that Lord Wenlock,† who is nearly blind, was also a sufferer by the rheumatism, I went to spend an hour with him—my family and his having been intimate for many generations. The Countess Pecovi is dead; her daughters both married. It grieves me when I look up to the terrace; yet I never fail to look up at it when I am anywhere within sight, as if grief were as attractive as pleasure. I believe there are few people of condition in Florence, but there may be without my knowing it, for of these I have almost as little knowledge as of the rest. Our Minister here, George Seymour,‡ is an unaffected, good, sensible man. By-the-bye, he has called on me two or three times, and I must go and see him.] Hare is gone to Naples. His brother] Julius has lately bought a Raffael here for five 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 Correggio chose for models had no grace or loveliness. Leonardo's are akin to ugliness. [Two days ago I ran over my poems, merely to see if there were any errata. I find an odd crop of them. Will you allow your servant to take the scrap below to the P. Office for Mr. Moxon, 64 New Bond Street?

'Believe me, with the grateful regard of Mrs. Landor and all my family, dear Lady Blessington, your very devoted servant.

'I am taking an enormous liberty in requesting your ladyship to correct for

* Arnold Savage Landor, 1818–1871, the eldest son.

† Sir Robert Lawley was created Baron Wenlock in 1831, and died in 1832.

‡ Sir George Hamilton Seymour, 1797–1880, grandson of the 2nd Marquis of Hertford, a diplomatist sent as Ambassador to Tuscany, Belgium, Russia, and Austria successively.

me, previous to insertion in the *New Monthly*, the last line but one in the epitaph. I believe I have written *immondizie*; it should be *immondezze*. I hope to rejoice the heart of somebody here by a copy. I do not want six; three will do abundantly. Between ourselves, the Grand Duke shall be *regaled* with one. The line would better be—

“ ‘Senza maledizioni, senza immondezze.’ ”*

8. A. L. (imperfect). No date (July 16th, 1833). 4 pages 8vo.

‘Dear Lady Blessington,— [It has not been my good fortune to receive the parcel you sent me thro’ the Foreign Office.

‘Since it does not contain your novel the loss is less material, great as it may be. You never told me whether my two Conversations reached you. The only care that occupies me now is the guarding two nests of nightingales with my dogs. I hope they will fly within the week.]

‘Politics seem to be serious and alarming to the serious and ambitious. I hate Tory principles and Whig practices; but I never gave my opinion, except on one occasion, which was when the Reform Bill was in agitation. I then wrote from this villa to Lord L[ansdowne], telling him what it was very plain his party did not know, that the King has just as good a right to give representation to a borough as he has to create a peer, or grant a fair or market to a town: and that it is unconstitutional 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 recommended 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.

[‘My two nests will have flown, and there will be nothing left that much interests me.

‘I write so little that I hardly know how to write a note, as you see. Once in a fortnight I take up a newspaper, more from idleness than curiosity.]

‘I find that Coleridge has lost the beneficent friend, at whose house he lived.† George IV., the vilest wretch in Europe, gave him 100*l.* 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 shew 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 [Althorpe‡], 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 offences.

‘Those offences are 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.’

* The epitaph referred to on Don Neri di Corsini was printed in the *New Monthly Magazine* for March, 1833, and, of course, before the correction could reach Lady Blessington. The line runs:—‘Passate senza esecrazioni, senza immondizie.’

† Landor must have been under a misapprehension, for Mr. Gillman, in whose house Coleridge lived from 1816 until his death, survived the poet.

‡ John Charles Spencer, Viscount Althorpe, afterwards 3rd Earl Spencer, 1782–1845, eldest son of the 2nd Earl, whom he succeeded in 1834. He was a distinguished politician and statesman, and at the date of the letter was Chancellor of the Exchequer.

9. A. L. S. No date (December 23rd, 1833). 3 pages 4to., with Super-
scription and Seal.

'TO WORDSWORTH.

'Those who have laid the harp aside
And turn'd to idler things,
From very restlessness have tried
The loose and dusty strings,
And, catching back some favourite
strain,
Run with it o'er the chords again.

'But memory is not a muse,
O Wordsworth! though 'tis said
They all descend from her, and use
To haunt her fountain-head:
That other men should work for
me
In the rich mines of Poesie,
Pleases me better than the toil
Of smoothing under hardened
hand,
With attic emery and oil,
The shining point for Wisdom's
wand,
Like those thou temperest 'mid the
rills
Descending from thy native hills.

'Without his governance, in vain.
Manhood is strong, and Youth is
bold.
If oftentimes the o'er-piled strain
Clogs in the furnace, and grows
cold
Beneath his pinions deep and froze,
And swells and melts and glows no
more,
That is because the heat beneath
Pants in its cavern poorly fed.
Life springs not from the couch of
Death,
Nor Muse nor Grace can raise the
dead;
Uturn'd then let the mass remain,
Intractable to sun or rain.

'A marsh, where only flat leaves lie,
And shewing but the broken sky,
Too surely is the sweetest lay
That wins the ear and wastes the day,
Where youthful fancy pouts alone
And lets not Wisdom touch her zone.

'He who would build his fame up high,
The rule and plummet must apply,
Nor say, "I'll do what I have plan'd,"
Before he try if loam or sand
Be still remaining in the place
Delved for each polish'd pillar's base.
With skilful eye and fit device
Thou raisest every edifice,
Whether in sheltered vale it stand
Or overlook the Dardan strand,
Amid those cypresses that mourn
Laodameia's love forlorn.

'We both have run o'er half the space
Banded for mortal's earthly race;
We both have crost life's fervid line,
And other stars before us shine:
May they be bright and prosperous
As those that have been stars for us!
Our course by Milton's light was sped,
And Shakespeare shining overhead:
Chatting on deck was Dryden too,
The Bacon of the rhyming crew;
None ever crost our mystic sea
More richly stored with thought than he;
Tho' never tender nor sublime,
He struggles with and conquers Time.
To learn my lore on Chaucer's knee,
I've left much prouder company;
Thee gentle Spenser fondly led,
But me he mostly sent to bed.

'I wish them every joy above
That highly bless'd spirits prove,
Save one: and that too shall be theirs,
But after many rolling years,
When 'mid their light thy light appears.

'I had hardly sent off my ode to Southey (which by the way I have not sent to him) when I felt disposed to write one on the excellent Wordsworth. I finished it in the course of the day following—or rather of the night—for I can write nothing in the house unless I am quite alone, and quite still. My fabrics are as easily thrown down as if they were built of cards—a stir, a breath, does it. If you think these are worthy of a place in any work in which you are engaged I shall be most proud of such company.

'I do not know whether I had corrected my ode to Southey. These are the corrections:—

'1st st. :—That til Helvelling's head lie prostrate, shall remain.

'2nd :—More fair and radiant than the

At fife's or lyre's

Amid the falling dust and deepening gloom. . . .

Not were that submarine gem-lighted city
 Engraven by thy hand.
 High o'er the royal dawn of blazonry shall stand.
 'Last line :—Showered upon my low head.
 'Believe me, dear Lady Blessington, your very faithful servant.'

10. A. L. (imperfect). No date (February 15th, 1834). 4 pages 4to. with Superscription.

['Dear Lady Blessington,—At last I have received the *Book of Beauty*, and by a strange fatality, on my birthday. Mr. Seymour is both a polite and a friendly man, yet I cannot imagine that he detained it a single day in his office, for the sake of animating me upon the day when I am always more melancholy than upon any other—serious I should say, not melancholy.]

'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 towards 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 Bastille, who would gladly get in it again, were it possible.

['Gratified as I ought to be by the magnificent things Mr. Bulwer said of me, they poorly compensate me for the delay of your novel, which every line you have written makes me impatient to receive.] 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, [but he was so thorow a blackguard, thief, and swindler, that wherever he appears contempt holds the shield before hatred.] Castlereagh* was almost as mischievous, and was popularly a gentleman; but being an ignorant and weak creature, he escapes from hatred without a bruise. [Have you ever remarked how very few persons of the name of Stewart have ever been good for anything? I have known a dozen or two, and the best of them was Dan Stewart, a poacher at Oxford, whom I have introduced in my *Penn and Peterborow*; the story is fact. Mr. Colingwood told me yesterday a curious tale of L^d Stewart de Rothesay.† Colingwood was sent to Paris to liquidate the respective debts of the two nations. Meantime L^d Stewart had signed a treaty, in which, among other things impossible to be executed, was a stipulation that the French laws should protect French subjects in England upon all commercial questions. Mr. Colingwood, a cautious and most judicious man, remarked to L^d Stewart the impossibility of admitting it. L^d Stewart acquiesced, and said plainly, "I signed it without reading it." Of such blockheads and scoundrels are our agents in foreign countries almost uniformly composed. You remember Dawkins here; of what use can such a fellow be in Greece? He was useful, no doubt, to Lord Burghersh; but Lord Burghersh can find in the Strand what Dawkins can find in the Piræus.]

'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 honour to the Whig faction that among the number of peers created by them they have omitted Colingwood. Never has England produced a fighting man more able in his profession or more illustrious in his

* Robert Stewart, Viscount Castlereagh, afterwards 2nd Marquis of Londonderry, 1769–1822, the famous politician, who filled many high ministerial offices, particularly that of Secretary for Foreign Affairs, during the latter years of the French War.

† Sir Charles Stuart, afterwards 1st Baron Stuart de Rothesay, 1779–1845, grandson of the 3rd Earl of Bute, a well-known diplomatist, for some years Ambassador to Paris.

character, than the late Lord Colingwood.* He sacrificed his health and life to the service of his country, and asked only that the empty honour 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 honours would have been perpetuated. The English must be the most quiet and orderly people in the universe, not to rush into the houses of 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. This is not wit, and yet I have cracked my nether lip between a smile and a sneer, for cold weather is come, which I never feel anywhere but on this important spot.'

11. A. L. S. April 8th (1834). 1 page 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

['Dear Lady Blessington,—No Colonel Hughes† has made his appearance, yet I am unwilling to wait, lest you should imagine I am slow in executing your wishes. The verses, I hear, are among my best. I was very angry to find in print my "Ode to Southey."'] For some time I have been composing *Citation and Examination of Wil. Shakespeare, Euseby Treen, Joseph Carneby, and Silas Gough, before the Worshipful Sir Thomas Lucy, Knight, touching deer-stalking, 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. [It contains about 300 pp. If I send it, will you have the kindness to offer it to Colburn, not as mine—though probably he may recollect my handwriting. If he prints it, he shall give me two hundred pounds for it. No other publisher can give it so extensive a circulation, otherwise I would rather burn it than he should have it. I hope to send it you by Marcus Hare, who returns to England shortly.]

'The death of poor Augustus has grieved me very much. He promised to spend a few days with me on his return. Were I certain of seeing my departed friends in another life, I know not anything that would detain me in this. Pazienza! Those who hope much fear something.'

12. A. L. S. No date (May, 1834) 2 pages 4to., with Superscription.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—No Colonel Hughes: yet I am getting out of patience. This will be presented to you by Mr. Willis, an American gentleman attached to the Legation at Paris. It is not, however, in this character that I introduce him to you; but in that of the best poet the New World has produced in any part of it.

'He will bring you the Examination of Shakespeare. If you offer it to Colburn, pray do nothing more. It is the only thing I ever wrote that ever can be popular. I will venture a wager that two thousand copies are sold in six months. I expect the man to give me two hundred pounds. However, 200 pounds are not worth two hundred words from you. Do not spend upon it more than half a dozen, when your notepaper lies before you.

'My children are losing their German tutor. A very good quiet man, who makes no noise in the house, and is likely to make as little in the world at large. The Government of Prussia has recalled him. An act of useless tyranny.

* Cuthbert, Baron Collingwood, 1750-1810, the well-known Admiral, and friend of Nelson. He entered the naval service in 1761, became a lieutenant in 1775, and an admiral in 1795. Having no son, he was anxious that his title should descend to his daughters; but this request was refused. The Mr. Collingwood referred to in the letter was Mr. George Newnham, who married the Admiral's eldest daughter and took the name of Collingwood.

† James Hughes, 1778-1845, youngest brother of the 1st Lord Dinorben.

'The children are all well under our Italian sky, which, however, has been an English one for the last two months. Among the Conversations which Mr. Willis has taken with him to England, there is one which I forgot when I sent you the Steele and Addison—Colonel Walker and Hattaji.* It is among the most pleasing, and there are two female characters in it, the children. He will give it you if you like it. Whatever I can write is at your service. Believe me, dear Lady Blessington, your very obliged serv^t.'

13. A. Verses S. No date (May, 1834). 2½ pages folio.

'SEARCH AFTER HONOUR.

"Where now is Honour fled?" the Earth exclaims,
"And who last saw him?"

Many cry at once,
"Along the Vistula we traced his steps,
Each track with blood filled up, and thro' morass
And forest, and along the pine-paved road,
And cindery cities and stray villages
And tents of shaggy rushes, where the yell
Of Famine, following Pestilence, unearths
The wolf, and drives him also from his home,
With one prickt ear and one suspended shank,
Stops he, turns back, and with his fellow brute
Whipt into courage, frightened into fight,
The tamer Russ howls to partake the prey."

"But where is Honour fled?" again men ask,
Knowing him tired and wounded.

"He was seen,"
The generous German unabased replies
And many long long years was his abode
At Olmutz, in the dungeon keep of him
Who pusht his daughter on a thief to screen
His crouching back, lest one stroke more should fall,
And Prussia's lord unbound him; but he shrank
From the cold heart, frowned on its hollowness,
And left a bitter enemy behind.
We hear his voice, we need it, we rise up
By day, by night, from exercise, from rest,
From modern love, from ancient, from the friends
Unseen for years, to be for years unseen,
And in our linden walks await him still."

'A louder voice from duskier visages cries,
"Again in mien terrific he stood up
In Zaragoza, and upon the sands
Of Cadiz too, but disappeared before
The soldiers of the faith, before a cross
Where a god's blood is all washed off by Mars.'
Has he gone back then to his ancient halls,
Gothic or Saracenic; or delights
To plow the Sabine farm or prune the vines
Of Argive Tibur, and indulge in dreams
Hovering for ever o'er that dewy dell?"
No; I too have been there and found him not.
Ausonian hills and dales short time delayed
His northward steps. He past the crowing Celt
Who snatcht his name and stuck it on his crest
With slaver, under cistus-flowers, the first
Of flowers to fall in sunshine or in shade.

* Published in the *Book of Beauty* for 1837.

"All this we know," said they; "but bend aside
 Appenine shades, thrifid Anio's labyrinth,
 Follow the Nar, that whitens with his speed
 Sulphureous and o'erleaps the precipice,
 And runs again more rapid thus opposed.
 Look round the Alban lake, round Tusculum
 Behind the shrines of Latian Jove, behind
 Soractè; stands no sign of him? no trace?"
 Must I repeat my coward's ill-success?
 He never loved to breathe the southern gale.
 And tho' his temple stood upon one hill
 Among the seven that o'ertopt the world,
 He had no image and few worshippers.
 Farther and farther back the soberer guides
 Would lead us: this lays sorrowingly his hand
 On Phocion's bust, this shows the name that shines
 Eternal on the damnatory shell.*
 Here Solon and Lycurgus sit between
 Two forms not higher than their own; the one
 Bears Jove's own egis, while the other looks
 Heavenward, nor wants an egis nor a Jove.
 'Tis he; 'tis Honour. Mortals worship here!"

'I knew not that I spake; they started back
 (As started back the woodman who sought Death)
 At such impiety. It then behoved
 To soothe them, and in lower tone I said,
 "Friends, friends, the earth is old, and her best sons
 Are gone before her; spare the puny brood
 That suck her wrinkled paps at this late hour,
 And cannot rest, and will not let us love
 Him who the braver loved and sought and found.'
 At this they shook their heads and went their ways.

'Weary with wanderings and with questionings,
 And more with answers that perplexed the road,
 How sweet was my release! I stretched my limbs
 Whereon the mind its sevenfold weight had laid,
 And fell asleep and dreamed: he then appeared.
 He, Honour, for he told me his own name,
 He stood before me, Honour's very self,
 As often do the dying and the dead,
 In form and stature like a Faery's dwarf;
 In action like a beggar boy, who runs
 Chattering and tumbling to entice your pence.
 Then tumbled he, then chattered he; but where?
 Where was his station while he played his pranks
 And entertained me with his pert harangue?
 On the curl'd lip and lard belaid moustache
 Of the free Frenchman thirty times forsworn.†

14. A. Article. No date (1834). 2 pages 4to.

'RHADAMISTUS AND ZENOBIA.

'*Zenobia*.—My beloved! my beloved! I can endure the motion of the horse no longer; his weariness makes his pace so tiresome to me. Surely we have ridden far, very far from home; and how shall we ever pass the wide and rocky stream, among the whirlpools of the rapid and the deep Araxes?

* Landor's note, *Aristides*.

† This poem is not published in any edition of Landor's works.

'*Rhadamistus*.—Alight then, dear Zenobia! And Rhadamistus once more embraces you! Can it be!

'*Zenobia*.—*Can it cease to be?* you would have said, my Rhadamistus! Hark! where are those horns and trumpets? on which side of the water are they? Now they seem to come from the mountains, and now along the river. You, my Rhadamistus, could escape somewhere lower.

'*Rhadamistus*.—Wherefore? with whom? and whither in all Asia?

'*Zenobia*.—Fly! there are armed men climbing up the cliffs.

'*Rhadamistus*.—It was only the sound of the waves in the hollows of them, and the masses of pebbles that rolled down from under you as you knelt to listen.

'*Zenobia*.—Turn round; look behind! is it dust yonder, or smoke? and is it the sun, or what is it, shining so crimson? not shining any longer now, but deep and dull purple, embodying into gloom.

'*Rhadamistus*.—It is the sun, about to set at mid-day; we shall soon see no more of him.

'*Zenobia*.—Indeed! what an ill omen! but how can you tell that? Do not think it? I do not. Alas! alas! the dust and the sounds are nearer.

'*Rhadamistus*.—Prepare then, my Zenobia!

'*Zenobia*.—I was always prepared for it.

'*Rhadamistus*.—What reason, O unconfiding girl! from the day of our union, have I ever given you, to accuse, or to suspect?

'*Zenobia*.—None, none: your love, even in these sad moments, raises me above the reach of fortune. How can it pain me so? Do I repine? Worse may it pain me; let it but never pass away!

'*Rhadamistus*.—Was it then the loss of power and kingdom for which Zenobia was prepared?

'*Zenobia*.—The kingdom was lost when Rhadamistus lost the affection of his subjects. Why did they not love you? how could they not? Tell me so strange a thing.

'*Rhadamistus*.—Fables, fables! about the death of Mithridates and his children.

'*Zenobia*.—What about them?

'*Rhadamistus*.—In all governments there are secrets.

'*Zenobia*.—But between us?

'*Rhadamistus*.—No longer: time presses: not a moment is left us, not a refuge, not a hope!*

[*Zenobia*.—Then why draw the sword?

'*Rhadamistus*.—Wanted I courage? did I not fight as becomes a king?

'*Zenobia*.—True, most true.

'*Rhadamistus*.—Is my resolution lost to me? did I but dream I had it?

'*Zenobia*.—Nobody is very near yet; nor can they cross the dell where we did. Those are fled who could have shown the pathway. Think not of defending me. Listen! look! what thousands are coming. The protecting blade above my head can only provoke the enemy. And do you still keep it there? You grasp my arm too hard. Can you look unkindly? Can it be? O think again and spare me, Rhadamistus! From the vengeance of man, from the judgments of heaven, the unborn may persevere my husband.

'*Rhadamistus*.—We must die! They advance; they see us; they rush forward!

'*Zenobia*.—Me, me would you strike? Rather let me leap from the precipice.

'*Rhadamistus*.—Hold! Whither would thy desperation? Art thou again within my grasp?

'*Zenobia*.—O my beloved! never let me call you cruel! let me love you in the last hour of seeing you as in the first. I must, I must . . . and be it my thought in death that you love me so! I would have cast away my life to save you from remorse: it may do that and more, preserved by you. Listen! listen! among those who pursue us there are many fathers; childless by his own hand, none. Do not kill our baby . . . the best of our hopes when we had many . . . the baby not yet ours! Who shall then plead for you, my unhappy husband?

* Here the manuscript fails and we follow the printed text in the portion between square brackets.

'*Rhadamistus*.—My honour; and before me, sole arbiter and sole audience of our cause. Bethink thee, Zenobia, of the indignities . . . not bearing on my fortunes] . . . but imminent over thy beauty! What said I? did I bid you think of them? Rather die than imagine, or than question me, what they are! Let me endure two deaths before my own, crueller than wounds or than age or than servitude could inflict on me, rather than make me name them.

'*Zenobia*.—Strike! Lose not a moment so precious! Why hesitate now my generous brave defender?

'*Rhadamistus*.—Zenobia! do you bid it?

'*Zenobia*.—Courage is no longer a crime in you. Hear the shouts, the threats, the imprecations! Hear them, my beloved! let me no more!

'*Rhadamistus*.—Embrace me not, Zenobia! loose me, loose me!

'*Zenobia*.—I can not: thrust me away! Divorce . . . but with death . . . the disobedient wife, no longer your Zenobia. (*He strikes*.) Oh! oh! one innocent head . . . in how few days . . . should have reposed . . . no, not upon this blood. Swim across! is there a descent . . . an easy one, a safe one, anywhere? I might have found it for you! ill-spent time! heedless woman!

'*Rhadamistus*.—An arrow hath pierced me: more are showering round us. Go, my life's flower! the blighted branch drops after. Away! forth into the stream! strength is yet left me for it. (*He throws her into the river*.) She sinks not! O last calamity! She sinks! she sinks! Now both are well, and fearless! One look more! grant one more look! On what? where was it? which whirl? which ripple? they are gone too. How calm is the haven of the most troubled life! I enter it! Rebels! traitors! slaves! subjects! why gape ye? why halt ye? On, on, dastards! Oh that ye dared to follow! (*He plunges armed into the Araxes*.)*

15. A. Article. Imaginary Conversation. No date. (1834.)

'STEELE AND ADDISON.

'*Addison*.—Dick! I am come to remonstrate with you on those unlucky habits which have been so detrimental to your health and fortune.

'*Steele*.—Many thanks, Mr. Addison; but really my fortune is not much improved by your arresting me for the hundred pounds; nor is my health, if spirits are an indication of it, on seeing my furniture sold by auction to raise the money.

'*Addison*.—Pooh, pooh, Dick! what furniture had you about the house?

'*Steele*.—At least I had the arm-chair, of which you never before had dispossessed me longer than the evening; and happy should I have been to enjoy your company in it again and again, if you had left it me.

'*Addison*.—We will contrive to hire another. I do assure you, my dear Dick, I have really felt for you.

'*Steele*.—I only wish, my kind friend, you had not put out your feelers quite so far, nor exactly in this direction; and that my poor wife had received an hour's notice; she might have carried a few trinkets to some neighbour. She wanted her salts; and the bailiff thanked her for the bottle that contained them, telling her the gold head of it was worth pretty nearly half-a-guinea.

'*Addison*.—Lady Steele then wanted her smelling-bottle? Dear me! the weather I apprehend, is about to change. Have you any symptoms of your old gout?

'*Steele*.—My health has been long on the decline, you know.

'*Addison*.—Too well I know it, my dear friend, and I hinted it as delicately as I could. Nothing on earth besides this consideration should have induced me to pursue a measure in appearance so unfriendly. You must grow more temperate . . . you really must.

'*Steele*.—Mr. Addison, you did not speak so gravely and so firmly when we used to meet at Will's. You always drank as much as I did, and often invited and pressed me to continue, when I was weary, sleepy, and sick.

* This 'Conversation' was published in the *Book of Beauty* for 1834, and the one following in that for 1835.

'Addison.—You thought so, because you were drunk. Indeed, at my own house I have sometimes asked you to take another glass, in compliance with the rules of society and hospitality.

'Steele.—Once, it is true, you did it at your house; the only time I ever had an invitation to dine in it. The Countess was never fond of the wit that smells of wine: her husband could once endure it.

'Addison.—We could talk more freely, you know, at the tavern. There we have dined together some hundred times.

'Steele.—Most days, for many years.

'Addison.—Ah Dick! Since we first met there several of our friends are gone off the stage.

'Steele.—And some are still acting.

'Addison.—Forbear, my dear friend, to joke and smile at infirmities or vices. Many have departed from us, in consequence, I apprehend, of indulging in the bottle! When passions are excited, when reason is disturbed, when reputation is sullied, when fortune is squandered, and when health is lost by it, a retreat is sounded in vain. Some can not hear it, others will not profit by it.

'Steele.—I must do you the justice to declare, that I never saw any other effect of hard drinking upon you, than to make you more circumspect and silent.

'Addison.—If ever I urged you, in the warmth of my heart, to transgress the bounds of sobriety, I entreat you, as a Christian, to forgive me.

'Steele.—Most willingly, most cordially.

'Addison.—I feel confident that you will think of me, speak of me, and write of me, as you have ever done, without a diminution of esteem. We are feeble creatures; we want one another's aid and assistance; a want ordained by Providence, to show us at once our insufficiency and our strength. We must not abandon our friends from slight motives, nor let our passions be our interpreters in their own cause. Consistency is not more requisite to the sound Christian, than to the accomplished politician.

'Steele.—I am inconsistent in my resolutions of improvement . . . no man ever was more so; but my attachments have a nerve in them neither to be deadened by ill treatment nor loosened by indulgence. A man grievously wounded, knows by the acuteness of the pain that a spirit of vitality is yet in him. I know that I retain my friendship for you by what you have made me suffer.

'Addison.—Entirely for your own good, I do protest, if you could see it.

'Steele.—Alas! all our sufferings are so; the only mischief is, that we have no organs for perceiving it.

'Addison.—You reason well, my worthy sir; and relying on your kindness in my favour (for every man has enemies, and those mostly who serve their friends best) I say, Dick, on these considerations, since you never broke your word with me, and since I am certain you would be sorry it were known that only four-score pounds' worth could be found in the house, I renounce for the present the twenty yet wanting. Do not beat about for an answer; say not one word: farewell.

'Steele.—Ah! could not that cold heart, often and long as I reposed on it, bring me to my senses! I have indeed been drunken; but it is hard to awaken in such heaviness as this of mine is. I shared his poverty with him; I never aimed to share his prosperity. Well, well; I can not break old habits. I love my glass; I love Addison. Each will partake in killing me. Why can not I see him again in the arm-chair, his right hand upon his heart under the fawn-coloured waistcoat, his brow erect and clear as his conscience; his wig even and composed as his temper, with measurely curls and antithetical top-knots, like his style; the calmest poet, the most quiet patriot; dear Addison! drunk, deliberate, moral, sentimental, foaming over with truth and virtue, with tenderness and friendship, and only the worse in one ruffle for the wine.'

16. A. L. S. No date (July 7th, 1834). 3 pages 4to., with Super-
scription and Seal.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—My zeal is quite evaporated for the people I hoped to benefit by the publication of "The Trial of Shakespeare." I find my old

school-fellow (whom, by-the-bye, 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 anything 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.

[‘ Now a thousand thanks for the trouble you have taken. MM. Saunders and Otley ought to hazard nothing by me. I hope they hazard little. It would be dishonorable in me to accept all they offer. I will not take the entire profits. I will take half and shall be glad if they begin to print the volume as soon as they conveniently can. I will pay for the dozen copies I give my friends, for I really have a dozen of one kind or other.] I am highly gratified by L^d Mulgrave’s* recollection of me. When he and Lady M. were at Florence, I received every civility from them, very undeservedly. I hope L^d 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.

[‘ It is not impossible that, altho’ Mr. Willis has sent the Conversations to America, a copy of the one you mention may be sent you. Julius Hare has it. Should he think it of a nature too little academical for the Etymological Magazine, I will beg him to send it you.† Indeed I think I have already expressed my wish to him. Whatever I write hereafter shall be entirely and solely at your disposal, and whatever is sent to America and shall be found useful to your elegant works, and not very far below the other parts of them, I will request Mr. Willis to send back again to England. Mr. Robinson‡ is German mad. The Hercynian forest is his classic ground. Why cannot he come into Italy, the only country upon earth where all the higher qualities of the mind can expatiate with full gratification. Believe me, dear Lady Blessington, your ever obliged serv^t.’]

17. A. L. S. No date (October 11th, 1834). 3 pages 4to., with Super-
scription and Seal.

‘ Dear Lady Blessington,—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 had written an introduction which quite satisfied me, which hardly anything does upon the whole, though everything in part.

‘ Pray relieve me from this serious anxiety, for the Examinations and the Conferences, if disjoined, would break my heart. Never were two things so totally different in style. [There may be people enough who could have written either of them, but there never was but one other man who could have written both. I speak this from the certainty of self-knowledge, and now you will wonder that he who could declare this very bold thing so plainly, declares with the same integrity that he is shocked at the supposition of his having the amity and impudence of writing his memoirs. I never cared one farthing what people thought about me, and

* Constantine Henry Phipps, 2nd Earl Mulgrave and 1st Marquis of Normanby, 1797–1863, a distinguished statesman, diplomatist, and politician, created a marquis in 1834. He married in 1818 the Hon. Maria Liddell, 1798–1882, eldest daughter of the 1st Baron Ravensworth. Lady Normanby was much beloved by the Queen and the members of the Royal Family, and at one time filled the post of Mistress of the Robes. After the death of her husband she retired into private life, and took up her residence at Mulgrave Castle. She was an accomplished linguist and musician, as well as a painter.

† No doubt the Imaginary Conversation between Lord Mountjoy and Lord Edward Fitzgerald. See page 93.

‡ Henry Crabb Robinson, 1775–1867, a man of letters, who was acquainted with most of the leading poets and nearly every personality in literature and art of his time. He was a prominent supporter of the Athenæum Club and the London University. His *Diary*, &c., was published in 1869, from which it appears that he made Landor’s acquaintance at Florence in 1830.

I always have avoided the intercourse and notice of the world. Nevertheless, I would be in the dust before Mina* and Hofer† if such men could be benefited by such prostration, and I readily stand up to be measured by those who are high enough to measure me—as poor Coleridge was—as Southey and Wordsworth are. They have done it, and as their measurement agrees, I am bound to believe it is correct, altho' my own fingers would have made me one inch lower. A little while ago I was praised only by such as these. Taylor and Lec (*sic*) Hunt, both admirable poets, have now measured me far beyond my expectations.] 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 labour 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.

[Do not think of sending my Examination by any private hand, unless your old acquaintance Sir Francis Lee will take charge of two or three copies. I believe he is returning to Tuscany again. Many thanks for the vast trouble you have been taking.']

18. A. L. S. (Florence, November 28th, 1834.) 3 pages 4to., with Superscription.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—It has quite escaped my memory whether I made any reply or remark on your flattering observation, that my life, written by myself, would interest the literary world and others. However, as you have repeated it, I will say a few words on the subject. I have always been cautious and solicitous to avoid the notice of the publick; I mean individually and personally. Whatever I can write or do for their good is much at their service, and I do not disdain to amuse them, altho' I would not take any trouble about it. As for their curiosity in regard to myself, it must remain ungratified. So little did I court the notice of people even when young, that I gave my Latin poems, &c., to the printer on one only condition, namely, that he should not even advertise them in the papers. I never accepted an invitation to dinner in London, excepting at your house and Sir Charles Morgan's, *once*. He had taken a good deal of trouble to

* Don Francisco Espoz y Mina, 1781–1836, a celebrated Spanish general who, his patriotism being aroused by the French invasion of 1808, joined the guerilla corps, and became general commandant. In 1814, failing in his attempt to excite an insurrection against Ferdinand VII., he fled to France, but returned in 1820, and was made Governor of Galicia. In 1823 he was compelled to capitulate to Moncey, and withdrew to England. He died at Barcelona.

† Andrew Hofer, 1765–1810, a brave Tyrolese chieftain, who, in 1809, was chosen to lead the Tyrolese insurgents in their efforts to shake off the Bavarian yoke. In this he was successful, but, misled by a false report of a general revolt, he recommenced hostilities, and thus forfeited the protection of the amnesty. He concealed himself in an Alpine hut, but his retreat was betrayed, and he was arrested, tried by court martial, and shot.

bring thro' Parliament an Inclosure Act of mine, in which, by means of Sir Charles Mordaunt, Dugdale, himself, Lord Manvers and Lord Walsingham, and I must not forget Lord Oxford, I defeated the Duke of Beaufort and his family, but encountered so much opposition that altho' I had saved a thousand pounds for my purpose, hardly one shilling was left, and my four thousand acres were and are still unenclosed. My own lifeholders opposed me, for there were but three freeholders in the parish, and very small ones. My own land was calculated at about eight thousand acres; half enclosed, half not. I always hated society and despised opinion. Added to which, I must of necessity be a liar in writing my life, since to conceal a truth or give a partial evidence is to lie. I spent thirteen winters of my early life in Bath, which at that time was frequented by the very best society. I was courted in spite of my bad temper, my unconciliating manners (to speak gently of them) and my republican opinions, I once even inspired love. There is no vanity in saying it. An old man or an old woman may say, pointing at the fireplace, "these ashes were once wood." But there are two things in this world utterly unpardonable—to say and to forget by whom we have been beloved. My rocks of Meillerie rise up before me, but it is only in solitude that I will ever gaze upon them. I have nothing to do with people, nor people with me. A phrenologist once told me that he observed the mark of veneration on my head. I told him in return that I could give him a proof of it. I would hold the stirrup for Kosciusko,* the brandy-bottle for Hofer, the standish for Southey, and I declare to you upon oath that I firmly believe myself superior to any duke, prince, king, emperor, or pope existing, as the best of these fellows is superior to the most sluggish and mangy turnspit in his dominions; and I swear to you that I never will be, if I can help it, where any such folks are. Why should I tell my countrymen these things? Why should I make the worst tempered nation in the world more sullen and morose than ever. I love good manners, and therefore keep out of their way, avoiding all possibility of offence. I have been reading Sir Egerton Brydges' Autobiography. In one of the pages I wrote down this remark: Poor man! He seems to be writing in the month of January in the city of London, the wind north-east, with his skin off. I would not live in London the six winter months for a thousand pounds a week. No, not even with the privilege of hanging a Tory on every lamp-arm to the right, and a Whig on every one to the left the whole extent of Piccadilly. This goes sadly against my patriotism. Do not tell any of the radicals that I am grown so indifferent to the interests of our country. It appears that you have a change of ministry. I hope the Tories will leave Mr. Seymour his situation here as minister. He is the first in Tuscany that ever did his duty. How different from the idle profligate fiddler you remember here, and the insolent adventurer Dawkins. This ragamuffin, now minister in Greece, has lately been well described in the only work upon that country of any great use or merit, by Tiersch. Abundant proofs are given of his negligence and stupidity. Who would imagine that he had profited so little by living in such intimate familiarity with all the swindlers, spies, and jockeys in Tuscany? However, he is much improved, I hear. If he has not clean hands, he has clean gloves. I have reason to believe that King Otho has been informed of his character and of his subservience to the arbitrary acts of Capo d'Istria. No news yet of the *Book of Beauty* nor the rest, and this is the twenty-eighth of November. Yours very truly.

19. A. L. S. Dated January 13th, 1835. $3\frac{1}{2}$ pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—[Your *Book of Beauty* is come to me this evening. Pardon me if I answer your letter before I look into it. Let me hope that my

* Thaddeus Kosciusko, 1756–1817, a brave Polish general, who accompanied Lafayette to America, where he obtained the rank of general. At the end of the war he returned to his native country, and served in the campaign of 1792 against Russia. When the revolution broke out in Poland he was placed at the head of the national forces, but was defeated and taken prisoner to St. Petersburg. He was however released by the Emperor Paul, went to America, and afterwards settled first in France and then in Switzerland, where he died. His remains were buried at Cracow in the vaults of the Kings of Poland.

Steel & Addison are not the best part of it—a hope that I may encourage the more reasonably when, running over the bill of fare, I find you have contributed to the pic-nic.] Arnold is so mischievous as to shew me, this moment, the portrait of the Duchess [Gordon], and to say she ought to have been put in the index or the 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 [my wife]. 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 shews 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 Shakespeare, has afforded so much delight, if we open our hearts to receive it. The author of the Arabian Nights was the greatest benefactor the East ever had, not excepting Mahomet. How many hours of pure happiness has he bestowed on 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. [All your own books, for which I waited wth much more anxiety, were left upon the road.] I never in my life sent even a note by a private hand. [Innumerable ships are sailing every month to Italy. The expense is small, and if it were great it would not at all affect me.] Nothing affects me but pain and disappointment. Hannah More say, “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.’

20. A. L. S. No date (Ruthin, February 28th, 1835). 1 page 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

‘Dear Lady Blessington,—On my way thro’ London I found that you had left town for York, where I hope you were delighted with the musick. A friend of mine is collecting all he can find of my writings. I have given him this Parable, but on condition that you shall publish it first, if you think it worth a place in the *Book of Beauty*. I do not see why an angel should not find a place there. You will hear of something more by me before long. People will cry out against it, and yet it is worse than my Examination. I am resolved not to write worse still. I will not attempt to catch popularity. If I must really bend lower let the pitcher fall and break. Very sincerely yours.’

21. A. L. S. No date (March 16th, 1835). 3½ pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

‘Dear Lady Blessington,—After a year or more I receive your reminiscences

of Byron. Never, for the love of God, send anything again by a Welshman, I mean nothing literary. Lord Dinorben's* brother, like Lord Dinorben, 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 higher order, even in poetry.

'I was amused (when I was a youth I sh^d have been shocked and disquieted) at his solution† of Pythagoras's enigma on beans.

'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 Phocæans at Marseilles, had engrafted 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 yourself, 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 Doctor John Johnstone,§ 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. [Unless in matters of business, I do not remember that I ever read over a letter of mine. Yes, I must make one exception—affairs of love, particularly the quarrelsome parts of them, just before the barometer sinks].

'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 has 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 [in Mrs. Leicester's School] is, with the sole 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 pathetik 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 days, we have seen nothing at all comparable to him. Byron and

* William Lewis Hughes, Lord Dinorben, 1767-1852, created a baron in 1831.

† The 'solution' referred to is in De Quincey's *Recollections of the Lakes and Lake Poets*, where it is stated that Coleridge plagiarised it from a German author. Dr. Madden has printed *bears* instead of *beans*. The disquisition on Pythagoras is introduced by Landor into his *Pericles and Aspasia*, published in 1836.

‡ Dr. Samuel Parr, 1787-1825, the well-known pedagogue, the friend and correspondent of nearly all the literary men of his day, and was the champion and chaplain of Queen Caroline.

§ Dr. John Johnstone, 1768-1836, the physician and intimate friend and biographer of Parr. He was a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and had a large practice in Birmingham. He was the author, besides *Parr's Memoirs*, of some works on medical subjects.

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. Fonblanque* 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!"—

'Cannot 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, 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 :

<p>'Pleasures—away! they please no more; Friends—are they what they were before? Loves—they are very idle things, The best about 'em are their wings. The dance—'tis what the bear can do; Music—I hate your music too. Whene'er these witnesses that time Hath snatch'd the chaplet from our prime Are called by nature (as we go</p>	<p>With eyes more weary, 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.'</p>
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[I forgot to say, what, indeed, is not worth saying, that] my disquisition on Pythagoras arose from finding the law-giver (as he is called) of the Gauls to have been named *Samotes*. Now Samiotes would mean the Samiot, and Pythagoras was of Samos. Although I never keep what I write, hating the labour 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 thro', and has sometimes lost himself, and has often reached the outskirts, and shuddered (which he needed not to have done) at the briary hedge and barren termination.'

22. A. L. S. No date (April 25th, 1835). 3¼ pages 4to., with Super-
 scription and Seal.

['Out of thy books, O Beauty, I had been
 For many a year,
 Till she who reigns on earth thy lawful queen
 Replaced me there.

'A thousand thanks for the *Repealers* and the *Two Friends*. I did not rise up from any of the volumes until I had finished it. They reached me but four days ago. Something I do hope I may be able to furnish for your next volume of the *Book of Beauty*. If Mr. Willis should get back from America my Imaginary Conversations, there are one or two unpublished which I think would do. A third between Petrarch and Boccaccio better than the other two, and one between Milton and Archbishop Parker. Verses written on:—

"I have not forgotten your favorite old tune, will you hear it?"

'Come, sprinkle me that music o'er the breast,
 Bring me the varied colours into light
 That now obscurely on its marble rest,
 Shew me its flowers and figures, fresh and bright.

'Waked at thy voice and touch, again the chords
 Restore what envious years had moved away,
 Restore the glowing cheeks, the tender words,
 Youth's vernal morn, and Pleasure's summer day.

* Dr. Madden has printed this name *Forster*.

'In the "Quest after Honour," after

Add : 'At this they shook their heads and went their ways :

The swimmers in the stream of politicks,
That keep each other down, where none float high
But who are rotten, shouted in my ear,
"Come hither, here is Honour; on this side;
He hates the other."

'I past on, nor lookt,
Knowing the voices well; they troubled me
Vociferating. I searcht for willow wand
To scourge and silence the importunates,
And turn'd me round. Lo, they were all upon
The further bank, and, basking in the sun,
Mock'd at me, and defied me to cross o'er,
And broke their cakes and gave their curs the crumbs.
Weary with wanderings—

'I do not think 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 and 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 there
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 his while to put on a fine new coat to come down and see me, 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 shewed me some things I had written long 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 *Sr Roger de Coverley*.]

'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 over-pay! I am afraid that Sir Robert Peel's quick eye may overlook this. Statesmen, like goats, live the most gaily among inequalities.'

23. A. L. S. No date (1835). 3¼ pages 4to., with Superscription.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—I have returned but five minutes from Bath. I do not send back the proof sheet because it is quite correct.

'I too must be as much of a Hattaji as I may be. I cannot leave my children where they are, nor with those they are. You will see me again in eight days, for one or two, if you have room for me. Ever your obliged.'

24. A. L. S. No date (December 31st, 1835). 3 pages 4to., with Super-
scription and Seal.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—The *Book of Beauty* is under one hand, while, it requires no conjuror to tell you, I am writing this with the other. Since I had the pleasure of reading your ast kind letter, I have been travelling about occasionally, and hoped to spend my Christmas at Clifton. There are some old thoughts resting upon Bath; but Bath is no longer what it was to any one, and least of all to me. Clifton is the best climate on this side of Nice, and climate is everything to so Italianized a piece of machinery as I am. Poor Gell! I grieve that he is losing his spirits; they used to rise above his health, and now flag under it. The natural reflection is—he is only two years older than myself—but natural reflections are mostly selfish and often stupid ones. I would wish him to live on, were it only to keep me in countenance. Did you ever hear this rude phrase before? It was once said to me at dinner by Major D. I could not help replying that it was easier to keep him in it, than put him out of it. Which made him ponder.

'What brilliant things you promise me! I was curious to see Coleridge, I was desirous to see Lamb, I am anxious to see Fonblanque. To read the *Examiners* I have laid aside Steel and Defoe. I would not do the same for any other of the moderns. Of course, I mean the prose writers. And yet among the moderns, after all, there are greater men than among the ancients. None of these come within a world or two of Bacon; none could have written *Zadig*. You ask me how Wales appears to me after Italy. My house is the most delightfully situated of any in Tuscany, and contains the greatest number of good pictures after Palazzo Pitti, yet the vale of Clewyd has also its charms. My old abbey at Llantony, which I never think of visiting again, has scenery about it equal to any on the Appennines, but, alas! it has also fogs, snows, and Welshmen. When April comes, I hope to make my bow in Seamore Place.

'Believe me, dear Lady Blessington, very sincerely.'

'Many happy new years! This is the last day of the departing.'

25. A. Article S. No date (1835). 2 pages 4to.

'PARABLE OF ASABEL.—CHAPTER I.

'Asabel in his youth had been of those who place their trust in God, and he prospered in the land, and many of his friends did partake of his prosperity.

'After a length of years it came to pass that he took less and less delight in the manifold gifts of God, for that his heart grew fat within him, and knew not any workday for its work; nor did thankfulness enter into it, as formerly to awake the sluggard.

'Nevertheless did Asabel praise and glorify the Almighty both morning and evening, and did pray unto Him for the continuance and increase of His loving mercies; and did call himself, as the godly are wont to do, miserable sinner and leper, and worm and dust.

'And all men did laud Asabel, inasmuch as being clothed in purple and smelling of spikenard he was a leper, and worm, and dust. And many did come from far regions to see that dust, and that worm, and that leper; and did marvel at him, and did bow their heads, and did beseech of God that they might be like unto him.

'But God inclined not his ear, and they returned unto their own country.

'CHAPTER II.

'And behold, it came to pass that an angel from above saw Asabel go forth from his house.

'And the angel did enter and did seat himself in the seat of Asabel.

'After a while, a shower fell in many drops upon the plane-tree at the gate and upon the hyssop thereby, and over the field nigh unto the dwelling.

'Whereon did Asabel hasten him back, and coming into the doorway he saw another seated upon his seat, who arose not before him, but said only, "Peace unto thee!"

'Asabel was wroth, and said, "Lo! the rain abateth, the sun shineth through

it. If thou wilt eat bread, eat ; if thou wilt drink water, drink ; but having assuaged thy hunger and thy thirst, depart !”

‘Then said the angel unto Asabel, “I will neither eat bread nor drink water under thy roof, O Asabel, forasmuch as thou didst send therefrom the master whom I serve.”

‘And now the wrath of Asabel waxed hotter, and he said, “Neither thy master nor the slave of thy master have I sent away, not knowing nor having seen either.”

‘Then rose the angel from the seat, and spake : “Asabel ! Asabel ! thy God hath filled thy house with plenteousness. Hath he not verily done this and more unto thee ?”

‘And Asabel answered him and said, “Verily the Lord my God hath done this and more unto His servant. Blessed be His name for ever !”

‘Again spake the angel :

“He hath given thee a name among thy people, and many by His guidance have come unto thee for counsel and for aid.”

‘Counsel have I given, aid also have I given,” said Asabel, “and neither he who received it nor he who gave it hath repented himself thereof.”

‘Then answered the angel :

“The word that thou speakest is indeed the true word. But answer me in the name of the Lord thy God.

“Hath not thy soul been further from Him as thy years and His benefits increased ? The more and the more wisdom (in thy estimation of it) He bestowed upon thee hast thou not been the more proud, the more selfish, the more disinclined to listen unto the sorrows and wrongs of men ?”

‘And Asabel gazed upon him, and was angered that a youth should have questioned him, and thought it a shame that the eyes of the young should see into the secrets of the aged, and stood reproved before him.

‘But the angel took him by the hand and spake thus : “Asabel ! behold the fruit of all the good seed thy God hath given thee. Pride springing from wealth, obduracy from years, and from knowledge itself uncontrollable impatience and inflexible perversity. Couldst thou not have employed those things much better ? Again I say it, thou hast driven out the God that dwelt with thee ; that dwelt within thy house, within thy breast ; that gave thee much for thyself, and entrusted thee with more for others. Having seen thee abuse, revile, and send him thus away from thee, what wonder that I, who am but the lowest of His ministers, and who have bestowed no gifts upon thee, should be commanded to depart !” Asabel covered his eyes, and when he raised them up again, the angel no longer was before him.

‘“Of a truth,” said he, and smote his breast, “it was the angel of the Lord.” And then did he shed tears. But they fell into his bosom after a while like refreshing dew, bitter as were the first of them. And his heart grew young again, and felt the head that rested on it ; and the weary in spirit knew as they had known before the voice of Asabel. Thus wrought the angel’s gentleness upon him, even as the quiet and silent water wins itself an entrance where tempest and fire pass over. It is written that other angels did look up with loving and admiration into the visage of this angel on his return ; and he told the younger and more zealous of them that whenever they would descend into the gloomy vortex of the human heart, under the softness and serenity of their voice and countenance, its turbulence would subside.

‘“Beloved !” said he, “there are portals open to the palm branches we carry, and that close at the flaming sword.”*’

26. A. L. S. Dated March 29th, 1836. 2¼ pages 4to.

‘Dear Lady Blessington,—I never think so highly of my powers of imagination as while I am reading your letters. They always make me fancy I hear and almost see you. Not being a Correggio, in the latter faculty I must be somewhat imperfect.

* This parable was published in the *Book of Beauty* for 1836, but Lady Blessington acknowledged the receipt of it in a letter to Landor, printed by Dr. Madden under date October 1st, 1835.

'Many thanks for the *Examiner*, but I had read it, and returned my warmest thanks for it to Mr. Fonblanque. It is the only periodical work that is regularly sent me. And now do not let your kindness prompt you to send me any other, for I care not one straw what all the rest say about me, good or ill. Pray, can you get me back those papers and books you mention, for although you tell me they are in London, you do not tell me where, or what I am to set about for their recovery. Perhaps in the last volume, the unpublished one, we may be able to find something not unfit for the *Book of Beauty*. You cannot doubt how happy and proud I shall be to be your guest. If you should not have left London in the beginning of May, do not be shocked at hearing that a *cab* is come to the door with a fierce-looking old man in it. Remember you have promised to present me to Mr. Fonblanque. May I take the liberty to write on the other side,* what I conceive will ensure the consignment of the manuscript and volumes to you. Believe me, most faithfully and sincerely, your obliged.'

27. A. L. S. No date (April 2nd, 1836). 1 page 4to., with Superscription.

'Dear Lady Blessington.—Here is a note from Mr. Willis. I shall return no answer whatsoever. The only use of it is to get back the books and papers. But pray keep it for me.

'How could you have been so mischievous as to tell Lord Lyndhurst to frank a letter to me? Did Lysimachus require an opera-glass?

'There is not a man in existence I less esteem than that. The reason why I remain here until the end of the first week in May, or about it, is that I wrote to Mrs. Paynter, sister of Lord Aylmer, that I should. She has been near losing an amiable daughter, and will be at Bath about the beginning of May, I hear.

'Do not turn my head by flattering me so much: I would rather delight my friends than have Fame and her whole temple. And you above others may believe this of your ever obliged.'

28. A. L. No date (July 6th, 1836). 3¼ pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—I must appear to you under the double crime of ingratitude and impoliteness when, after so much hospitality and kindness, I went away from London without taking leave. The fact is, I had desired a place might be bespoken for me by the three o'clock coach, and it was booked by the seven o'clock. So I lost one more delightful walk with you round your gardens. I have engaged my lodgings here at Clifton for three weeks—afterwards I go to visit a few of my nearest relatives, none of whom I have seen since my return to England. On my way hither I spent a day at Oxford, and another at Cheltenham. Last evening I unpacked my volumes and manuscripts. They are in sad confusion—probably I left them so. It would be an easier and a pleasanter business to write fresh ones, than to arrange and decipher these. Perhaps I may attempt both when I recover the use of my senses. The rattle of carriages is still sounding in my ears, and my brains are floating in the fumes of a coal-pit, with no Davy-lamp to save me. Do there remain any more luxuriant shoots to be pruned in those rich poems? Why should I ask? If they do, I have only a knife at your service; I want the discernment and the discernment among my rubbish. I found on the back of an old letter some mischievous lines on Lord Hatherton.† He is only a coxscumb, no worse. He served for Secretary in Ireland, where anything serves for anything:—

'Suspicious fall On grey Glengall ‡ When Spite and Falsehood speak ill,	When we hear wit, We father it On Alvanley § or Jekyl.
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* The writing on the other side is as follows: 'Not knowing exactly where my manuscript and volumes are, which I consigned some six months since to Mr. Willis, and heard were lost, but find are not, I beg that they may be given to Lady Blessington. Walter Savage Landor.'

† Edward John Walhouse, afterwards Littleton, 1st Baron Hatherton, 1791–1863, for many years M.P. for Staffordshire, and in 1834 Chief Secretary for Ireland.

‡ Richard Butler, 2nd Earl of Glengall, 1794–1858, a representative peer for Ireland.

§ William Arden, 2nd Baron Alvanley, 1789–1849, a lieutenant-colonel in the army.

'In whate'er matter There's idle chatter We're apt to father 't on The luckless Hatherton,	So large loquacity, So small capacity, Has luckless Hatherton. Luckless Hatherton !
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'These other came into my head on hearing Talfourd say that Lady Holland had an affection of the heart. It was with difficulty I could abstain from repeating them at the moment :—

'Our steam navigation
 And blood's circulation
 Are wonders in Science and Art.
 Far greater his *nous*
 The physician's who shows
 In Holland's old spouse
 A heart ! an affection of heart.'

29. A. L. S. No date (July 11th, 1836). 3 pages 4to., with Super-
 scription.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—To-day I finisht 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 *aftermath* of poetry. But how fresh and sweet is Barry Cornwall's ! He unites the best qualities of the richest moderns and the purest ancients.

['Here are some lines to him :—

' Barry ! your spirit long ago
 Has haunted me ; at last I know
 The heart it springs from ; one more sound
 Ne'er rested on poetic ground.
 But, Barry Cornwall, by what right
 Wring you my breast and dim my sight,
 And make me wish at every touch
 My poor old hand could do as much ?
 No other in these later times
 Hath bound me in so potent rhymes.
 I have observed the curious dress
 And jewelry of brave Queen Bess,
 But always found some o'er-charged thing,
 Some flaw in even the brightest ring,
 Admiring in her men of war
 A rich but too *argute* guitar.
 Our foremost now are more prolix,
 And scrape with three-eil fiddlesticks,
 And, whether bound for griefs or smiles,
 Are slow to turn as crocodiles.
 Once, every court and country bevy
 Chose the gallants of loins less heavy,
 And would have laid upon the shelf
 Him who could talk but of himself.
 Reason is stout ; but even reason
 May walk too long in Rhyme's hot season.
 I have heard many folks aver

They have caught horrid colds with her.
 Imagination's paper kite,
 Unless the string is held in tight,
 Whatever fits and starts it takes,
 Soon bounces on the ground and breaks.
 You, placed afar from each extreme,
 Nor dully drowse nor wildly dream,
 But ever flowing with good humour
 Are bright as Spring and warm as Summer.
 Mid your Penates not a word
 Of scorn or ill-report is heard ;
 Nor is there any need to pull
 A sheaf or truss from cart too full,
 Lest it o'er-load the horse, no doubt,
 Or clog the road by falling out.
 We who surround a common table
 And imitate the fashionable,
 Wear each two eye-glasses : *this lens*
 Shows us our faults, *that* other men's.
 We do not care how dim may be
 This by whose aid our own we see ;
 But ever anxiously alert
 That all may have their whole desert,
 We would melt down the stars and sun
 In our heart's furnace, to make one
 Through which the enlightened world might
 A mote upon a brother's eye. [spy

' I pen these lines upon that cypher'd cover
 (Gift, I will answer for it, of some lover)
 Which you have opened for me more than once ;
 And, when you told me I must write therein,
 And found me somewhat tardy to begin,
 Call'd me but idler, tho' you thought me dunce.

' Ah ! this was very kind in you, sweet maiden !
 But, sooth to say, my paniers are not laden
 With half the wares they bore
 In days of yore.

* Bryan Waller Proctor, 1787-1874, a poet and man of letters, who published his works under the pseudonym of Barry Cornwall. He was called to the Bar in 1831, and became one of the Commissioners of Lunacy. The first edition of his *English Songs and other Small Poems* was published in 1832.

Beside, you will believe me when I say
That many madcap dreams and urchin fancies,
As old dame Wisdom with her rod advances,
Scamper away.

And now I will finish my strawberries and cream, which I began at the same time with the first of these. I find they have had just time enough to curdle.']

30. A. L. S. No date (August 8th, 1836). 3 pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—Have you ever read the poems of Miss Barrett?* If you have, I doubt whether you will be inclined to think the frame of her mind at all adapted to the *Book of Beauty*. Latterly, I hear, she is become quite absorbed in her devotional contemplations. I never saw her but once. It was at my friend Kenyon's, and I conversed with her only for about ten minutes. Hearing that she was an excellent Greek scholar, I gave her a few Greek verses, which I happened to recollect at the moment, and which I think were among the last I had written. However, I will not delay my inquiries of Kenyon whether she will compose something, or whether she has anything already composed which may be inserted in the *Book of Beauty*.

'I will also ask Richard Milnes,† who writes admirably. I gave him a translation from Madame de Genlis,‡ so that I may venture to ask him, and I feel assured he will not refuse me. At present I do not know where he is. He was at Lord Northampton's§ when he wrote to me and asked for the contribution for Lord N., to whom otherwise I should not have given it. Probably your Ladyship has received my satire. It reached me yesterday. The compositor, as usual, has taken the trouble to try to improve me.

p. 12. <i>Blither</i> he has made	"brighter."	p. 28. <i>A</i> land, twice over he makes	"The."
p. 13. English <i>fun</i>	"pen."	p. 32. A Spencer <i>o'er</i> he makes	"on."
p. 24. The <i>swift</i>	"strong."	p. 34. <i>Sinks</i> to is an oversight of mine,	not his; it should be "yields" to.

'Each is equally good, but *sinks* is used a little before.

'God grant that this mild weather may remove all the irritation from your trachea. When I was in Paris in the beginning of the century, I had it, and cured it by *pâte de guimauve*. Pray try it.

'Believe me, dear Lady Blessington, your ever obliged friend and serv^t.'

'I have delayed so long to write, only because I had some hopes that Mr. Milnes would have written to me again, and that I might so have known his present address, and have written for a piece of poetry.'

31. A. L. S. Dated 'Manheim, September 12' (1836). 2¾ pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—I have this instant your very kind letter of the twenty-fourth of August. To-night I shall transcribe the last sheet of my third and final interview of Petrarca and Boccaccio.

'Could not your Ladyship contrive to give a place this year (forthcoming) to the Dream? It is the crown of my volume, but I wish it first to be exhibited at your jewellers. I have not yet heard from Italy. It is well I have some-

* Elizabeth Barrett Browning, 1806-1861, the celebrated poetess, whose first poems were published in 1827. In 1846 she married the poet Robert Browning. Her works are too well known and recent to need any particular mention.

† Richard Monckton Milnes, 1st Baron Houghton, 1809-1885, a well-known verse-writer, man of letters, and politician. His poetry was written principally between 1834 and 1844; his most considerable prose work, *Monographs, Personal and Social*, was published in 1873. He was M.P. for Pontefract from 1837 to 1863, in which year he was raised to the peerage, and was a trustee of the British Museum.

‡ Félicité Ducrest, Countess de Genlis, 1746-1830, a celebrated French woman of letters, governess of the children of the Duke de Chartres. She wrote her memoirs when she was over eighty years of age.

§ Spencer Joshua Alwyne Compton, 2nd Marquis of Northampton, 1790-1851, eldest son of the 1st Marquis, whom he succeeded in 1828. He was President of the Royal Society.

thing to do, and nothing could be better than what used to be my horror and aversion—the business of transcribing. I have been greatly censured for my dialogue of Lord Eldon. My good and sensible friend Mrs. Dashwood “*regrets* that I should have written it, as poor Lord Eldon is no longer a public man, and eighty years old.” My answer was, the devil is older.

‘I was resolved to write this conversation from a story that Mr. Seymour told me at Florence. Lord Eldon had a daughter who formed an attachment to a young clergyman of the highest respectability. She married him. For several months, eight or ten, they were in distress, almost misery. At last, after various and most penitential and pathetic appeals to this unnatural father, he sent her *twenty pounds*, “that she might not starve,” as she said they were doing. All the political crimes, and nearly all the moral, that can be conceived fall infinitely short of this barbarity.*

‘I have been curtailing my Petrarca and Boccaccio; yet, much against my will, I have been forced to make room again for many of my curtailments. I have only been able to strike out a few pages of criticisms on Dante—there are many left. My best regards to Count D’Orsay. I am ever your Ladyship’s obliged serv^t.’

‘Your letter was sent by mistake to Guernsey.’

32. A. L. S. Dated ‘Ibbotson’s Hotel, Thursday evening’ (October 6th, 1836). 2 pages 4to., with Superscription.

‘Dear Lady Blessington,—I arrived here in such utter disarray, and so vilely out of spirits, in the dark, that I could not in my conscience present myself at Gore House. God grant that nothing may remain of your indisposition. Early to-morrow morning I must go to Clifton, where I have been expected these last four days. Sadness ought never to be where you are, and yet I must have brought it. I return quite alone—the cholera is the plea why none of my children were allowed to meet me in Tyrol. To-morrow I shall roll myself up like a hedge-hog for six months. I am most anxious to hear that you are quite well again. Pray tell me how Mrs. Fairlie’s book goes on, and say something of her sweet little girl. This melancholy weather would certainly make me throw myself into the Thames, if I were to near it; and yet the throw is an idle one, for the air itself is a Thames. Believe me, dear Lady Blessington, your ever obed^t and obliged.’

33. A. L. S. No date (Clifton, October 21st, 1836). 3 pages 4to., with Superscription.

‘Dear Lady Blessington,—In my hasty transit thro’ London, I wrote your Ladyship a few lines, apologizing for not paying my respects. With disappointment, fatigue, illness, and pestilential fog, I was half dead. I reached the hotel in Vere Street at nearly six, dined, went to bed at nine, rose at eight, and reached this place about the same hour in the evening. Yesterday I had a letter from Saunders and Otley, to whom I had sent another volume for publication. They decline it, telling me that they are losers of 150 by the *Pericles*. A young author would be vexed. I wrote them by this post as follows: “*Gentlemen, you judge very rightly in supposing that nothing of mine can be popular. I regret that for the present you are subject to a considerable loss by the Pericles. I never can allow any one to be a loser by me, on which principle (if on no other) I would never play a game at cards. Perhaps a few more copies, though probably very few, may be sold within another year. At all events, at the end of the next, I will make good your loss. I am also in your debt for the “Letters of a Conservative,” which have lately been reviewed in Germany by Dr. Paulus. But in England they do not appear to be worth the notice of the learned world, or the political. Be pleased*

* Landor must have been misinformed by some one who confused Eldon’s eldest daughter with the younger. His eldest daughter, Elizabeth, ran away to be married to Mr. Repton in 1817, so much to her father’s annoyance that he refused to be reconciled to her until 1820. The younger daughter married the Rev. Edward Bankes, and Sir Horace Twiss remarks, in his *Life of Lord Eldon*, that he ‘thenceforward kept up a correspondence with her so frequent, so minute, and so unreserved as almost to take the character of a diary.’

to let me know what I am in your debt for the publication and the books you sent me, that I may discharge this portion of it immediately."

'I now rejoice that I reserved for my own expenditure only 200 a year, and that I have not deprived my wife of her horses, nor my sons of theirs, nor of anything else they had been used to. I never feel a great pleasure in doing what anybody else can do. It would puzzle a good many to save 50 out of 200 in one year. The rest must come out of my estate, which I am clearing of its encumbrances very fast. I hear that if I had not formerly placed it in the hands of the vilest rascal in Wales, one Gabb, it would, even in these bad times, with 35 per cent deducted, have brought me a clear income of £4000. In that case, what pleasure could I possibly have had in writing my letter to MM. Saunders and Otley!

'But I am losing sight of my object. It was to place this publication and my "Interview of Petrarca and Boccaccio" (which I will send when I have transcribed it) wholly at your Ladyship's disposal. If there is anything passable in either, do what you please with it, and burn the rest. Very sincerely, dear Lady Blessington, your obliged serv^t.'

34. A. L. S. Dated 'Penrose Cottage, Clifton, Wednesday 26' (October, 1836).

'Dear Lady Blessington,—I have hardly been able to make up my mind, in three whole days, about the offer of my "Nineteen Audiences" to some publisher. It is impossible that anything in this world can succeed with me. There are, however, some of the trade who possess the means of giving a work notoriety. If any one of these is hazardous enough to undertake mine, I would let him have it on any conditions.

'God grant that you may quite recover your health before the winter sets in. Before it ends, which I think in London is a short time before the dog-days, it would delight me above all things to be able to pay your Ladyship my respects. Are you about anything in which I can be of the slightest service to you? If you are, exercise your right and confer a fresh pleasure on your ever obliged.'

35. A. L. S. Dated Clifton, October 30th (1836). 2½ pages 4to., with Superscription.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—How dare you write so well? You must really stop here, or we shall begin to tug at your statue though it crush us. I shall be first at it, by right—as having been the most kindly treated by you. I grieve for the fox. I cannot think it was in his nature to smell much amiss. You have borne sheep, you have borne cream-cheeses, and others. These now, these are really among the persecutions of the Christians. I was once in the midst of a flock of sheep in a narrow and hollow lane, they going to be sheared. The spirit of Don Quixote entered into me, and had I been armed, I should have been most sanguinary. This word reminds me of the late Mr. Lucy, who paid his addresses to Sophia Vernon, a cousin of mine, who afterwards married Mr. Shuckbury. He was a greater fool and more ridiculous in his figure than his great progenitor. She burst out laughing at him. "Miss Sophia," said he, "I did entertain the most sanguinary hopes." However, she could not let him put them into execution.

'Pray thank good, kind Count D'Orsay for his note.

'Lord Lindhurst does me an unmerited honour in sending me his eloquent speech. I hope my answer is a becoming one. As I have not yet folded it, I will transcribe it.* Your ever obliged.'

36. A. L. S. No date (November 13th, 1836). 2 pages 4to., with Superscription.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—[Pray do not give yourself any further trouble about

* The following is the answer referred to :—'My Lord,—I am greatly flattered by a person of your distinction sending me his writings, and I trust your Lordship will not attribute this sentiment to the rank you hold in Society, but to the singular and surpassing abilities which command it. Never can I be insensible to such eloquence, nor to an elevation of mind overlooking such a wide divergency in politics.'

the publication of ——— I declare I have forgotten the title of the thing I sent you. Such and better I have thrown into the fire. Why not this? However, I have added a good many verses to those your Ladyship saw about the impudence of Wordsworth to Southey. Good Southey has been a week here. What delight to see him in tolerable spirits.

‘I do not like to write anything satirical. But] B[lackwood, among other impertinences,] 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?’

‘Upon my honour, I never ran over a single number in my whole existence, though something was once shewn to me as very clever; and it was so. I should have thought it criminal to give half-a-crown to a [murderer] of Keats, to say nothing of lies and scurrilities. By-the-bye, 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[yndhurst]’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, cannot *rise with extreme reluctance* to do it.

‘I should rather have expected this from Pitt or Canning than from Lord Lyndhurst, 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 of 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. I will send you my “Satire on Satirists.” People will buy this, desirous to peep thro’ the curtain and to see who is seated in my vapour bath.

‘I am ever your Ladyship’s very obliged.’

37. A. L. S. Dated ‘Sunday Evening’ (November 18th, 1836). 3 pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

‘Dear Lady Blessington,—[Believe me, I was not disappointed by your letter, and if I had been, I would willingly take a dozen of them if they came in one of your letters. Yet,] yet this grieves me—how can it be 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.

[‘I am not jealous of your renown—I will not *swear* that I am not, but I certainly was not when I made my remark, my half expostulation. I am growing a little more so, and if I think much longer of those creaking shoes, and those fat, chubby boys at the backgammon board yonder, I shall have the jaundice before morning, and my eyes will be as green as a cat’s. Luckily for me, my letters are not worth shewing to anybody, excepting decipherers by profession, who may turn a penny by them, otherwise, if there were any fear of your minding what I say, the fashionable and literary world would begin to hate and abhor me, as much as the unfashionable and illiterate.

‘If you really can suppose that Fonblanque would not be ashamed of putting my *Chineseries* into the *Examiner*, place them at his disposal. There are some things as good as other people’s; none so good as his. However, the extract from my Satire must be omitted, as the whole will be out in another ten days I trust.]

‘I never will write to please the public, but always to instruct and mend it. If Colburn’s 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. [Ought I not to be ashamed of myself to be writing or thinking of such trivial things, when your note tells me that you are unwell—*really poorly*, I hope, is only the expression of fatigue from too much exertion. Ah! your friends are accountable for much of that, and among the rest, your most sincere and ever obliged.]

‘My best regards to C^t D’Orsay.’]

38. A. L. S. No date (December 11th, 1836). 3½ pages 4to., with Superscription.

[‘Indisposed still! That really grieves me, for winter is long at London and Arcangel, and his dogs, like other fierce creatures, fly at the throat. But my dear lady, do not give up the *guimauve*. It cured me and speedily. Ah, my poor arbutus! who knows but its severed arm was a votive offering.]

‘I wish our friend Robinson would show you my *defence*, 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 good 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 staple about it, and will bear handling; but the inner, the conversational and private, has many coarse, intractable, dangling threads, fit only for the flock bed equipage of grooms and drovers. I am glad 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 worst sooner. This is a great fault to which we all are liable, from an erroneous idea of consistency. Beside, 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 severity to Byron. He deserves it. Of this I find evident proofs in abundance, although I never read his dramas, nor anything beside 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 tragic 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 out-lying from poetry, but it appears to me that in their poetry they are most so—forgetful as they are while they are writing that they must transcribe it afterwards. 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 intervals, 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 tone 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 the tricks of others.

‘[Children! ah, how does your pretty little niece do? I am delighted to hear of her progress in learning; it is so delightful, so requisite to her. I hope to hear that Mrs. Fairlie has recovered her strength before her confinement. She must not run into your Ladyship’s wild profusion and give a magnificent book to everybody who writes her a scrap of poetry. I, for my part, must apply to her publisher for two copies, when I hear they have broken the shell.] 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 invite 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! [I hope to hear that Bulwer’s play has succeeded. Nothing but fear of a sore-throat and cough, which are inevitable to me in London, at this season, should have kept me from the first night. I am, dear Lady Blessington, &c.]

39. A. L. S. Dated Clifton, January 30th (1837). 3 pages 4to., with Superscription.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—To-day is my birthday, and never on my birthday was I happy. The best expedient I have is to place your letter before me; and even that will not do. Is it possible I did not send you my "Clytemnestra?" How often in this world must we take the will for the deed! It was yours properly. James, who corrected the press for my *Pericles*, asked me to give him some verses for Lady Mary Fox. He had a right to anything of mine unless I had promised you first. And this I had done, and deserve a frown from your Ladyship. I cannot say more. A heavier chastisement is not in your statute-book, nor, I believe in any other.

'You ask me about poor Augustus Hare. Alas! this very morning I received his sermons. When I opened the first volume and saw his bust, I was most painfully affected. The last time I saw him he had dined with me as usual, and we walked towards Fiesole. He little knew that he was carrying death in his bosom, nor I that I should receive it from the rocks that arose before us. When my hall-door closed the tomb's opened.

'This is the first of my birthdays on which I ever wrote verses. Such as they are pray accept them with your usual kindness.

'The day returns—my natal day,
Borne on the storm, and pale with snow,
And seems to ask me why I stay
Stricken by Time and bow'd by woe.

'Many were once the friends who came
To wish me joy; and there are some
Who wish it now, but not the same,
They are—whence friends can never come.

'Nor are they you my love watch o'er,
Cradled in innocence and sleep.
You smile into my eyes no more,
Nor heed the bitter tears they weep.

'I hope shortly to hear everything that is most satisfactory of Mrs. Fairlie, and everything that is most interesting of her sweet little Isabella, and am ever, dear Lady Blessington, yours most truly.'

40. A. L. S. No date (May 12th, 1837). 3 pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—Tho' my eyes are in a miserable plight from the influenza, and I can hardly see whether I write plainly or not, I can by no means delay my congratulations on the happy result of Mrs. Fairlie's confinement. Sweet little Bella will be even more charmed than mama herself. I can scarcely imagine how she improves in beauty, but her intelligence must be making a perpetual progress, both by the difficulties it encounters in its development, and by the anxious care everybody must take in making way for her ideas. We cannot doubt that they will break thro' all obstruction. She will cease to be irritable when she finds the necessity of calm attention, and appreciates the anxiety of her friends to win it. Your Ladyship has laid up a treasure in that little heart, the richest you possess.

'I sat up all last night to read James's *Attila*, not greatly to the benefit of my eyes or the credit of my prudence. But I never can leave off a book that interests me until I have gone thro' it. Again I say it. I have received more honour than Augustus, or Mecnas, or Louis Quatorze, or any other man, living or dead, for to no one were ever inscribed two such works of imagination as the *Curse of Kehama* and *Attila*. I wish my friend James had finished at page 327:

"Night fell, and all was done."

But he understands his own business best. No other man could have described the close of *Attila's* life as he has done. Pray tell Trelawney that in my admiration for Kings there are moments when *Attila* seems to me almost as terrific as his raven. I thank him for his message in regard to Mr. MacDonall, but am very much afraid I shall be unable to meet him in England, and Italy is quite out of the question.

'I have been unwell for some time, indeed never very well since I went to Germany.

'I have but little curiosity about me, and yet I am more than half inclined to look a peep's depth under a turf. Believe me, dear Lady Blessington, yours very sincerely,' &c.

41. A. L. S. No date (May 21st, 1837). 3¼ pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—[You may well believe that I am delighted at hearing how kindly you have received my visitors from Certaldo. If they have given you any pleasure they have not been written in vain. In general I read only the *Examiner*, but the *Morning Chronicle* was sent to me by one who knew what interest I should take in seeing your Ladyship so gallantly and stoutly defended. I never have read the *Times* in my life; but hearing about a month ago that somebody had inserted a letter of Anaxagoras, relating in a different way from Alcibiades the death of Pericles, and giving it as mine, I wrote a civil request that he would also insert my contradiction. Whether he has done it I cannot tell. It occurred to me soon afterward that possibly my informant had committed a mistake, and that it was the letter which I formerly sent your Ladyship, alluding to certain persons now living. However, I lett the matter pass as it might. I would not fain deny the authorship of that letter.]

'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 skuffle? The dogs would rather eat than snarl, though they do both—our criticasters, 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 anything. If I had all your management I should be in danger of writing such a book as would get me torn in 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; [how perilous it is to tread on the heels of truth.]

'With best compliments to the party at Gore House, I am ever your Ladyship's obliged.'

'Mr. Lockhart and Mr. Croker, I hear, 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.'

42. A. I. S. No date (May 22nd, 1837). 2 pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—What will you think of me? writing again to-day when I wrote but yesterday; and when I could have said all I have to say? Your Ladyship's approbation of my Certaldo has made me half willing to print it, but on no account to publish it before you have taken "The Dream" or anything else (if indeed there is anything worth your countenancing) for the *Book of Beauty*. I will not hazard many copies, nor allow any advertisements, excepting in the *Examiner*; but there are some things which ought not to be lost to my friends, much as I have already thrown away. I greatly fear I cannot reduce materially the bulk of the work, and that there must be two volumes. May I request of you to send me the manuscript by the mail post, directed at Clifton Hill Cottage. Of course I must publish it at my own risk, for any publisher

would be a fool to undertake anything of mine at his ; nor will I even try it. Indeed it is only by my imprudence in telling two or three friends what I have been about, that I am urged to this undertaking. I remain ever your Ladyship's obliged.'

43. A. L. S. Dated 'Tuesday Evening, June 25th' (1837). 2½ pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—This very evening I sent off to Saunders and Otley the last of my last book. Instead of calling it *Certaldo*, I now entitle it "The Pentameron"—the *five* days' interview of Boccaccio and Petrarca. I had many things to say, which I could not admit in three, and by adding two more I have been able to give it a greater variety than perhaps you could have expected. But what I intended to say is this : I have made one or two alterations in the Vision. Nobody but the person who corrects the proofs shall see this or any other part before your Ladyship has it, nor shall the book be mentioned to any one before the *Book of Beauty* makes its appearance. You will receive it in about six weeks. Splendid things have been said in Parliament about the Queen Victoria. There is every chance that she will answer the public expectation. God grant it!

'Now about these speeches. Lord Brougham astonished me. Is it credible that any person who had received a good education should, in speaking of a Queen, borrow an expression from a pawnbroker! His Lordship says, "I sincerely join" (by-the-by, an incorrect metaphor) "with their Lordships in hoping that her Majesty's reign may be long and prosperous and that in it (by the blessing of God) and the wisdom of Parliament" (now another by-the-by, there is rather more to be hoped from the *blessing* than the wisdom) "*those pledges might be redeemed.*" This is the tritest of all metaphors in the English language. Must we be a *nation boutiquière* within the walls of parliament?

'I am now at Torquay, formerly the most beautiful and retired bay in England, covered with woods all round, and containing but six or seven thatched cottages. At present it is filled with smart, ugly houses, and rich, hot-looking people. It is however, still the most beautiful watering-place in the British dominions, but deprived of its ancient refinement. I remember it more than forty years ago.

'Ever your Ladyship's very devoted and obliged.'

44. A. L. S. No date (1837). 1½ pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—I am afraid that the verses which you have seen on the other side, come too late for the *Book of Beauty*. And perhaps you have better. Next week I imagine my Pentameron will be finished. I will give strict orders that no copy be sold or sent to any one before the *Book of Beauty* has appeared, with the exception of Mrs. Dashwood, who has read and corrected the greater part. 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 Col. 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 Sulla, whom the Athenians called a mulberry covered with meal. He killed them for their fun. I do not imagine I shall kill anybody. Ever your Ladyship's, &c.

45. A. L. S. No date (July, 1837). 1 page 4to., with Superscription.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—Saunders and Otley tell me they are waiting for the last part of the Pentameron. Will you do me the favour to send it to them, for I remain at Torquay on purpose, and as I am about to make a visit or two in the rest of Devonshire and Cornwall, I may miss the proof-sheets. They will send your Ladyship an entire copy of the work in a few days if they can proceed. I am ever your Ladyship's very obliged.'

46. A. L. S. Dated '35 St. James's Square, Bath, Saturday Morning' (November 25th, 1837). 3 pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—It was but yesterday your letter came to me from Torquay, which place I left in the beginning of last week. I shall write immediately for the *Book of Beauty*, not for the purpose of looking at my own features in it, but something better. I hear nothing but praises of Mrs. Fairlie's children. If they are all as pretty and interesting as Bella, the praises are but faint ones. I expect the book at the end of the month, with several others I have ordered from London. But I have already a fault to find with it, her own (or rather your own) little Bella is not there. I am happy to find that you are so much better, in spite of the season, which even at Kensington (though Kensington is not quite London) must have commenced its atrocities. I pass my time between Bath and Clifton. I forgot to give up my lodgings at Clifton the six months I have been away. In fact I intended to spend only so many weeks at Torquay, but I found there some old friends, and made some new ones, a thing which I never expected to do anywhere. In the beginning of April I hope to enjoy once more the splendid hospitalities and charming conversation of Gore House. There I shall find no alteration. Alas! how great have I found here at Bath. Most of my old acquaintance are dead, most of my younger married and gone elsewhere. Poor Lady Belmore, whom I have known the longest of any, is totally blind. Her sister, Miss Caldwell, still sings and plays on the guitar, but like Anacreon, she has changed all the strings. Two or three people have recollected me, whom I had utterly forgotten, not that I am less changed than they are, but because my memory of faces is a most unloyal one. I may converse a whole evening with a person and forget both his features and his name before the next. Few things make any impression on me at all, some in an instant and ineffaceable. I am ever your Ladyship's very sincere & obliged.'

47. A. L. S. No date (December 23rd, 1837). 3½ pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—When I had read your letter I went immediately to the only library to which I have access, in order to consult such authors as might give me some information on the subject of it. I do not remember the story nor the name. The name however cannot be Julia *Alpina*, but may be *Albina*. There is no Roman family on record named *Alpina*, but *Albins* and *Albinus* were distinguished. Of all the books I enquired for, I found only Montfaucon's* *Travels*. I could not obtain his *Antiquities*. In this book it is highly probable you will discover the object of your pursuit. If not, desire somebody to look into Gruter.† Should you fail there, the account may be given by Moreri‡ or Bayle§ or the *Dictionnaire Biographique Universelle*. You now perceive

* Bernard de Montfaucon, 1655–1741, a celebrated learned French antiquary, who, after serving in the army, became a Benedictine monk, and devoted himself to literature. The *Travels* referred to by Landor was a description of a journey he undertook into Italy for the purpose of consulting libraries, &c. He was also the author of various learned works.

† John Gruter, 1560–1627, a distinguished philologist, educated at Cambridge and Leyden. His great work, *Collection of Ancient Inscriptions*, was published in 1601.

‡ Louis Moréri, 1643–1680, first compiler of the well-known historical dictionary which bears his name. His death at the early age of 37 was caused by his continued application to the work of augmenting and revising that work.

§ Pierre Bayle, 1647–1706, a learned Frenchman, author of the *Dictionnaire Historique et Critique*.

how greatly you have over-rated my *erudition*, in other words, *memory*. I might have kept the domino and the visor on me if I had not lost a tooth yesterday—my first loss of such a nature. I would have gone over to Bristol, where I have a share in the library, for it is only by “shares,” not subscriptions, that we can enter it. My mind will never let anything lie upon it long in its own form, but changes it by absorption. I am pleased at hearing that there are some (there cannot be many) who like my Decameron—Pentameron I mean. I have given express orders that no copies be sent to such people as the editor of the *Athenæum*, &c., who cannot understand it, and have always been ill-disposed towards me. I will not even allow it to be advertised. If twenty people read it I shall be contented. It may do them good. I am sorry to find that Forster, so admirable and so favourable a judge, thinks my didactic scenes like the writers of Shakespeare's age. These fellows have so much vigour but little truth and no delicacy of character. They are about as like Shakespeare as a tapster at a pot-house is like Prospero. One lappet of their coats smells of stale beer and the other of unrectified spirits. Alas! I dreamt I was ascending the Parthenon; I now find myself in the vicinity of St Giles.

‘I should be happy if I could venture for a day or two so far as Gore House, but never was I in London at this season without a sore-throat or a cough—generally both. I look forward to summer weather. Meanwhile, accept the usual salutations of the departing and coming year. Your Ladyship's ever obliged.’

48. A. L. S. Dated ‘35 St. James' Square, Saturday Morning’ (January 13th, 1838). 3 pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

‘Dear Lady Blessington,—I am so apprehensive that this horribly cold weather may affect your health, that I cannot help asking you to give me some account of it. About my own I have little to say. The fact is, I am as well as ever I was. At present I am employed in adding to my Imaginary Conversation between Horne Tooke and Johnson. When I was in London two years ago, Forster said something about these volumes. I have quite enough for a sixth, and, on the whole, quite as good as the former. Perhaps, some time or other, it may be thought worth publishing, but never will I consent to publish anything more in my lifetime. Near forty years ago I gave my Latin poems to Munday and Slatters of Oxford to print an edition of them, stipulating that they should not even advertize them. I have ordered the same course to be pursued with my Pentameron and Pentalogia.

‘When I come to London, I intend to bring my revised and enlarged copy of Conversations with me, and make a present of them to Forster, one among the few who think that they are worth a farthing. Since it appears that the copyrights of authors may become of some value to their heirs and assignees, who knows but Forster, five-and-forty years hence, may get as many pounds by these six volumes? When you see him, pray inform him of my intention. It is not to be regretted that I threw into the fire all the things that were unfinished, although I could have completed them in a month or two, for I work with great rapidity on what interests and excites me.

‘I hope you take in poor Leigh Hunt's Monthly Repository; not because there are some trivial things of mine in it, but because he wants encouragement and assistance.

‘Have you lately seen Fonblanque? How does he do? It was very kind in him to insert my anti-Whig paper on the treatment of Lord Aylmer. I remain, dear Lady Blessington, yours ever very sincerely.’

49. A. L. S. No date (January 19th, 1838). 3½ pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

‘Dear Lady Blessington,—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 were collected as early as the time of Scaliger, and no great quantity of inscriptions has been added to those of Gruter and Montfaucon. The Latin of this is very barbarous. Indeed, the lapidary skill, even of the 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 anything worth this again? It never comes 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 out-valuing three or four hundred authors, all entire; as there have been individual men, out-valuing 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 kindest remembrances. I am sorry to hear of Fonblanque’s bad health, although it has not yet diminished his vigour 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, threshed 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.

[‘We must revert to the inscription. You hide your Latin at the bottom of the box, but you must have observed that the beginning is in the third person, the conclusion in the first, as we often find on our village gravestones. *Exorare necem* is not Latin; it makes me suspect that the whole is a modern piece of fallacy. Even in Gaul and almost in any age of Latinity, even in its last day, it would rather signify to *ask for death*, than plead against it. The proper words would be *Impetrare patris veniam, &c.*, or *deprecavi necem*. Such impositions are not uncommon. For instance, Annius of Viterbo, verses sent by Muschus to Scaliger, &c., &c. However, I hope your ladyship will restore its substance to this amiable shade, the very name carries a charm with it.

‘Believe me ever your obliged.’]

50. A. L. S. No date (February 11th, 1838). 3 pages 4to., with Super-
scription.

‘Dear Lady Blessington,—How delighted I shall be to read your new book. The *Examiner* of to-day has given an admirable specimen of it. Has the “Elderly Gentleman” then at last found a match? We have this morning so bright and beautiful a sun, that it makes me imagine I see you in your enchanted garden, feeding a young pheasant or teaching a young flower to look gracefully before you bring her out and present her in the drawing-room.

‘Here in Bath I am leading a quiet and therefore pleasant life. My occupation has been the correction of my “Imaginary Conversations,” or rather the insertion of certain links in them. If you have any friends who are readers and not rich, and if you think my *Pentameron* will please them you have only to show this to MM. Saunders and Otley, and they will give you as many copies as you want. So certain was I that it never could gratify the public, that my first

* The words form part of an inscription on an ornamental urn to the memory of Miss Maria Dolmen, a relative of Shenstone, who died of small-pox at the age of 21.

idea was to order the printing of but one hundred copies. I broke this determination, but I kept the other, which was to prohibit the announcement of the publication in any way whatever. When I return to it after a year or two, with a fresh eye, perhaps I may discover things to mend or omit. At present I have looked for them and cannot find them. The revisal of my "Imaginary Conversations" has cost me more time than the composition. For this, after all, is my great work; the others are but boudoir-tables to lay it on—tables with very slender legs, though fancifully inlaid and pretty well polished.

'Well, I must not forget that the only important thing I had to say, is that I am residing at No. 35 St. James's Square. Your "Elderly Lady" will be the only interesting one who has favoured me with a visit. I am, dear Lady Blessington, your ever obliged.'

51. A. L. S. Dated 'Sunday, 18 Feb.' (1838). 3½ pages 4to., with Superscription.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—Yesterday was devoted to your "Elderly Lady," and of all who heard confessions, I think nobody, shorn or unshorn, was more attentive or more delighted. Your friend Bulwer has been making an admirable speech on what I have always considered the most important question that ever came before Parliament, for the Reform Act is a piece of foolery and injustice for which the framers (as I said at the time) ought to be gibbeted. However, I am no politician, and I intend to keep at a distance from all who are. A few days ago Mrs. Bulwer came to Bath. As she has done me the honour to look in at my villa in Italy, I thought it a duty to wait on her, and she received me with great politeness. She is staying with the (Irish) Bagots, whom I meet occasionally at Lady Belmore's.

'As my reading in future will be chiefly, if not only, novels, I hope you will ensure me at least one of the best, the few years I shall be able to enjoy anything. Your scenes and characters are real, your reflections profound and admirably expressed. I could not but remark some of the more delicate and recondite with my pencil, though so beautiful a book ought scarcely to be treated with so daring a liberty. When you do me the favour of writing to me again, pray give me Forster's address, for I want to send him the corrected addition of my "Imaginary Conversations." I have finished all the volumes excepting the dialogue between Johnson and Horne Tooke, which I have enlarged prodigiously, and which I once thought of reprinting separate. But neither in my lifetime nor afterwards shall anything more of mine be published, excepting such few matters as have been completed long ago, and are sufficient to form another volume of "Imaginary Conversations." The unfinished ones have departed this life a little before the rest. They were not suicides like these, but enjoyed all the Roman honours of conremation. Some of them were hopeful, at least to their parent, but like other hopeful children (as is said of them) were not destined to be long lived. I remain, dear Lady Blessington, your ever obliged.'

52. A. L. S. Dated March 4th (1838). 3 pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—About two years ago, it was suggested to me by my sensible friend Mrs. Dashwood, that although my "Imaginary Conversations" were unpopular, yet that if I would consent to publish those containing female characters separately, the case might be somewhat different. Even at that time I had resolved to take no further trouble about this or any other publication. But it is somewhat singular that within a few days the idea has occurred to two persons, that these female characters would appear advantageously with graphical illustrations, and I am inclined to believe that the idea originated in your *Book of Beauty*. Yesterday I resolved the matter in my mind. In the first place the three first volumes I believe are the property of Mr. Colburn, which may perhaps frustrate the scheme altogether, since he is by no means of a friendly disposition towards me. However, as he can get little more by them, perhaps it might suit his interests to give up to any publisher the four or five female conversations which these three volumes contain, for supposing the projected work to be carried

into execution, it would render the whole more saleable, and it is the only thing that would. Now, I do not care a fig either for popularity or profit, for if ever I am popular I shall never know anything about it; and if ever I get money I shall neither spend nor save it! I have already more than I want. But I really should like to be able to make a pretty present of such a volume as no other man living can write, embellished with worthy engravings. If you can manage this affair, I am confident you will, and with pleasure; if you cannot I will think no more about it. The best engravings I have seen are the slight etchings to Mrs. Jameson's Shakespeare's Female Characters, but I shall not dictate to the publisher if ever I get one. There will be fifteen pieces. I transcribe them on the opposite side in their order.

'The Thelymnia and Euthymedes I must curtail a little from what you see at present. I have revised very carefully all the rest. I remain, dear Lady Blessington, your very obliged.'

'Anne Boleyn and Henry VIII.	pp.	14.
De Fontanges and Louis XIV.	"	15.
Thetis and Peleus	"	7.
Catherine and Dashkof	"	13.
Elizabeth and Cecil	"	8.
Aphan[asia] and Beniowski	"	9.
Thelymnia and Euthymedes	"	35.
Gonda, Dewah, Hattaji, Walker	"	10.
Joana Coelho and Philip II.	"	7.
Lady Lisle and Elizabeth Gaunt	"	8.
Leontion, Ternissa, Epicurus	"	80.
Jane Grey and Ascham	"	5.
Vipsania and Tiberius	"	7.
Godiva and Leofric	"	10.
Margaretta and John Luther	"	5.
Rosalba and Ippolito da Este	"	8.
Iñes de Castro and Don Pedro	"	12.
Without plates and without blank pages }	pp.	254.

'To these may be added perhaps advantageously "Iphigenia and Agamemnon," "Electra and Orestes," making about 300 pages or rather more. I would entitle the book, "Landor's Female Characters Illustrated."'

53. A. L. S. No date (March 15th, 1838). 2 pages 4to., with Super-
scription.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—Your letter quite afflicts me; the recurrence of the ailment in the *trachea* must affect your spirits, yet ought not to alarm you. As we advance in life these attacks on the throat become less violent every year, and finally cease. At your age I myself was very subject to them; they subsided and then left me totally. I have had nothing of the kind for many years. I found great benefit from gargling with a decoction of oak-bark—three ounces to a quart of water, boiled until it became a pint. It must be fresh every other day. And now let me thank you for the trouble you have taken about the visionary project of printing my *female* characters. I myself have always had a great dislike to engravings in books, and must confess that I am rather glad at the failure. Certainly I am little disposed to ask Forster to attempt it, but I might ask him to accept the whole of my works, and to do whatever he pleases with them for ever. This last week I have sent Saunders and Otley a hundred and forty pounds as a fine for committing the folly of authorship. Next year I shall pay them eighty more.

'Believe me, dear Lady Blessington, your ever obliged.'

54. A. L. S. Dated April 13th (1838). 2 pages 4to., with Super-
scription.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—It vexes me that I must inevitably come too late to meet Mr. and Mrs. Fairlie. Only at the very close of the present month can

I hope the arrival of some pictures from Italy, which, if they are unpacked in my absence, will probably be ruined.

'If it would not be inconvenient to your Ladyship, I would fix on the last day of the month. After all, I doubt of the punctuality of my Bristol captain, but I should be sorry to defer a pleasure so great and so long expected. As you do not mention the lingering of any ailment, I hope you have forgotten that you have suffered any. The weather is still unsettled with us, and the primroses seem to have fallen asleep on the roadsides through the intensity of the cold. A few days ago they began to revive a little, but it may be said to them as was said to a worthy who had "Resurgam" on his hatchment :

" Lie still if you're wise,
You'll be damned if you rise."

'God forgive me ! I have chosen a sad day for a joke.
'Believe me, dear Lady Blessington, y^r ever obliged.'

55. A. L. S. No date (August 22nd, 1838). 1½ pages 4to., with Superscription.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—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.

['Perhaps, if there is yet time and room, you will give them a place in the *Book of Beauty*. I will write them on the other side, that, in no case, your Ladyship may have the trouble of transcribing them.]

' TO THEODOSIA GARROW WITH PERICLES AND ASPASIA.

<p>'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.</p>		<p>No more beneath Pandion's walls The purer muses sigh in vain : Departed Time her voice recalls, To hear the Attic song again.'</p>
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56. A. L. S. No date (September 17th, 1838). 3 pages 4to., with Superscription.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—Do not imagine that I could be so insensible as to delay the acknowledgment of a letter from you. My last I carried to the post-office myself, as I always do. It was directed to Gore House, because I could not easily guess how long would be your visit at Mrs. Fairlie's. Now, all your letters are of value, and all mine stupid. I can write a scene in a tragedy with greater ease than a letter. I never know what to write about. And what not to say is on all occasions a thousand times more difficult than what to say. But you always supply me with materials, and furnish me with a Grecian lamp to hang over them. I am heartily glad to find that you like my Pentameron. But how vilely printed ! My corrections are all corrected by the compositor, and when he or somebody writes *query* to some very plain word, and I write *right* he forthwith put my *right* into the text. Happy the authors who lived before the invention of printing ! O, that I could play for one half-century at blind-man's buff in the dark ages ! I will, as Boccaccio tells Petrarca, "take half your praises." When my friends in general tell me that they admire my poetry, they could just as easily make me believe that they admire the horses of the Parthenon. Depend upon it they like much better the horses at Tattersall's, and the poetry at Murray's. But I have lately worked great marvels in this department. A very pretty and amiable girl reminded me that I had promised to write her some verses. Alas ! I had written some, five-and-thirty years ago, on her lovely aunt, Rose Aylmer. But these last were less melancholy.

'To Rose and to Sophy
What column, what trophy
Shall we raise, amid harps, amid viols and flutes ?
Who have added to-day
On the shores of Torbay
To the army of martyrs a hundred recruits.

'Now, if I could always write in this manner I should recover my credit, and

my patrons the critics would give me some encouragement. I had designed to return to Clifton on the fourth of October, but I cannot meet there the friends I hoped to meet. Before November I will write again to your Ladyship, and whatever may be the pleasure I shall receive from the *Book of Beauty*, I anticipate far greater from the news of your perfect recovery. I am a little disappointed at not hearing what sea-bathing place you are about to visit.

‘I heard from Florence not long ago, but nothing from that quarter is likely to give me pleasure or composure. I wish I could utterly forget all connected with it. But the waves of oblivion dash against my Tuscan terraces, and the spray reaches my family, and blinds the eyes that should be turned towards me, for other waters fill my heart with bitterness. I am, dear Lady, ever your Ladyship’s very obliged serv^t.’

57. A. L. S. Dated ‘Fairoak Lodge, Saturday Evening’ (September 18th, 1838). $2\frac{1}{2}$ pages 4to., with Superscription.

‘Dear Lady Blessington,—Never was I more disappointed and vexed than at finding your Ladyship had visited Bath in my absence. If you had written me one syllable of your intention I would have deferred my journey to the Isle of Wight, or have returned had I been there.

‘I have been passing here several days with my excellent friend James, and was happy to find the two Misses Boyle, both of whom possess very extraordinary talents. The eldest in her water-colour landscapes is little the inferior of Copley Fielding. It was my intention to have returned to Bath this morning, but there being no conveyance, I defer my expedition till Monday, when I shall put this into the post-office at Winchester.

‘I do not think the *Book of Beauty* has lost anything of its charms by the omission of my verses to Miss Garrow. But I hope to find in it the pretty story of my other young lady friend, Miss Elton. How does Valentine’s picture go on?

‘I was quite contented with Fisher’s till you told me so bad a tale of it. Gibson is the only man who has not either flattered or abused me. Count D’Orsay has given me a head long enough for a prime minister, but the Queen will never take the hint. With my best regards to him. I am ever, dear Lady Blessington, your very sincere & obliged.’

58. A. L. S. Dated ‘Sunday Morning’ (October 31st, 1838). $2\frac{3}{4}$ pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

‘Dear Lady Blessington,—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 characters about him. Nothing more likely. What potentate was ever without them? Armour is not made of gold, but of iron and brass; thoro’ly 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. Cannot you do more than our *ciocchi* of ministers? Cannot you persuade Lord Durham to shew 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?

[‘I never read any paper but the *Examiner*, and have only just this instant been made acquainted with such unwelcome, such deplorable news.

‘I forgot to tell you that I have been laid up a whole fortnight with a sprained ankle. A fool of a mason dropt some mortar in Milsom Street; I sett my foot in it and twisted my foot almost round.

‘Do me the kindness to order the *Book of Beauty* to be directed for me to Mr. Collings, Library, Bath. I shall then get it directly. Believe me ever, dear Lady Blessington, your sincere & obliged.]’

59. A. L. S. No date (Bath, November 24th, 1838). 2 pages 4to., with Superscription.

‘Dear Lady Blessington,—If I did not express to you any part of the satisfac-

tion I felt at your intention of naming me among your friends in Italy, pray attribute it to its only motive. I always conceal my pride as well as I can; and now you are in the whole possession of my secret. Whatever you think of me say plainly—good or evil. If you over-value me, you do not stand quite alone, tho' almost, and the only harm is that it may make me over-value myself. For there is very little mischief done in making three or four good honest, sober-sided people a little bilious. I will distribute among them a box of blue pills, which poor Leckie gave me eight years ago, and which is untouched. I will make an effort not to admire the too sensitive delicacy by which I might have perfected the prime honour of my life. I am little ambitious, as you know, of ordinary distinctions, such distinctions as ordinary people, altho' of the highest rank and power, can confer. But I must have a very quaker eye or a very episcopal one before I can complete my countenance for declaring I am indifferent to the expression of your esteem. Am I indebted to your Ladyship alone, or in part to your lovely niece, for the *Children of the Nobility*? I have enough thankfulness for both. Believe me, dear Lady Blessington, your ever obliged.'

60. A. L. S. No date (December 8th, 1838). 2 pages 4to., with Super-
scription.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—[Of all your admirable novels, *The Governess* has the most delighted me. It had left a deep impression on my memory, and a strong desire to see it in proof. A thousand thanks for this privilege. Yes, *The Governess* is more than a match for the *The Elderly Gentleman*. She brought tears into the eyes of another who is somewhat of that description—*pur troppo!* an Italian young lady would say.]

'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. Talberg 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 an otter's. Piety is greatly on the increase at Bath; not only conceited Evangelism, but real, 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 blest by having handed their ladies into their carriages. One shuffled his shoulders, and the other absterged both nostrils, and each exclaimed with equal devotion, "Thank God!"

'This is all the Bath news I have at present, for it is none to add how very truly I am your Ladyship's obliged.'

61. A. L. S. No date (December 23rd, 1838). 3 pages 4to., with Super-
scription and Seal.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—I hope you received my answer to your last kind letter. I sent it inclosed in a parcel address to Forster. It contained nothing but my sense of gratitude for the honor your Ladyship has done me in recollecting me so far back as Italy, and the reason why I was silent when you announced it a little while before. I am always too proud when I am mentioned by you, and take a mischievous delight in seeing what a number of enemies a voice of praise always brings out against me. Boys have much the same feeling when they see curs exasperated, knowing as they ride along that the said curs cannot reach their stirrup leathers. If they could, the laughter might be somewhat in a lower key. I have written some fun for that surly, ill-conditioned prig, Hallam,* who has bespattered the boots of Sismondi by following on the same road. He took it

* Henry Hallam, 1777–1859, the historian, whose first great work, *View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages*, was published in 1818; the *Constitutional History of England* followed in 1827. The article referred to appeared in the *British and Foreign Review* for October, 1838, and was a notice of the *Pentameron* and *Pentalogia*. It is not signed.

into his head to write a piece of impudence against me in the last *British and Foreign Review*. I make merry with him this Christmas time, but I suspect the merriment is chiefly in my corner, and he possibly may find rather too much lemon in his punch. Yesterday I requested Forster to order my drama to be printed at my own expense. As there will only be about three sheets, I do trust your Ladyship will receive it before the middle of the next month. I have written two; the second shall immediately follow; it is the best. Forster, I suppose, out of friendship to me, spoke rather too magnificently. Believe me, dear Lady Blessington, your ever obliged serv^t.

62. A. L. S. Dated '35 St. James's Square' (January 1st, 1839). 3¼ pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—[A thousand and a thousand thanks for your magnificent investiture. If the Russians would raise the blockade of the Phasis, and let Medea come to England, and she would make choice of a proper steam vessel to boil me into youth again, with that little improvement, and this waistcoat upon it, I should work wonders.] I have this instant sent your note to poor Mr. Reade. Never was poet so hot for celebrity.* It has made him very ill. He is now about to publish a drama of the Deluge, on which he tells me he has been employed for twenty years. You cannot be surprised that he is grievously and hopelessly afflicted, having had water on the 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, sheldrake, gull, dab-chick, in short anything 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. [I will desire Forster to give your ladyship an "Imaginary Conversation" between Milton and Galileo,† which was intended for a portion of a little volume. I think it is the only one legible, having been tolerably well transcribed. I ought to have suppressed the publication of the verses. They were written angrily, when I was last at Gore House. I had seen the person but once before since I was nineteen. I am glad that she is not likely to read them, and nobody else can possibly tell whom they were meant for. To remove the nausea they must have given you, here are some very different, to be printed after the two dramas, on the last page.]

'My verse was for thine eyes alone—
Alone by them was it repaid;
And still thine ear records the tone
Of thy gray minstrel thoughtful maid!

'Amid the pomps of regal state
Where thou, O Rose! art called to move,
Nothing wilt ever thou deem great
But virtue, nothing bright but love.

'Sometimes, when dark is each saloon,
Dark every lamp that crowned the Seine,
Memory hangs low Amalfi's moon,
And lights thee o'er Sorrento's plain.

'And onward, where Giovanna bore
Corroding chains envenom'd tongues,
Her fame my pages shall restore,
Thy pity shall requite her wrongs.‡

'Wishing you many anniversaries and all happiness, I remain, dear Lady Blessington, ever your obliged.']

63. A. L. S. No date (January 15th, 1839). 2¼ pages 4to, with Superscription and Seal.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—[Yesterday I wrote to Forster, but I do not remember whether I requested him to send you the Conversation of Milton and Galileo. To-morrow or the day following I shall have occasion to write again to him, and certainly I will not forget it. When I mentioned the picture to your

* Dr. Madden has printed for this last sentence, 'I never was paid so well for celebrity.'

† This conversation appeared in the *Book of Beauty* for 1840.

‡ These verses, with some alterations, were printed as a prologue to the two dramas, *Andrea of Hungary* and *Giovanna of Naples*, published by Bentley in 1839. Any profits arising from the first edition were to be handed over to Grace Darling.

Ladyship, I fancied that an artist was capable of reducing a large one to any dimensions. The one I was anxious to see engraved for the *Book of Beauty* is of the natural size in oils, and painted by Fisher. The composition does her great credit; it is really beautiful. The verses I sent you the other day are address to the same lovely person. I have been able to improve two of them.

“‘Thee only Virtue can elate,’
“‘She only guide thy steps to Love.’”]

‘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 well passably 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. I am afraid they were rather inverted ones when I entered.

‘I remain ever, dear Lady Blessington, your obliged.’

64. A. L. S. No date (February 8th, 1839). 3½ pages with Super-scription.

‘Dear Lady Blessington,—A letter for Forster and another for your Ladyship have been lying in my portfolio all this last fortnight. They were written in readiness to enclose them in the next packet of proof sheet, but during all that time none has been sent me. This is most vexatious, for I have had two opportunities of sending my little volume to France and Italy, and perhaps I may never have another in my lifetime. My Pentameron never reached its destination there, although copies were sent twice to Hare, Miss Mackenzie, and Julia. I deserve it for being such an inconstant and inconsiderate fool as to break my resolution. However, if I can get a few pounds by it for Grace Darling, I may pardon myself.

‘It is very true that poor Lady Bulwer has been most scandalously defrauded by Miss Bagot, who appears to have formed a very low and infamous connection with a young swindler. He has obtained such hold upon her, that he induced her to send off at night by an old woman, bottles of wine, brandy, candles, &c., &c.

‘She has borrowed money in all directions, in some places saying that she could obtain no remittance from her brother until such-and-such a time, in another place giving out hints that the extravagance of Lady B. rendered it requisite that she should provide for the establishment. Now, Mrs. Fuller, whom, by the bye, she cheated out of £75, told me that Lady B. had found out some disgusting vices in her, and left the house. Upon which Miss Bagot threw herself on her knees and threatened to kill herself. Lady B. was proof against this even, and told Miss B. that her conduct was so disgusting that she would only receive her temporarily, and remarked to her that unless she soon returned to her brother and sister, they would suppose her alienated from them by her. Among the thousands of villainies perpetrated by this wretch, she saw Mr. Coxon, who attended her party, give a sovereign to a young Russian girl, who, together with her family, was obliged to give concerts to live. She soon turned back and said she was sent for the *change*. She received money from two young ladies for tickets, which Lady B. had procured and told Lady B. she never had. There is scarcely a shop in Bath where she has not swindled, as well as every gentleman or lady who would lend her even a shilling. Poor Colonel Jervoise, Master of the Ceremonies, who has a large family, is among her victims. Mrs. Fuller, a very cautious woman, examined very minutely into all the circumstances, and assured me that Lady B.’s household expenses (without the peculations of Miss Bagot) would not have exceeded her income. Mrs. Paynter told me yesterday that Mrs. Fuller had liquidated all her debts. Glad as I was to hear it, I was concerned to hear at the same time of a violent paragraph in some news-

* Inigo Jones, 1572–1652, the famous architect, Surveyor-General to James I. The Banqueting Hall of the palace of Whitehall was built after his designs.

paper on Sir E. Bulwer, relating to this business. Lady B. is about to publish a novel. I have not seen it, nor heard the title, but was told by her a week ago that she intended to inscribe it to me. This is an honour I could not decline at all, or receive in any way but with profound respect. Yet, as I *know* that it contains allusions either to Sir Ed. B. or his mother, it will pain me. She was by no means satisfied with the service I attempted to render her, and said it saved Sir Ed. B. instead of exposing him. My reply was, very meekly, that what I undertook was to conciliate and not expose, and that the only result I expected or hoped was to obtain her children for her. I hope her book will bring her money, for she is generous and charitable to an extreme, added to which, I fear her health has very much suffered by her vexations and anxieties.

'Believe me ever, dear Lady Blessington, your very obliged.

'I forgot to ask to whom I shall direct the picture. I will order a case directly. I now write a few more lines to Forster.'

65. A. L. S. No date (February 22nd, 1839). 1½ pages 4to., with Superscription.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—Yesterday the box containing the portrait was sent off by the Bath waggon—Mitchell's. I hope it may be returned with its precious charge as soon as possible. You did not direct me to forward it immediately to the engraver, so I addressed it to Gore House. After a whole month's delay, between the earlier proof sheets and the three last, these came on Wednesday. By the end of next week I now hope you will have two copies. One of them I request your Ladyship to send to Mrs. Fairlie, as I might mistake in her address. Will the verses, which you will find on the other side do for the *Book of Beauty*? And have I not sent them you before?

'ON SOME HAIR OF ONE LONG DEAD.

<p>'Beauty's pure native gems, ye golden hairs Once mingled with my own! While soft desires, ah me! were all the cares Two idle hearts had known: How is it when I take ye from the shrinc Which holds one treasure yet,</p>	<p>That ye, now all of Nancy that is mine, Shrink from my fond regret? Ye leaves that droop not with the plant that bore ye Start ye before my breath? Shrink ye from tender Love who could adore ye, O ye who fear not Death?'</p>
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66. A. L. S. Dated March 5th, 1839. 3½ pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—The first thing I did after I had read your letter was to correct six verses, and to add six more, on Rose Paynter's birthday. Here they are.

'ON THE BIRTHDAY OF MISS ROSE PAYNTER.

<p>'Tell me, perverse young year, Why is the day so drear? Go, brightest flowers entwine. Thou churl, away, away! 'Tis Rose's natal day, Reserve thy frowns for mine.</p>	<p>'Life hath a verdant base, But higher up we trace Rocks, precipices, snows. The verdant base enlarge, O Heaven! and take in charge Your pure and pious Rose.</p>
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WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, *Jan. 19, 1839.*

'Rose is niece of Lord Aylmer, of course great-niece of Lord Whitworth, but her mother tells me she thinks it best in painting the name to the portrait to say only "Miss Rose Paynter," as was done in regard to Miss Purvis, and other ladies, who might be illuminated by the reflection of their great alliances.

'I had written thus far several days ago, when I was suddenly called away to Clifton. This morning I receive your Ladyship's very kind letter. At present I have seen only so much of the *Idler in Italy* as I read in the *Examiner* on my return last night. The book has not yet reached me. But I cannot well express how glorified I feel myself by exalted friendships. I can claim only as far as the tyrant and the child go. Talking of tyrants, I have been reading the Memoirs of

Vidocq. He appears to be a man of somewhat the same stamp as Buonaparte, but much above him both in policy and courage. Fortune cast him into another galley among less voluntary and less versatile slaves. I did not imagine that Europe had produced in our days a public man of such abilities. He has as much of the fox as Talleyrand, and more of the lion than his master. What would Buonaparte have done in any single one of those innumerable difficulties with which Vidocq struggles successfully? He would have taken an emetic, and have persuaded the good people of Paris that his star stuck in his throat and hindered the operation of the poison. He could easily have done that, for he had persuaded them already that he was a good republican, that he was a sound politician, and that he was an honest man. Where is the use of being great, supposing one can be? Was not this fellow great? Was not Pitt great? Is not everybody great who can do a great deal of harm, and give away a great deal of money? I think it a blessing to be far removed from the sight and sound of animals who almost give me locked jaw when I look at them. Remembrance of Italy smooths it down again. I love her good-natured gods of old, am amused at the little tricks and devilries of the suburban ones who succeeded them, and I felicitate the contented people in having among them no worse, no more turbulent, no more ferocious impostors. You must look with wonder at all this foam about my mouth. However, let me assure you I am not mad, most noble Festa, but ever your very obliged servant.'

67. A. L. S. No date (March 7th, 1839). $2\frac{1}{4}$ pages 4to., with Superscription.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—[Severely but very justly have I been punished for my sad stupidity and negligence. My house is No. 35 St. James's Square.]

'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 ringdroppers must be taken up first. When God has stripped us all of furs and flounces, our just proportions will be discovered better.

[Pazienza! pazienza! To-morrow, no, not to-morrow, but the next day, I shall be again with you in Italy, again on the piazza among broken moonbeams and scattered orange-flowers. Ever your Ladyship's obliged.]

68. A. L. S. No date (April, 1839). $2\frac{1}{2}$ pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—What, in the name of goodness, could induce you to imagine that I had written any part of my two dramas in Gore House? It grieves me that you have fancied it for an instant. If such had been the case I should have hurried with it to your Ladyship, anxious for your approbation and soliciting a place for it among your own productions. The fact is this: The day after I had sprained my ankle, I sent to the circulating library for Mrs. Jameson's *Lives of Female Sovereigns*, having just read with great delight her *Female Characters of Shakespeare*. When I came to *Giovanna*, I recollected that I had written at my villa in Tuscany an "Imaginary Conversation" between her and the Pope at Avignon. I do not remember if it was completed. I think it was not, and that I burnt it, among an infinity of other commencements, the eve of my departure. At night, after reading Mrs. Jameson, I began *Andrea*. I completed it in nineteen days, nights included. Lame horses go on faster after they are heated. Two days afterwards I began *Giovanna*, and this, which I think is much the best, I finished in eleven. I think I could easily write two tragedies a month, to the end of my life, after I had fixed on the subjects. In dramas one thought brings out another, and each character fires his antagonist. I wrote *Giovanna* in less

time than it cost me to compose the shortest letter in *Pericles and Aspasia*. I wrote three before I satisfied myself. All three would please everybody else better than that in page 283. In fact there is nothing in it but strict propriety, yet I boldly defy the world present and future, to write a better on the occasion. I am not over-valuing it, for I declare to you, gratified as I was when I had done what I doubted whether I could accomplish to my satisfaction, I should have seen it perish with far less regret than I am likely to see the little china-rose which I have been nursing all the winter. What an account must I render of it to its fair Choephora! It is bad enough to be thought negligent, but it is worse to be thought not worth reproving.

'With kind regards to Count D'Orsay, believe me ever, dear Lady Blessington, your obliged.'

69. A. L. S. No date (May 10th, 1839). 2½ pages 4to., with Super-
scription.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—Yesterday was a day of perfect delight to me. At eleven the *Idler in Italy* came to me, and we did not part till 10.50 this morning. I burst out, however, at page 244, on "the sublimity of our dense fogs, which leave so much to the imagination." Ay, truly, more than it can ever get through.

'This is the first time in my life I ever was in a hurry to put an end even to my part of conversation with you, but, really, I look every moment from the paper to the book with a grudging eye, and cannot but think that I am playing the fool, who write when I could be reading.

'Accept my best thanks for so many hours of exquisite delight, so many just thoughts, generous sentiments, and pure imaginations. How glad I am now that I lost several days before the volumes came to me. I shall often take a trip into Italy with you, now you have been making a road for me, both more pleasant and more desirable than any of Bonaparte's.

'I presume Count D'Orsay is still at Melton, but hunting will soon be over, unless the wrinkle-faced hours (for such there are) have been sticking a new edition or new series of Winter. By the way, I wonder what is become of my dramas, and whether they will ever come out. As you have some curiosity about them, I would rather they did than not. I hope nobody will ever think of acting one or other of them. I have no ambition to be damned. It is almost as bad as to be applauded, although I would rather, of the two, be present in person at the latter ceremony, unless I happened to be in humour for a joke. But among my peculiarities this is nearly the worst. I can enjoy nothing, not even a joke, where there are many by. Believe me ever, dear Lady Blessington, your obliged.'

70. A. L. S. Dated May 14th (1839). 1 page 4to., with Super-
scription.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—If snows and icebergs do not prevent me, I hope to be at Gore House on Saturday evening, that is what we country folks call evening, *viz*, seven or eight. But, if this visit should be untimely or otherwise inconvenient, pray let me know. If I do not hear from you, I shall set out. Here are a few verses; are they good enough for the *Book of Beauty*?

'In early morn and radiant day
The merry lark may cheer;
But is there not a later lay
More grateful to the ear?

'Sweet was the song that Youth sang once,
And very sweet was the response;
But those are accents sweeter far,
When Love leaps down our evening star,
Holds back the blighting wings of Time,
Melts with his breath the crusty rime,
And looks into our eyes and says,
"Come, let us talk of former days."*'

* Of these lines the first four are unpublished.

71. A. L. S. No date (July 17th, 1839). 2½ pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—A thousand thanks for your delightful little book, which came into my hands yesterday. What a number of wise things it contains! not without a little of the *agro-dolce*. I left off nearly in the middle of Lord Brougham's book (not counting the pages, but regarding the type) and, if the remainder is as full of faults in composition as the first portion, it is a wonderful evidence that the most celebrated reviewer and most elaborate writer has exercised his grammatical acquirements with deplorable infelicity. I did not allow myself time to read over what I had written on the subject. I might have done it, for no syllable of it was published the week it was sent to the *Examiner*.

'These few lines came into my head on reading that Wordsworth was about to be made a doctor at Oxford:—

'Wordsworth has well deserved of late
A very pretty doctorate!
O Dons! I would desire no more
Could you make *me* bachelor.

'In the same quarter (not of the moon, but of the hour) I composed the following, which I must write on the first blank leaf of my Poems, about to be sent abroad:—

'To turn my volume o'er nor find
To chide or discommend
Some vestige of a wandering mind,
Sweet unsuspecting friend.

'Believe that all were loved like you,
With love from blame exempt,
Believe that all my griefs were true,
And all my joys were dreamt.

'I remain, dear Lady Blessington, with best comp^{ts} to Count D'Orsay, your very obliged.'

72. A. L. S. No date (September 22nd, 1839). 2½ pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—Forster left me in a great hurry, and, though he offered to convey a letter to you, I fancied I had not time even for such an idle one as I usually trouble you with. But I am now doing an act of duty; I am obeying the commands which I hope some greater and happier man will be equally proud of receiving, not exactly these, more important ones. I must transcribe the commission, and your ladyship will see whether it can be executed.

'“Mama tells me you have taken the trouble of offering my picture to Lady Blessington's *Book of Beauty*. It seems very ungrateful to say I am sorry for it, but, if it is not too late to suppress it, could you not omit the name, or only put the Christian name, which would be the same thing? I cannot bear to appear before the public in such a conceited way, and now remember with great annoyance having mentioned the subject, laughingly, one day in Bath, never imagining you would take it *au sérieux*. Lady B. must really be amused at my claims when such myriads of beautiful women in London, &c., &c. You will really think of this, will you not?”

'I have transcribed the whole supplication, excepting what follows the word *London*. There we differ on a point of religion, and I have not the courage of *Scaevola*. The action would have been requisite if I had written the rest. You see the modesty and diffidence of this incomparably good girl. If it is possible to omit all but the name of *Rose*, it would please her. I am far from certain that my verses are quite acceptable, for never was a human being more sensitively delicate. Before the end of the week I think of going for about a fortnight to Torquay. I hope the engraver will send back the picture by that time at latest, as I would wish it to occupy its proper place again on the arrival of Lord and Lady Aylmer, who will be here about the 20th. Believe me, dear Lady Blessington, your very obliged.'

73. A. L. S. No date (October 8th, 1839). 2 pages 4to., with Superscription.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—Ten thousand thanks for your *Books of Beauty*, for you have sent me two copies. With what delight do I look at the beautiful engraving of that figure which interests me most. She returns in two days, and I hope will be reconciled to her fate in appearing where she fancies there are many who surpass her.

'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 a little less studious, and to think a little more of your health. It is long since I have heard anything 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. The only thing I have yet had time to look at in the *Book of Beauty* is the one I opened it on—the poem of S^r L. Bulwer. How immeasurably better it is than anything he ever wrote before, in poetry or prose. There is imagination, there is sentiment, and there is insight. I really did intend an eulogy, and I fear you will tell me I have failed. This, however, I certainly do not fail in, being ever, dear Lady Blessington, your very obliged.'

74. A. L. S. No date (November 17th, 1839). 3 pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

['Dear Lady Blessington,—I have indeed read that delightful Irish Dream, and more than once as you may imagine.]

'I am not surprised at hearing that Trelawny* 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 twentieth 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 workshop 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.

['To-day we appear to have a return of fine weather, which I hope may remove all impediments to the recovery of your health. I hope Miss Power has a pleasant voice, so that you would rather hear her read than read yourself, for I am certain that too much study is the principal if not the only cause of your ailments. Believe me, dear Lady Blessington, your Ladyship's very obliged and sincere serv^t.']

75. A. L. S. No date (November 27th, 1839). 2½ pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—It must be intirely owing to your kindness that Mr. Heath has sent me for Miss Rose Paynter, six proof impressions of her portrait. I do not know his address. Perhaps your Ladyship will do me the

* Edward John Trelawny, 1792–1881, a native of Cornwall, who went to sea at eleven years of age, but is best known as the friend of Shelley and Byron, of whom he published *Recollections*

favour to forward these few lines to him, which I will write on the other side.* Yesterday I heard that my friend Kenyon is in Florence, and has been there for some time. I take it a little ill of him that he never has written to me since he resided there, knowing how glad I must be to hear anything of my family. Talberg gave us a concert last evening, which was remarkably well attended. To-day it is snowing more profusely than I ever remember so early in the winter. Miss Power, I can imagine, is giving orders about her sledge, and appointing her equerries. What I am less willing to imagine, and yet what forces itself into my saddened imagination, is, that it is impossible that you should escape its ill effects. The least of these, and I hope the least may be all, is lowness of spirits and privation of exercise, for a drive is none. I wish I had anything of poetry or prose to counteract it. Here are only some verses, poor enough, on an alabaster hand adorned with a ring, and armlet above it, presented by Lord Elgin, with the most graceful note I ever read. These are not for the *Book of Beauty*, nor for any book, so pray burn them.

'He who raised high o'er War's turmoils
Rescued from Time his richest spoils,
Had laid them at thy feet, O Rose.
But Britain cried, "To me belong
Trophies beneath whose shadow sung
The choir of Pallas, where Ilyssus flows.

'Of purest alabaster, well
Expressing what our speech would tell,
Beauteous, but somewhat less divine
Than Phidias taught by Pallas plann'd
Elgin present, the only hand
That throbs not at the gentle touch of thine.'

76. A. L. S. No date (December 23rd, 1839). 3 pages 4to., with Super-
scription.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—[If it should happen not to be inconvenient to you, I will take coach or boat, as the Powers above please, and come over to Gore House on the second of January.] On last Wednesday I was present at a wedding,† the only one I ever was at, excepting my own. I wish it had been the first. 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 *Idlers 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, but Lady A., seeing the horse now at last without its rider, held him, and declared if he went in 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. [I believe I once saw her at Lady Wall's, her grandmother, when she was an infant, never after.

in 1858. In Millais' well-known picture, 'The North-West Passage,' the weather-beaten face is Trelawny's, the only authentic picture of him existing. When he died his body was taken to Gotha, where it was cremated; the ashes were then taken to Rome, and placed beside the remains of Shelley and Keats.

* The following are the few lines referred to: "Sir,—Lady Blessington will perhaps do me the favour of transmitting to you the expression of the pleasure I received in being permitted by you to present to Miss Paynter the six fine impressions of her portrait. In a note to me on the occasion, I am commanded to return you many thanks on her part for your politeness. I am, sir, your very obedient serv^t."

† That of Miss Sophia Louisa Paynter and the son of Sir Henry Caldwell, who were married at Walcot, Bath, December 18th, 1839.

'Well, I must not forget to clear myself of poetizing to excess on the marriage. My verses are these :

'Directed by the hand of Fate,
May Love inscribe your lot ;
And, Sophy, be your wedded state
All that my own is not.

'I remain, dear Lady Blessington, ever your obliged.']

77. A. L. S. Dated 'Saturday Night' (1839). 4 pages 4to.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—[Accept my thousand thanks for the last volume of the *Idler in Italy*, which I only lay aside to write this. I have been out the whole of the day, and returned at twelve, so that, altho' I date at Saturday night, I am now devotional at my first Sunday service.]

'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—difficult to say *to* what, more difficult to say *from* what. 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 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.

[Sir John Hanmer has sent me his sonnets. There are several of great beauty. I must thank him as soon as I rise in the morning, which I expect will be late.]

'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.

[I hope Miss Power is ambitious ; she must not be contented with making men so. Count D'Orsay I imagine is gone into Leicestershire ; fine weather for fox-hunting. I should have liked his fox if I had continued in the country, but I should have hesitated to receive him as a parlour boarder in my establishment.]

78. A. L. S. No date (1839). 2 pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—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 cannot 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. I must sprain my other ankle before I can take two such leaps again. When you read the two tragedies you will then say perhaps, "Yes indeed ! I can very easily believe him, for he does not include the transcribing." A few copies shall be printed, were it only that your ladyship might have one. And now what must you think of me ? The *Children of the Nobility* came to me last week, but as I had ordered the volume the moment of its publication I fancied my bookseller had procured it for me. A thousand thanks for it.

'I have heard nothing about Hare, but I will write a letter to him, directing it to Torquay, where his brother is residing. Believe me ever, dear Lady Blessington, your obliged.'

79. Verses.* No date (1839). 1 page folio, with Superscription.

‘A LAMENT FOR L. E. L.

(‘The sweet singer departeth, the summer bird from the garden of his love—it hath waited for him—will he not come again?’—PERSIAN POET.)

‘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 linkèd years.

‘Our far-off England! oft-times 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 wingèd childhood knew.

‘And smiling in their distant loveliness,
Like phantasms 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 belovèd shore,
With wealth 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.’

80. A. L. S. No date (1840). 2 pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

‘Dear Lady Blessington,—I cannot lose the opportunity of sending you a few

* These verses are not in Landor’s handwriting, but are addressed by him on the back to Lady Blessington.

lines by Mrs. Fisher, who carries with her to London my portrait and Lady Bulwer's.

'Lest I should fill my paper with a repetition of thanks, which would never satisfy me and would satiate you, I will transcribe some Italian verses I wrote a few days ago.

'Che tempi ho trapassati ! ho visto spesso
Tanti Amoretti con tante Vestali,
Gli uni spingendo le altre. Vedo adesso
Faville gelide e spuntati strali.
Cantano tutti, "O bella primavera !
O bella mattinata della vita !"
Io canterei piuttosto, "O bella sera, "
O bello autunno !" La Memoria addita
Con vane tenerezze ; quanti affanni
Spiegoni le ali e volano con gli amori.'

'As Mrs. Fisher is waiting, I send two other scraps of poetry—the one of old date, the other of later. Believe me ever, dear Lady Blessington, with best regards to C^b D'Orsay, your obliged.'

81. A. L. S. Dated 'Warwick, Friday Morning' (October, 1841). 1½ pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—Yesterday, as many people came to call on me, I could only find time for a small portion of the pleasure I shall continue to enjoy from your manuscript, and I am afraid you will think me rather negligent in omitting to thank you for your very kind enquiries about my sister. She is much better than I expected to find her, and really I think the sight of me has done her good.

'I am anxious to go on reading the manuscript, of which I will send you at least enough for three sheets every other day. With kindest regards to Coun D'Orsay, believe me, yours ever obliged.'

'I could not leave off—so interesting the story grew. On Monday I will send all the remainder, for on that day I go to see a cousin at some distance.'

82. A. L. S. No date (October 9th, 1841). 1 page, with Superscription and Seal.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—I grieve deeply to hear your account of your health. Let me hope it may soon so improve as to render quite unnecessary your departure from England. It seems by your letter that my shy Walter did not call at Gore House. He had to make his excuses (which you would have accepted) for disappointing *me* in that duty before we left London in May. His grandmother came purposely to see him, and the next day Mr. Fisher had invited his uncles to meet him at Warwick. I trust you will find in this conversation as much variety as will relieve the criticisms. I have curtailed them and am inclined to believe that even what relates to the survivors (is that the word?) of Latin poetry is not too heavy for ladies. I see the *Book of Beauty* is announced. I dare to request not only one, but an early one, which I have *now* an opportunity of sending to Paris, where it is expected. Believe me ever, dear Lady Blessington, your sincere and obliged.'

83. A. L. S. Dated Bath, October 19th (1841). 2 pages 4to.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—Yesterday being rainy, I spent the whole of it in writing a long "Imaginary Conversation" between Vittoria Colonna and Michael Angelo. Formerly I wrote one between her and Pescara. It was little better than a long disquisition on glory. I thought it, not indeed pedantic, but scholastic, and to look like other men's dialogues, who carry them in small smart particles on the two tips of a bifurcated tongue. This is better. I will send it you if you will let me, when I can write it out. Curiosity I hope will so far prevail as to obtain me a favourable answer. Last week I returned from a visit to my brother in Staffordshire, and here I shall rest, as contented as may be, all the winter.

‘I hope your beautiful nieces and Count D’Orsay are well. Miss Power never played my music. Pray tell her she must send it me back again, as there are no other copies (I believe) of either piece. I wait anxiously for the *Book of Beauty* to see her there - not her face—it may engrave, but never can be engraven. I remain, ever sincerely, yours.’

84. A. Article S. No date (1841). 19 pages 4to.

‘VITTORIA COLONNA AND MICHEL-ANGELO BUONAROTTI.

Vittoria.—What has detained you so long, Michel-Angelo? Were we not to have read together, early in the forenoon, the little book of poetry which is lying there on the table?

Michel-Angelo.—Excuse me, Madonna. The fault, if mine at all, is mine only in part.

Vittoria.—I will pardon it the rather, because, whatever it was, it has removed the traces of care and of study from your brow, and supplanted them with an unwonted smile. Pray now what provokes this hilarity?

Michel-Angelo.—Not the delay, I assure you, which never has any such effect when I am coming to the Palazzo Pescara, but merely the mention of poetry.

Vittoria.—Why so? I perceive there is mischief in your countenance; let me also have a hand in it, if I find it is such as I like.

Michel-Angelo.—When I was walking hither, a middle-aged gentleman, tall, round-shouldered, somewhat grizzly, of a complexion rather cindery than pale, with a look half leering and half imploring, and in a voice half querulous and half compassionate, accosted me. He offered many apologies for never having heard of me until this morning, although my fame (he protested) had filled the universe. Whatever he said at one instant he unsaid the next, in like manner.

“But you shall forgive me; you shall soon forgive me,” cried he, thrusting into my hand a large volume, from its more opportune station under the coat-flap. I felt it damp, having lain perhaps in the middle of a thousand, two entire winters; and I apprehended cold and rheumatism as much almost at the cover as at the contents. While I held it, uncertain how to reply, he suddenly snatched it back, and cut open the leaves with a very sharp penknife, injuring few of them by the operation, for he was cautious and tender in the extreme.

“I would not delay you in the reading,” said he, returning it, “for your praise will richly crown my labours.”

Vittoria.—What was it? and where is it?

Michel-Angelo.—Madonna, let me be an example of patience to you. Wait a little, and you shall hear the whole.

Vittoria.—No, no, no!

Michel-Angelo.—I do not mean the whole of the poem, I mean only the whole of the occurrence. I saw on the title-page that it was a poem in twenty-four cantos, each containing a hundred stanzas, entitled *The Strangulation of Cethegus*. Between the moments of my surprise and my dismay, . . .

“You will find,” exclaimed the author, “how wrongfully I have been accused by the malevolent and invidious (and there are few others in the world) of copying our most celebrated writers, and of being destitute of originality myself. If occasionally I resemble them in some sort, it is only to show them how they might have written, with a little more care, judgment, and . . . we will not say . . . genius!”

Vittoria.—On such emergencies, a spice of ridicule is our speediest and most palatable remedy for disgust.

Michel-Angelo.—When I inquired of him to what gentleman I was indebted for so valuable a present, he stood in amaze at first; then he repeated his family name, then his baptismal, then a poetical intermediate one of his own invention. These, he told me, I must frequently have heard. I now recognised the peculiar object of ebullient jocularly among my juvenile scholars, one of whom said, “He has cracked a biscuit which was baked for a long voyage, and, pouring a profusion of tepid water on it, he has quadrupled its bulk and heaviness!”

Vittoria.—Poor man! his vanity must often be wounded.

Michel-Angelo.—He has none.

'*Vittoria*.—None?

'*Michel-Angelo*.—He told me so himself.

"I have been called vain," said he; "but only by those who never knew me. Proud! yes, proud I am! Vanity, in my opinion (and I am certain that you and all sensible men must think with me), belongs only to weak minds; pride to the strongest and most sublime. Poets, we hear, are often vain; ay, but *what* poets?"

'His eyes, which before were only on a level with the cheek-bones and the frontal, now expanded beyond, and assumed the full majesty of the orbicular.

'*Vittoria*.—Well, in what manner has he treated his subject?

'*Michel-Angelo*.—He could not resist the pleasure of telling me:

"I believe, Signor Buonarotti, you are, among other things, a painter. Proportions! ay, proportions! The pyramidal, ay! We look to that, don't we? See here then. Cæsar is a stripling, just old enough to fall in love. In Pagan Rome they fell early. The man of genius will seize on the most trifling objects in nature, and raise up a new creation from them. Did you never see an apple or a strawberry which had another more diminutive growing to it? Well, now from this double strawberry or apple I have made out a double Cæsar, such as never was seen before; one the stern resolute senator; the other the gentle sentimental young lover."

'On which I submissively asked, whether the stripling who had been received so favorably by the lady, would on the same afternoon be sure of the same facility at his entrance into the senate; and whether it was not requisite to have attained his fortieth year? He smiled at me, and said,

"Surely, no, when a poet of the first order gives him a ticket of admission. Does not Horace say we poets have the privilege of daring anything?"

'I was afraid to answer, "Yes: but, unhappily, we readers have not the power of *bearing* anything." He continued,

"Cicero is an old gentleman."

'Here I ventured to interrupt him, asking if there were in reality more than five or six years between their ages, and by remarking, that although in obscure men and matters, introduced into works of invention, facts might be represented not quite accordant with exact chronology, yet that the two most remarkable characters in the Roman Commonwealth, known by every schoolboy to have entered into public life at the same time, could not safely be pushed so far asunder.

"No matter, sir!" replied he sharply; "there they are, the poet's own creation. Observe, if you please, I have placed Cethegus between them; a well-grown personage, in his meridian. Behold my pyramid!"

'I was silent.

"No originality, I suppose?"

"Very great indeed!" answered I.

"Here is one man," cried he, seizing my hand, "one man in the world, willing to the uttermost of his power to do me justice. Strangers give me praise; friends give me only advice; and such advice, Signor Buonarotti, as would impoverish the realms of literature, if taken."

'I stared at him even more wildly than before.

"Perhaps you do not recognise me?" said he. "Many have taken me for Ariosto; but I hope I am loftier and graver, and more innocent. Wherever he has gone I have followed him, in order to abolish the impression of wantonness, and to purify (I repeat the words of our mutual admirers) the too warm air of his enchantments."

"I hope you have not forgotten," said I, "that in lustral water salt is always an ingredient."

'He thrust his hands into his pockets, misunderstanding me; at which action I could not but smile. He perceived it; and, after a pause, "Ha! ha! ha!" replied he, in measured laughter, "you are a wit too, Messer Michel-Angelo! Who would have thought it of so considerable a man? Well now, I never venture on it, even among friends. We may be easy and familiar in writing or conversing, without letting ourselves down; we may countenance wit; we may even suggest it; I am not rigorous on that head, as some other great writers are. You see I have helped you to a trifle of it; a mere trifle. Now you must confess you caught the spark from me," added he, coaxingly. "I will never claim it in public;

I will not indeed. I scarcely consider it in the light of a plagiarism. I have foreborne greater things very long, and have only been compelled at last to declare, in a preface, that I wrote the better part of *Orlando Furioso* many years before it was conceived by Messer Ludovico. I heard his injurious claims, and told nobody the fact."

"How does your poem end, sir?" said I, with all the rapidity of impatience.

"He mistook my motive, and cried, "Really I am flattered and charmed at the interest you take in it. You have devoured it in your mind already, and would have the very shell. In compliance with your earnestness I will answer the question, although it might be hurtful, I fear, to the effect the whole composition, grasped at once, would produce on you."

"I declared the contrary, with many protestations. He raised up his head from its slanting position of distrust and doubt. Again I assured him of my resolution to despatch it at a sitting.

"*Vittoria*.—I never thought you capable of such duplicity.

"*Michel-Angelo*.—Of what may I not be capable, if you absolve me with so gracious a smile?"

"I will then tell you how it ends," continued he, "if you never have read the history. Cethegus was, I am sorry to say, a person of bad character, although of birth. With perfect fidelity I have translated the speeches of Sallust; but Sallust had no notion (and history could do nothing for him) of placing the culprit bound between two Turkish mutes, with a friar in the rear, while the great bell tolled from Santa Maria Maggiore."

"I started.

"That is the place, the real place; he was strangled just below."

"*Bell!*" I soliloquized, rather too audibly.

"If you never have felt the effect of a bell at executions, and particularly on the stage; if you never have felt the effect of a bell, Signor Buonarotti, through your brain and heart," said he, breathing hard, and allowing his watery diagonal eyes only half their width, "then do I most sincerely pity you, Signor Buonarotti, and wish you a very good morning."

"I bowed, and fancied my deliverance was accomplished. But he instantly turned round again, and added,

"If you object to a bell, you may object to a clock. Now, it was precisely as the clock struck midnight that justice was done by me upon the execrable Cethegus, as a warning to all future generations."

"Nobody can be more firmly convinced," said I, "how execrable is this violation of all laws, moral, social, political, and," I was about to add inwardly, poetical, when he seized my hand, and said, with firm deliberation,

"There are two men in degenerate Rome who abhor the vicious in conduct and embrace the pure in poetry. When you have bestowed as much time as I have on the contemplation and composition of it, your surprise (but not your admiration, I humbly trust) will be considerably diminished, on the repeated perusal of my few edited volumes. I am as sure of eternal fame as if I had it in my pocket. Fame, Signor Michel-Angelo, has a snail's growth; true, real, genuine fame has, and you may know it by that. But, I promise you, in another century or two you shall see mine a very giant. I have sometimes thought I have a host of enemies: I now begin to think I can have only one: I have him in my eye. He is capable of putting on all manner of faces. I myself have seen him looking like an elderly man; some of my friends have seen him looking quite young; and others have seen him what they thought was middle-aged. He manages his voice equally well. If you go into twenty streets, only mention me, and you will find him at the same moment in all of them. Happily, he always hits in the wrong place. He says I am restless for celebrity! he says I want vigour and originality!"

"He ended with three little titters; and these at least were in good metre, and shewed care in the composition.

"*Vittoria*.—Happy man! for vanity is rarely attended by vexation of spirit, and nobody is oppressed by a sense of emptiness. I must now undertake his defence.

"*Michel-Angelo*.—Properly then have you exclaimed *happy man!*

"*Vittoria*.—The clock and bell indeed are stumbling-blocks; but there are

some instances in which even so inopportune an introduction of them is less censurable than in others. Suppose for example a dramatic poet in an age when the greater part of his audience was rude and ignorant. After he had supplied the more learned and intellectual with the requisites of his art, I would not quarrel with him for indulging the market-folk with a hearty peal of bells, or perhaps a discharge of artillery, while they are following the triumphal car of Cæsar, or shouting round the conflagration of Persepolis! But if another, in offering his tragedy for the perusal of our times, should neglect to sweep away the remnants of an old largess given to the multitude, it can only be from the conviction they are his proper company; that he is about to be tried by his own order; that his services are mostly due to the majority; and that the world's population in simpletons is by no means on the wane. Consider now, my dear Michel-Angelo, if inconsistencies, absurdities, anachronisms, are to be found only in one department of the arts. I appeal to you, the president, prince, dictator of them all, whether it is as ridiculous to represent an angel playing on a violin, for which your master Ghirlandaio and some other more ancient painters have been reprehended, as it is to represent, what we find on many recent monuments, a poet or a musician with a lyre in his hand. For, if angels play on any instrument at all, they may as well play on such as men invented late as early; since, at whatever time men invented them, angels may have invented them before.

Michel-Angelo.—A lyre in the hand of poet or musician born in our times, is a contradiction to ages, a defiance to chronology, and might mislead in regard to usages a remote posterity. So indeed might our silly inscriptions about the *manes* and *ashes* of our uncles and aunts, who would have been horrified at the idea of being burnt like Pagans, bottled up in urns, and standing bolt-upright, where milk and honey are lapped and sucked before their faces, by an ugly brood of devils unamenable to priest or purgatory. But while emperors and kings are hoisted upon columns a hundred palms above the earth, where only a pigeon would feel secure, and while saints and martyrs, instead of receiving us at the door or on the steps, are perched on the slope of a ballustrade, we need not look on the ground for a fresh crop of absurdities. The ancient Romans, quite barbarous enough in violating the pure architecture of Greece, abstained from such as these, and went no farther (nor truly was there any occasion) than to narrow the street, instead of enlarging it, for the march of armies through triumphal arches. The idea, so abused, was taken from the boughs and branches hung on poles, which shaded their forefathers at their return from plunder, while wine was poured out to them in the dusty path by wives and daughters. The songs alone continued just the same as they were at first, coarse, ribald, in the trochaic measure, which appears to be the commonest and earliest in most nations.

Vittoria.—The difference between poetry and all other arts, all other kinds of composition, is this: in them utility comes before delight; in this, delight comes before utility.

Michel-Angelo.—In some pleasing poems there is nothing whatsoever of the useful.

Vittoria.—My friend, I think you are mistaken. An obvious moral is indeed a heavy protuberance, which injures the gracefulness of a poem; but there is wisdom of one kind or other in every sentence of a really good composition, and it produces its effect in various ways. You employ gold in your pictures; not always of the same consistency or the same preparation, but several of your colours, even the most different, are in part composed of it. This is a matter of which those in general who are gratified with the piece are unsuspecting. The beautiful in itself is useful by awakening our finer sensibilities, which it must be our own fault if we do not often carry with us into action. A well-ordered mind touches no branch of intellectual pleasure so brittle and incompressible as never to be turned to profit.

Michel-Angelo.—The gift that was just now forced into my hand, I sadly suspect would have produced but little.

Vittoria.—Have you brought your treasure with you? Where is it?

Michel-Angelo.—Knowing your antipathy to bad smells and bad poems, knowing also that Father Tiber is accustomed to both of them, I devoutly made my offering to him as I crossed the bridge.

'*Vittoria*.—Indeed I am not over-curious about a specimen ; and few things that are hopeless ever gave any one less concern.

'*Michel-Angelo*.—Such resignation merits all possible reward ; and all that lies in me you shall receive. As the last page fluttered on the battlement, I caught two verses, without the intermediate :

“ Signor Cetego ! la preghiera è vana.
Spicciti ! senti ! suona la campana.”

and these two in sequence, which are the conclusion :

“ Cetego casca in terra come un bove,
E l'anima gli scappa chi sà dove !”

'*Vittoria*.—If I could suppress my smile, perhaps I should reprove you ; but at last I will be grave. Men like yourself, men of reputation and authority, should not only be lenient and indulgent, but even grateful, to the vain and imbecile who attempt to please us. If we are amused at an ebullition of frowardness in children, at their little contortions, stamps, and menaces, are not the same things at least inoffensive to us, when children of the same character are grey, wrinkled, and toothless ? From those of three feet we only see our-elves in a convex mirror ; we see what we were at the same age ; but from others of six feet we gather stores for pleasantry, for imagination, and for thought. Against their blank wall is inserted the standard by which we may measure our friends and ourselves. As we look up at it, Comedy often lays her playful hand on our shoulder ; and, as we turn our faces back, we observe Philosophy close behind her. If men in general were much nearer to perfection than they are, the noblest of human works would be farther from it. From the fall of Adam to the slaughter of Hector, how vastly has genius been elevated by our imperfections ! What history, what romance, what poem, interests us by unmixed good or by unwavering consistency ? We require in you strong motives, pertinacious resolves, inflexible wills, and ardent passions ; you require in us all our weaknesses. From your shore start forth abrupt and lofty precipices ; on ours, diametrically opposite, lie sequestered bays and deep recesses. We deride the man who is, or would be, like us in anything, the vain one in particular. Vanity in women is not invariably, though it is too often, the sign of a cold and selfish heart ; in men it always is : therefore we ridicule it in society, and in private hate it.

'*Michel-Angelo*.—You prove to me, Donna Vittoria, that from base materials may rise clear and true reflections !

'*Vittoria*.—I wonder that poets who have encountered what they call the injustice of the world, hold with such pertinacity to the objects of attack.

'*Michel-Angelo*.—We are unwilling to drown our blind puppies, because they are blind ; we are then unwilling to throw them into the pond, because they are just beginning to open their eyes ; lastly, we refuse idle boys, who stand ready for the sport, the most mis-shapen one of the litter, he having been trodden on in the stable, and kicked about by the grooms for his lameness.

'*Vittoria*.—Pretty tropes indeed ! and before one who dabbles in poetry.

'*Michel-Angelo*.—So the silver-footed Thetis dabbled in the sea, when she could descend at pleasure to its innermost depths.

'*Vittoria*.—You must certainly think in good earnest that I lay high claims to poetry. Here is more than enough flattery for the vainest woman, who is not a poetess also. Speak, if you please, about others, particularising or generalising.

'*Michel-Angelo*.—Then to generalise a little. In our days poetry is a vehicle which does not carry much within it, but is top-heavy with what is corded on. Children, in a hurry to raise plants, cover their allotment of border with all the seeds the pinafore will hold ; so do small authors their poetry-plots. Hence what springs up in either quarter has nothing of stamen, but only sickly succulence for grubs to feed on.

'*Vittoria*.—Never say *in our days*, unless you include many other days in most ages. In those when poetry was very flourishing there were complaints against it, as we find by Horace and Aristophanes. I am afraid, Michel-Angelo, some idle boy has been putting a pebble into his sling and aiming at your architraves ; in other words, some poetaster or criticaster has been irreverent

toward you. I do not mean about your poetry, which perhaps you undervalue, but about the greater things in which you are engaged.

'*Michel-Angelo*.—Nothing more likely; but as only the worst can be guilty of it, I shall let them fall into other offences, that heavier punishment than I ever take the trouble to inflict, may befall them. It is only the few that have found the way into my heart, who can wound it!

'*Vittoria*.—You are safe then.

'*Michel-Angelo*.—Whoever is engaged in great and difficult works, as I am, must inevitably meet with rivals and enemies!

'*Vittoria*.—Enemies! yes! Say that word only. What a pyramid of skulls from the insanely hostile does every predominant genius erect! Leave those of your light assailants to whiten in their native deserts; and march on. Indeed it is unnecessary to exhort you to magnanimity, for you appear unusually at ease and serene.

'*Michel-Angelo*.—Serenity is no sign of security. A stream is never so smooth, equable, and silvery, as at the instant before it becomes a cataract. The children of Niobe fell by the arrows of Diana under a bright and cloudless sky.

'*Vittoria*.—Alas! the intellectual, the beautiful, and the happy, are always the nearest to danger.

'*Michel-Angelo*.—I come to you at all times, my indulgent friend, to calm my anxieties whensoever they oppress me. You never fail; you never falter. Sometimes a compassionate look, sometimes a cheerful one, alights on the earthly thought, and dries up all its noxiousness. Music, and a voice that is more and better, are its last resorts. The gentleness of your nature has led you to them when we both had paused. There are songs that attract and melt the heart more sweetly than the Siren's. Ah! there is love too, even here below, more precious than immortality; but it is not the love of a Circe or a Calypso.

'*Vittoria*.—Nor were they happy themselves; and yet perhaps they were not altogether undeserving of it, they who could select for the object of their affections the courageous, the enduring, and the intelligent. There are few men at any time whom moral dignity and elevation of genius have made conspicuous above the mass of society; and fewer still are the women who can distinguish them from persons of ordinary capacity, endowed with qualities merely agreeable. But if it happens that a man of highest worth has been read attentively and thoroughly by those eyes which he has taught the art of divination, let another object intervene and occupy their attention, let the beloved be induced to think it a merit and a duty to forget him, yet memory is not an outcast nor an alien when the company of the day is gone, but says many things and asks many questions which she would not turn away from if she could.

'*Michel-Angelo*.—The morning comes, the fresh world opens, and the vestiges of one are trodden out by many; they were only on the dew, and with the dew they are departed.

'*Vittoria*.—Although you are not alluding to yourself at the present time, nor liable to be interrupted in the secreter paths of life, yet I think you too susceptible to those you are pursuing, and I was anxious to discover if anything unpleasant had occurred. For, little minds in high places are the worst impediments to great. Chestnuts and esculent oaks permit the traveller to pass onward under them; briars and thorns and unthrifty grass entangle him.

'*Michel-Angelo*.—You teach me also to talk figuratively; yet not remotely from one of the arts I profess. We may make a large hole in a brick wall and easily fill it up; but the slightest flaw in a ruby or a crysolite is irreparable. Thus it is in minds. The ordinary soon take offence and (as they call it) make it up again; the sensitive and delicate are long-suffering, but their wounds heal imperfectly, if at all.

'*Vittoria*.—Are you quite certain you are without any?

'*Michel-Angelo*.—You and Saint Peter insure me. The immortal are invulnerable!

'*Vittoria*.—Evader! but glad am I that you have spoken the word, although you set at nought thereby the authority of Homer. For you remind me that he, like Dante, often has a latent meaning by the side of an evident one, which indeed is peculiar to great poets. Unwise commanders call out all their forces to

the field ; the more prudent have their reserves posted where it is not everybody that can discover them.

'In the Iliad two immortals are wounded ; Venus slightly, Mars severely. The deities of Love and War are the only ones exposed to violence. In the former, weakness is shown to be open to aggression ; in the latter, violence to resistance and repulse ; and both are subject to more pain than they can well endure. At the same time, Juno and Pallas, Mercury and Apollo and Neptune, do not stand aloof, but stand unassailable. Here we perceive that sometimes the greater gods are subtilised and attenuated into allegories. Homer bestows on them more or less potency at his pleasure. One moment we see a bright and beautiful god stand manifest before us ; presently his form and radiance are indistinct ; at last, in the place where he was standing, there are only some scattered leaves, inscribed with irregular and uncouth characters ; these invite our curiosity with strange similitudes ; we look more attentively, and they seem brought closer together : the god has receded to deliver the oracle of his wisdom.

'*Michel-Angelo*.—Homer left a highway, over-shadowed with lofty trees and perennial leafage, between the regions of Allegory and Olympus. The gloom of Dante is deeper, and the boundaries even more indiscernible. We know the one is censured for it ; perhaps the other was.

'*Vittoria*.—To the glory of our Italy be it spoken, we are less detractive than our forefathers the Romans. Dante and Petrarca were estimated highly by those nearest them. Indeed, to confess the truth, Petrarca has received for his poetry what ought rather to have been awarded him for rarer and sublimer deserts. Dante has fared less sumptuously, and there are fewer who could entertain him. Petty Latin things called *classics*, as their betters are, smooth, round, light, hollow, regularly figured like pasteboard zodiacs, were long compared and even preferred to the triple world of Dante. I speak not of Grecian literature, because I know it not sufficiently ; but I imagine Rome is to Greece what a bull-ring is to a palæstra, the games of the circus to the Olympic, fighting bondmen to the brothers of Helen, the starry twins of Jupiter and Leda.

'*Michel-Angelo*.—Boccaccio first scattered the illusion by which the guide seemed loftier and grander than the guided. The spirit of the immortal master, our Tuscan, no longer led by the hand, nor submissively following, soared beyond Italy, and is seen at last, in his just proportions, right against the highest pinnacle of Greece. Ariosto has not yet been countenanced by the Italian potentates, nor fostered in the genial fur of our Holy Fathers, with the same tenderness as some minute poets, who dirty their cold fingers with making little clay models after old colossal marbles. But Ariosto is too marked in his features to be fondled, and too broad in his shoulders for the chairs they occupy. He is to Ovid what Sicily is to Italy ; divided by a narrow channel ; the same warm climate, the same flowery glebe ; less variety, less extent. Not only these, but perhaps all poets excepting Pindar and Æschylus, want compression and curtailment ; yet the parings of some would be worth the pulp of others.

'*Vittoria*.—Those to whom, I will not say genius, but splendid talents have been given, are subject to weaknesses to which inferior men are less liable ; as the children of the rich are to diseases from which those of the poorer generally are exempt.

'*Michel-Angelo*.—The reason, I conceive, is this. Modern times have produced no critic contemporary with an eminent poet. There is a pettishness and frowardness about some literary men, in which, at the mention of certain names, they indulge without moderation or shame. They are prompt and alert at showing their sore places, and strip for it up to the elbow. They feel only a comfortable warmth when they are reprov'd for their prejudices and antipathies, which often are no more to be traced to their origin than the diseases of the body, and come without contact, without even breathing the same air. No remedy being sought for them, they rapidly sink into the mental constitution, weakening its internal strength and disfiguring its external character. In some persons at first they are covered and concealed ; but afterwards, when they are seen and remarked, are exhibited in all their virulence with swaggering effrontery.

'*Vittoria*.—Geese and buffaloes are enraged at certain colours ; there are certain colours also of the mind lively enough to excite choler at a distance in the

silly and bovine. I have witnessed in authors the most vehement expression of hatred against those whose writings they never read, and whose persons they never approached: all these are professors of Christianity, and some of moral philosophy.

'*Michel-Angelo*.—Do not wonder then if I take my walk at a distance from the sibilant throat and short-flighted wing; at a distance from the miry hide and blindly directed horn. Such people as you describe to me may be men of talents; but talents lie below genius.

'Occasionally we attribute to a want of benevolence what in reality is only a want of discernment. The bad sticks as closely as the good, and often more readily. If we would cover with gold a cornice or a statue, we require a preparation for it; smoke does its business in a moment.

'*Vittoria*.—Sometimes we ourselves may have exercised our ingenuity, but without any consciousness of spleen or ill-humour, in detecting and discussing the peculiar faults of great poets. This has never been done, or done very clumsily, by our critics, who fancy that a measureless and shapeless phantom of enthusiasm leaves an impression of a powerful mind, and a quick apprehension of the beautiful.

"Who," they ask us, "who would look for small defects in such an admirable writer? who is not transported by his animation, and blinded by his brightness?"

'To this interrogation my answer is,

"Very few indeed; only the deliberate, the instructed, and the wise. Only they who partake in some degree of his nature know exactly where to find his infirmities."

'We perhaps on some occasions have spoken of Dante in such a manner as would make the unwary, if they heard us, believe that we estimate him no higher than Statius, Silius, Valerius, and the like. On the other hand, we have admired the versatility, facility, and invention of Ovid, to such a degree as would excite a suspicion that we prefer him even to Virgil. But in one we spoke of the worst parts, in the other of the best. Censure and praise cannot leave the lips at the same breath: one is caught before the other comes: our verdict is distributed abroad when we have summed up only one column of the evidence.

'*Michel-Angelo*.—Surely I have heard you declare that you could produce faults out of Virgil graver than any in Ovid.

'*Vittoria*.—The faults of Ovid are those of a playful and unruly boy: the faults of Virgil are those of his master. I do not find in Ovid (as you may remember I then observed) the hypallage; such for instance as Virgil's, "*The odour brought the wind*," instead of "*The wind brought the odour*." No child could refrain from laughter at such absurdity, no pedagogue from whipping him for laughing at such authority. This figure (so the grammarians are pleased to call it) far exceeds all other faults in language, for it reverses the thing it should represent. If I buy a mirror, I would rather buy one which has fifty small flaws in it, than one which places my feet where my head should be.

'There are poems of Ovid which I have been counselled to cast aside, and my curiosity has never violated the interdict. But even in Homer himself nothing of the same extent is more spirited, or truly epic, than the contest of Ajax and Ulysses. You shall hear in this apartment, some day soon, what our Bembo thinks about it. No Roman, of any age, either has written more purely or shown himself a more consummate judge both of style and matter.

'*Michel-Angelo*.—I think so too; but some have considered him rather as correct and elegant than forcible and original.

'*Vittoria*.—Because he is correct; of which alone they can form a notion, and of this imperfectly. Had he written in a negligent and disorderly manner, they would have admired his freedom and copiousness, ignorant that, in literature as in life, the rich and noble are as often frugal as the indigent and obscure. The Cardinal never talks vaguely and superficially on any species of composition; no, not even with his friends. Where a thing is to be admired or censured, he explains in what it consists. He points to the star in the ascendant, and tells us accurately at what distance other stars are from it. In lighter mood, on lighter matters, he shakes the beetle out of the rose, and shows us what species of insect that is which he has thrown on its back at our feet, and in what part and to what

extent the flower has been corroded by it. He is too noble in his nature to be habitually sarcastic, and too conscious of power to be declamatory or diffuse.

Michel-Angelo.—Nevertheless, in regard to sarcasm, I have known him to wither a fungus of vanity by a single beam of wit.

Vittoria.—He may indeed have chastised an evil-doer, but a glance of the eye or a motion of the hand is enough. Throughout the ample palace of his mind not an instrument of torture can be found.

Michel-Angelo.—Perhaps in the offices below, a scourge may be suspended for intrusive curs, or for thieves disguised in stolen liveries. I wish my friend of this morning had met the Cardinal instead of me. Possessing no sense of shame or decency, and fancying that wherever he has thrust a book he has conferred a distinction, he would have taken the same easy liberty with his Eminence.

Vittoria.—If he continues to be so prolific, we shall soon see another island emerging from the Tiber. Our friend the Cardinal has indeed no time to squander on those who, like your waylayer, infest the public roads of literature, by singing old songs and screaming old complaints. But I wish his political occupations would allow him to pursue his pleasanter studies, and especially in exercising his acute judgment on our primary poets. For our country, both anciently and of late, has always wanted a philosophical critic on poetical works, and none are popular in the present day but such as generalise or joke. Ariosto, in despite of them, is, however tardily and difficultly, coming into favour. There is quite enough in him for our admiration, although we never can compare him with some among the ancients. For the human heart is the world of poetry; the imagination is only its atmosphere. Fairies, and genii, and angels themselves, are at best its insects, glancing with unsubstantial wings about its lower regions and less noble edifices.

Michel-Angelo.—You have been accustomed, O Madonna, to contemplate in person those illustrious men who themselves were the destinies of nations, and you are therefore less to be satisfied with the imaginative and illusory.

Vittoria.—There are various kinds of greatness, as we all know; however, the most part of those who profess one species is ready to acknowledge no other. The first and chief is intellectual. But surely those also are to be admitted into the number of the eminently great, who move large masses by action, by throwing their own ardent minds into the midst of popular assemblies or conflicting armies, compelling, directing, and subjecting. This greatness is indeed far from so desirable as that which shines serenely from above, to be our hope, comfort, and guidance; to lead us in spirit from a world of sad realities into one fresh from the poet's hand, and blooming with all the variety of his creation. Hence the most successful generals, and the most powerful kings, will always be considered by the judicious and dispassionate as invested with less dignity, less extensive and enduring authority, than great philosophers and great poets.

Michel-Angelo.—By the wise indeed; but little men, like little birds, are attracted and caught by false lights.

Vittoria.—It was beautifully and piously said in days of old, that, wherever a spring rises from the earth, an altar should be erected. Ought not we, my friend, to bear the same veneration to the genius which springs from obscurity in the loneliness of lofty places, and which descends to irrigate the pastures of the mind with a perennial freshness and vivifying force? If great poets build their own temples, as indeed they do, let us at least offer up to them our praises and thanksgivings, and hope to render them acceptable by the purest incense of the heart.

Michel-Angelo.—First we must find the priests, for ours are inconvertible from their crumbling altars. Too surely we are without an Aristoteles to precede and direct them.

Vittoria.—We want him not only for poetry, but philosophy. Much of the dusty perfumery, which thickened for a season the pure air of Attica, was dissipated by his breath. Calm reasoning, deep investigation, patient experiment, succeeded to contentious quibbles and trivial irony. The sun of Aristoteles dispersed the unwholesome vapour that arose from the garden of Academus. Instead of spectral demons, instead of the monstrous progeny of mystery and immodesty, there arose tangible images of perfect symmetry. Homer was

recalled from banishment : Æschylus followed : the choruses bowed before him, divided, and took their stands. Symphonies were heard ; what symphonies ! So powerful as to lighten the chain that Jupiter had riveted on his rival. The conquerors of kings until then omnipotent, kings who had trampled on the towers of Babylon and had shaken the eternal sanctuaries of Thebes, the conquerors of these kings bowed their olive-crowned heads to the sceptre of Destiny, and their tears ran profusely over the immeasurable wilderness of human woes.

Michel-Angelo.—We have no poetry of this kind now, nor have we auditors who could estimate or know it if we had. Yet, as the fine arts have raised up their own judges, literature may, ere long, do the same. Instead of undervaluing and beating down, let us acknowledge and praise any resemblance we may trace to the lineaments of a past and stronger generation.

Vittoria.—But by the manners and habitudes of antiquity ours are little to be improved. Scholars who scorn the levity of Ariosto, and speak disdainfully of the middle ages, in the very centre of the enchantment thrown over them by the magician of Ferrara, never think how much we owe, not only to him, but also to those ages ; never think by what energies, corporeal and mental, from the barbarous soldier rose the partially polished knight, and high above him, by slower degrees, the accomplished and perfect gentleman, the summit of nobility.

Michel-Angelo.—O that Pescara were present ! Pescara ! whom your words seem to have embodied and recalled ! Pescara ! the lover of all glory, but mostly of yours, Madonna ! he to whom your beauty was eloquence and your eloquence beauty, inseparable as the influences of deity.

Vittoria.—Present ! and is he not ? Where I am there is he, for evermore. Earth may divide, Heaven never does. The beauty you speak of is the only thing departed from me, and that also is with him perhaps. He may, I hope he may, see me as he left me, only more pacified, more resigned. After I had known Pescara, even if I had never been his, I should have been espoused to him ; espoused to him before the assembled testimonies of his innumerable virtues, before his genius, his fortitude, his respectful superiority, his manly gentleness. Yes, I should have been married to his glory ; and, neither in his lifetime nor when he left the world, would I have endured, O Michel-Angelo, any other alliance. The very thought, the very words conveying it, are impiety. But friendship helps to support that heavy pall to which the devoted cling tenaciously for ever.

Michel-Angelo.—Oh ! that at this moment . . .

Vittoria.—Hush ! hush ! Wishes are by-paths on the declivity to unhappiness ; the weaker terminate in the sterile sand, the stronger in the vale of tears. If there are griefs, which we know there are, so intense as to deprive us of our intellects, griefs in the next degree of intensity, far from depriving us of them, amplify, purify, regulate, and adorn them. We sometimes spring above happiness, and fall on the other side. This hath happened to me ; but strength enough is left me to raise myself up again, and to follow the guide who calls me.

Michel-Angelo.—Surely God hath shown that mortal what his own love is, for whom he hath harmonised a responsive bosom, warm in the last as in the first embraces. One look of sympathy, one regret at parting, is enough, is too much ; it burdens the heart with over-payment. You cannot gather up the blossoms which, by blast after blast, have been scattered and whirled behind you. Are they requisite ? The fruit was formed within them ere they fell upon the walk ; you have culled it in its season.

Vittoria.—Before we go into another state of existence, a thousand things occur to detach us imperceptibly from this. To some (who knows to how many ?) the images of early love return with an inviting yet a saddening glance, and the breast that was laid out for the sepulchre bleeds afresh. Such are ready to follow where they are beckoned, and look keenly into the darkness they are about to penetrate.

‘Did we not begin to converse on another subject ? Why have you not spoken to me this half-hour ?

'*Michel-Angelo*.—I see, O Donna Vittoria, I may close the volume we were to read and criticise.

'*Vittoria*.—Then I hope you have something of your own for me instead.

'*Michel-Angelo*.—Are you not tired of my verses? Your smile is too splendid a reward, but too indistinct an answer. Pray, pray tell me, Madonna! and yet I have hardly the courage to hear you tell me . . . have I not sometimes written to you? . . .

'*Vittoria*.—My cabinet can answer for that. Lift up your sphinx if you desire to find it. Anything in particular?

'*Michel-Angelo*.—I would say, written to you with . . .

'*Vittoria*.—With what? a golden pen?

'*Michel-Angelo*.—No, no.

'*Vittoria*.—An adamantine one?

'You child! you child! are you hiding it in my sleeve? An eagle's plume? a nightingale's? a dove's? I must have recourse to the living sphinx, if there is any, not to the porphyry. Have you other pens than these? I know the traces of them all, and am unwilling to give you credit for any fresh variety. But come, tell me, what is it?

'*Michel-Angelo*.—I am apprehensive that I sometimes have written to you with an irrepressible gush of tenderness, which is but narrowed and deepened and precipitated by entering the channel of verse. This, falling upon vulgar ears, might be misinterpreted.

'*Vittoria*.—If I have deserved a wise man's praise and a virtuous man's affection, I am not to be defrauded of them by stealthy whispers, nor deterred from them by intemperate clamour. She whom Pescara selected for his own, must excite the envy of too many; but the object of envy is not the sufferer by it: there are those who convert it even into recreation. One star hath ruled my destiny and shaped my course. Perhaps . . . no, not perhaps, but surely, under that clear light I may enjoy unreprieved the enthusiasm of his friend, the greatest man, the most ardent and universal genius, he has left behind him. Courage! courage! Lift up again the head which nothing on earth should lower. When death approaches me, be present, Michel-Angelo, and shed as pure tears on this hand as I did shed on the hand of Pescara.

'*Michel-Angelo*.—Madonna! they are these; they are these! endure them now rather!

'Merciful God! if there is piety in either, grant me to behold her at that hour, not in the palace of a hero, not in the chamber of a saint, but from thine everlasting mansions!'

85. A. L. S. Dated '35 St. James's Street, Wednesday Night' (1841).
1 page 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—I was getting into the Bath coach, when my sister's servant gave me the two proof-sheets. I did not lose a moment in correcting them with a pencil; and since my return I have looked them carefully over a second time. Our compositors spoil our sentences by unnecessary stops. I have not yet received my dramas, and I presume that Mr. Bentley will favour me with none.

'Count D'Orsay's letter I did not answer until I knew where he might address the prints. Will he have the goodness to order three for my sister, Mrs. Landor at Warwick, and mine for the Milneses to Bath. Pray thank him for me again and again, and believe me, dear Lady Blessington, yours very sincerely.'

86. A. L. S. Dated Bath, 'Saturday Morning' (July 4th, 1841). With Superscription and Seal.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—At last I am somewhat settled, for a time at least. In the midst of the fourteen notes and letters which I have been answering all the four days since my return to Bath, I have been inclined to leave off at every one, that I might write to you, for my conscience told me that you must have been thinking me at once the most stupid and the most ungrateful of mortals in

deferring the letter of apology I owed you. The fact is, Walter and I had agreed to be at Gore House about two o'clock on Sunday. But his grandmother was announced, and I was most desirous to meet her. Nothing could be more kind and just than I found her, and my wife's sisters were, all of them, quite as cordial with me as Mrs. Stopford was.

'On Monday, early in the morning, I started for my brother Robert's, in Worcestershire. He possesses, as rector of the parish, 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., 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 Shakespeare most excel.

'Juliet herself may, for one moment, turn her eyes from Romeo on little Nell, and Desdemona take to heart her hairbreadth escapes. 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.

'When I return to London to be godfather, I shall claim from Miss Power, not only my two pieces of music, but, what is better, her execution of them. Meanwhile with best regards to C^t D'Orsay and the fair sisters, I remain, dear Lady Blessington, your ever obliged.'

87. A. L. S. No date (March 23rd, 1843). 1 page 4to., with Super-
scription.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—About a week ago I grew impatient, as old men are apt to do, worse perhaps than young ones, and I said to myself I must contrive to win another letter from Lady Blessington. So, not finding among my Imaginary Conversations a single one adapted to the *Book of Beauty*, I began to beat about and found a subject in the land of Egypt. To-day I have finished the transcribing. May you and the Miss Powers like it!

'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. Believe me, dear Lady Blessington, your ever obliged.'

88. A. L. S. No date (September 6th, 1845). 1 page 4to.

'ON A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF MOZART.

'O gentlest of thy race,
How early do we trace
The wrath of Fate on Thee!
Not only that thy head
Was hurl'd among the dead.
The virtuous, wise, and free,
O, Maria Antoinette,
Do generous souls regret
Thy sceptred destiny.

'But that, with all the heart
Of mortal like Mozart,
His bride thou couldst not be.
Thou liftedst up the child
From thy waxt floor: he smiled,
Kist thee, and call'd thee wife.
Ah, could it have been so,
How free wert thou from woe,
How pure, how great thro' life!

'Dear Lady Blessington,—I have been correcting a few verses on reading again the anecdote of Mozart. Are they worthy of a place in the *Book of Beauty*? Believe me, dear Lady Blessington, your ever obliged.'

89. A. Verses S. No date. 1 page 4to.

‘LINES TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

‘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.

A Latin version by Mr. Landor, of the above lines, followed:—

‘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 unicè decent.’

90. A. Verses. No date (1849). $\frac{1}{2}$ page 4to.

‘TO THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

‘Stay with me, Time, stay here and rest,
Altho’ (grammercy!) ’tis confest
Men find thee an unwelcome guest.

‘But thou’rt too weary to go on,
And twenty years must yet have flown
Ere thou canst get to Kensington.

‘Poor verses in return for rich ones.’*

LONGMAN (Messrs). The Publishers.†

Thirteen A. L. S Dated between September, 1839, and May, 1844.
33 pages 8vo. and 4to.

(1.) *London, September 16th, 1839.*

‘My dear Madam,—I beg to enclose for your acceptance six copies of the second edition of the *Desultory Thoughts*. I am sorry I was not able to send them sooner, but the book was a little longer in coming to a second edition than I expected. I hope you will admire the silver lettering, which I think will not tarnish, as the binders have adopted a new method, by which I believe this will be prevented. Allow me, also, to request your acceptance of the first part *Blaine’s Encyclopædia of Rural Sports*.

‘Although the subject of “Rural Sports” is not one in which ladies generally take a great interest, I think that as an admirer of art you will be pleased with the illustrations, and it will create some interest on your table. I shall have the pleasure to send you the work regularly as it appears. I remain,’ &c.

(2.) *Paternoster Row, December 27th, 1839.*

‘My dear Madam,—It would have given me great pleasure to oblige you by informing you of the sales of the *Book of Beauty*, &c.; but as the works are not our property, only selling them on commission for Mr. Heath, I really do not feel myself at liberty to do so.

‘Allow me to wish you many happy returns of the season, and believe me,’ &c.

* Of the above letters, Nos. 3-5, 7, 8, 10, 11, 16, 17, 19, 21-2, 29, 36-8, 41, 44, 49, 55, 58, 60, 62-3, 67, 73-4, 76-7, have been published in Dr. Madden’s *Life of Lady Blessington*, with the exception of the portions enclosed in square brackets.

† Of these letters, Nos. 1-3 are from Mr. Thomas Norton Longman, 1771-1842; Nos. 4, 9, and 10 are from his eldest son, Thomas Longman, 1804-1879; and the remainder are from William Longman, 1813-1877, younger brother of Thomas.

(3.) 39 *Paternoster Row*, October 31st, 1840.

'My dear Madam,—I am much obliged by your sending me the French translation of your little work. I am happy to see that our neighbours are inclined to adopt some of the thoughts and ideas of our country. I wish that more frequently we thought alike, though I believe our neighbours would be the greatest gainers.

'The "Macimes," as I see Mr. Xavier is determined to call them, appear in the translation as if that were their original language. Believe me,' &c.

(4.) *Paternoster Row*, November 23rd, 1842.

'My dear Madam,—I beg your acceptance of a little work we have just published which may afford you some amusement.

'I cannot omit this opportunity of expressing my sense of your very kind sympathy on our recent bereavement.

'It is a great consolation to be made aware how justly my late excellent father was appreciated by those who knew him. Believe me,' &c.

(5.) *Paternoster Row*, March 21st, 1843.

'My dear Madam,—Enclosed I have the pleasure to send you an early copy of a book which I think you cannot fail to be much amused with.

'Some parts of it appear to me to approach *Gil Blas* more nearly than any book I have read for some time. I remain,' &c.

(6.) *Paternoster Row*, April 21st, 1843.

'My dear Madam,—If you have determined on the title of your new novel, I think it would be desirable to announce it in our monthly list for May 1st. For this purpose I should receive the title at latest on Monday. I remain,' &c.

(7.) *Paternoster Row*, June 15th, 1843.

'Dear Madam,—The American publishers, Messrs. Lee and Blanchard of Philadelphia, have made us an offer of five pounds for the early sheets of your forthcoming novel, *Meridith*. Though the sum is so small, we cannot do otherwise than mention it to your Ladyship.

'We shall be obliged by your informing us what answer we shall give to their agents.

'Will you have the kindness to inform me how soon you expect the work will be ready. I remain,' &c.

(8.) *Paternoster Row*, July 1st, 1843.

'Dear Madam,—I take the liberty of introducing to you Mr. Bernard Tauchnitz,* of Leipzig, the nephew of a well-known and respectable publisher in that city. His object in visiting England is to make arrangements for publishing authorized editions of new works in Germany. I remain,' &c.

(9.) *Paternoster Row*, July 18th, 1843.

'My Lady,—If it were not for the annoyance occasioned to you by the insane writer of the letter you enclose me, I should consider his statements and letter of no consequence whatever.

'I believe Mr. Day to be really insane, for he has no ground of complaint against us, and still less against your Ladyship.

'Let me beg of you to treat the whole matter with the contempt it deserves, and you may rely on our doing everything possible to prevent future annoyance.

'A question has arisen respecting the effect of granting permission to print abroad authorized editions of English works. Under the Copyright Act it appears that such editions could be re-imported into England and the Colonies, but that they might be excluded under the Customs and Colonial Acts.

'We are taking Sir John Bayley's† opinion on the point for the "Society for

* Christian Bernhard, Baron Tauchnitz, 1816–1895, the well-known publisher, who originated the 'Collection of British Authors.'

† Sir John Bayley, 1763–1841, the well-known judge. He was called to the Bar in 1792, in 1799 became a serjeant-at-law, and in 1808 was made a judge of the King's Bench, and was knighted. After sitting in this court for more than twenty-two years he was, at his own request, removed to the Court of Exchequer in 1830. He resigned his seat on the bench in 1834, when he was created a baronet, and admitted to the Privy Council.

the Protection of Literature," and I shall inform your Ladyship of the result. In the meantime it would be expedient that Mr. Tauchnitz should be informed that some words must be printed on the title-pages of all such works, in order to prevent their importation into England.

'I shall inform your Ladyship of the form which will be advised by Sir John Bayley, and in the meantime I remain, my Lady, yours very faithfully.'

(10.) *Paternoster Row, July 26th, 1843.*

'Dear Madam,—We forwarded to Mr. Tauchnitz the agreement on the 18th of this month, which was the first opportunity after having received it. A copy of *Meredith* shall be sent to Mr. Rosenburg.

'I have requested Mr. Farmer, our solicitor, to send your Ladyship a copy of Sir John Bayley's opinion on the copyright question, which probably has reached Gore House, or it will very shortly. Yours very faithfully.'

(11.) *Paternoster Row, October 21st, 1843.*

'My dear Madam,—I regret to inform you that *Meredith* has not hitherto had the success I had anticipated. I shall be obliged by your informing me whether you would wish it to be again advertised next month. It was your wish that we should not spend above £50 without consulting you; we have spent only about £45.

'We have sold about 380 copies only. I remain, my dear Madam, faithfully yours.'

(12.) *Paternoster Row, November 3rd, 1843.*

'My dear Madam,—I find by your note of yesterday that you are under some little misapprehension with regard to the *Meredith*. We subscribed 300 copies, and I have since sold 84; copies have been sold in all parts of the country. We do not send our books on sale to any bookseller, excepting our agent in Edinburgh, and I find that we sent him copies on publication. I also find that immediately on publication, copies were sent to Dublin, according to orders.

'I trust these explanations will be satisfactory to you, & remain, my dear Madam, faithfully yours.'

(13.) *Paternoster Row, May 1st, 1844.*

'My dear Madam,—I am glad to hear you are so much pleased with Lady Willoughby.*

'I will have the account of *Meredith* made up immediately, as we should prefer paying you the exact balance.

'We will then either pay you the amount, deducting the necessary interest, or you can draw on us for the amount.

'We should prefer paying you in cash. I remain, my dear Madam, faithfully yours.'

LYNDHURST (John Singleton Copley, 1st Baron). The eminent Lawyer, appointed Lord Chancellor in 1827. (1772–1863.)

1. Twenty-three A. L. S. No dates. (Between 1834 and 1854.) 66 pages 8vo.

(1.) 'Dear Lady Blessington,—I returned to town yesterday, and forward three letters addressed to you, which I enclose. I also take the liberty of requesting that you will have the kindness to send the volumes which accompany this to Count D'Orsay, with my best thanks for the loan of them.

'I need scarcely add that I received great pleasure in the perusal of them, and was delighted that I had so excellent a resource during the rainy morning that I passed in the country. The pictures of Irish manners and the consequences of Irish agitation are admirably drawn. Excuse, dear Lady Blessington, this freedom, and believe me to be most faithfully yours.'

* A fictitious diary, by H. M. Rathbone, then just published, under the title of *So much of the Diary of Lady Willoughby as relates to her Domestic History, and to the Eventful Period of Charles I.*

(2.) 'Dear Lady Blessington,—I don't know how sufficiently to thank you for your very *very* kind letter. I feel your sympathy* most sensibly and most gratefully, your flattering expressions with respect to myself I can only refer to your courtesy and the known benevolence of your disposition. In return I can only endeavour to merit your good opinion and esteem, which no one, believe me, prizes more highly than your faithful & truly obliged friend.'

(3.) 'Dear Lady Blessington,—Many thanks for your kind note. At present my sister is able to attend sufficiently to my daughters, to whom indeed she is so good as to devote the whole of her time, or I should have been most happy to have availed myself of the assistance of a person who would have suited so well as the lady you mention. I hope you have got rid of your workmen. They are no quite so bad where you are as in London, but everywhere they are plagues. The book amused me much. I shall return it on Sunday, when I shall hope to see you in the evening at the Gore. Ever, dr Lady Blessington, y^{rs} most faithfully.'

(4.) 'Dear Lady Blessington,—I enclose a letter of yours which I accidentally opened, but on reading the words, "My dear Lady Blessington," I discovered my mistake, and I enclose and forward it to you. Pray excuse my carelessness; I was opening several letters at the time, and took for granted that the letter was for me. I am here with my children, and the quiet is not disagreeable, though were it to continue it *might* become dull. Books, of which you are so fond, enable me to set the wind and rain at defiance.

'I shall be in your near neighbourhood on Sunday. Ever, dr Lady Blessington, y^{rs} most truly.'

(5.) 'Dear Lady Blessington,—I would make some excuse to Lord George, were it possible, for it would give me great pleasure to dine with you, and I should be charmed to meet (may I say to caress?) the great Russian Lion.† I never before dined with Lord George, the invitation is from both Lord and Lady G., and is of long standing. He meets me, too, every day in the H. of Lords.

'*Voilà!* many and insuperable difficulties. I remain, my dear L^y Blessington, y^{rs} very faithfully.'

(6.) 'Dear Lady Blessington,—I send you the order. It delights me that I can apply it so well. Thanks for your kind inquiries about my children. They are beginning to move about, but I am told that great caution will be for some time necessary. I have intended to pay you a visit for some time, but accidental circumstances have interfered to prevent me.

'I must also be allowed to go with you to your new house. I can't say how much I am obliged to you about the house in Park Lane, which answers admirably. Ever, my dear Lady, y^{rs} most truly.'

(7.) 'Dear Lady Blessington,—I am beginning a letter of *business*, and I fear before you have got to the end of it, you will think me very *tiresome*. But *Lady Sykes* is so kind-hearted and so good humoured a person, that I feel very anxious to accomplish what she wishes, and I know how essential to her happiness it is that she should be agreeably and pleasantly lodged.

'The house suits her in every respect. It is just what she wishes, and I should be sorry that she should be disappointed by NOT getting it.

'The truth is that *Sir Francis* is rather a *QUEER* person. He will allow her 500*l.* a year for her house including everything; that *is not bad*, but he says, if I pay for *this* and then pay *that*, &c., &c., I don't know what it will cost me, and I like to be at a certainty, if the house, therefore, can be got as a *furnished house* for 500*l.* a year, the affair may be settled in a day. He has no objection to the 15 years. But a furnished house, the landlord of course pays the taxes, &c., which

* On the occasion of the death of his wife, Sarah Brunsdell, Lady Lyndhurst, 1795–1834, daughter of Charles Brunsdell and widow of Colonel Thomas, who was killed six weeks after marriage at the battle of Waterloo: she married Lord Lyndhurst in 1819. She was considered to be one of the most beautiful and gifted women of the day.

† This was no doubt Count Matuschewitz, the 'Russian Count who spoke all the languages of Europe as well as his,' as Willis describes him in his *Pencilings by the Way*, under date June 14th, 1834.

I suppose are about 60*l.* or 70*l.* a year. The House will want some things in the shape of furniture, and as usual materials *for the kitchen, &c.*; some of the furniture is very shabby. I allude particularly to the carpets upstairs. But this is a matter of detail, in respect of which Lady S. would, I know, concede much. If the house is taken for 15 years as a *furnished house*, the landlord would keep it decent. It should be painted once in the 15 years at his expense, and there should be *once* new carpets and *curtains*. But as to all this, will you kindly do the *best* you can. It might be arranged in another way, the things might be valued, and a proper per centage added to the rent, then the house might be taken in the usual way—the *tenant* to repair and pay taxes, &c. If you can, dear Lady Blessington, bring this matter to a happy conclusion, I shall feel *most* and for ever grateful. I remain, very faithf^l y^{rs}.

‘You see I have not threatened a long letter *in vain*. I fear you can’t read this.’

(8.) ‘Dear Lady Blessington,—What says Mr. G.? I believe Mr. J. has no objection to stand in his shoes. Indeed I am SURE he has not.

‘Dis’s pack is making its way. It is excellent—dog news, &c. Yours most sincerely.’

(9.) ‘Dear Lady Blessington,—WE have seen the House, and it is most highly *approved*—*this* alteration was suggested, *that* arrangement of the rooms, &c., &c., all was moving prosperously. I hastened to Banting—when alas! he told me that Lady Dillon had as *good as taken it*. She was to give her answer on Monday, and he had no doubt it would be in *affirmative*. So we are shipwrecked again; and what makes it the provoking is that *SOMEBODY* has at length come down with the money for furnishing in spite of his queerness. I suppose there is no hope of Mr. G. transferring his bargain for the other house. The fixtures, &c., would be taken and paid for at the price which he has agreed to give. I am wretchedly disappointed. Ever, my d^r L^v Blessington, y^{rs}.’

(10.) ‘Dear Lady Blessington,—I understand the D. de Guiche is staying with you. I have taken the liberty of asking him to dine with me. My excuse for this liberty is that Berryer has promised to dine with me on that day. Will you have the kindness to explain this to him, and pardon me for giving you this trouble, for which I trust to your usual goodness. I did not answer your letter respecting Mr. Guthrie, because I was sure that you would give me credit for not forgetting any promise I had made to you. Ever, dear L^v Blessington.’

(11.) ‘Dear Lady Blessington,—The reason I have not called or written about the House, is that Lady Sykes has been confined to her bed by sore throat and fever ever since the day I last saw you. I have not yet been able to speak to her on the subject, but hope to be able to do so in the course of the day. Thanks for your kind attention.

‘Disraeli’s new book is I think, excellent. He is on all occasions full of genius. *Roucière** was the man, I have no doubt, though there are some things difficult to explain. Ever, dear L^v Blessington, y^{rs} most sincerely.’

(12.) ‘Dear Lady Blessington,—I *will* get away if I possibly can, that is if I am not depended upon as the *escorte*.

‘Thanks for your kindness as to house. We are considering another house next to Lady Dillon’s, that is *this side* of it. It is a white house within a wall and gates.

‘You will know it *perhaps* by the above lines. I enclose the franks. I have taken large covers as they will do for anything. Ever most truly, dear L^v Blessington, y^{rs}.’

(13.) ‘Dear Lady Blessington,—You are very good to interest yourself so much about the affair of the House. I have been waiting Lady S.’s return to

* Lord Lyndhurst is no doubt referring to the French *cause célèbre* of 1835, when Emile Clément de La Roncière, son of Count de La Roncière, was tried and condemned to ten years’ seclusion, for an unprovoked assault on Mademoiselle de Morell, a girl of sixteen, whose parents had offended La Roncière by not inviting him to their house.

town, in order to enable me to answer your note of last night. She is just arrived, but unfortunately very unwell with an attack of influenza. The loss of the house is a disappointment, and to-day she sees the *other* (I mean the Villa), she does not know what to say about it. She feels reluctant to *quit London*. You don't call it quitting. Lady Sykes is very sensible of your kindness. Yours most truly, &c.

(14.) 'Dear Lady Blessington,—It was as I anticipated. I was the beau (such a beau!) of the evening, and I found I could not desert my charge. I did not get home till long after 12. The performance was dull enough, the house empty, but very pretty, and the dresses and scenery good.

'I can say nothing more in the shape of praise. Bro'ham, however, is still in vigour. I should be very sorry if the speculation were to fail.

'The House at the Gore which I alluded to yesterday, turns out to be a complete mistake. So we fall back on Mr. Grieve.

'It is not unlike, from my recollection of him, catching at a straw. Ever, d^r Lady Blessington, most truly y^{rs}.'

(15.) 'Dear Lady Blessington,—I am going for a short time to the Continent, but I cannot leave England without thanking you for the many acts of kindness I have received from you during my recent residence here. I very much lament on every account, the event of the Cambridge election.

'Disraeli has been more fortunate.

'I am, as you recollect, a little in your debt, for the additional quantity of 1. poplin. It was, I believe, *six* yards at 5s., £1 10s., which I enclose. I hope I am right—if not you must correct me. I remain, dear L^y Blessington, y^{rs} very sincerely.'

(16.) 'Dear Lady Blessington,—I am going to Paris on Friday with one of my daughters,* who has a defect in her voice in consequence of a fissure at the back of the mouth. Le Roux† is very celebrated for an operation, of which he was some years since the inventor, by which the fissure is closed and the defect cured. I arranged to take her at Easter, and from what the English surgeons tell me, I hope the operation, which is rather troublesome than painful, will prove successful.

'I should have liked very much to have dined with you on Sunday, and of all things to have met Ellice: but the Fates forbid.

'Many thanks for the poplin affair. Madame Palmyra is a —. Dear Lady Blessington, y^{rs} very faithfully.'

(17.) 'Dear Lady Blessington,—The operation has been performed, and successfully. The child bore it very well, though she became a little faint towards the close of it. She is now very quiet. I remain, dear L^y, very faithf^{ly} y^{rs}.'

(18.) 'Dear Lady Blessington,—I shall have very great pleasure in dining with you on Sunday. You kindly hope that I have been well and happy. Well, I have been; but as to happiness, it is not, as you know, of this world. Like other mortals, however, I have, in this respect, had my ups and downs. At all events I prove in myself happiness on Sunday. Ever, my dear Lady Blessington, y^{rs} most faithfully.'

(19.) 'Dear Lady Blessington,—I am sorry you should think that any of your little commissions are a trouble to me. I assure you I feel flattered and happy in obeying your commands. Enclosed is the opinion. I regret it is *not* and *cannot* be more favourable. I return the copies of the will and the codicil. Everything is sadly here, and, as I understand—everywhere. Ever, dear L^y Blessington, y^{rs} most faithfully.'

'Poor Durham! what a martyr he seems to be to an unfortunate constitution.'

* Lord Lyndhurst took his second daughter, Susan, to Paris for the operation just after Easter, 1837. Unfortunately she caught cold and died within a month of rapid consumption at the age of fourteen.

† Joseph Philibert Roux, 1780–1854, a celebrated French surgeon, Professor of Pathology at the School of Medicine, author of various works on surgery.

(20.) 'Dear Lady Blessington,—I shall have much pleasure in dining with you on Wednesday. Poor Diss has had a fit. He was senseless for $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour. It arose, they say, from over-exertion at the Bucks election. Qu. from over-indulgence at Gore House! Chandos told me in a note that he is pretty well again. I don't know the nature of the fit.

'Is what you said about the Lady at Paris really so? She looked very blooming when I quitted. She had a *niece* with her. What a sad position she must be in. I will speak about the dress on Wednesday, but if it should suit you to get it *before* that, I shall be most grateful. The colour was to be a *pearl grey*. Is this intelligible? I suppose so. The lady is *SMALL*; the quality was to be the very *FIRST*. Such were my instructions. If you can assist me in this matter, you will extricate me out of a considerable difficulty. In politics nothing will happen till Monday. On that day the *VITAL* question is to come on in the H. of Commons. We are requested to be quiet. Ever, dear L^y Blessington, y^{rs} very faithfully.'

(21.) 'Dear Lady Blessington,—I very much regret that I cannot have the pleasure of dining with you on Sunday, but we are engaged to the Becketts on that day. Notwithstanding many good intentions, with which they say a certain place is paved, I have not been able to get to the Gore to see you for an age. The truth is, we have a place near Henley, and I am constantly *induced* when I have an hour or two to spare to put myself on the railroad in that direction; but I will try to reform my omission. Ever, dear L^y Blessington, y^{rs} very sincerely.'

(22.) 'Dear Lady Blessington,—I shall be most happy to do what you wish respecting Mr. Landon, but I do not find either in your letter or in his which you enclosed, any mention of what the appointment is, which he is desirous of obtaining. Pray have the kindness to send me a note of explanation on this head. Perhaps if I had not been for a week, in my journey across France, without the sight of an English paper, this explanation would not have been necessary.

'I left Lord Canterbury better, and Lady C., whom I saw the afternoon before I left Paris, was recovering her spirits, but the case from all I could learn is a very serious one.

'Pray remember me in the kindest terms to D'Orsay. I intended to have called, but have not yet been able to get so far. I remain, dear L^y Blessington, y^{rs} very faithfully.'

(23.) 'Dear Lady Blessington,—Will you have the goodness to read the enclosed and return it to me with the particulars required by the memorandum which is endorsed on the notice?

'I am in town for a day. We shall come to London for the season in about 3 weeks. All well at home, I hope. Ever, dear L^y Blessington, y^{rs}.'

2. A. L. S. to Dr. Madden. No date (1854). 1 page 8vo.

'Sir,—I very much regret that I cannot assist you in the way you suggest, as I possess no letter of the late Countess of Blessington. Yours faithfully.'

MACREADY (William Charles). The well-known Actor. (1793-1873.)

A. L. S. Dated 5 Clarence Terrace, Regent's Park, December 1st, 1840. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I can very inadequately thank you for the kind thoughts of me and mine which prompted the soothing assurance of your sympathy with our sorrows. The visitation* has been very heavy upon us, but it is a great comfort to think upon the beautiful spirit in which the partner of my griefs

* Referring to the death of his daughter Joan, on account of which the production of Bulwer Lytton's play of *Money* had been postponed. The play was, however, produced a week after the date of the letter, Count D'Orsay amongst others superintending the mounting of the piece, which ran for the then unprecedented number of eighty nights; Macready of course playing the part of Alfred Evelyn, in which he scored a success. Macready had married in 1823 an actress called Atk ns, who died in 1852, and by whom he had a large family, most of whom died very young.

has borne her share, with two urgent claimants on her maternal care. She feels with myself your most kind interest in our misfortunes and with me is most grateful for it. Believe me always, my dear Lady Blessington, sincerely & very gratefully yours.'

MADDEN (Richard Robert). A-miscellaneous Writer, Biographer of Lady Blessington. (1798-1886).

1. Copy of Letter. Dated 7 East Ascent, St. Leonards, May 6th, 1834. 2½ pages 8vo.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—I took Campbell to Seamore Place, at a very unchristian hour of the morning, having to leave town at noon, but I thought 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 cannot 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, I do not avail myself of the privilege which courtesy accords to travellers, when I assure you I have been indebted to my evenings in the Belvidere for some of the most pleasing recollections of my life, but like all other pleasures these 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 than poor Lord Blessington, who was less indebted to his rank for the esteem 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 amongst the lazaroni of Naples had I not known your condescending notice at that period when it was of most value, when I had few friends and seldom the advantage of kissing the crimson robe of good Society. I remain, dear Lady Blessington, yours faithfully.'

2. Draft of Memorandum of a Conversation between Dr. Madden and Lady Blessington. Dated 1843. 21 pages 4to.

'Original draft of a memorandum of a remarkable conversation of R. R. M. with Lady Blessington in 1843 in Gore House, wherein Lady B. gave me a full and, as I believe, a true and faithful account of those particulars of her early history, which relate to her marriage with Cap^{tn} Farmer, his brutal treatment, her father's scandalous conduct and evil example in his own family, his career of crime and infamy, her abandoning her husband and connexion with Cap^{tn} Jenkinson, and ultimately the cessation of that connexion, and her marriage with Lord Blessington. These details have been glanced at in my Memoirs of Lady B., but not given at any length or very distinctly and clearly.

'LADY BLESSINGTON.

'The 15th of October, 1843, I called on Lady B., and the conversation turned on the persecution and judicial murders of Father Nicholas Sheehy and his relative Edmond Sheehy, commonly called Buck Sheehy, the maternal grandfather of her Ladyship, who were executed in 1766 in the Clonmell persecution.

'Lady B., in the course of the conversation which ensued, gave me the following detailed account of her own history. She was born in the neighbourhood of Clonmell; her father, Edmund Power, of Curragheen, in the county of Waterford, possessed landed property, which at one period amounted to about £1500 p^r annum. Her mother was the daughter of the unfortunate Edmond Sheehy above mentioned. Her father's intimacy with Lord Donoughmore* was the cause of his ruin. He became a violent partizan of his Lordship and a virulent opponent of his enemies. He was put in the commission of the peace, and became one of the

* Richard Hely Hutchinson, 1st Lord Donoughmore, 1756-1825, a lieutenant-general in the army, and Governor of Tipperary.

most dreaded of the terrorists of the county in the rebellion, and for some years subsequent to it. At length, his principal occupation and amusement being hunting the people, scouring the country in pursuit of unfortunate wretches prescribed as rebels, or suspected so to be, in one of his excursions he committed a murder, for which he was subsequently tried. On the occasion referred to he took his son Michael out with him. After riding along the road for some time he informed the young man he was going to apprehend a very desperate fellow in the neighbourhood, whom none of the constables dare lay hands on. The son, whose principles were altogether opposed to the father's, was reluctant to go on the mission, but dare not refuse. His father, on approaching the cabin of the suspected peasant (on the property of Mr. Bagwell) saw a person at work in an adjoining field. Mr. Power galloped into the field attended by his son and a servant, and, levelling a pistol at the head of the man, called on him to surrender (but exhibited no warrant for his apprehension). The man flung a stone at his assailant, whereupon Power, taking deliberate aim at him, mortally wounded him in the body. This was not sufficient; he placed the wounded man on horseback behind his servant, had him bound to the latter, and thus conveyed him to town, and in the first instance to his own place of abode, and then to gaol. The man died, and his landlord Bagwell, from animosity to Power on account of his alliance with the Donoughmore interest persuaded the family to prosecute Power. Proceedings were commenced against him, but the Grand Jury threw out the bill. A second bill was sent up subsequently and found. Power fled to England and returned in time to take his trial for the murder. He was acquitted of course by a complacent jury, but the Judge, even in those times (it was about 1803), thought this murder was going a little too far with the system of terror; he reprobated the conduct of Power, and had his name expunged from the magistracy. Lady B. remembers with horror the sight of the wounded man mounted behind the servant, as the party entered the stable yard of her father's house. She describes the wounded man as pale and ghastly, his head sunk on his breast, his strength apparently exhausted, his clothes steeped with blood, for in this condition brought into the court yard bound to the servant. The horror of this deed never left the mind of young Power; it haunted him during his short career; he died at an early age in St. Lucia, one of the most noble minded and tender hearted of human beings. Such was the influence of his character over the unfortunate wounded man, that when he was dying he besought his family to take no steps against his murderer, and this was solely in consideration of the humanity exhibited towards him by the son. Power's pursuits in carrying out the views of his patron Lord Donoughmore caused him to neglect his business; his affairs became disordered; to retrieve them he entered into partnership in a general mercantile line with Messrs. Hunt and O'Brien of Waterford; he expended a vast deal of money in building stores and warehouses. These stores however were burned (it was imagined) by the people in revenge of the cruelties he had committed on them. His violence, which was formerly of a political kind only, now became a sort of constitutional irascibility, his temper more and more irritable, his habits irregular and disorderly; he became a terror to his wife and children, he treated his wife with brutality, he upbraided her frequently with her father's untimely fate, and would often say, "What more could be expected from the daughter of a convicted rebel." He would fling things in his passion at the heads of his children—he has flung a cup at his daughter's (Lady B.'s), and yet in the company of Lord Donoughmore or persons of his rank his manners were bland and polished, his address that of a high-bred gentleman; his personal appearance was prepossessing, and to the last, even so late as 1820, when he came to London to see Lady B., and remained with her three months, his person had lost nothing of its symmetry, and Lady B. remarked it was painful to notice all the vivacity of youth in his bright eyes, and all the levity and thoughtlessness of youth in striking contrast with the grey hairs of his old age. His mercantile career was unfortunate; his partners got rid of him after many fruitless remonstrances. He had overdrawn the capital he had put into the house by several thousand pounds. His next speculation was a newspaper called the *Clonmell Mercury*, set up by him at the instance of Lord Donoughmore for the support of his lordship's interests in the county and his political opinions. The well-known Bernard Wright, the

person flogged by Sir John Judkin Fitzgerald for having a French letter in his pocket (he being a teacher of the French language at that period) was for some time the manager and editor of this paper. The paper was at length prosecuted for a libel written by Lord Donoughmore. But his Lordship left Mr. Power to bear the brunt of the action and to pay the damages awarded against him. The paper went to ruin. Mr. Power for some years previously had given himself up to drink, and his affairs had become involved in difficulties even previously to his setting up this paper, so much so that Lady B. and her sister Ellen (Lady Canterbury), while at school often felt the humiliation of being debarred from learning certain kinds of work, tambour embroidery, &c., on account of the irregularity of the payment of their school charges. The brutal treatment of Power to his family rendered their home hateful. Mrs. Power's spirit had been broken down to a tame acquiescence in her husband's outrageous conduct; the terror it inspired caused Marguerite's brothers and sister to submit to it in silence, but she felt no less grieved than disgusted at it, and frequently gave expression to the feelings this conduct excited, and the consequence was that she received less maltreatment than the other members of her family. Things were in this state when in 1804, being then 14 years of age, she was taken home for some days from school, but when the time came for her return to it she was informed by her father she was to go back to it no more. Her father's house was a rendezvous for the military men and magistrates of the district; it was a kind of inn for them. At the Assizes the judges and lawyers were entertained there. It was in short "a castle rack rent," where nothing but feasting and revelry went on. The most profuse expence was gone to in entertaining officers and others. Mr. Power's horses were constantly used in sending dispatches to the government, to Lord Donoughmore and his agents throughout the county, and these services his Lordship constantly promised would be rewarded ultimately by government, but he took care to claim all the merit of them for himself, and to represent these services as acts of his, which were the means of getting honors conferred on himself. Power was thus duped and ruined by him. He was in this position at the time Lady B. was brought home from school a mere child, and treated as such. Among his military friends she then saw a Cap^{tn} Farmer for the first time; he appeared on very intimate terms with her father, but when she first met him her father did not introduce her to him, in fact she was looked on then as a mere school girl, whom it was not necessary to introduce to any stranger. In a day or two her father told her she was not to return to school, he had decided that she was to marry Cap^{tn} Farmer. This intelligence astonished her. She burst out crying, and a scene ensued in which her father's menaces and her protestations against his determinations terminated violently. Her mother unfortunately sided with her father, and eventually by caresses, entreaties, and representations of the advantages her father looked to from this match with a man of Cap^{tn} Farmer's affluence she was persuaded to sacrifice herself and to marry a man for whom she felt the utmost repugnance.

'She had not been long under her husband's roof when it became evident to her that her husband was subject to fits of insanity, and his own relatives informed her that her father had been acquainted by them that Cap^{tn} Farmer had been insane, but the information had been concealed from her by her father. She lived with him about three months, and during this time he frequently treated her with personal violence. He used to strike her on the face, pinch her till her arms were black and blue, lock her up whenever he went abroad, and often has left her without food till she felt almost famished. After some time he was ordered to join his regiment, which was encamped at the Curragh of Kildare. Lady B. refused to accompany him there, and was permitted to remove to her father's house, and to remain there during his absence. Cap^{tn} Farmer joined his reg^t, and had not been many days with it when in a quarrel with his Colonel he drew his sword on the former, and the result of this insane act (for such it was allowed to be) was that he was obliged to leave his regiment, being allowed to sell his commission. The friends of Cap^{tn} Farmer now prevailed on him to go to India (I think Lady B. said in the Company's service). She, however, refused to go with him, and remained at her father's. She was now growing into womanhood, surrounded by admirers; and whenever she appeared in public followed by them,

a wife without the protection of a husband, a daughter without the care of a father, or the conduct of one to look to for guidance or example. Her situation even with respect to her family was disagreeable; she was looked upon by her parents as standing in the way of the interests of her unmarried sisters, her father's house was made anything but a home to her. Things were in this situation when an officer, Cap^m Jenkins, an English gentleman of large fortune in the county of — stationed in the vicinity of Clonmell, visited at her father's house. He soon began to pay her attention. She had no particular *penchant* for him, but at this time she was solicited to accept the protection of a person connected with a noble family, whom but for one consideration she could have loved—that person was married—and she refused to listen to his proposal. Cap^m Jenkins pressed his suit. The present commander of the forces, Sir Edward, then Major, Blakeney, was then on duty with his regiment in Clonmell, and also another officer, now of high rank. Mrs. F. was intimate with both. They were honorable kind-hearted men; they felt for her situation, and she, having received intelligence that Cap^m F. was either on his way to England or had just arrived (I forget which) with the avowed object of taking her away from her father's, she told these gentlemen her miserable condition at her father's, her terrors of her husband's return, the pressing nature of the suit of Cap^m Jenkins, and of the other person whom she esteemed, but the peace of whose family she had resolved she would not injure, and Lady B. states that in these desperate circumstances, with the concurrence of the persons she consulted, she quit her father's roof, abandoned her claim to the name of a wife, to the character of one, and became that despised thing, a kept mistress. The name was odious to her, and the idea of deserving it still more so. Her constant efforts were to avoid every thing in her deportment, in her demeanour and attire that could recall that idea or remind others of it. Cap^m Jenkins' fortune was between 6 and 8 thousand a year. His liberality was unbounded, his affectionate treatment every thing that could be desired. He constantly pressed on her the most valuable presents, which it was absolutely painful to her to be obliged to wear. In the meantime Cap^m Jenkins' family, observing her conduct and finding that it was her influence alone which prevented their relative's ruin by the imprudence of his habits and extravagance in expenditure paid her all the attention she could have received had she been the wife of the man she lived with. In this state of things Lord Blessington appeared in the neighbourhood, and his fox-hunting pursuits soon made him acquainted with Cap^m J. He visited at the abode of the latter, and to the lady of the house, whom he had formerly met (I think in Dublin), his attention soon became marked.

‘Lord B.'s first wife was then recently dead.* He made offers of marriage contingent on obtaining a divorce of her marriage with Cap^m Farmer to a friend of Cap^m J., and the latter was made acquainted with them. In fine these offers were accepted; the conduct of Cap^m J. throughout this business was the same it had ever been, full of affection and esteem; that of the lady had undergone no change, her feelings were the same they had ever been towards him, not of passionate love, but of regard and friendship; but the prospect of getting out of that horrible position into which she had fallen determined her to quit the protection of Cap^m Jenkins. The jewels and apparel given her by Cap^m Jenkins being of considerable value, she no sooner parted with him than Lord B. sent a check for the presumed value to the amount of ten thousand pounds to Cap^m Jenkins, which he received. To the period of her marriage with Lord Blessington she lived at the charge of Lord B., that is to say she resided in an establishment provided for her by his Lordship, but no illicit intercourse took place between them, and it was stipulated they should live apart till such time as the divorce should be obtained.†

* Old Teggart, the well-known apothecary of Pall Mall, informed Mr. Madden that this lady was married to Lord Blessington at his cottage in Eltham. She was remarkable for her beauty, and had been the mistress of an officer in the army.’

† However improbable such an arrangement may seem, old Mr. Teggart, by whom the establishment for Mrs. Farmer was provided by Lord Blessington's wishes, assured Mr. Madden that Lord Blessington and Mrs. Farmer lived all the time in question on no other terms than such as those which Lady Blessington spoke of to me.’

‘Cap^{tn} Farmer had returned from India about this period, and plunging into all kinds of excesses, soon found himself an inmate of the Fleet Prison. Some arrangements were pending between him and Lord B. when the unfortunate man met with a violent end in the Fleet Prison, which was attended with some mystery and gave rise to very unfounded suspicions of foul play in the circumstance of his sudden death. One night Cap^{tn} Farmer had a drinking bout in his room, and in the middle of the debauch there was a dispute. Cap^{tn} Farmer, in attempting to follow one of the party out of the room, plunged forward, and the staircase window of a kind of tower opposite the door being wide open, he dashed thro’ it, fell in the courtyard of the prison, and was killed on the spot. In a few days, Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle* (then unknown to Lord Blessington), addressed a note to Lord Blessington, enclosing a statement of the death of Cap^{tn} Farmer sent to him for insertion in his paper, plainly attributing the death of Cap^{tn} F. to Lord Blessington and the wife of Cap^{tn} F., then alleged to be living with his Lordship. The simple statement of the facts on the part of Lord Blessington to Perry sufficed to prevent the insertion of this infamous slander, and laid the foundation of a lasting friendship between Lord and Lady B. and the worthy man who was then editor of the *Morning Chronicle*.

‘The marriage of Lord and Lady B. took place in a private manner, and shortly after it they went abroad.

‘In the year 1821 my acquaintance commenced with Lord and Lady B. at Naples when residing there in that Palazzo Belvedere, the many pleasing recollections of which, and of the society she enjoyed in it, are touched on in Lady B.’s *Idler in Italy*.

‘A young man, unknown, in an obscure position, with no shining talent to make myself noticeable in society, I had the good fortune to receive the most kind attention from Lord and Lady Blessington from the first day I knew them to the end of the death of the former and to the present hour from the latter. I have known Lady Blessington since the year 1823; I have never found a change in her friendship. No matter how many changes of fortune may take place in the condition of her friends there is no alteration in her kindness towards them. Pecuniary obligations I never owed her, nor to Lord Blessington, but I know that to her own family her generosity has been unbounded, and to many literary people her assistance has been largely given. Knowing her good qualities as I do, and the nobleness of her disposition, I cannot help feeling that it is most lamentable that she is situated as she is, and most earnestly do I pray that it may please God to take her out of it.

3. It has been considered best to group under this entry a selection of letters to Dr. Madden, mostly on the subject of his ‘Life of Lady Blessington.’

(1.) *From Mr. Anderson, author of some nautical novels. Dated Bengal Hill, August 1st, 1854.*

‘My dear Sir,—There is nothing like striking the iron while it is hot. Therefore I send you the account of my first meeting with *L. Byron, just as it occurred*. I think, as well as I can recollect, for I was not twenty at the time, that it was in the year 1822 or 23—I was residing at Nice—when I received a letter from Lord Byron. He said he heard I had a schooner yacht to dispose of, & wished to know tonnage & 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, & my yacht would get a name, as she was remarkably fast. So I answered his Lordship at once, stating tonnage & 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 Capⁿ 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, & shortly after received another letter, requesting to know if I would take less for the schooner, & amongst 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 him my yacht for £300 less than she cost me. I built her at Savona, a rather pretty place some 30 miles from Genoa; as to the society of

Nice, it could not be better anywhere—highly aristocratic, as many of our English nobility live there, also the ex-king of Sardinia, & last though not least, Lady Blessington had a house there. Her Ladyship was much liked, & 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 anywhere. She relieved him from his difficulties, & enabled him to proceed to Rome with a well-filled purse; but 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 he had begun to build his schooner in the Arsenal of Genoa under the superintendance of Capⁿ Wright, who then commanded a Sardinian frigate, & regretted giving me so much trouble, & also that he abandoned his intention of residing in Nice. Some months after this I went to Genoa, & hearing that Lord Byron's yacht was nearly ready for sea & was lying in the Arsenal, I went with a friend to have a look at her. She was lying near the platform, & she surprized me she was so much smaller than my own schooner. There were 3 planks alongside, & 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 stepped 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 & said, Would you like to come aboard, sir? Very much indeed, I replied, thank you, & without thought or more words I jumped down on the plank, by which thoughtless proceeding I very nearly sent the gentleman & myself into the Arsenal, only saving myself by taking a good grip of him and he of the shrouds, & 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 & tempting; marble bath; in fact not an inch space was lost. In the course of conversation the gentleman said, opening a desk, & taking out 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, & I said, Then I have the honour of speaking to Lord Byron. He bowed and then said, Why did you not mention in this letter the length, beam, depth, &c., &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 state tonnage, & then saying you could build a new one for £800 put me out; this has cost you more. Double, said his Lordship, & not yet finished. After a very pleasant half-hour's conversation & a glass or two of wine I quitted the yacht, but certainly not the way I entered it. The schooner of his Lordship turned out afterwards but a very dull sailer. I sold mine for the same sum I demanded of his Lordship to an American, who sailed with her to America.

'This, my dear Sir, is just the state of the case. You may perhaps dress it up better, or not use it, as you think fit. I would be happy to give you any anecdotes of Lady Blessington, but I do not remember any worth recording. I have many reminiscences of Nice of my own, but of no manner of use. Do not forget to send me, if convenient, some of the two kinds.'

(2.) *From Mr. Thomas Baker, Lady Harriet D'Orsay's Legal Adviser. Dated 29 Spring Gardens, July 21st, 1854. 3½ pages 4to.*

'D^r Sir,—I am sorry to say I *cannot* assist you, but Lady Harriet Spencer, formerly Lady H^t D'Orsay can give you much information—she is at Paris.

'There is a sole surviving sister of the Countess about London, who knows a great deal, and is full of anecdote.

'I would recommend you to see Mr. Worthington, the surviving Exor. of Lord Blessington, before you proceed—he resides at North Frederick Street, Dublin—is a solicitor.

'I believe Miss Power is adm^r of Lady Blessington; she must have many letters. Are you acquainted with her?

'There is a tall fellow about town here who used to call himself a cousin of the Countess. I forget his name, he has *much* to say and shew. Do you know of him?

'All I know is derived from professional intercourse with Lady D'Orsay, & I therefore can do nothing except with her sanction, and I should greatly

regret to see any account published which had not her sanction, so far at least as her father's name and letters were in question.

'She has suffered much from the late Countess, and it would be lamentable that her feelings on this subject should not be considered and consulted. I am, dear Sir, y^{rs} faithfully.'

(3.) *From Dr. Beattie. Dated London, November 7th (1854).*

'My dear Madden,—I have just had a note from Mr. N. P. Willis, rejoicing that Lady B's "life" has fallen into your hands. He says you will find his sketch of D'Orsay in his late work entitled: "Famous Persons & Places," of which if you think proper you can make use. With regard to his *health* he says: "I am struggling *up*, after having been *given up* by the physicians, & able to ride ten or twelve miles a day."

'I hope to return to harness to-morrow, and one of my first duties will be to see about the Guiccioli & other matters. Mr. Newby has not called, but I intend to drop in upon him and keep him on the alert. With best regards to Mrs. Madden, believe me cordially yours. How did you find y^r son? How much is in that simple question?

(4.) *From Anne Cooper, Lady Blessington's Maid. Dated '57 St. Giles's, Oxford, Thursday' (1853).*

'A. Cooper presents her duty to Doctor Madden, and can assure him his name and writings are both familiar to her. Knowing also Doctor Madden were one of my ladies most valued and intimate friends, I think it better to make you acquainted with my position in that family. I was her Ladyship's maid the last 15 years of her life, was treated with affection and every confidence. My services ended when she was consigned to that tomb of which you were kind enough to forward a sketch, from the most and almost only sincere friend I ever had. I remained some time in France with the young ladies, but not liking it I returned, and I enclose two letters that I received from the poor Count wishing me to return with the young ladies, which I did, and remained there until they were settled with the Baroness de Calabrella. Since then I have resided here with my sister, therefore if I can be of any service to you I shall be very pleased. Every one allowed and appreciated her cleverness. *Very, very* few knew the woman. As to Madame de S^e Marsault, I have not the least notion where she is. During eight years every communication, her monthly allowance, presents, all were conveyed through me, but when it pleased the Almighty to remove my lady I could be very well dispensed with. I heard nothing more of any of the family, except I was informed by Mr. Du Pasquier that she had spoken very ill of me, but God will judge between us. I will trouble you to return my two letters. I keep them as souvenirs of a most generous man. I am sure you will recognize your old friend in them. Letters will always find me here. I must entreat your pardon for this long and ill-written letter, but it is so trieste a subject that I loose my head. I subscribe myself, your obedient servant.'

(5.) *From the same. Dated Churchill Heath, Chipping Norton, April 7th, 1853.*

'Hon^d Sir,—Fearful of being troublesome, I have delayed writing, but having enclosed two letters of Count D'Orsay to you directed to 4 Panton Square, Haymarket, and receiving no intimation of their arrival, I feel uneasy that they may have gone wrong at the Post office or that you may have been from home, and are probably lying there now; as it is near a month ago I should feel greatly obliged if you would let me know or give an order to have them returned, as I am quite sure it must have escaped your memory. Yours obediently.'

(6.) *From the same. Dated 'Thursday' (1854).*

'Hon^d Sir,—I am indeed sorry I should have troubled you in your illness, but I fear'd the letters had been lost, and I should not liked them to have fallen into other hands. I am glad to hear you are better, for I know how necessary health is for literary labours. I feel if I was on the spot, how many things I could explain, and happy as I should be to go to London any day to serve you, my circumstances does not enable me to spend money unnecessarily, otherwise nothing would give

so much pleasure, but now I see there would not be time, as you leave London Saturday.

'I lived fifteen years with Lady B. Lord and Lady Blessington's marriage was solemnized at Marylebone Church, Lord B. lived at that time at Bryanstone Square; as to Count D'Orsay's marriage with Lady Harriet Gardiner and her leaving Seamore Place, Antoinette Balearinghi could inform you of those circumstances. She also lived with Lady Blessington fifteen years in the capacity of ladies-maid, a Swiss woman, who is now living at the Hôtel de France, Nice. I succeeded her.

'Lady B. general health was excellent. She has told me often she never was confined to her bed one whole day in her life; her spirits would have been good also; she was naturally very cheerful, droll, and particularly amusing, this was natural to her, but so overwhelmed with care and expenses, and the calls for assistance from every one of her family. Madame de St. Marsault depended wholly and solely on her father as long as he lived. Mr. Power's eldest son, the second was at Charter House, all extra expenses; the eldest to be fitted out for India after an expensive education; two nieces' clothing; Mrs. Fairlie's family; for years a great anxiety not to be in debt, trying to curtail all expenses in her own establishment, labouring night and day for money, worried and vexed not being able to pay when bills was sent; and no money no sleep at night; wishing to give up Gore House, have a sale and pay off for two years before she left England. The famine in Ireland rendered her income more irregular, her payments became more difficult; at last Howell and James put an execution in the house, the cause of our departure from England. She did a great many charities; for instance, she gave to poor literary people, poor musicians, something yearly to old servants, to Miss Landon's mother, to Mrs. Mathews, in fact too many to mention, and add to all other miseries the most shameful ingratitude. I say shameful, because, poor soul, her heart was too large for her means. Oh! the generosity of that woman! I could never tell the number of persons she used her influence with her friends to secure situations for, great as well as poor. I fear I shall tire you, but in justice to her I cannot withhold; this of course is to one of Lady Blessington's most particular friends, and I am sure if she could see it, she would put her seal to it; but of course I should not wish to go to any other person.

'Neither would I say so much to another, but knowing that her Ladyship esteemed you so highly that she would not have scrupled to have told you all I have, and a great deal more, I must now conclude. As to the glitter and magnificence of her house it gave her no pleasure while I knew her. The greatest horror she had in this world was debt, but unhappily did not live to see her debts paid after the sale realizing so much money, I believe 14 thousand pounds. I hope you will not think it necessary to make use of my name to any one, her nieces might think I ought to have consulted them. I remain, yours obediently.'

(7.) *From the same. Dated 87 Eaton Place, 'Wednesday.'*

'Hon^d Sir,—I am sorry not to have answered your letter sooner, but I have been so very much occupied. I have answered the questions to the best of my knowledge in your letter. I heard from a certain Lady that some of her Ladyship's late friends are in great alarm at the announcement of the book. A learned lord and a barrister I believe had something to do with the Chronicle; but this was told me in confidence—a Lord that does not live far from Grafton Street. The Goucili used to stop at Gore House twice, six weeks, and when we went to Paris was very friendly to Lady B. She drove her out in the carriage, and she dined at her house. She is now as you know Marquise de Boissy.

'Madame de Gramont always thought the Misses P. stood in the way of the Count's attachment, if he had one. I don't think that ever affected my Lady. She was wretched from her embarrassments. Lady H. left Seamore Place before I went there, and the Count had a small house in Curzon Street. I was told the climate killed Captain Purves. I think he was in the Scotch Greys. Lady B. never saw Mr. Jenkys after he married Lady Calabrella. We left Paris, the Misses P. and myself, the following April, having remained at the Duchess de Gramont from the time my Lady died, which was in June. We went to Dr. Guthrie's in Berkley Street for a fortnight, and then went to Major

Purves at Portsmouth, and returned again to Paris the 18th of June the same year, and I left for good the June following 1852.

'I heard her Ladyship speak of the friendship of Lord Grey and Lord Durham, but I never know them to speak after I came there, but Lord Durham's friendship lasted as long as he lived. My opinion is that no woman ever was loaded with such professions of friendship and attachment from so great a number of hypocritical friends; no woman was ever more abused. The greater number that eat her dinner and flattered her will now tremble in their shoes for fear their name may be mentioned, and that a letter should be forthcoming. I am ashamed to add this scrawl, but my duties take every moment of my time, and I write in haste as I have delayed so long. I remain, yours obediently.'

(8.) *From Albany Fonblanque. Dated '48 Connaught Square, March 3rd, '53.* 2 pages 4to., with Superscription.

'Sir,—I will search my papers for any letters of Lady Blessington's that may answer your purpose; but my impression is that they are all of too private a nature, or too slight for publication. As I was in habit of frequent intercourse, Lady Blessington did not write to me on topics of conversation, and her notes for the most part were invitations or introductions. Should I find any of a different nature you shall not fail to have them. Yours most truly.'

(9.) *From the same. Dated 'B. T., June 5th, '54.* 2 pages 8vo.

'Dear Sir,—Owing to some neglect in the transmission of letters to me out of town, I have only just received your note. Some months ago I was robbed of a desk containing many private letters I valued, and amongst them were several of Lady Blessington's, some of which might have been useful to you. I have others, but hardly know how to lay my hand on them. I will try, however, and if successful shall not forget you.

'You are welcome to make any use you please of the note, the copy of which you have sent me. It must have been written on the occasion of the hoax of Lord Brougham's reported death.* Yours most truly.'

(10.) *From R. T. Lane, the Engraver. Dated October 27th, 1854.* 2 pages 8vo.

'Dear Sir,—I saw Mr. Mitchell this afternoon, and he begged me to tell you that he has great pleasure in giving you authority to copy the two drawings of the Guicciolo and Miss Power, if you wish to interleave your work with them.

'He also said that if the present stones could be used for the purpose, Mr. Newby could treat with him for the transfer.

'I have since seen the printer, and find that the stones are safe. If, therefore, they are not too large, I apprehend no difficulty. Yours very truly.'

'You will direct that all care be taken of the *wood-cuts* for D'Orsay's statuettes, as my wife values them.'

(11.) *From the same. Dated 3 Osnaburg Terrace, November 1st.* 1 page 8vo.

'Dear Sir,—I am very glad that I have hit your idea of what is right and fitting, and that your approval justifies my having *cut you out* of my letter by the omission of the quotation.

'If not too troublesome to you, I will yet request you to post to me a revise of what you print, which I will, *without delay & without alteration*, forward to the press, as you may direct. Yours truly.'

'Thanks for your kind *regrets*. I fear I *could not* possibly do them now, even if desired.'

(12.) *From the same. Dated 3 Osnaburg Terrace, November 2nd.* 1 page 8vo.

'My dear Sir,—I am sure that you will forgive me for having made a few erasures, and cutting out altogether the foot-note. I have not time to tell you why, but trust me.

'I delight in your discretion, and thank you for omitting the scraps.

'I suppose the passage in my letter will stand:

* See Letter No. 5, page 52.

“One letter much valued by me, and, most remarkable letter,” &c.
 ‘Yours truly obliged.’
 ‘Never mind the sending a proof; I shall see the work early, I trust.’

(13.) *From the same. Dated November 14th, 1854. 2 pages 8vo.*

‘Dear Sir,—Your anxiety to have a worthy portrait of the Lady deserves all consideration that can be shewn, and if I have the opportunity I shall not be slow to do my best.

‘Lady Blessington took such extraordinary pains in arranging her hair and making up a classical shape for the sketch that I made, that I think I might use that form with the features of D’Orsay’s bust; but I will write more when I know more, and see my way. I cannot help thinking that, as a gentleman’s work, D’Orsay’s sketch would do no discredit to your page; but you are, I trust, to have your way.

‘I am delighted to read your commendation of my letter in print.

‘I should not in any case like to victimise you. Artists have e’er now sweated the purses of authors; but I never did.

‘I shall be delighted to have a copy presented by the author. Ever yours truly.’

(14.) *From the same. Dated November 21st, 1854. 2 pages 8vo.*

‘My dear Sir,—The bust arrived safely yesterday. I delayed to write, thinking to come to a decided conviction on the subject, but am not now quite convinced. I will then beg one more line from your over-taxed hand.

‘The head that I did her years ago—the hair classically arranged, the shape beautiful—may be, by reference to the bust, worked up to a fine thing, or would you prefer a careful rendering of the bust with its lace veil, and its more advanced age?’

‘One word, and I set to with spirit and expedition. I have cut the D’Orsay as you suggested. Yours most truly.’

(15.) *From the same. Dated November 28th, 1854. 2 pages 8vo.*

‘My dear Sir,—The entire confidence expressed by Mr. Newby in my judgment, and the *carte blanche* given me to do one or two drawings as I might decide, added to your most kind adoption of my suggestion, has caused more than usual hesitation in my mind, and I would not write and multiply letters to you until I could report something decided. So, I proceed, *delighted*, with a drawing from the exquisite Daguerreotype, taking a valuable hint or two (also) from the photograph, and I promise you a frontispiece that shall please you, all the world, and everybody else, and which I hope to send to press on Saturday, then to post a folded proof to you, and another to Mr. Newby.

‘I could not look *long* at the *Athlete* that providentially is got out of Linden’s hands. I think such a thing in the book would encourage a disagreeable feeling about D’Orsay’s—“A Duke of Limbs,” “A Boxer,” “An Animal.” So I flew in your face and urged Mr. Newby to finish *his own* portrait of self done by more than me at Gore House, approved by the Lady and everybody.

‘*Voilà tout, mon cher auteur.* Yours truly.’

‘Nothing was said about the *tomb*.’

(16.) *From W. C. Macready. Dated March 6th, 1853. 1½ pages 12mo.*

‘Sir,—Your letter of February’s date reached me only last night. In reply I beg to assure you that it would give me sincere pleasure to afford you any assistance in paying a tribute of respect to the memory of one whom I hold in such affectionate regard as the late Lady Blessington, but my occupation or absence never allowed me to maintain a correspondence with her, and I know that through my papers I would not find more than three or four short notes, which have only reference to social engagements. I have the honour to be, Sir, your very obedient & humble servant.’

(17.) *From the same. Dated July 17th, 1854. 1 page 8vo.*

‘Sir,—You have my ready permission to use the letters enclosed to me (which I now return) if you will be good enough to *correct the first*, which I have marked,

by the original, as there is evidently some omission, which leaves the sense imperfect. I shall *object* to its publication without correction. I remain, your very obedient servant.'

(18.) *From Mrs. Mathews (the mother of Charles Mathews). Dated 'Friday Morning' (1854). 1 page 8vo.*

'Dear Sir,—I have just found the accompanying 10 letters. I have only glanced over them, and think they may interest. A gentleman offers to leave them at your door, and I am all haste not to delay him. I trust my last night's packet reached you this morning. Y^{rs} truly.'

(19.) *From the same. Dated October 26th, 1854. 4 pages 8vo.*

'Dear Sir,—When I tell you that I drew up the accompanying outline before I went to bed last night, with a determination that nothing should prevent my making a fair and improved copy of it to-day before the last post-hour, you will not be surprised at my chagrin at finding myself compelled—in justification of my voluntary promise of forwarding it to-day—to send off the hastily penned and blotted MS. which you will receive with this explanation. I have been broken in upon by people and circumstances not to be evaded; known as I am to be *at home* I cannot do what otherwise I assuredly should—send away any callers that would interfere with my time. To-day I have been totally occupied by various unexpected and not all trivial interruptions, and this evening I am so unwell and fatigued, that in my present weak state I feel myself utterly unable to make any additional effort. Will you, my dear Sir, pardon the rough and imperfect sketch I send? Your assurance that unless it came by the latter end of this week it would be useless, induces me to send it, even as it is, lest my health may to-morrow preclude my putting it in better and more readable state. I mean by this, for *your perusal*, for I am aware that you only require the heads for you to enlarge upon or contract.

'I forwarded you in haste yesterday a parcel of *notes*, which referred to the "literary labours" of Lady B—, & which you seemed to think might be of service. I hope what you now have may be of use to you. Pray keep them all as long as it suits you. Hoping to hear that what I now forward may answer your purpose also, I am, dear Sir, yours very truly.'

'I have this moment received your packet, & sorry that you troubled yourself to return it now. You again expressed anxiety to receive my promised memoranda, telling me that I am right in losing no time in sending it, although I am much ashamed of the slovenly state in which it reaches you.

'I have also sent some extracts in relation to Charles from Lady Blessington's *Idler in Italy*, in case you choose to use them in their place—also a pithy paragraph in *John Bull* relative to the *opening* of the Adelphi Theatre.

'You will find I have omitted the year of Charles's birth, and I will tell you why. His line of acting is *youthful*, and the public is too apt to fancy that an actor cannot *look* or act like a young man when he is no longer such. It is the only profession extant where matured age is thrown back upon its possessor in the form of a reproach or disadvantage. I hope you will not think it needful to your account—if you do, I will relent, though for policy I would omit this particular at this *particular time*.'

(20.) *From the same. Dated October 27th, 1854. 3½ pages 4to.*

'My dear Sir,—I begin to fear that you will dread the sight of my *hieroglyphics*, but your last night's request for more *letters*, if found, urged me this morning to open the large trunks in which so many correspondents' letters are thrown together without *order*, and I found another large bundle of letters from & in reference to Lady Blessington. Just as I was about to peruse them a gentleman called and offered to transact any commission I might give him in London—the *condition*, *haste*—& thinking it would be a timely addition to my last night's parcel, I hurriedly put some of them under cover. I trust he was punctual in the delivery.

'Now, my dear Sir, I send you some letters from which you may extract something of interest. I have copied from one of Charles's letters in 1824 an account of Lady B.'s habits at Naples which I thought would be favourable

to her. Let me impress upon you that in *all* I have sent you, you are at liberty to use or discard at your pleasure. All has, on my part, been furnished in such haste and indeed *general ignorance* of their contents, that I could form no correct judgment upon their fitness for publication—a sentence of interest here and there led me to select—your judgment will be better founded. I leave them in your hands without restriction to do what you like, even to the publication of my name (to which I at first objected). I really thought well of my poor friend, and believe I can *afford* to *own* my friendship for her, and I am glad to contribute aught that can do credit to her memory, and at the same time assist the means of the benevolent author of the forthcoming work, and so kind and old a friend of my son's as yourself; and remain, dear Sir (in my usual hurry), yours most truly.'

'On a more careful perusal of three letters I meant to send, I find they would not be available, & I have withdrawn them.'

(21.) *From Monckton Milnes to (Mr. Newby?). Dated December 13th. 1½ pages 8vo.*

'Sir,—I cannot consent to the publication of any correspondence of mine with Lady Blessington, unless I first see which portion you desire to use. I should also be glad to know whether you have Miss Power's consent to Dr. Madden's undertaking.

'I ask this because I had reason to think Miss Power herself contemplated some such work. I remain, y^{rs} obediently.'

(22.) *From Mr. John Du Pasquier, a friend of Count D'Orsay. Dated Carlton Chambers, 8 Regent Street, January 18th, 1854. 1½ pages 8vo.*

'Dear Sir,—Miss Power requests me to inform you that the sale of Gore House realized 11,985*l.* 4*s.*

'The Marquis of Hertford bought the portrait of Lady Blessington by Lawrence for 336*l.*, Mr. Fuller bought that of Lord Blessington by the same artist for 68*l.* 5*s.* Lord Hertford also bought the portrait of Wellington by Count D'Orsay for 189*l.*

'Trusting that this information may be of use to you, I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully.'

(23.) *From the same. Dated July 22nd, 1854. 2 pages 8vo.*

'My dear Sir,—I have been expecting the pleasure of seeing you on your return to Paris.

'I have looked carefully through our late lamented friend's letters to me, but I find that nearly all of them are so mixed up with his own private affairs that it would be impossible to make any extracts from them, and those which do not relate to his own affairs are marked confidential and relate to political matters in France, which it would be desirable not to publish.

'Many thanks for your kindness in delivering my letter to Miss Power.

'I have not seen or heard anything further from the Duke. My dear Sir, yours very faithfully.'

(24.) *From the Countess of Tankerville. Dated 23 Hertford Street, July 3rd, 1854. 2½ pages 8vo., with Superscription.*

'Sir,—The letter you sent to me proves to me, what I always thought, that all my letters to Lady Blessington were strictly of a private nature, relating to the illness of my brother, and to other persons who are still alive.

'Both Lord Tankerville and my brother (Lord Ossulston) consider, therefore, that their publication would be unjustifiable on these grounds, as well as on *my own account*, as they were written with the full confidence that they would be considered private. Though I am sorry to do anything to disoblige you, I must decline **POSITIVELY** the sanction of the publication of **ANY** of my correspondence. I remain, Sir, your obliged,' &c.

'P.S.—I return the enclosed copy.'

(25.) *From the 2nd Duke of Wellington to T. C. Newby. Dated 3 Upper Belgrave Square, May 25th, 1854. 1 page 8vo.*

'Sir,—I am much obliged to you.

'My father took a kind of interest in Lady Blessington, in consequence of an

old family intimacy with an uncle or great-uncle of Lord Blessington's, General Goodman.

'Lady Blessington's reputation is fairly entitled to my father's friendship, & I think it much better that I should not in any manner interfere. I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient, humble servant.'

(26.) *From Mr. Westmacott. Dated London, Norfolk Square, May 21st, 1855. 2 pages 8vo.*

'Mr. Westmacott presents his compliments to Dr. Madden, & has to express his regret that, owing partly to Mr. W.'s absence from town & other accidents, a letter from Dr. M., requesting to be assisted with letters, &c., for a 2nd edition of the *Memoirs of Lady Blessington*, has not sooner been acknowledged. He apologises for the omission, and in reply to Dr. M.'s request, can only regret that he has nothing to communicate upon the subject in which Dr. M. is engaged.

'Mr. W. will feel obliged if Dr. M. will present his best compliments to Sir B. Burke, whose friendly introduction accompanied Dr. M.'s letter.'

MARRYATT (Frederick). The Novelist. (1792-1848.)

A. L. S. Dated Wimbledon, January 3rd (1840). 4 pages 4to., with Superscription.

'Many thanks for your kind wishes, and your invitation, which I am sorry to say that I cannot accept, being confined almost totally to my room. I regret this the more, as you are aware how very much I admire Mrs. Fairlie, & 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 defence with respect to Miss Martineau.* I was fully aware that I lay 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 current which is fast bearing down this country to destruction, ought to be hooted, pelted, & pursued to death, like the rabid dog who has already communicated its fatal virus, & 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 shew 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 she is a very clever writer, & therefore the more dangerous.

'As for your observation, that Miss M. asserts upon her honor that she never wrote a line in "The Edinburgh," I can only say that, although it is of no moment, I did most truly & 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 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 believed that 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

* Harriet Martineau, 1802-1876, a well-known miscellaneous writer, and a frequent contributor to the periodical literature of her day. She does not, however, appear to have written anything in the *Edinburgh* until after 1859, so that she could not have been the author of the very damnable review of Marryatt's *Diary in America*, which appeared in the number for October, 1839.

I will not permit any influential work like "the Edinburgh" to ride me rough-shod 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 cannot 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 Brougham, is the writer of the article, & 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 cannot 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 justified in doing, until the parties who write a review put their name to the article; as long as they preserve the anonymous, I select what 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 Brougham, and will be as bitter as gall, although I have the highest respect for his lordship's talents, and have a very good feeling towards 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 pourtray a stout, well-formed girl of nineteen, kept up in the nursery by a vain mother, with dolls, pinbefores, and all the *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 sowed the 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. Offer my best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Fairlie, and the Chevalier, and believe me, yours most sincerely.'

MATHEWS (Anne Jackson, Mrs.). An Actress and Authoress, and the second wife of the actor, Charles Mathews. (Died 1869.)

1. A. L. S. Dated 6 Canning Place. 4 pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'My dearest Friend,—Ladies who have only one child are remarkable for referring every event to the period of its birth, christening, &c. &c. In similar fondness I turn to my solitary book-bantling,* in all cases of doubt where *dates* are in question, and it generally serves me as in the particular case of your question.

'In the September and October of 1829, says my memorandum in print, my husband performed first at Boulogne *and afterwards* at Paris, returning to England at the end of October.

* *Memoirs of Charles Mathews*, published in 1838-9.

'I am always glad to find you right, but more so now than ever, for I entertain all the *hatred* and *revenge* with which our sex is charged towards the ingrate whom you now triumph over, and whom I have loved *too, too well*. Tell my once *Love*; as well as *loved*, that I have all the bitterness of a "woman scorned;" he has taken no notice of me for *two years*; and when I consider that I could not drink a cup of coffee in my own house without remembering how I still love *him*, whose image always is present with the *silver* that encloses it, and whereon is graven in *letters of gold* the goodness of the giver—I say, when all this is considered, how am I to be pitied when *he* forgets all his friendship and kindness to a "lone woman," who has little else to dwell upon in her solitude but "what has been?" Well, it will all overtake him, when kneeling at my feet, as I know he will some day (for *first love* never dies), and I punish him by a free pardon.

'Seriously, I love dear Count D'Orsay still, and shall be happy to tell him so, when the frost is over, for at present my mouth is frozen, and my words hang like icicles upon my lips.

'What weather! I have had another cold, and am at present in my southern apartment, visited by no one but the Postman. Your tiger was really an object of deep interest, and warmed the very hearts of my maidens—an *event* in my establishment.

'I shall really come to you when *I can*, and when *I may*, for with our opposite habits it will be best to send a formal announcement of the intended visit, in order to ensure the meeting. I write in great haste, with my *coffee-pot* upon the table—tell Count D'Orsay—which I threaten to *melt* when he neglects me. Dearest friend, yours affectionately,' &c.

'P.S.—I will attend to your wishes about the song, which you had best send to me to-morrow morning.'

2. A. L. S. Dated Russell Place, January 5th, 1844. 4 pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'My dearest Friend,—Since I had the pleasure of your last call, I have been reflecting about your last proposition in relation to the *Literary Fund*, and that perhaps, if the advantage resulting from your friendly services in that quarter are likely to be only *temporary* and *small*, it will be desirable to forego it (that is, not make application for it) on account of poor Charles,* as it would serve to make known circumstances of my "case" which would injure him as a public man.

'It is one thing to accept assistance from dear and long-esteemed *friends*, but another to apply for bounty from strangers.

'If I could have any claims to an *annuity*, however trifling, on the plea of my having written a book, I should alter the character of the transaction; and this I was foolish enough, when you spoke to me about the claim, to fancy was possible. I must, I now feel, have been mistaken; and, therefore, *dear friend*, be so kind as to postpone, *until I see you again*, any prosecution of your intention of exerting yourself on this point.

'I yesterday evening received your parcel and note, the latter quite healed the vexation I felt at the return of the paper, which I persuaded myself must be *very bad* to be so rejected. It will serve with others of a similar kind as *make-weights* to the proposed vol. if published.

'On Wednesday night I forwarded the 2 vols. of *Fraser*, as you recommended, to Mr. Newby, begging him to read the papers I contributed to that work previously to those in *M.S.*, which I was preparing for him to peruse if he liked what was in those.

'I am happy to say that I have set down as much more of *Anecdotes* as will make from 50 to 60 pages more in addition to *Fraser's*, and have still many [more]

* Charles James Mathews, 1803-1878, the well-known actor, who was first apprenticed to Nash, the architect, in which capacity he came into contact with Lord Blessington, whom he accompanied to Naples, where he lived with his patron for a year. He finally took the stage as a profession in 1835, and played until within fifteen days of his death. He was the author of a number of plays, or rather adaptations.

pages left to work out than I expected. I really believe 300 pages may be made out in some way without difficulty.

'I ought never to address you, my beloved and excellent friend, without repeating my grateful thanks for the continuous favours received from you; but your goodness to me is "where every day I turn a page to read." Such generous and spontaneous friendship as you have shewn to me, at the needful time, reconciles a world of ingratitude from those *I* have served. How few debts of magnitude are paid by the recipients!* Let them repair their injustice by prompting *others* to return such benefits, and thus all is made even.

'God bless you, my dearest Lady Blessington, and reward you, as *He will*, for your generous and benevolent feelings, *actively* manifested to all around you, and to your ever affectionate and obliged friend,' &c.

3. A. L. S. Dated Russell Place, March 4th, 1844. 3 pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'My dear & most excellent Friend,—Your gratifying letter has affected me deeply. It is a cheering one, independently of the evidence it conveys of your friendship for the individual it so powerfully pleads for; your consideration extends to the minutest points.

'Not one moment before your packet was delivered to me this morning (and how truly kind was the haste) the thought struck me about the *seal*, and I was on the point, before I rose from my bed (in which I write this), of despatching another note to beg you would not omit to *seal* your letter before you forwarded it. You have provided for this, amongst other difficulties, by your *prévoyance*.

'I am not able to use your messenger at this moment, but shall forward in the course of to-day your valuable letter, and one from Mr. Adolphus, with the books, &c., all of which will take too long time to detain your servant, and Russell Street is very near my residence.

'With respect to the mention of other affairs objected to by you, I shall, when we meet, be able to convince you that I could not avoid doing this after my interview with the person I have before alluded to. I trust it will not act unfavourably to the aims in view.

'I was truly relieved by your reconciliation to my decision about Mr. Newby. You exactly stated what would and must have occurred under the experiment—*long delay*, if not eventual loss of both parties in the affair.

'And now, my dear, respected, and truly beloved *friend* (a friend in the most extended sense of that too often misapplied word), accept once more my most grateful acknowledgments for all your generous and kindly acts, and pray believe that I am, dearest Lady, your faithfully affectionate,' &c.

4. A. L. S. Dated Russell House, March 13th, 1844. 4 pages 4to., with Superscription.

'My dearest Friend,—Your letter immediately followed one from Mr. Blewitt, which I copy:—

"My dear Madam,—I hasten to relieve your anxiety by a single line, merely to say that I have brought your case into consideration of the committee this afternoon (March 13th), and they have granted you *fifty pounds*.

"I congratulate you upon this result, and sincerely hope too it may relieve you from much anxiety."

'I think this *magnificent*! and feel that—under heaven—I owe this as well as other benefits to *you*, my most feeling and excellent friend: they have thus placed me above a thousand fears and embarrassments. May God bless and fulfill all your desires here and reward your goodness hereafter!

* Certainly Mrs. Mathews did not show any great anxiety to repay her debt of gratitude, as will be seen by referring to her expressions in her letter to Dr. Madden, p. 176, where she remarks that she 'really thought well' of Lady Blessington, and believed she could 'afford to own' her friendship for her.

'I can now say but this much, in return for what I owe to you, and how *much* that is! I am so agitated and so *weak* from my late sufferings, that I can hardly guide my pen; but I could not pause a moment in conveying to your kind, benevolent heart this success of your advice for my benefit. I am still in my room, and in more confusion and discomfort than *you* can ever grasp at. Upon the instant that I am able, and the present tenant has vacated the cottage, I shall remove. Let what will occur to me as to sickness after I am there, I now shall be quite unembarrassed, and my mind as to *self* easy, I trust for life; and when you lay your head upon your pillow, do not forget that I owe the means to your friendly counsel as well as other aid, & believe that I never close my eyes without offering up a prayer for you.

'I hardly know what I am writing, for I am all in a bubble, and therefore pray, pray overlook the manner and the matter of this letter.

'Mr. Bentley is also in a bubble I find about the book, and begs *to see me* when I am able to admit him! I wrote word that I could not yet, but if he would *write* what he has to say, I could answer him with my *pen*. But he replied that he is very sorry to find that I am ill, but begs I will *see* him when better (!)

'It is really a pleasure when I think of his former shifts and tormentings, to have to do with a man like Mr. Newby, whose conduct is so full of regularity and general integrity. I am now receiving *proofs*.

'Heaven bless you! my dear, dear Lady Blessington. Your attached & grateful friend.'

5. A. L. S. Dated March 18th, 1844. 6 pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'My dearest Friend,—Mr. Bentley *begged* for the *third* time to be admitted yesterday morning, & I was *compelled* to quit my bedroom for the 1st time, and have a fire lighted in a roomfull of packages and lumber to receive him.

'I found him the most *affectionate* (!) of men—all kindness and friendliness. He came to enquire whether the advertisement he saw was merely put forth as Mr. Murray's* once was of the *Memoirs*, viz., before they were written; or whether I had irrevocably agreed with Mr. Newby. If not, he, Mr. Bentley, would give me £150 for the volume in question. You may suppose how I felt at this intelligence! I then explained to him all his misdemeanours against me, my *doubts* from foregone facts whether he was disposed to have anything more to do with me, his unpunctualities in keeping my former *MSS.* a year before he published them, and my money a year and a half unoffered; his retention of my drawings, and his non-attention to all my appeals, &c., &c., his evident use of one drawing that I had only *lent* him to look at; in short, explained why, even in the face of my own probable interest, I had abstained eventually from applying to him. I also told him you had called several times upon him, without finding him, to speak about the book, and afterwards appointed him to call at Gore House on the same subject but in consequence of my fear of a refusal from him, I had sent to *beg your aid* to put the question. In short, I told him I had "more in sorrow than in anger" given the Book to Mr. Newby. After all this Mr. Bentley *wrung his hands* in despair, owned his trespasses and said cowardice about his *loss* of my drawings prevented him answering my letters, &c., &c. "It would be a *lesson* to him for ever," &c., and again he asked me if what he offered would be exceeded by my bargain with Mr. Newby? I then candidly told him how the matter stood, and Mr. B. again wrung his hands and asked, "Cannot you get off with him? Is it really too late?" I told him I thought it was, & indeed *could* not put the question to Mr. Newby. Mr. B. said, "O! but *Lady Blessington might!*" I told him I considered the matter past recall for me, tho' the advertisement would have been no more than what Mr. Murray had done in his case, the nearly one hundred pages already corrected by me would of course be a reason why I *could* not put the matter to Mr. Newby's feelings; in short, Mr. B. ended with his "mortification & regret," begged I would let him publish any-

* John Murray, 1778–1843, the well-known publisher, proprietor and starter of the *Quarterly Review*. He began business in Fleet Street, but in 1812 removed to Albemarle Street, which became the centre of a group of famous men of letters,

thing else I might have, professed himself ready to take whatever I might send him for his Magazine, but not at *this particular period*, it would gratify him to show me any attention, &c., &c.

'Well, all this is vexatious and harassing, my dear friend, but with so much *good* I dare not lament a solitary mishap. If we receive good at this hand shall we not receive evil also? (Mr. Blewitt transmitted me a fifty-pound note on Friday night.) I, however, simply wrote the facts to Mr. Newby, he having been aware of Mr. Bentley's application to *see me*, and begged to know the result if it referred to the Book, & this letter he would get last night.

'I shall have removed by the end of the week; when I mean to ask you to waste a short time upon me some morning at Gore House, till when I am full of business and bustle. I long to flee away and be at rest. I am glad I have no more leisure to dwell upon this *miss—my own fault*.

'I trust you are getting better—*well*, and trust you will be careful of yourself, valuable as is your safety to so many. My constant prayers attend you, my most dear and esteemed friend! Y^r affectionate.'

'Mr. Murray was to have the Memoirs when written by Charles, and advertised them. When Charles could not undertake them Mr. Hook begged to do the book, but the impediment was his being then bound not to write for any other publisher than Bentley and Colburn. This being represented to Murray, who in his liberal kind way waived his right and said he was willing to do anything which best accorded with my interests, and although he had advertised the book in every possible way for some time, never even claimed the expense he had been at. But there are few *Murrays* now in existence, I fear.'

MATUSCHEWITZ (Count). A Russian Diplomatist. (1790–1842.)

1. A. L. S. (in English). Dated Naples, May 1st, 1834. 5 pages 4to. and 8vo., with Superscription and Seal.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I will not allow Mr. Keppel Craven to leave Naples for good old England, without availing myself of his kind offer to take over a letter to you. Indeed, I cannot mention his name, & not return you once more my most sincere thanks for the way in which you have been so kind as to recommend me to him. He is no less agreeable than well-informed, no less obliging & indulgent than interesting & instructive in his conversation. You will have undoubtedly the greatest pleasure in seeing him in England, but we cannot well spare him here; and as you abound in resources of pleasant society, which are extremely scanty at Naples, I trust you will not charge me with egotistical cant and unfriendly feelings, if I candidly declare that upon this occasion what will give you satisfaction, gives me unfeigned regret. I have found Naples in mourning for the young Queen, without anything like social amusements, or even social spirit, without even St. Charles' Theatre, which is shut up, or the usual mildness and beauty of the climate; added to which, my bankers here have failed, & stripped me of a good sum of money, part of my establishment has been ship-wrecked, & at the moment I am writing to you, reminiscences of yours come again upon me. It is not consistent therefore with human nature that I should feel the least prepossessed in favour of Naples. Still I have experienced considerable pleasure in admiring its beautiful situation, in visiting its very picturesque environs, & especially in examining those wonderful monuments of antiquity, which, independent of their magnificence and exquisite taste, carry one two thousand years back, so completely and so magically as to make one fancy oneself a contemporary of the most powerful nation that ruled the world in ancient times. Hence I shall always maintain a journey to Naples to be a delightful one, & some stay in that country not only to be pleasant, but necessary to complete one's classical education, & one's notions of former grandeur with all its peculiarities, customs, & usages. But much as I esteem & delight in Craven, I could not, like him, fix myself at Naples. There is no native society to be found; one is therefore thrown back forcibly upon foreigners, & too often obliged to live as it were in a sort of anteroom to London, Paris, Vienna, or Petersburg. Even in the

best years, good society is but transient ; & it stands to reason, that when one has to associate with strangers to the country, it is next to impossible to form long friendships or durable connections. Under these circumstances you will not be surprised to hear of my not intending to take root amongst the lazaronis, & though I don't know yet how long I shall stay with them, I feel much more inclined to shorten than to protract my sojourn in the south.

'With you the Whigs seem to have it all their own way ; I could never understand upon what foundations the Conservative papers had foretold, about three months ago, the present administration's immediate downfall ; & I verily think the Conservatives, since they cannot upset it, had much better try by a timely coalition to rescue the ministers from the necessity of looking for occasional support to the Radicals, & of framing some measure for that purpose. Every danger might be averted from the country by such a course ; too disinterested, perhaps, to be expected from any political party, but still, in my humble opinion, the safest and wisest to follow. There is a great deal of natural conservatism growing out from the possession of power, & growing the more, as that possession is lengthened & confirmed. Besides which, except upon one question, the real differences of opinion do not seem to be very considerable, & though no ministerialist, I cannot help thinking the ministers would not hesitate between Peel & O'Connell, Stanley & Hume, & feel much more inclined to come to a rational compromise with the former, than to endanger perpetually their own authority by yielding to the destructive impulses of the latter. However, you will perhaps consider my observations as the mere effect of the distance at which I am writing, & not the least applicable to the actual state of affairs. I shall therefore drop the subject, not without begging you to remember me to E. Ellice, with whom I got more thoroughly acquainted in Paris, and whose kindness to me I shall always most gratefully recollect. Will you tell Alfred that I do shake him by the hand most sincerely? Yours very truly.'

2. A. L. S. (in English). Dated Stockholm, November 5th, 1839.
4 pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady Blessington, — How kind & amiable of you not to have allowed Alfred's letter to depart without the addition of a few lines in your hand-writing, to satisfy me that I still live in your friendly recollection. Depend upon it, your remembrance is not thrown away on me. I should consider it the climax of ingratitude were I not most anxious & impatient to revisit good old England, & to find myself once more under the roof of Gore House—that hospitable roof, under which I am certain to receive a hearty welcome, & to meet a most instructive variety of eminent characters, who move round you as it were by magic, each happy, each communicative, each contributing his quota to a general conversation and harmony which, I believe, was never known to exist amongst them, except at your house & under your influence. I hope next spring will restore me for a time at least, if not yet for good, to those friends from whom I grieve now so sincerely to be separated, & to those social enjoyments to which I am here a perfect stranger. There never was a country (though not uninteresting in some respects) so devoid of society as this one. I live all but in solitude, & my happiness, if happiness it is to be called, is only that which any rational being ought to carry with and within himself. Under these circumstances, it is real Christian charity in my friends to do occasionally what you have done now with so much kindness. Well may I say, that the smallest donation will be gratefully received. If, therefore, you ever have this winter a few minutes to spare, let me hope that I will hear once more from you. Another year will not be ushered in without some charming publication to appear under your patronage. A copy of it would beguile my solitude, and if inscribed with your name, it will prove, of course, doubly valuable. Every month a huge bag is made up at the Foreign Office for Sir Thomas Cartwright,*

* Sir Thomas Cartwright, 1795–1850, a diplomatist, knighted in 1834. After holding various diplomatic posts, he went as minister to Sweden in 1838, and remained there until his death.

the English minister at the Court of Stockholm, & I have his permission to have all my English letters and parcels put under cover to him, & forwarded to J. Bandinelle, Esq., at the Foreign Office, through which means they are sure to reach me with safety & expedition. You see to what broad hints my forlorn situation prompts me to resort. Your political news are gloomy. Some of my friends appear more sanguine, but others are the same opinion with you. I, for one, perceive in the highest quarters a turn of mind which I cannot sufficiently deplore.

‘Now, my dear Lady Blessington, I have most unscrupulously transgressed on your time & indulgence; but I know you will forgive me, & readily believe that I will always remain, yours very sincerely.’

‘When you see L^d Lyndhurst & Mr. Bear Ellice, will you be so good as to remember me particularly to both?’

3. A. L. S. (in English). Dated Stockholm, February 8th, 1840.
3 pages 8vo.

‘My dear Lady Blessington,—A thousand thanks for your beautiful & interesting “cadeau,” which reached its destination perfectly safe, though rather late, for I have not been in possession of it much more than a fortnight. I cannot tell you how fond I am of your “Belle of the Season.” The engravings are beautiful, the poetry charming. If I was Prince Albert, I would have offered to the Queen, on the very day of my marriage, those delightful lines in which you have contrived, though in one of your richest veins, not to overdraw her picture, & keeping as near as possible to reality you have only clothed it in admirable language. I have not finished yet your “Governess,” but it is *une excellente peinture de mœurs* in every room and story of a London house. Now that you have delineated to life, & with such success, Ireland in your “Repealers,” & England in your “Governess,” Scotland is awaiting your pencil. You really ought to make an excursion north of the Tweed in the course of this autumn. It will amply repay your trouble, & being drawn from a recent and personal observation of nature on the spot, your description will be, if possible, still more graphic & vivid.

‘Now for a word or two of politics. We have here the English papers only to Jan: 27th. Poor Prince Albert! What an inauspicious political start he has made! The Commons curtail his allowance with an overwhelming majority against him: the Lords seem determined to take away from him unanimously the precedency he was to have obtained. Upon my word, I don’t know that I would not have returned to C[oburg] under similar circumstances, & left the little island & its ministers to hunt out a more popular Prince.

‘When you wrote to me in the latter end of December, appearances were so much against the government, that no one could have insured its existence at any price for another month; but it strikes me that since the opening of Parliament they look rather stronger. The last elections had turned against the Conservatives, & some unaccountable “presentiment” whispers into my ear, that the government majority on the motion of want of confidence, will have been such as to enable them to live on. Next post will enlighten us on this most important subject. You have no idea how anxiously I do expect that post. The privilege question is also a very curious one. I hope that, acting with the wisdom of the Romans & the Albans of old, the Commons & the court of justice will contribute three champions to fight out their quarrel in mortal combat, Eglintoun presiding over the lists. Fancy our having here a Parliament annulled, & a triumphant opposition, & a little political crisis. Old Bernadotte is at great discount just now, & will have a hard time of it. No greater misfortune in this world than to live too long.

‘Adieu, my dear Lady Blessington. My kindest remembrances to Alfred. If ever you have another minute to spare, let me hear again from you. You have no idea what pleasure it is in a remote corner of Europe, & with such feelings for you as those of yours very sincerely.’

4. A. L. S. ‘Mathew’ (in English). Dated Stockholm, March 6th, 1840. 3½ pages 8vo.

‘My dear Lady Blessington,—I am so ashamed not to have done justice to

your charming "Governess" in my last letter to you, that I cannot help availing myself of this day's messenger to atone, if possible, for my guilt by a candid admission of it. The fact is that when I wrote to you last, I had just only gone over the two first chapters of the "Governess," & was yet a stranger to many of its best characters, & not aware of the sympathy & interest these characters, as well as the very natural & simple, but extremely attaching progress of the story would excite in me. When I resumed the book, I found it impossible to lay it down without having read the last words in the last page; and I can assure you, that for many a day, ay, many a year, I have not been so thoroughly charmed with a novel. To say nothing of the governess herself, who will impress every one with a strong feeling of love and regard, I dote upon the old Quaker, & am excessively partial to L^d Axminster. You have extricated her very cleverly from the toils of a "Wicked Earl," who gets baffled, as the real one invariably is; added to which, the infusion of humour in several parts of the novel is excellent, the picture of manners, high & low, to the life, & the language remarkable for vivacity, purity of taste, & elegance. I know my opinion can only be worth to you what Molière's handmaiden was to him. But it is merely in self-vindication that I have spoken out now to satisfy you that I am no such barbarian as to have been dead to the charm & merits of your delightful production.

'The Conservative opposition have, I see, at last published a decisive war manifesto against the government. The sole fact of such a declaration of uncompromising hostility must prove a considerable addition to the cabinet's previous & constitutionnal weakness. I doubt more than ever, that, situated & assailed as they are now, the ministers should pull through the session; but whether their downfall will be productive of good or evil in the first instance, at least with the evident bias of the Queen's personal feelings, is more than I can venture an opinion upon at so great a distance. I wonder what our friend the *Bear* says to all this? will you be so kind as to remember me most friendly to him, and to give my best love to Alfred? Yours most truly and sincerely.'

MILLINGEN (James). A Classical Antiquary. (1774-1845.)

1. A. L. S. Dated 'Belvedere, Sunday evening.' 1 page 8vo., with Superscription.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I was in hopes of having the happiness of seeing you either yesterday or this evening, as I thought your excursion would not have exceeded three, and at most four days. I hope my disappointment proceeds from no other cause than the agreeableness of the party: I regret sincerely that it was not in my power to partake of it.

'You will be surprised to hear that having nearly finished my preparations of departure, instead of taking the road to Rome, that I am first going to Sorrento and Amalfi. I start to-morrow morning early, and expect to return Wednesday evening, when I shall immediately pay you my respects. I should have waited for your arrival this evening, but as I am going early in the morning, I must not sit up too late.

'Pray remember me very kindly to his Lordship, to Miss Power, and my good friend Alfred. Believe me always, my dear Lady Blessington, your faithful & obliged serv^t.'

2. A. L. S. Dated Florence, October 4th, 1824. 1½ pages 4to., with Superscription.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I intended to have written to you from Rome, but was prevented by constant interruption.

'I met with no accident on the road, and escaped being robbed and carried up to the mountains. Though safe for a time, I should advise, however, any person to take great precaution between Naples and Rome, as the banditti, who are now dispersed and concealed, may unite & make an attack when least expected.

‘I cannot tell you with what regret I quitted Naples, and in consequence how dull and melancholy my journey has been. I wished above all things to have been able to remain till next spring, and nothing but the most imperious necessity could have induced me to go northward at the present advanced season. To add to my regret, I found, after passing the Pontine marshes, an entirely new climate; it had rained considerably, and it was as cold as in England. This sudden change in the temperature affected my health, and I took a violent cold which obliged me to go to bed immediately on my arrival at Rome, and though better the day following was very weak and nervous during the 4 or 5 days that I remained there. It will suffice to tell you that I neither saw the Vatican nor the Capitolean Museum, nor any of the remains of the ancient glory of the Eternal City.

‘You have heard, without doubt, of the discovery of the unfortunate Miss Bathurst’s body. It was the general subject of conversation for two or three days, and one not at all calculated to dispel my disposition to gloominess. What a contrast between its state at the moment of the fatal accident, and that to which it was reduced by remaining so long in the water; 6 months and 10 days! It would, perhaps, have been better for her parents and friends, if the discovery had not been made, as it renews all their grief.

‘It is incredible how much interest the Romans of all classes expressed on the occasion. It was, in fact, an event highly deplorable and tragical.

‘Pray tell Alfred that I saw Mr. Artaud at Rome, who will be most happy to show him every possible attention on his arrival; he recollects having seen him, when a very fine child, at his grandmother’s.

‘With regard to your books, he says that the best mode would be to take those that are prohibited in your carriage, and to send the others, especially the English, to Mr. Chiavin, by the *procaccio* waggon.

‘Previously to my quitting Rome, I left with Mr. Freeborn a copy of my *Peintures de Vases*, which I beg you will have the goodness to accept, and honour with a place in your library. I hope the label on the book may sometimes catch your eye, and recall me to your recollection.

‘I never can express to you, my dear lady, how much I am sensible to all the kindness which I have received from you since I had the happiness to make your acquaintance, nor can I ever forget the agreeable moments I passed in your society. I regret much that I could not enjoy them longer, but I *must* go to England. I have hopes of seeing you next summer at Paris, but they are very faint, as I apprehend that Italy will detain you a long time, and perhaps I may find you still there. Wherever I may find you, it will be a most *infinite* pleasure.

‘Pray remember me very kindly to his Lordship, to Miss Power, and to Count D’Orsay, and tell the latter I shall write to him from Paris. If you leave Naples, I hope you will have the goodness to inform me of your movements. Believe me, with sincere regard, my dear Lady Blessington, your ever faithful and obliged serv^t.’

MILNES (Richard Monckton), created Lord Houghton in 1863. The well-known Poet and Man of Letters. (1809–1885.)

1. A. L. S. No date. 1 page 8vo.

‘My dear Lady Blessington,—At last “circumstance, that most unspiritual God” * permits me to accept your kind invitation for Monday. Your ever & obliged.’

2. A. L. S. Dated Bawtrey, June 5th, — (?). 2 pages 8vo.

‘Dear Lady Blessington,—I was in town but a few days on my return from Egypt, and those full of all sorts of little business incident on an eight months’ absence. So I have seen nobody and done nothing agreeable, but hope to make it up to myself on my return to town next week.

* *Childe Harold*, c. iv. 125.

'I shall soon find my way to Gore House. In the meantime I may mention that I gave you last summer an Irish ballad (very appropriate for these Repeal times), which has not appeared in either of your Annuals, so that I suppose it is reserved for this year. If you want any second piece, it is at your service, but I had better not give it unless you want it, as your publishers had last year the trouble of printing a poem which turned out to have been published before. With kind regards to Count D'Orsay, believe me, dear Lady Blessington, y^{rs} always.'

3. A. L. S. No date. 1 page 8vo., with Superscription.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—Very happy to dine with you on Sunday and talk over copyright and all other rights and wrongs. Y^{rs} always.'

4. A. L. S. Dated Norwich, September 15th (1848). 3½ pages 8vo.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—Please let me have 2 proofs* at Tomline's, Orwell Park, Ipswich.

'I do not know M. Louis Blanc,† nor sympathise with his opinions, but having been in the Assembly all the 15th May, and having carefully read the *enquête*, I am convinced in my own mind that the answer of the Assembly was a surprise to him, and that his answer to the people, when in the "enceinte," was deprecatory and not encouraging. I should certainly say he seemed to desire to get them away. I remain, y^{rs} very truly.'

'The D. of Cambridge has been staying here, & was amusing about L^d Hervey's 'Memoirs.' He said "G. 2^d was very fond of handsome women, and (turning to the bishop), † my Lord, we've all taken after him : it's in the family.'"

NORMANBY (Constantine Henry Phipps, 1st Marquis of). A Statesman and Diplomatist. (1797–1863.)

1. A. L. S. Dated Mulgrave Castle, December 17th. 3 pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I have just received your letter, and have to thank you much for your prompt attention to my troublesome request. I think it would be very desirable that you should write to Paris as you kindly propose. It would be as well perhaps that the person before coming over should be told that at least for the first few months he would be expected to remain in a Country House, and therefore if that was his only objection he would not be expected to pay his expenses back.

'The Neapolitan might do, should you fail in Paris.

'Lord Melbourne is at present staying here, seems in much better health and spirits. Ever very truly y^{rs}.'

2. A. L. S. Dated Paris, March 27th, 1848. 2 pages 8vo.

'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 of you so to express yourself towards me, and to cite such

* Referring to his translation of a story of Tieck's published in *The Keepsake* for 1848, under the title of 'A Dream.'

† Jean Joseph Louis Blanc, 1811–1882, the French revolutionist and historian. In the struggle of May 15th, 1848, between the Communists and the Assembly, he was distrusted by both parties, narrowly escaped death, and, being accused in June and again in August for complicity in the outbreak, was condemned by a large majority, and fled to England, where he lived for more than twenty years. He returned to France in 1870, and from that time until his death was re-elected Deputy for Paris at every election.

‡ The Hon. Edward Stanley, 1779–1849, younger brother of the 1st Baron Stanley of Alderley. He was elected to the Bishopric of Norwich in 1837.

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.'

OSSUNA (Duke d'). A Grandee of Spain. (1809-1844.)

A. L. S. Dated Paris, January 24th, 1844. 3 pages Svo.

'Milady,—Je vois avec le plus grand plaisir que le petit cadeau que j'ai remis pour vous à Mr. le Comte D'Orsay vous a été agréable et c'est à moi maintenant à vous témoigner toute ma reconnaissance de tant de choses aimables, comme vous voulez bien me prodiguer dans votre charmante lettre, et surtout pour l'assurance d'une amitié à laquelle j'attache le plus grand prix.

'On a dit, il est vrai, dans le monde, que j'étais nommé ambassadeur à Naples, et même à Paris et à Londres, mais il n'en est rien, et jusqu'à présent je me suis toujours refusé à représenter le Gouvernement Espagnol, qui à mon avis, n'est pas encore *représentable*.

'L'Espagne est menacée de grands bouleversements, et je suis convaincu que pour lui rendre une tranquillité durable, et pour y établir un gouvernement solide, national, et complètement indépendant des influences de la France, il n'y a qu'un seul moyen, c'est de marier notre jeune Reyne Ysabelle avec le fils aîné de Don Carlos, qui pourraient régner ensemble tous deux comme au temps de Ferdinand et Ysabelle la Catholique, dans nos beaux jours de gloire.

'J'ai l'intention d'aller faire un voyage en Ytalie pour revenir à Paris au mois d'Avril et rentrer en Espagne à la fin de Mai.

'Veuillez, Milady, dire bien de choses aimables à vos charmantes nièces, et agréer, je vous prie, l'assurance de tous mes sentimens sincères et dévoués.'

OSSUNA (Duke d'). Younger Brother and Successor in the title of the preceding.

1. A. L. S. Dated Madrid, September 14th, 1844. 1½ pages 4to.

'Madame et chère Comtesse,—C'est avec la plus grande reconnaissance que j'ai reçu aujourd'hui l'aimable lettre que vous avez eu la bonté de m'écrire. Vous pouvez, Madame la Comtesse, penser le triste état où se trouve mon cœur après la perte affreuse et irréparable que je viens de faire. Vous qui connaissiez mon malheureux frère, et qui lui portiez un si grand attachement, vous pouviez seulement juger de l'horrible chagrin et du désespoir où sa perte si prématuré et inespérée doit avoir plongé mon âme. J'ai perdu en lui un excellent et tendre frère, et le plus cher et le meilleur de mes amis. Le seul soulagement que mon cœur peut avoir dans ces tristes momens, ce sont les consolations de l'amitié, parmi lesquelles j'apprécie toujours comme les plus chères à mon cœur celles qui sont adressées par votre aimable bonté. Vous aviez déjà bien des droits à mon attachement, en avant même d'avoir eu l'honneur et la bonheur de vous connaître, ainsi que de votre aimable et si chère famille. Je vous aimais déjà par reconnaissance pour l'amour de mon malheureux frère, mais à présent que vous avez la bonté de me prodiguer tant des marques de votre attachement sincère, et de votre intérêt pour moi, vous pouvez penser que ma reconnaissance et mon attachement pour vous s'est accrue en conséquence, et je vous regarde maintenant comme les personnes les plus chères à mon cœur.

'Je supporte avec assez de résignation la charge de mon malheur; et avec l'aide de Dieu, et les secours de mes véritables amis, j'espère parvenir à recouvrer ma santé avec l'attention que je dois considérer d'après le pitoyable état de mon esprit.

'Vous me demandez de vous envoyer une mèche des cheveux de mon cher frère, et je me ferai un véritable plaisir d'accorder à votre demande, vous les apportant moi-même à mon prochain voyage à Londres que je me propose de faire très incessamment, et aussitôt que les affaires de ma maison me le permettent, mais de toutes les manières cela serat bientôt.

'J'espère que vous aurez reçu les autres lettres que j'ai eu le honneur de vous

écrire ainsi que à Monsieur le Comte d'Orsay, et je serai bien heureux de continuer cette correspondance, qui m'est si chère et qui porte tant des consolations à mon cœur.

'Je suis bien fâché de ne pas pouvoir vous écrire davantage pour aujourd'hui, je me propose de faire la prochaine fois ; en attendant veuillez, ma chère Comtesse, me rappeler au bon et cher souvenir des Mademoiselles vos nièces et de M^r le Comte d'Orsay, et me croire comme toujours et pour la vie votre plus sincère et dévoué ami et serviteur.'

2. A. L. S. Dated Madrid, October 17th, 1844. 2 pages 4to., with Superscription.

'Chère Comtesse,—Vos deux aimables lettres, datées du 18 et 25 Septembre, m'ont fait un bien sensible plaisir, comme toutes celles que vous voulez bien m'adresser, et qui dans les circonstances où je me trouve m'ont apporté une bien douce consolation, et un grand adoucissement à ma douleur. Je vois confirmés dans toutes vos aimables lettres les sentiments si affectueux et si sincères que vous portiez à mon malheureux et très cher frère, et que vous voulez bien me porter à moi même. Je veux donc vous exprimer dans ces lignes, toute ma reconnaissance pour toutes vos bontés infinies envers moi, mais j'espère que bientôt je pourrai de parole vous témoigner ce que ma plume ne saurait le faire, et je suis persuadé que seulement auprès de si bons et si chers amis, je pourrais trouver les soulagemens dont j'ai tant besoin dans ma grande douleur.

'J'ai été bien reconnaissant à l'extrême bonté de vos aimables et charmantes nièces, Mesdemoiselles Power, d'avoir bien voulu se rappeler de moi en m'adressant les deux aimable lettres que vous avez eu la bonté de me faire parvenir, et aux quelles je prend la liberté de répondre, en vous priant de vouloir bien leur remettre les ci-jointes lettres.

'Les occupations graves et nombreuses qui m'ont occupées pendant ces derniers jours, m'ont empêché de pouvoir répondre aussitôt que je le voulois à vos deux dernières et aimables lettres. Je compte sur votre indulgence, Madame la Comtesse, pour me pardonner cette faute involontaire.

'Je vous remercie mille fois, Madame la Comtesse, pour tout l'intérêt et le soin que vous voulez bien prendre pour ma santé qui est toute aussi bonne qu'elle peut l'être après tous et les si graves désagrémens que j'ai éprouvés depuis le jour où j'ai quitté Londres. La réflexion, et les consolations de l'amitié, sont les seuls soulagemens que je peut avoir dans ce moment, et si pour cela que tout suite que mes affaires me le permetront je compte partir de Madrid, et aller à Londres, où je trouverois auprès de vous et de votre aimable et si chère famille toutes les consolations qu'ici je ne pourrai avoir jamais.

'Je vous prie, chère Comtesse, quand vous écrierez à Lady Canterbury de vouloir bien lui présenter mes respects, et de lui dire combien je suis reconnaissant à son bon et aimable souvenir pour moi.

'Je ne puis encore vous dire positivement pour quelle époque je pourrai me trouver à Londres, mais je compte m'y rendre le plutôt possible, et dans l'état où je me trouve, mon esprit a bien besoin de trouver quelque soulagement, et aussi de se remettre un peu de tout ce travail qui pèse sur moi, et qui à peine me laisse libre de la journée, et bien de fois le soir aussi je suis obligé de travailler presque jusque fort tard dans la nuit ; mais tout cela j'espère finira bientôt.

'Permettez moi, chère Comtesse, de terminer cette lettre, ma prochaine sera plus longue, et en attendant veuillez quelque fois me faire l'honneur de me donner de vos nouvelles, ainsi que de votre chère famille, au souvenir si aimable et si cher, de la quelle je vous prie de vouloir me rappeler, en vous assurant qu'aucune consolation ne peut m'être plus agréable, que celle de recevoir vos aimables lettres.

'Veuillez, chère Comtesse, offrir mes sincères amitiés à vos aimables et charmantes nièces, ainsi qu'à Monsieur le Comte D'Orsay, et profitant de cette nouvelle occasion j'ai l'honneur de vous assurer de toute l'amitié si sincère de votre tout dévoué.'

3. A. L. S. Dated 'M^d, 4 Avril, 1845.' 4 pages 8vo.

'Chère et aimable Comtesse,—Il y a longtemps que je voulais vous écrire, mais

mes nombreuses et graves occupations m'en ont empêché jusqu'à aujourd'hui que je suis bien heureux de pouvoir dédier ces courts instants à votre bonne et si chère amitié, et me rappeler en même temps à votre aimable souvenir.

'J'espère dans peuts des jours pouvoir partir d'ici pour Paris, et de là je compte me rendre à Londres, mais cela ne sera pas avant la fin de Mai, car je devrais rester quelque temps à Paris pour régler quelques affaires que j'ai là, et quoique je le préférerais le plus que possible, car je désire bien vivement aller en Angleterre où je pourrai trouver le bonheur et la tranquillité dant j'ai tant besoin après tout ce que j'ai souffert depuis mon arrivée à Madrid, et après l'horrible malheur qui m'est plus dur à supporter tous les jours, et seulement la raison peut me donner la résignation dant j'ai tant besoin dans la tristesse qui m'accable ; enfin, j'espère être plus heureux en Juin, et je crois bien le mériter après tant de chagrins et tant de souffrances.

'J'ai eu dernièrement le plaisir de recevoir de vos chères nouvelles aussi que des M^{lles} vos nièces et de M^r le Comte d'Orsay par votre bon ami le Comte de Courcy que je désire aussi revoir bientôt, c'est une personne bien estimable et un bien véritable ami et que j'apprécie beaucoup. M^r le Comte d'Orsay a eu aussi la bonté de m'écrire il y a quelques jours ; je me suis empressé de lui répondre et j'espère qu'il aurait reçu ma lettre.

'Avec la vie si triste et retirée que je mène ici, peut ou presque rien je sais de ce qui se passe à Madrid. Je sors fort rarement de chez moi, si ce n'est pour aller au Congrès, que comme vous pouvez bien penser au milieu de tout comme j'ai à faire, cette nouvelle charge contribue beaucoup aussi à augmenter mon ennui, et tant de travaux à la fois ont altéré beaucoup ma santé, mais je prends patience avec l'espoir que tout sera fini bientôt.

'Je vois très souvent M^r Bulwer, et nous parlons souvent du charmant séjour de Gore House que je désire tant revoir. M^r Bulwer m'a chargé quand je vous écrirai de le rappeler à votre bon et aimable souvenir, de même qu'à celui de M^r le C^{te} d'Orsay.

'Si je pouvais vous être utile en quelque chose ici je serai bien charmé de pouvoir faire quelque chose qui peut vous être agréable, mais probablement si vous avez la bonté de me répondre votre lettre ne me trouvera plus à Madrid, car je compte partir incessamment.

'Je vous prie, Madame la Comtesse, de vouloir bien me rappeler au bon et cher souvenir des M^{lles} vos nièces et du C^{te} d'Orsay, et avec le plus grand désir de vous revoir bientôt croyez moi pour toujours votre ami bien sincère et tant dévoué.'

4. A. L. S. Dated Paris, July 7th, 1845. 3 pages 8vo.

'Chère et aimable Comtesse,—Je viens de recevoir avec le plus grand plaisir l'aimable lettre que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de m'écrire, et quoique très occupé aujourd'hui, je n'ai pas voulu diférer ma réponse.

'Je suis heureux de voir chaque jour se confirmer de plus en plus les témoignages de votre affection pour moi, aussi que de votre bonté ; et le désir que vous me dittes avez de me revoir me le prouve pareillement, et je vous assure que j'ai pour vous les mêmes sentiments, aussi que pour votre aimable et chère famille.

'Dans peut de jours je compte être à Londres, où je serai déjà depuis longtemps si mes affaires ici et en Belgique me l'avais permis, et vous pouvez bien être persuadée que jamais je n'aurai manqué de tenir ma promesse et d'aller vous voir, mais malheureusement en ce monde on désire souvent, et très souvent aussi ont ait contrarié dans ses projets, aussi pour cette fois je suis sure de pouvoir tenir ma promesse et dans peu de jours je serai à Londres, et j'aurai un bien agréable moment après tant et tant de mauvais et tristes que j'ai passé depuis bientôt un an.

'Je vois par votre lettre que vous avez eu votre excellent ami M^r Bulwer, moi aussi je lui suis bien sincèrement attaché, et c'est un bien estimable homme en tous les moments, et je serai bien charmé de le revoir en Angleterre.

'Pardonnez moi, chère Comtesse, d'être laconique pour aujourd'hui, mais le temps me manque pour tout.

'Veuillez en attendant le plaisir de vous revoir, offrir mes hommages bien

affectionnés à M^{lles} vos nièces et leur dire combien je suis reconnaissant à leur bon souvenir pour moi. Veuillez aussi offrir mes amitiés sincères à mon excellent et cher ami le C^{te} d'Orsay, et me croire avec le plus profond respect votre serviteur et ami tout dévoué.

'P.S.—Je vous prie de vouloir bien dire au C^{te} d'Orsay que j'ai reçu sa lettre et que je lui répondrai aussitôt que je le pourrai.'

5. A. L. S. Dated Paris, November 24th, 1845. 2¼ pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'Ma chère Comtesse,—J'ai appris l'affreuse malheur qui vient de vous arriver, et qui comme à vous a frappé de douleur tout votre chère famille. Je n'essayerois de vous adresser des consolations, car malheureusement je sais par une bien triste et récente expérience que pour cette douleur il n'y a point de soulagement. Vous devez être persuadée, ma chère et aimable Comtesse, de toute la part si sincère que je prend à votre malheur, car vous savez tout l'intérêt et reconnaissante amitié que je vous porte.

'J'espérais avoir eu le bonheur de vous revoir cet automne, mais malheureusement il m'a été impossible d'avoir ce plaisir toujours si grand pour moi par ma santé, qui a été bien chancelante tout ce derniers temps, et par ma nomination au Sénat que m'oblige à aller en Espagne pour quelque temps ; mais je compte avoir ce plaisir au printemps prochain, car je me propose d'aller à Londres vers cette époque, et avant si je le peut.

'Je ne veut pas abuser de votre bonté plus longtemps, car je me figure bien toute la tristesse de vos moments : et ma prochaine lettre sera plus longue.

'Veuillez en attendant offrir mes humbles hommages à vos aimables et charmantes nièces, Misses Power, et mes amitiés sincères pour le cher Comte D'Orsay ; et vous, Madame la Comtesse, assurez-vous, je vous prie, du respect et sincère attachement que vous porterais pour la vie, votre tout dévoué et reconnaissant serviteur et ami.'

6. A. L. S. Dated Paris, June 16th, 1846. 4 pages 8vo.

'Ma chère Comtesse,—Il y a un siècle que je voulois avoir l'honneur et le plaisir de vous écrire et me rappeler en même temps à votre bon et aimable souvenir ; mais ayant été très souffrant pendant mon dernier séjour en Espagne, et avec mes nombreuses et continuelles occupations le temps m'a manqué pour tout.

'Je suis de retour à Paris depuis quelque jours seulement, et je m'empresse de vous adresser ces lignes, et vous réitérer l'assurance de ma sincère amitié et éternelle reconnaissance à vos bontés infinies pour moi.

'Je crois que bientôt j'aurai l'honneur et le plaisir de vous revoir, ainsi qu'à votre aimable et très chère famille ; il y a longtemps que je m'étais proposé de revenir en Angleterre, vous savez combien j'aime votre beau pays, mais malheureusement, et comme il m'arrive d'ordinaire, c'est assez que je désire une chose pour que je sois forcé de faire le contraire ; enfin patience, puisque le sort le veut ainsi.

'Connaissant la bonne amitié que vous portiez à mon malheureux et bien aimé frère, ainsi que celle que vous voulez bien me porter, à laquelle je suis si sensible et reconnaissant, j'ai pris la liberté de me permettre de vous envoyer une caisse qui contient deux statuettes de mon cher frère, et deux autres de moi, desquelles je vous prie de vouloir bien en remettre deux de ma part à mon bien cher ami le Comte d'Orsay ; si toutefois on vous réclamait quelque somme pour le transport de la dite caisse, vous voudrez bien ne rien satisfaire, ayant été tout satisfait ici par mon homme d'affaires.

'J'ai eu le plaisir de revoir ici l'autre jour le Comte de Courcy, par lequel j'ai eu le plaisir d'apprendre de vos nouvelles, ainsi que de votre aimable famille ; je crois, d'après ce qu'il m'a dit, qu'il se prépare de retourner bientôt en Angleterre.

'Je ne veut pas vous fatiguer plus longtemps avec mon griffonage, et avec le plus impatient désir de vous revoir bientôt, je vous dirai adieu pour aujourd'hui, vous priant de vouloir bien offrir mes amitiés sincères aux aimables Misses Marguerite et Hélène, et au Comte d'Orsay, auquel j'ai eu l'honneur de lui

adresser une lettre de Madrid, il y a déjà bientôt trois mois, mais que je crains qu'elle ne lui aura pas parvenu, n'en ayant pas reçu de réponse.

'Et vous, Madame la Comtesse, veuillez agréer l'expression de ma sincère amitié et mon profond respect, avec lequel j'ai l'honneur d'être votre tout dévoué serviteur et ami.'

7. A. L. S. Dated Dover, August 11th, 1847. 3 pages 8vo., with Super-
scription.

'Madame la Comtesse,—Ce matin j'ai eu l'honneur de vous écrire pour vous annoncer mon départ pour la Belgique, et réclamer votre indulgente bonté pour me pardonner si je ne suis pas allé en personne prendre congé de vous, ainsi que des aimables Misses Power et mon cher ami le Comte d'Orsay ; mais une lettre que j'ai reçue ce matin de Bruxelles m'obligent à m'y trouver demain Jeudi pour cause d'une affaire importante de ma maison ; et craignant que mon autre lettre ne se soit égaré, grâce à la maladresse de mon domestique, je vous écris cette autre, espérant que vous ne me refuserez pas le pardon que je réclame de votre bonté, et espérant aussi avoir l'honneur et le plaisir toujours si grand pour moi de vous revoir, ainsi que votre aimable et si chère famille. Je compte être de retour en Angleterre dans tous le courant du mois prochain ; et au plus tard dans les premiers jours d'Octobre, et j'espère alors avoir l'honneur de vous voir plus souvent que je n'ai pu le faire cette fois ici.

'Avec le plus grand et vif désir de vous revoir, permettez moi, Madame la Comtesse, de vous prier d'offrir mes respectueux hommages à M^{lles} vos nièces, et mes sincères amitiés pour le Comte d'Orsay.

'Et vous, Madame la Comtesse, veuillez agréer pour vous la nouvelle assurance du profond respect et reconnaissance de votre tout dévoué serviteur et ami. Tout à vous de cœur.'

PEEL (Sir Robert). The distinguished Orator and Statesman.
(1788–1850.)

A. L. S. Dated Whitehall, September 24th, — (?). 1½ pages.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—I beg leave to return to you this accompanying letter from Captain Marryat.

'The applications which I have received for employment in this 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 his own case) so far exceed any probable means on my part of meeting even a small proportion 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 Marryat to the department to which he is attached.

'I cannot say that I think foreign distinctions ought to be recognised in this country, except under very special circumstances. I have the honor to be, dear Lady Blessington, your faithful serv^t.'

REYNOLDS (Frederick Mansell). An Author, and the first Editor of
the *Keepsake*. (1801–1850.)

1. A. L. S. Dated 'Wednesday' (December 23rd, 1840). 3 pages
12mo. and 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—A thousand thanks for your kind present, which I received *last Thursday*. I purpose to have the pleasure of reading it again.

'The reason I have not before written to you is a very unpleasant and mournful one for myself. As servile annoyances are most dull and uninteresting to all but the unhappy sufferer, I believe that I have never given you even a hint of the wretchedness which servants have compelled me to undergo in this place. Within the last five months, I have had fifteen servants.

'The last fortnight, however, has brought the catastrophe to this miserable home. On the second of the month, a man-servant absconded with plate and property of mine; and no less than three of the female servants were participators in a more or less degree to this felony. One of them I have had already all the trouble of prosecuting at the sessions, and all the annoyance of seeing her (the most depraved of the whole set) escape for the want of a sufficiency of legal evidence. Her moral guilt was apparent to the whole court.

'This prosecution cost me twenty-five hours' attendance altogether in one of the most poisonous atmospheres I ever had the ill fortune to encounter. While perfectly prostrated by this fatigue, the man-servant surrenders himself, after having opened a vein in his arm, in an attempt (a dastardly one) to commit suicide.

'After I know not how many more hours' attendance before the magistrates, the fellow was sent (the day before yesterday) to gaol, to await his trial at the next Old Bailey sessions, where I shall be obliged to prosecute him.

'Pity me, dear Lady Blessington, I pray. The loss of time, the loss of health, the loss of property, and money, and worse than all, the base ingratitude with which a toleration and lenity almost unequalled have been repaid, combine to render me more uncomfortable than I ever was in all my life before. However, I have given you quite enough of this Jeremiad for the present, and therefore will subscribe myself, dear Lady Blessington, ever most faithfully yours.'

2. A. L. S. Dated 'Saturday' (April 20th, 1841). 4 pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—As I cannot consent that you should deem me slow to acknowledge your kindness, I must acquaint you with a circumstance which has *infinitely* vexed me.

'Yesterday I sent the carrier to the Athenæum, and last night, instead of the parcel, he brought me the utterly confounding answer that the officious dolts of servants had despatched it to my former residence at Highgate, which I have quitted for above three-quarters of a year!

'This morning I sent to Highgate, and I have learned that not only the present inmates of my former abode have not received the parcel, but that it has *never been in the possession of a Highgate carrier*.

'What therefore the idiots at the Athenæum have done with it I cannot imagine, but I have now sent to London to enquire. Independently on its exceeding carelessness, their proceeding I believe to be most irregular, for I do not think that a servant is permitted to quit the club house for the purpose of booking a parcel for a member.

'Your kindness to Miss Harris was so *exceedingly* gratifying to me that I cannot tell you how much the disappointment has vexed—I may say distressed—me. However, I hope that I shall have to announce to you to-morrow the receipt of the parcel.

'The trial of my servant will occur next week at the Old Bailey; and during the whole of the six days, I *may* be compelled to be in attendance. Ever, dear Lady Blessington, most cordially yours.'

3. A. L. S. Dated 'Finchley, Saturday' (May 29th, 1841). 4 pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I have not had the happiness of writing to you before now, for my mother has been in a sad state of spirits and all things have been in gloom and confusion here; I have been much occupied too by legal business and contrarities. Will you believe that we have not yet been able to obtain any of our money?

'This reference to the recent past, reminds me to thank you for your kind and obliging proposal to send your carriage to my father's* funeral. I assure you I

* Frederick Reynolds, 1765–1841, the son of John Wilkes's attorney, left his legal studies for dramatic authorship, and wrote about 100 plays. Byron says of him in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*,—

'While Reynolds vents his "dammes," "poohs," and "zounds,"
And common-place and common-sense confounds.'

was much gratified when I was acquainted with this last proof of the unvarying consideration of the feelings of others which has always so conspicuously characterized you.

‘I now want to learn from you when you will fulfil your promise of visiting me? New potatoes, peas, and *strawberries* are all pining in the garden to be eaten by you. When will you and the Misses Power dine with me? This day week or on any succeeding day you will be kind enough to name.

‘With our best regards to Count D’Orsay. Believe me ever, dear Lady Blessington, most faithfully yours.’

4. A. L. S. Dated ‘Finchley, Monday M^g’ (December 12th, 1842). 2½ pages 8vo.

‘My dear Lady Blessington,—Will you pardon me if I write a line to you in great haste, to say that unfortunately the servant forgot to put my clogs into the carriage, and not having another pair in proper condition, I am somewhat in a state of misfortune? Could you therefore oblige me by permitting the first servant that shall pass Fortnum and Mason’s to leave them at their shop; and I will daily desire the carrier to call for them, until I shall obtain them thence. You who suffer from damp feet, will I know, sympathise in my bereavement. I shall have the pleasure of writing to you during the week, for all your kindness to us on Saturday. In the interim, believe me, dear Lady Blessington, ever most faithfully yours.’

5. A. L. S. Dated ‘Thursday’ (April, 1843). 4 pages 8vo., with Superscription.

‘My dear Lady Blessington,—I had no idea that you had witnessed the melancholy event;* your presence occasioned you at the time, no doubt, an increase of pain; but the recollection of it has since, I trust, been proportionately consolatory to you. With all my heart I hope you will be speedily restored to the serenity you so rightfully merit.

‘Your kind proposition respecting the house has not been at all productive to *my* serenity. It is probably the most important communication I ever received, and has consequently wrought me into a state of ferment, which no words can express. Nothing in this world can be more utterly opposite than the life which it suggests, and that which we have been so long contemplating to lead. On the one hand, is entire seclusion and inactivity descending ultimately, perhaps, to complete isolation and supineness: on the other hand, is the most estimable and beneficial society, and a general scene incentive to every kind of intellectual and honourable exertion. A man must have something wrong indeed in his nature, if spontaneously he hesitate in his choice.

‘My difficulties are of a very different nature. Wretched health might be remedied by a year’s sojourn abroad; securing the house now, but delaying, for that period, to take possession of it. But money! where is the remedy for the want of that? I need not say, I do not refer to the rent, I never expected to obtain in Jersey a residence for a sum so small; but I refer to the temptation to, I may almost say, the necessity for, expenditure created by the locality in which you so kindly endeavour to induce me to dwell.

‘However, tomorrow, I shall see my attorney; when I have reason to hope that, at length, I shall learn what my income is likely to be. My troubles and uncertainty have arisen in the expiration of two long leases; and (owing to the want of supervision) a devastation committed by the tenants, which is perfectly horrible. I assure you, if you could have seen us contemplating, the other day, the *remnants* of a wood on a farm in Essex, you would have compassionated our wretched feelings.

‘After our visit to Lincoln’s Inn, if you will permit us, we will have the pleasure of seeing you; may I add, that *if* you *can* tell us, we shall not be burthensome,

* No doubt the death of Mrs. Fairhe.

we shall be delighted to dine with you. Always, dear Lady Blessington, most faithfully yours.'

'The MS., of course, I shall bring with me.'

6. A. L. S. Dated 'Finchley, Thursday' (June 1st, 1843).

'My dear Lady Blessington,—The most unexpected arrival of my brother at this place last Saturday week has totally deranged all my plans and prevented me from having the pleasure (if pleasure it may be called), of proposing to you a day to receive us, to permit us to pay you our farewell visit.

'The quantity of lingering legal business which his return has enabled us to transact is scarcely describable, but, at the same time, is very gratifying, for I am happy to add that my brother has been very kind, and I stand in relation to the pecuniary future of my wife in a very different position to what I did previously to his visit.

'I am sure that you will not suppose that egotism incites me to thrust upon you this detail, but will feel that my belief in your kindness and friendship has alone prompted it. Even now, however, I am so hampered by business that I cannot request you to name a day in which without inconvenience you would receive us. I merely write because I am reluctant to leave your last kind letter any longer unanswered.

'Last Tuesday we were in the city, and I made an attempt to visit you, but when at a late hour in the day we arrived at Eaton Square, Mrs. Reynolds was so unwell that I was necessitated to return directly to Finchley.

'Our residence in Jersey we have abandoned for the present; but all our secrets I reserve for oral confession.

'With the kindest regards of Jessie and myself to Count D'Orsay and the Misses Power, believe me, dear Lady Blessington, ever most faithfully yours.'

'Pray do not trouble yourself to answer this note; I know how greatly you are occupied.'

7. A. L. S. Dated La Malque, près de Toulon, August 25th (1843).
4 pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—If you have seen in the newspapers the announcement of the birth of my child, I am afraid you will have thought me very ungracious, and negligent in omitting to write to you; and yet, I cannot refrain from hoping that you will have done me the justice to believe that my silence has originated in some very different causes. The moment that all necessity for concealing my abode ceased to exist, that moment I was at liberty to address a letter; and not one day has elapsed since the accouchment of Mrs. Reynolds on which I have not sat down to commence a letter to you; but when I shall have briefly sketched to you the anxiety I have endured, and the perilous position in which I am still placed, you will understand but too clearly the causes of my silence.

'I have been the victim here of a fraud more base than it is possible to express; for the mask of hospitality and humanity under which it was executed imparts features of disgust to an action, which otherwise is but a heavy pecuniary deception. In the most unbounded confidence, I permitted the bankers here, to whom I was addressed by our bankers in London, to engage for me a country house. Instead of stating that "I permitted" I ought to say that I was most grateful to them for their proposition, and thanked them a thousand times for their kindness, which I thought was most gracious and humane, speaking in relation to the condition of Mrs. Reynolds, who was incapable of quitting Toulon. I ought to have mentioned that I sought these persons originally, to take care of gold, and to give me from time to time silver for it in order to pay the rent of a countryhouse which I had engaged. They told me that the persons with whom I was going to live *en pension*, at the price of 5000 frs. for 10 months, were cheats, and a thousand other worse villainies touching their reputation. After this announcement, I was in despair; for the trouble and difficulty we had sustained in searching for a house nobody can imagine but those who know this place and its ineffably knavish *ir habitants*. When however they spontaneously added that they would undertake

the whole trouble of finding for me a place of tranquility, one in every respect fitted for the condition of my wife, my gratitude, as I have stated, was unbounded.

‘I signed an agreement giving 1620 fr. for a house for 9 months. When I took possession of it, I found it was everything that was dirty, noisy, and uncomfortable, and with a discomfort which no Englishman could even imagine; that of the farmer’s house belonging to the *campagne* being united to mine. You may conceive the community of tongues, scents, vulgar sounds, and familiarities of all descriptions. But at the end of fifteen days of *fête*, of which we were ignorant, commenced for us, and recommenced for surrounding inhabitants, the overwhelming and fatal calamity of the district. Our house is the boundary of military guard, and every evening, between four and half-past four, and seven and eight o’clock, a regiment of soldiers arrives to practise firing at a target. They are not fifty yards from the head of my wife’s bed, and consequently you may imagine the effect upon her. Invited to delay our abandonment of the house by reiterated promises to obtain the withdrawal of this overwhelming annoyance, and innumerable other devices, we remained, the sport of their manœuvres, until occurred the announcement of the event which they trusted would make us prisoners. Last Saturday week, in the morning, my wife was suddenly attacked with the pains of child-birth, and in the midst of these overwhelming pains we were obliged to issue from our house to go by sea to Toulon. At *six o’clock*, supported by the servants and myself, my wife was still walking the streets in vain search of a house, and at a *quarter past eight* she was delivered of a daughter in the chamber of an inn. If I live a million years, I shall never forget the sufferings of that day. When the villains who had subjected us to this unequalled adversity discovered that they were unmasked, they waited upon the Consul of this place, and acquainted him that, as I was a foreigner, they should apply the whole of the monies of mine what they then held as bankers to the payment of the rent of the whole term. This they have done, and the consequence is I have been ever since that day without one single half franc in my pocket. If the remittance from Ravenna, for which I wrote instantly on the intimation of this proceeding, should not arrive to-morrow, my position will be most painful. At this present moment I am in a foreign city in which is not one Englishman, nor even a likelihood of the temporary visit of one, with three servants, two expensive establishments, the daily attendance of a physician, and I know not how many other necessities for disbursements, but not one *sou* to pay for them.

‘This is a long detail, and I fear it will weary you; but I wish you to know how impossible it has been for me to have the pleasure of writing to you until the present moment. Having discovered that the rascals only paid 300 francs for the year for the house, for which the year’s price to me was 2160 francs, the Consul commenced for me legal proceedings, and the consequence was that, between the necessity of attending *procureurs du roi, avocats, avoués, et id genus omne*, and that of solacing my poor wife, who has been very ill indeed, and even now suffers sadly under the grievous disappointment of being unable to suckle her child, I have not had one instant to myself. Add to this monopoly of time that I have been necessitated to write to England several letters regarding worldly affairs of *vital* importance to wife, child, and self, and I think you will own that, much as I desired the pleasure of again addressing you, I had not the power.

‘I cannot give you a better idea of the state of engrossing anxiety in which I have lived than to state to you that I made an appointment with the Consul to accompany him to register the birth of the child. I went to him, was with him about two hours, during which our whole conversation was the embezzlement of my money, and returned without either of us recollecting the object of my visit. The consequence was that when we subsequently went to the register office, we discovered that the time allowed by the Legislature for the registry had expired. The difficulty and length of time experienced and consumed in vain endeavour to remedy this misfortune were unbounded.

‘You have a friend who writes to you pleasant accounts of the *north* of France (would to God that we were there! the very word Dinan sounds almost like a home), you shall also have a friend who, if you will not be bored, will write to

you occasional accounts of a city in the *south* of France, which is perhaps less known to English people than the city of Timbuctoo.

'The expense of the inn, in which I now am, and at which I have been for nearly six weeks, is so ruinous that (as I have hope of being enabled to remove the practise of the target) I prefix to this letter the address of my country residence, proposing to return to it, and to strive hard to occupy it for some time. At all events, the circumstances which, previous to the accouchement of Mrs. Reynolds, might have been productive of fatal consequences, can now only be personal inconveniences.

'Let me entreat that you will write to me as soon as you conveniently can. I assure you it will be a happiness you cannot understand, once more to see your hand. Pray remember me most kindly to C. d'Orsay, and tell him that I will not believe that he is a Frenchman. Similar cordial regards for the Misses Power, and believe me, dear Lady Blessington, ever yours.'

8. A. L. S. Dated 41 Avenue Champs Elysées, Paris, November 9th, (1843). 3½ pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—My last letter to you was of a character so entirely personal and selfish that subsequently I resolved to send to you no repetition of similar infirmities. And this is why I have so long delayed to write to you ; for in the wretched, most wretched circumstances in which we have been, the fortitude was not mine which would have enabled me to refrain from revealing to you the distress and adversity we were experiencing. I assure you if I had the wish, I could not succeed in giving you even the feeblest idea of the knavery and suffering we encountered at La Malque. However, we have escaped, with the loss of all our money, and almost equal bankrupts in health and, I may add, in happiness ; for independently of existing calamities to recall the past, we do not find it easy to dismiss from our minds a sense of the heavy wrongs we have sustained.

'The long journey of *five* days and *five* nights from Toulon to this place, has seriously affected the health of our child.

'This is the reason of our stay here, where we had only intended to have rested sufficiently long to have enabled us to proceed to Jersey. But on our arrival here, the poor little thing was so ill that we were necessitated to resolve to remain until it shall regain its strength, though you may conceive the melancholy which actuates us when I tell you that I have the worst fears with regard to it. I emphasize myself because, though my wife sees the illness of the child, she does not entertain equal apprehensions respecting the result. The fact is, she takes her opinion from the report of the nurse, and I draw mine from the aspect and fragility of the baby. But that these are not the criteria which they would be in a more advanced period of life, I am perfectly aware, and therefore I endeavour to hope. I myself am still a recent and most striking example of the truth of the old adage, that "while there is life, there is hope," for since I last wrote to you, I have had the fever of the accursed South of France, and for many weeks never again expected to have the happiness of addressing you. Indeed my restoration to existence is a miracle ; but I have pledged myself not to be again egotistical, and therefore will repress any further allusion to what I endured.

'In your most kind letter to me, you ask why we did not select Hyères for a residence? Such was our object, but when we went there, found the impossibility of fulfilling it. I wish I were in health and spirits, and I think I could make you laugh by a description of the place, which I can only characterize by the coarse word "humbug," for it is one of the greatest I ever detected. We traveled *nine hundred* miles in the intention of inhabiting the place. The "*pays agricole*," the sequestered, primitive, innocent, rural, and most economical spot, which French guide-books affirm, and which we really innocents believed it to be. We approached it with every prepossession in its favour, and with every advantage, for the weather was most beautiful. Along the greater portion of the route the very hedges were composed of the *hibiscus syriacus*, all in full bloom, the effect of which was magnificent, and no Mussulman pilgrim could

ever have entered Mecca with a more devout faith in its excellence. When we reached the inn we were shown into a room of which all the windows and *jalousies* were closed, whereof the scent was aught but agreeable. We immediately opened the windows, and the extensive and really striking spectacle of the plain of Hyères presented itself. Imagine our raptures; but from that moment they commenced a descent until they arrived at an abyss of disgust ineffable. Within ten minutes after opening the windows, we obtained an emphatic and most painful exoneration of the conduct of the persons who had closed them. But even to you, who have resided so much in Italy, I do not think I can give any idea of the plagues of flies at Hyères. They poured into the room in one black stream; and during the rest of the morning, instead of eating our breakfast, we were engaged in bootless attempts to disperse them. Of course we too quickly shut out the brilliant pageant of Nature, and as it vanished from us, and our bright sunshine was converted into a deep and dismal twilight, we thought, "It certainly is very beautiful, but it will not be productive of much delight, if we are never to look upon it."

'Thus commenced and rapidly proceeded the dispersion of our illusions. The place is composed of a landscape which you cannot see, of paths where you cannot walk, of a sea which you cannot reach, and of fruit which you cannot eat. The whole scene, in fact, is one great deception, and that of Tantalus must be the fate of him who occupies it. But this is the fault of the climate, which renders the atmosphere an insupportable oven in summer, and, judging from the stunted orange and olive trees, little better than an ice-house in winter.

'Such are a few of the natural disadvantages of the place; the houses and the inhabitants are much worse. Of course we returned immediately to Toulon, resolving to proceed to Marseilles, and there arrange our subsequent proceedings in respect to our selection of a residence. But only two hours before the moment of our arranged departure for the latter place, commenced all our misfortunes; for my wife was suddenly attacked with an indisposition which she believed announced her approaching accouchement. Of course, against this conviction there was no possibility of venturing, and I was consequently necessitated, though most reluctantly, to engage instantly a house for her reception. Then came the fraud of the wicked bankers, and this is the history of the origin of our compulsory abode at Toulon, a place which most assuredly I should never have dreamed of voluntarily selecting for a residence.

'Pray do not trouble yourself to answer this letter, unless you really are entirely unoccupied. For your kindness in going for me spontaneously to the bankers, I cannot thank you enough; but you have so often laid me under obligations that I become quite accustomed to bear it. Perhaps *if you should* write, you will give me some account of the novel which was proceeding when I left London; for during a period of nearly five months I never even saw an English newspaper, and as for these French newspapers, in one of the gravest and best of them, *Le Globe*, it was gravely stated the other day, in a long article in advocacy of smoking, that Comte "Dorsay" (as they called him) was accustomed every day, at the corner of Regent Street, to give a guinea to a beggar for lighting his cigar!! And now, dear Lady Blessington, with our kindest remembrances to all your well remembered and well beloved friends, believe me, ever yours.'

9. A. L. S. Dated '70 Milton Street, Dorset Square, Sunday' (1844).

'My dear Lady Blessington,—In case you should be kind enough to purpose to call upon us to-morrow (Monday) I write a line to say that I shall be necessitated to take my wife to my attorney's to examine into the condition of our jointure. Friday and Saturday she was, and every subsequent day she will be, at home by three o'clock, until we shall have had the pleasure of seeing you here, as we deem some time between that hour and five the most probable period for your visit. I speak in the strong hope that Jessie will be enabled to go out daily, though to-day she was quite too unwell to quit the house.

'My wife has never ceased to reproach me for having omitted, the day I had the pleasure of seeing you, to request that you would be so good as to give her kindest remembrances to the Misses Power; perhaps, therefore, you will now be so obliging as to aid me to atone for my very rude forgetfulness?

'I heard yesterday, and from a lady well qualified to report the prevalent opinion, that "Lady Blessington's were the only works which sold at present." If not glad of the negative inference of this speech, most cordially do I desire the truth of its affirmative proposition. Believe me, dear Lady Blessington, always most faithfully yours.'

10. A. L. S. Dated 'Wilton House, St. Heliers, Jersey,' June 9th, 1847. 4 pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I have the pleasure of sending to you Berengaria, with whom I *hope* and *trust* you will be content. I daresay that by this time you have found that it is not very easy to write a history of a person of whom no history is extant, for the desultory sketch of Miss Strickland* supplies no new facts, and I could not exactly pirate from her her rambling description of dresses, effigies, and steward's bills; besides, which is worse, I have detected her in so many mistakes that I feared to trust myself to her piloting. Left, therefore, to my own shifts and expedients, I have endeavoured to concoct, *a sequent*, distinct & light narrative; in fact, to compose a few pages of what is termed "pleasant reading." I mention my objects because I may have failed so utterly to attain them that you may not even be able to perceive that I ever aimed at them.

'I presume the length is what you desire. I imagine that my 22 pages will print about 30 pages.

'And now with regard to Philipa. I entreat you to assure me by return of post that if I send it to you on or before June 30th that you will be satisfied with me. Pray observe that I do not mean the 3rd, 2nd, or 1st of July. I mean what I say—to be within the time I have named. But you cannot conceive how writing against time impedes me. My hope is to finish Philipa next week, but this assurance from you would make me very comfortable. You know the haste of our friend is a perfect farce; the volume could as easily be printed in twelve days as in twelve months. I edited the book *nine* times, and never once escaped his urgency, though each successive year he was himself too late, in spite of all my entreaties and exhortations. With our united kindest remembrances to most kind Comte d'Orsay & to the Misses Power, believe me, dear Lady Blessington, ever yours.'

'P.S.—I enclosed this note separately from the MSS. in case of any accident.'

11. A. L. S. Dated Wilton House, St. Heliers, Jersey, February 16th, 1848. 8 pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—Not a post has arrived during several past weeks that I have not hoped would have brought a letter from you. Long ago, however, I should have written to you to expatiate on the annuals, but Mrs. Reynolds, in a desire to be courteous, lent them on the very day we received them to a lady, the wife of our medical attendant, whose very humble servants we both are. On the very day too of their return, the news of my mother's death was communicated to me, and the anxious and painful correspondence it entailed for a time engrossed all my thoughts, exhausted all the little energy that remained to me & made me wretchedly ill in body into the bargain.

'As it is not in my power (if it were in my inclination) to play the hypocrite, to nobody do I mention this circumstance, for it is not pleasant to be compelled either to feign to grieve or to seem obdurate and unnatural. But though I think it would be degrading to myself and disingenuous to you to pretend to a sorrow which I do not entertain, it would be worse than bad taste, it would be eminently culpable, to permit the existence of an opposite feeling. God knows I have it not, for never did I pass three more miserable weeks than those which followed my receipt of the announcement of my mother's death. But whatever my feelings may have

* Agnes Strickland, 1796–1874, an authoress, best known by her *Lives of the Queens of England*. Notices of 'Berengaria' and of 'Philipa,' by Mr. Reynolds, appeared in the *Book of Beauty* for 1848.

been, or ever may be, the result is the same ; and at last, at 47 years of age, I am free in mind and in body, the sole controller of my own acts and property, and capable of bestowing pecuniary independence on my wife and child.

‘Having thus disburthened my mind of a subject which I shall never mention willingly to any other earthly person (Mrs. Holme learnt it on Sunday last, by questioning one of our servants), I will now proceed to a topic which though not woful certainly I cannot say is wholly cheerful—the Annuals. I read with much gratification (shall I displease if I say also surprise?) your biographies. Certainly your improvement since you commenced your literary vocation has been wonderful ; the ease, lucidness with which you tell your facts would have established a few years ago your reputation as a biographer. Did you not find your task horrible? or was it the difficulty arising in an insufficiency of books which made it so troublesome to me?’

‘But now for the plates. What *does* Comte d’Orsay say to them? I know his good nature and his tranquillity ; but surely in his fine esteem of art he must be in a rage, though he may muster self-command enough to prevent the expression of it. But I cannot persuade myself that he can see your name brought into such close contact with such wicked trumpery without losing the balance of his circulation. Long habit has made me feel that degree of interest in Heath that I can only use a favourite female word, “spiteful,” to characterize my sensations when I gaze on his misdeeds. I do hate most cordially to see any friend sustain even the *slightest* diminution of income ; but I can almost bring myself to say that I wish still more cordially that you will discard all further connection with the annuals.

‘And now, dear Lady Blessington, considering that I have a cut in my right thumb, almost “as deep as a well and as wide as a church door,” and which pains me, acutely while I write, I must conclude, & subscribe myself, with mine & Mrs. Reynold’s kindest regards to yourself & Comte d’Orsay & the Misses Power, ever yours most faithfully.’

12. A. L. S. Dated Wilton House, St. Heliers, Jersey, March 31st, 1849. 4 pages 8vo., with Superscription.

‘My dear Lady Blessington,—I have long been hoping that every post day would bring me a letter from you ; but I know well the extent of your occupations, & shall attribute to them, & not to a supposition that you may be unwell, your silence.

‘Yet, when you do write, you are seldom kind enough to tell me aught about yourself & your own fireside. The subject of your letter, when not referring to literary matters, is really myself & my family—two topics doubtless very interesting to human nature ; but still one need not be so entirely selfish & heartless as to be incapable of sympathising in the welfare of others. Pray oblige me by amending this self-derelection when you shall next be so good as to communicate with me, and give me at least some little history respecting yourself & Comte d’Orsay, to whom I need not say I beg you will give my most affectionate remembrances.

‘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, cordially 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 honour of becoming acquainted with you is really wonderful.

‘As an incentive to you to communicate to me respecting yourself, I will tell you something about ourselves which is very disagreeable. After six years of good conduct, Mrs. Reynolds has taken it into her head to fall into evil ways, and is very shortly going to have a baby.

‘I know what will be your opinion of this unconscientious proceeding, and how much you will commiserate yours, my dear Lady Blessington, always most faithfully.’

ROBERTS (Emma). An Authoress. (1794-1840.)

1. A. L. S. Dated Portland Cottage, Portland Road (1837 ?). 2 pages 4to.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—Will you permit me to introduce to your notice a very learned friend of mine, Dr. Loewe, 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. Loewe is honoured 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. Loewe 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. I feel very anxious to promote Dr. Loewe's views, but my acquaintance with the rich and great is of a very limited description, & I can, therefore, only recommend him to the notice of those who have influence over a wide circle of accomplished and wealthy persons. You will, perhaps, with your usual kindness, interest yourself in procuring a few pupils for my friend, whom I have little doubt will, in the course of time, obtain a professorship in some learned institution. Meanwhile, notwithstanding the economical habits of foreigners, he finds it difficult to live; for, in addition to the actual means of subsistence, it is necessary that he should purchase books, in order to make himself acquainted with all that others have written on the same subject. I am sure that you will excuse this long trespass on your time, and believe me to be always sincerely and gratefully yours.'

2. A. L. S. Dated Parell, December 26th, 1839. 4½ pages 4to., with Superscription.

'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 labours 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 endeavours for the improvement of the people of India is attributable to ignorance concerning the character, manners, wants, and resources of the numerous races

* Sir James Rivett Carnac, 1785-1846, entered the East India Company's service in 1801, and afterwards became resident at the Court of Gaikwar; retired from the service as major in 1822; in 1836 was created a baronet, and in 1838 was appointed Governor of Bombay, a post his health compelled him to resign in 1841. Sir James married in 1815 Miss Anna Maria Richards, who died in 1859.

who have become British subjects. The attempt, therefore, to afford a clearer view of the actual state of British India than is 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 botanical, horticultural, or zoological specimens, which would have assisted to defray the enormous expenses of travelling. 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 cow 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 shewn 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 travelling in British dependencies for the purposes 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 had the gratification of meeting with a warm friend and sincere admirer of yours, Mr. Lettsom Elliot, and have accepted an invitation from him to spend a few weeks in Guzerat, which is quite a new field. I do not expect to be repaid by any book or books which I may write, for the 600*l.* 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 about 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 James 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. Should you feel inclined to favour me with a letter, if not franked to Sir James Carnac by some of your friends, be kind enough to address it to the care of Messrs. Leckie & Co., who are my bankers. Believe me to remain, dear Lady Blessington, sincerely and gratefully yours.'

ROSSLYN (Sir James St. Clair Erskine, 2nd Earl). A General Officer and Lord Lieutenant of Fifeshire. (1762-1837.)

I. A. L. S. to Lord Blessington. Dated 'St. James's Square' (1829). 2½ pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'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 favour 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 cannot 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 honour 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. I will beg of you to offer my most sincere and devoted homage to Lady Blessington, & to believe me to be yours most faithfully.'

2. A. L. S. Dated St. James's Square, February 13th, 1832. 1½ pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—Your kind note of yesterday did not reach me till it was brought to me at the House of Lords this day, which prevented me from expressing my gratitude for your flattering recollection of me so soon as you might have expected.

'I shall have great pleasure in profiting by your gracious invitation, and will avail myself of the first moment I can to pay my court to you in Seamore Place, but I regret that I am unfortunately engaged to dinner on Saturday next. Yours faithfully.'

RUTLAND (John Manners, the 7th and present Duke of). A Statesman and Politician, best known as Lord John Manners.

1. A. L. S. Dated Petworth, July 28th, 1841. 2¼ pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I would have answered your obliging letter before, but I have been travelling about, and that gives me but little time for anything. I was afraid that the "Spanish Trip" would be too long for your book, but, having nothing else to offer, made bold to send it you, and, if, as you are kind enough to say, it has amused you, I am well satisfied. Pray do with it what you like.

'You will laugh when I tell you that I have for several days been bothering my brains at your request, having literally not written one line since I published my little volume.*

'I am really and truly ashamed of sending such doggrel, but do in all honesty implore you not to insert the accompanying stanzas if you have anything else wherewith to supply their place.

'The incident itself, as related by Clarendon, is poetical enough. I fear I cannot offer anything for your other book, as the Muse chooses to be so unpropitious; indeed, after this specimen you will not regret that it should be so. If the ballad† is longer than you like, pray cut out any stanzas you like, & believe me, dear Lady Blessington, very truly yours.'

2. A. L. S. Dated Albany, July 1st, 1846. 1½ pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—My Helicon runs drier every year, but if the accompanying stanzas will suit, they are heartily at your service.

'I shall be sorry if our old friends the *Keepsake* and the *Book of Beauty* come to an end and die; there was something kindly and cheerful about their annual reappearance.

* *England's Trust, and other Poems*, published in 1841.

† The verses referred to were published in the *Keepsake* for 1842, under the title of 'A Ballad of 1660.'

'Hoping, if they must die, their funeral obsequies, under your graceful auspices, may be celebrated with successful pomp, I am, my dear Lady Blessington, very sincerely yours.'

SHERIDAN (Louisa Henrietta). An Authoress; afterwards Lady Wyatt. (Died 1841.)

1. A. L. S. Dated 7 Belgrave Street South, Belgrave Square, July 9th, 1836. 1 page 4to.

'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 wilful 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 honour to be, Madam, your Ladyship's obedient servant.'

2. A. L. S. (in the third person). Dated 7 Belgrave Street South, Belgrave Square, November 17th, 1836. 1½ page 8vo.

'Miss Sheridan presents her comp^{ts} to Lady Blessington, and has the pleasure of transmitting a review of the "Beautiful Book" which she has written (with the exception of the concluding paragraph) for a monthly magazine.

'Of the periodical Miss Sheridan *knows nothing*—nor is she at all concerned in it—beyond the person who conducts it (who wrote one in the "Comic Offering") having civilly offered the pages for any critique she might wish to write. And this privilege Miss Sheridan will feel much pleasure in using for any work Lady Blessington wishes to have thus noticed;—indeed, under her present sad feelings, anything wh^{ch} excites a momentary *interest* without requiring *prolonged* attention is the only class of occupation she can undertake.

'Two other literary notices of the *Book of Beauty* shall be transmitted to the talented Editress, who is decidedly "the pride of her own book." And next year, when another volume is in progress, Miss Sheridan hopes her mind and spirits may have recovered their tone sufficiently to write something of greater length as a companion for the beautiful illustrations.'

3. A. L. S. Dated 7 Belgrave Street South, Belgrave Square, March 30th, 1837. 2 pages 8vo.

'Dear Madam,—If ill-health be not a palliation for apparent ill manners, I fear you will not excuse my tardy acknowledgement of y^r beautiful annual, which received just as the influenza had reduced me to the sudden & extraordinary weakness with which it has affected so many, & after the removal of this symptom I had a more provoking one (for a person of my habits), viz., a stiffness in the nerves of my eyes, which prevented me almost from seeing.

'I vainly tried dictation to an amanuensis; my poor little notes seemed to be composed of the "*legs & wings*" of sentences, without connection, so I resolved in desperation to be rude to every one until my recovery.

'Your book is quite a gem. I had the pleasure of composing a review of its contents, which I will enclose with my note; and now that I am again a *ready* writer, pray remember I am also a *willing* one for any book of yours. Believe me, my dear Madam, most sincerely yours.'

4. A. L. S. Dated 7 Belgrave Street South, Belgrave Square, May 18th, 1837. 2 pages 8vo.

'Dear Madam,—I have been so much pleased with the plate you kindly sent for my illustration that I have affixed to it some details of my own "Convent days"* which I had intended for another purpose; their truth, I hope, may lend some trifling interest to the very slender fiction of the two little girls.

'I have read, and reperused, and read aloud, and pondered over your wonderful book, *The Victims of Society*. My praise can only be the echo of thousands, for so true a picture of the world I never met, so *painfully*, so *dreadfully* true. Where to select extracts from it is my only difficulty—when I write out a paragraph I find it impossible to omit the next, and the next.

'If you like my Convent sketch, may I ask permission to revise my own proof? And with many thanks I remain, dear Madam, yours much obliged.'

5. A. L. S. Dated 7 Belgrave Street South, July 20th, 1837. 3 pages 8vo.

'Dear Madam,—Having been engaged during the last two months in editing and revising a MS. novel, written in the most alarming scrawl, my close attention to it has again occasioned an *accident in my throat*, such as obliged me to relinquish my *Comic Offering* two years ago.

'My poor dear mama being also indisposed, I intend *going out of town* with her as soon as I have seen 2 or 3 little sketches of mine in the proofs, and if the story I had the pleasure of writing for the *Book of Beauty* be ready, perhaps you would have the kindness to order the printer to forward it to me here soon.

'You are *so good* in your flattering commendations of the talents you ascribe to me. I fear, even if I were in good health, my mind is too *anxious* in its nature for me to commence so long an undertaking as a novel. At present the physicians say that *rapid consumption* & even *death* w^d result from close literary application. This is the more distressing to me because hitherto the fortunate productions of my pen have enabled me to secure a few of the luxuries to wth an elegant invalid parent was accustomed in her youth. But regret is vain; I have only to hope for recovery.

'I suppose y^r beautiful Annual is nearly all in type; *Friendship's Offering* is printed and bound already; but I know the *Keepsake* cannot be complete because I only sent my illustration of one of its plates yesterday.

'To gratify a childish whim for collecting all the plates I have illustrated, might I ask to have a *finished engraving* of the dear little sisters, who belong to my *Convent Days*.

'Will there be another volume of the *Gems of Loveliness*?

'I am so weak that I am forced to pause between every phrase, w^h really has rendered my note a thing of shreds and patches. Believe me, dear Madam, yours truly obliged.'

6. A. L. S. Dated 7 Belgrave Street South, Belgrave Square, August 4th, 1838. 3 pages 8vo.

'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 enclose 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.

* 'Convent Days' appeared in the *Book of Beauty* for 1838.

† Emma, Lady Fitzharris, afterwards Lady Malmesbury, only daughter of the 5th Earl of Tankerville, and first wife of James Howard, 3rd Earl of Malmesbury. She died in 1876.

‘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; &c.

‘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. S. Wortley, and myself, seemed to know how to take the trouble *to be well bred in reply*.

‘Our 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*.’

SIGOURNEY (Lydia Howard). A well-known American Authoress. (1791–1865.)

I. A. L. S. Dated Hartford, Connecticut, May 28th, 1842. 3 pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

‘My dear Madam,—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 enclose 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 effusion 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 re-perusing lately, with new interest, some of your 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 favour us with. I hope your lovely nieces are well. Please remember me to them. I should like to be kept apprised of the welfare of your younger one, now absent from your country, and of the progress of so precocious and original a mind.

‘When you so kindly offered in your letter to execute any commissions for me, did you suppose that with such a ready frankness I should avail myself of it? When in London I purchased a true Irish poplin, which has been my delight as a house costume ever since, except during our summer months. With sorrow, I detect some ravages of time in my constant friend, and should be happy to replace it by one of a similar nature, which it is not easy to find with us. Might I ask that you would have the goodness to appropriate the enclosed three sovereigns to the purchase of such a dress for me? The colour of the one which I now wear is a pleasant green, but I shall be better satisfied to trust to your taste, as it would add to my value of the garment to know that you had chosen it for me. The one in which I am now arrayed was less expensive, and should there

* Felicia Dorothea Browne, Mrs. Hemans, 1794–1835, a favourite poetess of her day. Her works were particularly popular in America.

be a small surplus, I will venture to ask that it may be applied to the purchase of some nice Bath paper, which I am partial to using, and find it difficult to obtain. The friend, Mr. Goodrich* from Boston, who I hope will deliver to you the accompanying volumes—will on his return bring to me these articles—or should it not be convenient to you to send them by him, Cap^t Marshall of the Ship *Europe* will at any time transmit them safely to me. I feel truly ashamed of what I have thus taken the strange liberty to request. I hope you will write and say that I am forgiven, and believe me yours with respect and regard.’

2. A. L. S. Dated Hartford, Connecticut, October 31st, 1842. 3 pages 4to., with Superscription.

‘My dear Lady Blessington,—Accept my thanks for your letter, for your kindness in executing my commission, and for the beautiful gifts you have had the goodness to send me. Indeed 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 attempt at *Annals* on this side of the water. I searched out 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 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 honour of forwarding to you.

‘I am so pleased that you liked my friend, the Hon^{ble} 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 & 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. Believe me, dear Madam, yours with grateful respect.’

3. A. L. S. Dated Hartford, Connecticut, August 12th, 1843. 3 pages 4to., with Superscription.

‘My dear Madam,—It has recently occurred to me that a letter addressed to you several months since, and entrusted to a private opportunity, may not have reached you, and I am the more inclined to that opinion from having myself but

* Samuel Griswold Goodrich, 1793-1860, an American author and publisher, better known as ‘Peter Parley.’ He edited an original annual called *The Token*, in which some of Hawthorne’s best ‘Twice-told Tales’ appeared.

just received a parcel from London, dispatched to me last winter through the *zealous* agency of a similar mode of conveyance. Lest even a more hopeless fate should have overtaken my missive allow to me to say that it was accompanied by some otto of roses which had reached me from a friend in Constantinople, in a state of such freshness and purity that I was desirous that it should be honoured with a place on your toilette. 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 steamship, 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 with 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, & 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 20,000 subscribers, & assumes to have ten times that number of readers. Might I presume to ask of you so great a favour as to send in your next letter to me any scrap of poetry for it which you may happen to have by you? I am sure it would greatly delight the publisher thus to be permitted to place your name upon his pages: but if I have requested anything inconvenient or improper, please to forgive it.

'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, and believe me yours, with admiring and grateful regard.'

4. A. L. S. Dated Hartford, Connecticut, September 13th, 1845. 3 pages 4to., with Superscription.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—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 inappropriateness 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 rhythm 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

* 'The Lesson of the Sea,' which appeared in the *Book of Beauty* for 1845.

London. I trust, from the *naïveté* of his published 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 enterprizes 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.

‘Among my obligations to her, I remember my delightful call at Gore House, and the first sight of yourself and your beautiful nieces, a combination of imagery which has lost none of its freshness or fascination by the lapse of time.’

‘It would give me pleasure to hear from you, as often as your inclination moves thee to honour me. I am compelled to write with more brevity than I could wish by the commands of the physician, and a hand still tremulous with debility. Please remember me to the Misses Power and to the lovely genius in Van Diemens Land, whom you so eloquently described to me, and believe me, yours with high regard.’

SIMMONS (Bartholomew Bootle). An Author and Man of Letters.
(1804–1850.)

1. A. L. S. Dated April 2nd, 1840. 4 pages 8vo.

‘Dear Lady Blessington,—I shall be happy to be of use to you about the drawings. I think Plunkett said it was the landscape which you would wish to have something said of.’

‘My health has been very unfavourable 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 for those books, which are a source of gratification far away, deep in the mountains, amongst 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 this 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.’

‘Allow me to thank y^r Ladyship for your kind invitation for Monday, which I regret the state of my health at present does not permit me to avail myself of, & I beg you to believe me your Ladyship’s faithful, affec^{te} servant.’

‘Is the landscape (or ferry) not an *early morning*? Mr. Plunkett says *evening*.’

2. A. L. S. Dated 4 Ashley Crescent, City Road, April 27th, 1840.
2½ pages 8vo.

‘Dear Lady Blessington,—I send you an alarming looking 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—Lord Byron and Moore ; & with what pride I contemplate your magical influence over our literature and times, to learn the pleasure I derive at finding that any of my unworthy compositions can afford your Ladyship a moment’s gratification.’

‘With the truest respect, I am, dear Lady Blessington, your obliged, faithful servant.’

3. A. L. S. Dated 4 Ashley Crescent, City Road, April 27th (1840).
2 pages 8vo.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—I beg to return *Gerfaut*, with a thousand thanks. With half the De Staël's works at my finger's 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. I have bought the book—the best proof of the obligation you laid me under.

'At all times, dear Lady Blessington, your faithful & most humble servant.'

'The volumes go by the Convey^{ces} Company.'

4. A. L. S. Dated 4 Ashley Crescent, City Road, June 26th (1840).
4 pages 8vo.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—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 anything 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 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 further from you.

'Were some verses I sent you on a picture by Raffaele of any use for either of *this year's* books? If not, I would be glad to withdraw them (I have got a duplicate copy), & promise something more worthy for next year. Dear Lady Blessington, your obliged, humble serv^t.'

'I have just seen Mr. Plunkett, who begs me to say that his story for the *Book of Beauty*, which ought to have been in your hands before this, will be forwarded next week.'

5. A. L. S. Dated 'Sunday, July 5th' (1840). 4 pages 8vo.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—Under the supposition that the rhapsody I sent you on yesterday has found favour 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. By doing so you will save me a couple of pounds, always, alas! an object to a poet, and essentially so to an improvident Irish one. Will you grant me this request and your pardon for making it?

'Should you think it worth while to send a proof of *the late verses*† (without a name, on the picture of the Lady and Child), they will find me by being directed to my address, "Kilworth," Ireland, and you can have them in three days again, or Mr. Plunkett will do as well as the author, perhaps, or any other arrangement you like, only one would not like the demons of the press to make what is already *bad* worse, and I leave town to-morrow.

'With your usual benevolence don't forget me about the book I ask, and add another to several obligations I am always glad to acknowledge you have conferred on, dear Lady Blessington, your faithful servant.'

6. A. L. S. Dated 4 Ashley Crescent, City Road, November 12th, 1840.
4 pages 8vo.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—Do you remember that greedy creature in Roman

* The verses referred to appeared in the *Keepsake* for 1841 under the title of 'Morning.'

† Published, under the title of 'Julia,' in the *Keepsake* for 1841.

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 characterises everything connected with you; and that if anything 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, & useful story of "The Old Irish Gentleman."*

'Pray accept my best thanks and sincere wishes that you may long continue to exercise your varied and delightful talents. And believe me, dear Lady Blessington, with respectful compliments to Miss Power, your obliged servant.'

7. A. L. S. Dated January 2nd, 1841. 2½ pages 8vo.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—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 neutralised in proportion to the smallness of the coin, let me hope that the *monies* I beg to enclose will completely propitiate the fairy people, whose influence, I presume, is dreaded upon such occasions, & once more let me subscribe myself your obliged, humble servant.'

8. A. L. S. Dated 'Saturday Night, June 26th' (1841). 2½ pages 8vo.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—To offer the enclosed 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, & one who is above all praise—Washington Irving—and have quoted an old and valued friend of mine (& countryman), Isaac Wild—perhaps you know him?—the traveller who published the beautiful quarto on Killarney long ago. In great haste, ever, dear Lady Blessington, your faithful, humble servant.'

'If you don't like the rhymes, pray burn them, and I will begin again.'

9. A. L. S. Dated '4 Ashley Crescent, Saturday Morning' (1841). 4 pages 8vo.

'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 favoured 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 cannot 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 amongst my compatriots since I came to London—if it were not presumptuous in me thus to take up your Ladyship's time.

'The picture is here, enclosed and addressed as you have directed. I wish I knew whether you preferred prose or verse; but as I suppose you are pretty well deluged with the former, I shall commit a very few lines

* Published in the *Book of Beauty* for 1841.

of rhyme, and send them shortly—taking the view as it is—one upon the Hudson. With every sentiment of respect, your Ladyship's faithful and very humble servant, &c.

10. A. L. S. Dated January 1st, 1842. $2\frac{1}{2}$ pages 8vo.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—I have just been honoured 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 by, dear Lady Blessington, your most obliged, humble serv^t.'

'Will you permit me by this means to wish Miss Power as many & as happy returns of this festival as I now wish yourself.'

SMITH (Albert). A Novelist and Humourist. (1816–1860.)

1. A. L. S. Dated 'Friday Evening, $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8.' 2 pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—I am very sorry to say that we must give up the pleasure of coming down to Gore House this evening. Poor Arthur^{is} is so very poorly that he has just gone to bed, and I have transported all my work to his room for the night. I shall take him down to Chertsey to-morrow, and hope on Monday to give a better bulletin.

'He has just been undressed and stethoscoped all over. His lungs and heart are pronounced as sound as bells: so far that is all right.

'You may conceive that I am rather anxious, as you know what a second existence he is to me.

'We unite in kindest regards to your circle, and hope at the beginning of the week to be with you. Meanwhile, believe me to be yours most truly.'

2. A. L. S. Dated 14 Percy Street, January 2nd, 1846. 4 pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I am completely at a loss for expressions that would really convey to you a notion of the gratification I feel at being so kindly remembered by you. I found your elegant *Étrenne* on my return from Chertsey yesterday, and cannot remember that I was ever more pleased and surprised. It is very difficult to get rid of conventional methods of expressing thanks in a case of the kind, but I hope you will believe me when I say that I have nothing in the world of which I shall be so proud.

'My mother came up with me from home, and I think she was equally pleased; so at all events you have made *two* people most contented with New Year's Day.

'And what can I do in return? I fear very little except to offer my services at all times, and in all ways they can possibly be of use to you or yours. I have so much to thank you for, so many very happy hours in the past years, and the prospect, as I hope, of an equal number in the present one, that an equivalent is out of the question.

'But if I can assure you of the sincere regard I entertain for the inmates of Gore House (and you will give me credit for it, and not think I am merely putting down set phrases) I shall feel still happier than your attention has already made me.

'With wishes for many years of health & happiness, believe me to remain most sincerely yours, &c.

* The writer's brother, Arthur Smith, 1824–1861, a well-known angler and his brother's business manager.

3. A. L. S. Dated 14 Percy Street, Monday, January 3rd (1848). 3 pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—It has been so frequently my task to thank you for so many kindnesses, that I begin to fear I shall run into some set phrases of expression of gratitude from having exhausted all my own sentiments. I only wish that I could fully make you understand how charmed I am with the handsome *étrenne* you were so good as to send me. I have made up my mind to produce a great effect with them during the ensuing season.

'My absence from London will, I hope, be an excuse for not having sent you Tadpole* before together with another little bantling. We are all in spirits, I am happy to say, and doing capitably. I want if possible to get into an open avowed war with *Punch*. If so I shall go ahead.

'I start for Boulogne early to-morrow morning, but return this week, when I hope to see you. In the meantime pray accept my most sincere wishes for a very happy new year for all your circle and yourself from yours most sincerely,' &c.

4. A. L. to Dr. Madden (in the third person). Dated 12 Percy Street, Bedford Square, March 4th, 1853. 1 page 8vo., with Superscription.

'Mr. Albert Smith presents his compliments to Mr. Madden, and would be happy to oblige him, but most of his correspondence with Lady Blessington was of a domestic and private character which could not very well go before the public.'

SMITH (James). A Man of Letters, Author (with his brother Horace) of the *Rejected Addresses*. (1775–1839.)

1. A. L. S. Dated 18 Austin Friars, February 21st, 1820. 2¼ pages 8vo.

'I enclose, dear Madam, my promised lines upon the Beard. I cannot say much in their commendation for "I am ill at these (serious) numbers."

'Are they fit for your album?

'With respectful remembrances to Lord B., I have the honor to remain your Ladyship's grateful and obliged humble servant.'

'STANZAS ON A LOCK OF THE LATE KING'S BEARD.

'Snow-white emblem! sacred token!
Relic of the "Fall of years,"
Who, worn down at length—time-broken,
Drowns a pitying Realm in tears.

'O'er that breast, thy white veil sweeping,
While it fell in graceful flow,
Cloth'd no bosom worn with weeping,
Hid no throbbing heart below.

'There thou felt'st no fierce emotion
Thy white hairs in sorrow steep.
Placid as the foam of ocean,
Hangs upon th' unrufl'd deep.

'Thoughts opaque and vision clouded
Him, oppress by age's chill,
From observance vainly shrouded,
Grateful memory loved him still.

'By all meaner cares unbroken,
Next my heart for ever dwell!
Snow-white emblem! silver token
Best of monarchs, fare thee well.'

2. A. L. S. Dated '18 Austin Friars, Thursday Morning.' 2 pages 8vo.

'Dear Madam,—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 ungenial 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."† Your Ladyship's faithful & devoted servant.'

* *The Struggles and Adventures of Christopher Tadpole* came out in 1848.

† S. 3, i.

3. A. Verses S. Dated July 11th, 1832. 1 page 8vo.

'TO THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

<p>'The bird of paradise that flies O'er blest Arabia's plains, Devoid of feet, forbears to rise And, where she rests, remains.</p>		<p>'Like her, of footing reft, I fain Would sail your blest dominions, And there content, till death, remain; But ah! I lack the pinions.'</p>
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4. A. L. S. Dated 27 Craven Street, Wednesday, May 29th (1833).
1½ pages 8vo.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—I have not forgotten Sunday next.

'I did not see the *Book of Beauty* until last Sunday at Hampton Court. A lady who showed it to me there expressed an opinion that such a succession of beauties was cloying to the eye, and that the book would have been improved by throwing in a specimen or two of venerable beauty, by way of contrast to the juvenility of the rest.

'This by way of trial for your "Beau Ideal." Your Ladyship's faithful and devoted serv^t.

5. A. L. S. Dated 27 Craven Street, Monday, June 24th (1833). 1½
pages 8vo.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—I left "My Grandmama West"* at your door yesterday, who I hope meets with your approbation.

'I mentioned that I should have great pleasure in contributing to your *Book of Beauty*. Have the goodness to send by the bearer another portrait that I may do so. I feel the picture advantageous to my Muse, and I hope to your book. Your Ladyship's faithful & devoted servant.'

6. A. L. S. Dated 27 Craven Street, Tuesday Morning (June 25th, 1833). 1 page 8vo.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—I feel much pleasure that "My Grandmama West" meets with your approbation. I will take your other sober Beauty into my sober consideration. I fear that prose is not my forte, my present notion is in favour of verse. But, "verseman or proseman," I remain your Ladyship's faithful & devoted.'

7. A. L. S. Dated 18 Austin Friars, Saturday, July 21st (1833). 1½
pages 8vo.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—I am now better positively. I hope not, theoretically speaking, "positively for the last time." By the aid of two sticks I can make a devilish sort of movement—not, I regret to say, like Asmodeus through the air, but through the medium of a hackney coach.

'I have no engagements during the next week.

'I need not say how much pleasure I should derive from partaking of your family dinner either on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday or Friday next. Your Ladyship's faithful and devoted servant.'

8. A. L. S. Dated 27 Craven Street, 'Saturday' (April 5th, 1834). 1½
pages 8vo.

'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

* The verses entitled 'Phoebe, or My Grandmama West' appeared in the *Book of Beauty* for 1834.

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 *impanelled*. Your Ladyship's faithful & devoted.'

9. A. L. S. Dated 27 Craven Street, Saturday, October 24th (1835).
1 page 8vo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I accept with great pleasure your invitation to dinner on Sunday the 1 Nov.

'I am happy that the expression meets your approbation. I think it would be better to change its title to "Day and Nights," in which case the two final verses might be spelt properly—Knights and Days. Your Ladyship's faithful & devoted.'

10. A. Verses. Dated January 8th, 1836. 1½ pages.

'Dear Lady B.,
'Twixt you and me,
The difference all may tell.
Both canvass 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. !

'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. !'

'The River D.
Runs to the C.
Expansive to the view
Thus led by grace
To Seamore Place,
I always follows 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.

11. A. L. S. Dated 27 Craven Street, Saturday, April 30th (1836). 1 page.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—I was in hopes to have enjoyed the pleasure of your society to-morrow evening by adjournment from the Count's dining-table; but as Doctor Johnson says, "What are the hopes of man?" I am slowly recovering from a tedious attack of gout and dread a relapse by dining out. Your Ladyship's faithful & devoted.'

12. A. L. S. Dated 27 Craven Street, Monday, September 13th, 1836.
1 page 8vo.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—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 favourite 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 send a copy of this to the goddess, apprizing her of her installation. Your faithful and devoted,' &c.

13. A. L. S. Dated 'Saturday' (1836). 1 page 8vo.

'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 stemn'd the tide at Cows,
Could only be *Lord Bull in brook*.'

14. A. L. S. Dated 27 Craven Street, Monday, September 26th, 1836. 1½ pages 8vo.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—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 honour 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 Olimpia*, 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 de-based (at least to English ears) by Swift's Corinna, Pride of Dunbar, not to mention Curll's Corinna. Your Ladyship's faithful & devoted.'

15. A. L. S. Dated '27 Craven Street, Monday Morning' (October 3rd, 1836). 1½ pages 8vo.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—Our second correspondent, Mrs. Torre Holme, is very desirous of knowing whether her "Dolorida" will appear in your forthcoming *Book of Beauty*.* She wishes to apprise Alfred de Vigny thereof, and to desire him in that event to send a translation of his poem.

'When you answer this matter about which Mrs. Holme feels interested pray inform me on a matter in which I and all who know you are interested, namely, the state of your health. Your Ladyship's faithful & devoted.'

'P.S.—Mrs. Graham† denies the receipt of the £100. The Duke therefore came down *in* the dust, but not *with* it.'

16. A. L. S. Dated '27 Craven Street, Tuesday' (November 15th, 1836). 1½ pages 8vo.

'GORE HOUSE—AN IMPROMPTU.

'Mild Wilberforce, by all beloved,
Once own'd this hallowed spot;
Whose zealous eloquence improved
The fetter'd negro's lot.

* 'Dolorida' appeared in the *Book of Beauty* for 1838.

† *The Annual Register* for 1836 gives an account of a balloon ascent by Mrs. Graham and the Duke of Brunswick, which ended in the fall of both of them. The lady was most seriously injured, but the Duke escaped unhurt.

Yet here still slavery attacks
 When B——n invites—
 The chains, from which he freed the blacks,
 She rivets on the whites.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—I have taken charge of Mrs. Torre Holme's portrait which I will shew you, if you are visitable at dinner on Thursday next. Your Ladyship's faithful & devoted.'

'P.S.—I have sent the above to the New Monthly.'

17. A. L. S. Dated 27 Craven Street, Tuesday, January 31st (1837).
 1½ pages 8vo.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—The enclosed letter will speak for itself. It relates to a projected invasion of your neighbouring territory. Moore says "they may rail at this life," but Kensington Gore should prove an exception. I send you the letter that you may be awake to the mischief brewing. I think, however, it will end in smoke. I am instructed to oppose the bill on behalf of the Board of Ordnance; and the Comm^{rs} of Woods and Forests have intimated to the promoters of it that his Majesty has been advised not to consent to any invasion of Hyde Park. Your Ladyship's faithful and devoted serv^t.'

'P.S.—Do you dine at home on Saturday next?'

18. A. L. S. Dated 27 Craven Street, Wednesday, February 15th (1837).
 3 pages 8vo.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—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 railroad, 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 just returned from Paris with a model of a wig. Have you seen him?

'B[entley] 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 that not going from one extreme to the other?" enquired 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 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 waiter at Graham's, whose sole business is to pare the thumb-nails of the members. This is paring off without going to St. Stephen's. I have no more news.'

19. A. L. S. Dated 27 Craven Street, Friday, June 2nd (1837). 1½
 pages 8vo.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—Most unluckily I yesterday engaged myself to dinner on Sunday. I am attacked by lumbago, and fear, however, that I shall not be able to quit my house.

'Your amiable niece has written to me requesting my poetical aid to illustrate a portrait of two children of the Duke of Beaufort.† Will you when you next write to her say that I shall be most happy to do so. Your Ladyship's faithful & devoted servant.'

* The Hon. Edmund Phipps, 1760–1837, a general in the army, and for many years M.P. for Scarborough. He died at Venice.

† Henry, 7th Duke of Beaufort, 1792–1853, eldest son of the 6th Duke, whom he succeeded in 1835. The letter refers to the portrait of the Duke's two daughters, which appeared in Mrs. Fairlie's *Children of the Nobility*.

20. A. L. S. Dated 27 Craven Street, Friday, June 20th (1837). 2 pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I have been visiting the Rev^d H. Torre Holme and his talented wife. That lady read over to me "Dolorida." I suggested, and she acquiesced in the following emendations :

'For "Tranquil she seems, but in her anguish vain
Bites the unconscious hand," &c.
'Read "But wounds in anguish vain,
With jealous tooth the hand that feels no pain."
'For "So young, so beautiful," &c.
'Read "She sees him beautiful in manhood's bloom
Approach her couch as tho' it were his tomb."

'Will you (if these emendations receive the royal sanction) alter your MS. in conformity. Your Ladyship's faithful and devoted,' &c.

'P.S.—Do you dine at home on Monday next or on any future day in that week.'

21. A. L. S. Dated 27 Craven Street, Tuesday, July 11th (1837). 3 pages 4to.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—I transmit a new Mrs. Lane Fox, and remain your faithful & devoted serv^t.'

'P.S.—I hope *Niobe* arrived safe.

'TO MRS. LANE FOX (*with a Portfolio of Engravings*).*

'The book that in your lap reclines,
Where many a leaf like Zephyr wavers,
Within its ample scope combines
The skill of Britain's best engravers.
Fishers are there with humid nets,
Dutch boors intent upon their duties,
And Egypt's mendicant brunettes,
And mild Circassia's snowy beauties.

'Mountains whereon the clouds recline,
Whence many a Tuscan bravo sallies,
Castles that crown the rapid Rhine,
Cots that repose on Arno's vallies,
Divers o'er Indian surge reclined,
Where Phœbus glares with added brightness,
Delving for pearls ordained to find
On arms like yours a rival whiteness.

'Great painters here their colours strike,
Rubens no longer feeds on roses,
In sober brown reclines Vandyke,
Untinted Titian here reposes ;
Artists whose palettes to the sight
Present a gay prismatic olio
Arrayed in modest black and white
Repose within this huge portfolio.

'Yet not ev'n Bartolozzi's school
Can give all copies equal spirit,
Vainly the graver plies his tool,
To give to all impartial merit.
Each with what skill soever planned,
Grows than its predecessor fainter,
Falls faded from the wearied hand,
And disappoints the peevish painter.

* These verses appeared in the *Book of Beauty* for 1838.

‘Would he a gainful trade pursue,
His now superfluous labour saving,
Let the glad artist learn of you,
Lady, the art of true engraving ;
You, who at every glance awake
A portrait teeming with expression,
And cleverly contrive to make
Where'er you go a *Proof Impression!*’

22. A. L. S. Dated 27 Craven Street, Saturday, August 26th (1837).
1¼ pages 8vo.

‘Dear Lady Blessington,—I send you Coombe's philosophical work, which I shall not again want until Thursday, the 7th of September, when I must return it “to the place from whence it came.” I am to go to-day till Monday to Croker at Manby, and on Monday for a few days to our friend Lord Abinger, near Dorking. On my return to town I will write to you again soliciting another dinner.

‘Pray present my compliments to your interesting Italian visitor, and believe me to remain your Ladyship's faithful & devoted servant.’

23. A. L. S. Dated 27 Craven Street, Wednesday, September 13th (1837). 1 page 8vo.

‘My dear Lady Blessington,—I hope that you are still at Gore House, and I further hope that you are visitable at dinner either to-morrow or Friday.

‘The enclosed is *Anglo-Galic*, that the Countess may at all events comprehend half. Your Ladyship's sincere & devoted friend.’

24. A. Epigram to Count D'Orsay No date (September 27th, 1837).
½ page 8vo., with Superscription and Seal.

‘From Mount Street, Phipps to distant Venice hies,
And breathes his last sigh on the Bridge of Sighs.’

25. A. Verses. Dated October 9th, 1837. 1¼ pages 4to.

‘SHAKESPEARE SONNETS.

1st.

‘Absence and Presence
O'er common mortals hold a common sway ;
Absence alights when Presence takes her flight,
Presence presides when Absence is away,
O'er life's dull ocean born with steady sail,
Alike as brother oft resembles brother,
By cold indifference poised in equal scale
The one may well pass current for the other.
But (thee once known) what heart can ever know
Oblivion, weed that rots on Lethe's wharf?
Presence dispensing joy, and Absence woe,
This soars a giant, and that droops a dwarf.
Oh! disproportioned size of joy and grief,
Absence, how endless long, and Presence brief!

2.

‘Thou'lt still survive when I to time shall bow,
When my leaves scatter'd lie, thy rose will bloom ;
Thou'lt walk the earth, alert as thou art now,
When I am mould'ring in the silent tomb.
My face, my form, traced by the graver's tool,
Thou holdest ; hold them then ; and, with a sigh,
When shadowy night shall o'er the welkin rule,
Bethink thee, musing of the days gone by.

Be not *too* happy, or my jealous sprite
 Shall deem thy laughter light, thy spirits folly ;
 But gazing on my portraiture unite
 Serene content with sober melancholy,
 And cast, in thy below'd sobriety.
Some thoughts on him, whose *all* thoughts dwelt on thee.'

26. A. L. S. Dated 27 Craven Street, Thursday, November 2nd (1837).
 1½ pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—You may remember our conversation when I last dined at Gore House, about Mrs. Torre Holme's poem. The rejected of Murray hopes to become the accepted of Moxon, as the accompanying letter from her to you will, I presume, testify. I also transmit her book of MS. poems. Pray look them over and tell me whether you agree with me upon the subject of their merits.

'On what day after Sunday next shall I have the pleasure of dining with you? Your Ladyship's faithful & devoted.'

27. A. L. S. Dated 27 Craven Street, 'Monday Morning' (November 20th, 1837). 1½ pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—Many thanks to you for the *Book of Beauty*. I have forwarded Mrs. Torre Holme's copy to that lady near Norwich to her desire. When she passed through London on her road thither, she called on me and desired me to express to you her sincere thanks for your kindness and trouble in the affair of her book. She requested me to add that when she revisits the metropolis, she intends having the pleasure of repeating those thanks to you at Gore House. Your Ladyship's faithful & devoted.'

'P.S.—I have looked hastily through the book. How came W^m Jas. Denison, the M.P., to perpetrate such a rhyme as *Newmarket* and forget (see p. 148). Had you or I been consulted, we should have constructed the stanza as follows :—

'Newmarket no more he invokes,
 Dull Tattersall's darkens in gloom ;
 Adieu to the Derby and Oaks,
 Farewell to his trainer and groom.'*

28. A. L. S. Dated 27 Craven Street, Wednesday, February 7th (1838).
 1½ pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—Many thanks for your kind enquiries. 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,
 Humour with pathos, wit with sense allied,
 A playful fancy, and a feeling heart ;
 His task accomplish'd, 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.'

* Appeared in the *Book of Beauty* for 1836.

† George Colman, the younger, 1762–1836, dramatist, miscellaneous writer, and theatrical manager. Colman's biographer, Peake, states that Colman was secretly married to Mrs. Gibbs, but this is generally disbelieved. A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in noticing this inscription, considers it 'somewhat singular that more accomplished verses were not provided for the poet's monument.'

29. A. L. S. Dated 27 Craven Street, Monday, December 3rd (1838).
2½ pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—Meeting Blanche Bury, daughter of Lady Charlotte, at dinner a few days ago, I told her, half in joke, that I thought she should have a place in your *Book of Beauty* for the ensuing year. The girl seemed not at all averse, neither did her mother.

'Your Ladyship will of course look upon the affair as I do as a *matter of business*. If you think such an arrangement would benefit your Book I will of course undertake to do the poetry.

'Something more might be said about the transmission of beauty through three generations, the grandmother, one of the celebrated Miss Gunnings, being the originatrix. There exists, I am told, a very good portrait of Blanche, painted about three years ago. Believe me to remain, dear Lady Blessington, your faithful & devoted friend & servant.'

30. A. L. S. Dated 27 Craven Street, Friday, May 17th (1839). 1½ pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—Your idea of a book, entitled the "*Beau Ideal*" likes me much, and I will most willingly contribute my humble aid to illustrate one of the portraits.

'To-morrow I visit Twickenham till Monday. Perhaps the Muse of Pope may inspire me. Your Ladyship's faithful friend,' &c.

'P.S.—I have not seen the *Book of Beauty*, but I "catch the idea."

SOMERVILLE (Sir William Meredyth). Afterwards 1st Baron Athlumney, Chief Secretary for Ireland from 1847 to 1852. (1802–1873.)

1. A. L. S. Dated 6 Seamore Place, August 10th. 3 pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—Will you be so kind as to look over the accompanying MS. at your leisure, and to give me your opinion upon it, not in your usual kind and partial manner, but with uncompromising justice.

'I will not point out to you the objects or the faults of the tragedy—they will be evident to your discriminating judgment—but the original contains nevertheless many and striking beauties if they could but be faithfully rendered, and I cannot but think that unless the difficulty of doing so were considerable this performance of the greatest poet that Germany has produced (I am quite aware what I am bringing down upon myself by this opinion) would not so long have remained untranslated. Pray be unsparing in your censure wherever it may be wanted, and the greater will be the obligation conferred on your very sincere.'

2. A. L. S. Dated '5 Hamilton Place, Sunday' (1835?). 2 pages 8vo.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—Accept my warm thanks for your kind note. The little stranger is doing as well as possible. Lady Maria,* I am sorry to say, has not been as well as we could wish since twelve o'clock. Her medical attendant, however, has just been here, and declares the uncomfortable symptoms to be considerably abated. I hope soon to be able to give you a verbal assurance of her perfect safety, and at the same time to thank you for your kind and (to make use of a word much laughed at nowadays, but which I am very fond of) good-natured attention. Yours very faithfully.'

3. A. L. S. Dated Bifrons, Canterbury, September 21st, 1835. 4 pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—Accept my best thanks for your very kind letter of the 17th, which is, I almost fear, in the present instance too kind. If you would

* Sir William married first, in 1832, Lady Maria Harriet Conyngham; she died in 1843.

really advise me to do so, I would almost venture to have my translation printed, but there is much of it that is done in a slovenly manner, and would require revision; there is besides a long essay upon the use of the chorus in tragedy and upon the author's views and object in making use of it, which it would be unfair towards the immortal dead not to bring forward with the tragedy. Do you know any good German scholar who would take the trouble of reading my translation with the original and of making his remarks? If so, perhaps you would engage his services. It is strange that of all Schiller's tragedies this is the only one which has not been translated or rather published, for you tell me that Mr. Irvine has translated the same work, and I hope that your usual good-nature has not got the better of your judgment when you say that mine is the better of the two.

'I am sorry the little poem you are about to publish is not more worthy of your *Book of Beauty*, I fear the other stories are too long, and I assure you I am not one of those who would *take* huff at their productions being laid on the shelf, I know too well the value of them for that.

'I fear the day is gone by for producing a tragedy on the stage—the public taste is directed in another channel.

'I am very glad to hear that your excursion into the country has been of service to your health. I hope while you were about it that you have laid in a good stock of that most valuable commodity.

'We have here infamous weather, nothing but rain.

'Lady Maria is quite well, and Miss Somerville you will, I trust, find much improved when she next does herself the honour of paying you a visit. Believe me, my dear Lady Blessington, most faithfully yours.'

SUTTON (Charles Manners-), afterwards Viscount Canterbury.
Speaker of the House of Commons from 1817 to 1834. (1780-1845.)

A. L. S. Dated Palace Yard, March 12th, 1827. 3 pages 4to., with Superscription and Seal.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I have been not only such a defaulter in writing, but I must admit so absolutely abominable, that I hardly can account for my effrontery in again attempting to write to you, but my ingenuousness as to your faults and my estimate of your placability give me great courage with a pen in my hand; when perhaps I should not dare to be so bold in person. Well, now let me thank you most warmly first, for your congratulations on my re-election to the chair—next for the ring you were so kind-hearted as to send me—also for the monies, which have safely arrived, and in a lump for all your kind wishes and affectionate remembrances from time to time innumerable. In justice to myself I must say that I prize them as they deserve, and with such eagerness and delight I hear any improved report of your health, spirits, and general comfort from week to week from your dear sister and my dearest friend. So bad as I am, I am not so unpardonable for carelessness and indifference as I am for incivility and inattention. Of news, the first and best I can give you, is the health and spirits and most religious sociability of all at Wilton Green. I am sure you would not think Mrs. Power in looks an hour older since you saw her last; whilst 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 is my judgment, and I hardly think there lives in the world the person who could or would attempt to gainsay it, if they know her as well as we do. Louisa and Mary,* what the world would 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 Margt and Elly, dear little girls,

* Louisa and Mary Manners-Sutton were the writer's sisters. Mary, the elder of the two, married Hugh Percy, Bishop of Carlisle, and died in 1831; Louisa died unmarried in 1856.

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 ? and it is all question, for none of us can get an answer ; and yet the mystery cannot last much longer : the government has been walking without a head for more than three weeks ; and even the Catholic miracle does not give a precedent for so lengthened a walk. You can have no conception how deeply, generally, and lastingly, the poor Duke of York's death has been and is felt—even the present derangement of the government has not suspended the feeling—but on the contrary I shall say present circumstances bring it all back most strongly. As to news of a less public nature, commonly called gossip, I hear mighty little of it ; you know how my life keeps me out of the way of entering into it, though not always free from being flung at by it ; but I suppose that I must pay with others. Well, as long as I retain the good opinion of my friends and the effectual regard of those I love best, I am content to take my chance. Lord Normanby dined with me on Saturday ; and 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 in Rome. However, these sort of gaieties are not particularly in your way, I fancy ; and yet, though I know nothing of Pisa, and although I don't know whether it would equally agree with you, I cannot help wondering (foolishly perhaps) that you did not prefer Florence. Well, be this as it may, and go 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. I have now written a dullish and a longish letter—read as much as you like and leave the rest as very unimportant—though, by-the-bye, it would have been wisdom to have given this hint in the first line. Can you say anything to Lord B. in the way of apology for my not having answered his letter of congratulation ? I really thought he was then coming over on business, and the time has slipped through my fingers since. To Count Alfred I will write very soon ; but I must brush up my French. You will be glad to hear my trio of children are quite well—the two boys at Eton. With kindest and best remembrances to all, Lord B., Count A., and Miss P., ever, my dear Lady Blessington, your truly faithful and affectionate friend.'

TALBOT (Christopher Rice Mansel). Father of the House of Commons.† (1803–1890.)

1. A. L. S. Dated Fenton's Hotel, July 29th, 1846. 3½ pages 4to., with Superscription.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—Would that I could avail myself of your very kind invitation, but believe me, I am totally unfit for any kind of society. I avoid that of even my own relations, and have never had courage to return to my own house, either in London or Glamorganshire.

'I can look to time only, which blunts all feelings, to give me strength to live on, and when I recover it, there is nothing that will give me more pleasure than to renew old and grateful associations. It is soothing to me to think there are those who know how to sympathise with feelings like mine. It is not simply Death, nor simply the loss of those we deplore that forms the worst portion of human woe, those feelings indeed are severe enough, but fall far short of the horror attendant upon the watching the progress of such a disease as consumption. A dangerous miscarriage brought on by over-exertion and fatal confidence in her own strength was the beginning in my poor wife's‡ case of

* Charles John Manners-Sutton, 1812–1869, the writer's eldest son and successor.

† Mr. Talbot was so named from the fact of having retained his seat for Glamorgan from 1830 to 1890. He was elected fifteen times, and was only twice opposed. He sat as a Liberal up to 1886, and, not voting for Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, was ever after a doubtful Liberal Unionist. It is a curious circumstance that in all the years he sat in it his voice was never once heard in the House.

‡ Mr. Talbot had married in 1835 Lady Charlotte Butler, second daughter of the 1st Earl of Glengall. She was born in 1809.

all my troubles. For nearly two years I have been in a state of constant and increasing anxiety; for the last nine months that anxiety was uncheered by the slightest hope of recovery, and when I took her abroad last October it was with the moral certainty that she could never return alive. Yet throughout it was my duty to appear cheerful and to make her believe all was well, lest the full knowledge of her danger should precipitate the fatal crisis. I took with me a doctor, and my cook, a faithful servant of seven or eight years; the latter died by (I fear) the mismanagement of the doctor, and the former I was obliged to send home from Malta in a state of hypochondria verging on madness. You may imagine what a sad position mine was, under such circumstances, and I do not feel that I can ever recover the injury my constitution received from the constant sense of imminent danger hanging over me night and day for so long a time. I did not believe human nature could exist so long without a single happy or even tranquil moment; but it is past now, and there remains at least the conviction that the worst is past, and that this life now can bear no fruit more bitter than that I have been compelled to live on so long. The very doctor at Malta who attended on my poor sufferer, hard as medical hearts necessarily are, declared to me that nothing but an imperative sense of duty would induce him to watch so cruel and hopeless a disease, yet she never complained, and her only fear seemed to be that she might communicate the disease to me. My children were with me at Malta. Had it not been for them I should hardly have had courage to live. I am now about to leave London, and when I return I hope I may be well enough to come in person to thank you for recollecting me. Believe me, my dear Lady B., yours ever most truly.'

2. A. L. S. Dated Margam Park, Taiback, Glamorganshire, December 31st (1849). 4 pages 4to.

'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.

'I am almost sorry I ever saw the two ladies in question, for I must own the beauty so striking in the picture is not to be found in the originals. Then Lady G. Codrington‡ comes out quite radiant in the *Keepsake*, though she is, alas! but an ugly, cross-looking woman, with a large nose. Certainly the *Keepsake* ought to be a popular work with *ces dames*; but if anything can prove the superiority of imagination over reality, it would be the picture of the Queens of England. Only compare those magnificent eyes of our earlier queens (I marvel that you speak of Queen Mary as unlovely) with the boiled gooseberry peepers of our own gracious Sovereign.

'I am glad you admire M. Dubufe's picture of my children. Undoubtedly the likenesses are very good, but the style of painting is too French to please me. The picture ought to be in a Louis XIV. room, full of looking-glasses and gilt furniture; but modern painters like glitter and glare, and what they call colour, and thereby, in my opinion, spoil their correct and beautiful design. I am glad you have had fine weather in London. We have had nothing but a succession of storms of wind and rain since the beginning of November. Believe me ever most truly yours.'

* Lady Constance Gertrude Leveson-Gower, Duchess of Westminster, 1834-1880, one of the most beautiful women of her time, youngest daughter of the Duke of Sutherland, married in 1852 to the present Duke of Westminster.

† Lady Elizabeth Joanna Lascelles, 1826-1854, eldest daughter of the first Marquis of Clanricarde, married in 1845 to Henry Thynne, Viscount Lascelles, afterwards 4th Earl of Harewood.

‡ Lady Georgiana Charlotte Anne Codrington, second daughter of the 7th Duke of Beaufort, and wife of Christopher William Codrington, M.P., of Dodington. She died in 1884.

TANKERVILLE (Armandine Sophie Léonie Corisande de Grammont, Countess of). Daughter of Antoine, Duke de Grammont, and wife of Charles Augustus, 5th Earl of Tankerville. (1782-1865.)

A. L. S. Dated Hertford Street, April 19th (1849). 2½ pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—Many, many thanks for your kind & amiable letter. I am so happy to hear that you found my dear brother better than you expected. The same post brought me from him a melancholy account of himself & his sufferings, so yours was doubly welcomed. Thank D'Orsay for me with my love for his letter. I will answer it as soon as I can. I have been very unwell ever since last Saturday with a bilious attack brought on by this horrible weather—frost & snow, & now damp & snow. I have not yet received any prospectus about Gore House, but I have already made many people promise to go, and I shall take there my daughter. To-day Massey Stanley's plate is going to be sold at Foster's. The number of racing cups are enormous. My brother was delighted to see you, & he gives me a most charming description of your house at St. Germain's, & its situation. I feel sure that you will like it, & that I shall see you there one of these days, happy & contented, & going to church *every Sundays*; you remember our conversation! I leave my dear brother to do the rest, poor dear suffering angel has well deserved his reward hereafter. God grant that I may see him again without sufferings; but as long as these sores remain there is no hopes of that. I hope you will give my love to your niece, & believe me, dear Lady Blessington, y^{rs} affec.'

TURNER (Alfred). Secretary to the Society for the Protection of Literature.

A. L. S. Dated 32 Red Lion Square, July 13th, 1843. 2 pages 4to.

'Madam,—I am requested by Mr. Longman to address your Ladyship on the subject of your pending arrangements with Mr. Tauchnitz for the reprinting your works abroad, and to mention that doubts exist how far the present Acts for protection of Literature will prevent such reprints from being imported into this country and sold at the reduced price which would materially affect the sale of the London editions, and that Sir John Bayley's opinion is now taking on this subject, that the matter may be fully and sufficiently considered before anything is definitively settled with Mr. Tauchnitz. As soon as this opinion is obtained a special meeting of the Society for the Protection of Literature will be called to decide on the course which it will be advisable for authors to pursue on the subject, and I hope your Ladyship will be so kind in the meantime as to suspend any final arrangements. I have the honour to be your Ladyship's most obedient servant.'

TYNTE (Charles John Kemeys). M.P. first for West Somerset and afterwards for Bridgwater. (1800-1882.)

A. L. S. Dated 2 Rue Neuve de Berry, Paris, February 8th, 1842. 6 pages 8vo.

'My dear Madam,—Upon my return here from a short tour to the north, I had the pleasure of receiving your very kind note of the 13th of January, and I beg to offer your Ladyship my best thanks for your most kind and ready acquiescence in the request I ventured to make. I have notified to the fair "artiste" your kindness, and doubt not of her gratitude. I have likewise to thank your Ladyship in regard to the portrait for the *Book of Beauty*. The portrait that I am anxious to appear in that work is one of my second wife, a countrywoman of your Ladyship's (of the Meath family *née* Brabazon), and not having been married long, I am still *lover* enough to consider will not be surpassed by many portraits in that repository of loveliness. I fear, however, that we shall be too late, as the

portrait is not quite finished. If it is not asking too much of your Ladyship, will you kindly inform me what is the latest period at which a portrait can be received, and to whom it should be sent. I shall take advantage of forwarding soon for your Ladyship's (I hope) approbation, some lines. Alas! I cannot but consider myself (though married before I was twenty) older than I am, having *two sons** in the Dragoons. The eldest (now in the Prince Albert's Hussars) I had once the honour to present to your Ladyship, when he attracted your notice as a "pretty child." He is now at 19 a very good-looking, and more, very gentlemanlike youth, and I venture to direct him to wait upon your Ladyship with this note (if he has an hour to go to town from Hounslow Barracks before leaving for this place, where I am daily expecting him). The younger is in the Royal Irish Dragoon Guards, and is a *poet*, and very anxious that I should request a place for some lines of his, which I will venture to forward to your Ladyship. I feel quite ashamed of having taken up so much of your Ladyship's time. There is little news to send from here. The British Embassy is still with closed doors, and both English and other nations lament the loss of the Granvilles.† The *bal costumé* of the Duke of Orleans on Saturday night was by far the most splendid and the *best* party that has taken place this "season," and some of the characters admirably "got up." If I can at any time be of the most humble service to your Ladyship here, where you so deservedly hold so high a respect and regard, it will be a great pleasure to me to execute any commissions for you. I am, my dear madam, your ladyship's sincerely obliged, &c.

WESTMACOTT (Richard). The well-known Sculptor. (1799–1872.)

1. A. L. S. Dated '21 Wilton Place, Monday Evening.' 2 pages 8vo.

'Mr. R. Westmacott presents his compliments to Lady Blessington, and does himself the pleasure to enclose a copy of the lines by Mrs. Hemans he spoke of last ev^g. He hopes Lady B. will think as well of them as he does. He is quite vain of the share he has had in calling forth so *sweet* a song. He takes advantage of being in good company to send some wildish lines "written on the spot" as authors say—that is, in a storm literally—and presuming on his knowledge of Lady Blessington's kindness he ventures to beg her to read them over, & to tell him whether honor or profit may be derived from such productions. He has divers scraps of the sort, but knows no editors, and has a very respectful fear of them. He asks Lady Blessington *in amicitia* whether she thinks he has any chance of picking up *guineas* by pen as well as pencil in a small way.'

2. A. L. S. Dated 'Wilton Place.' 2 pages 8vo.

'Madam,—I hoped to have done myself the pleasure of calling in Seymour Place last night to make my enquiries after your Ladyship's health, & fearing indisposition might be the cause of my not having been favoured with the intended visit, but I was prevented till too late to venture to disturb you; I hope my fears are unfounded. I beg to say I shall be most happy to see your Ladyship whenever it may suit your convenience to honour me with a visit. To-day I shall be free after three. I beg to remain, madam, your Ladyship's obliged & faithful.'

3. A. L. S. Dated 21 Wilton Place, May 2nd, 1836. 2 pages 8vo.

'Madam,—I have been so worried about some matters with which I need not trouble your Ladyship, that I have hardly been out anywhere, & now am almost ashamed to go at all; but I do not for all that forget my friends, and, be sure,

* These two sons by Mr. Tynte's first wife, Miss Swinnerton, who died in 1838, were Charles Kemeys Tynte, 1822–1891, who succeeded to the property, first in the 11th Hussars, then in the Grenadier Guards, and Milbourne, a lieutenant in the Royal Irish Dragoon Guards, who was killed by a fall from his horse at the age of 22.

† Granville Leveson-Gower, 1st Earl Granville, 1773–1846, had just left Paris, where he had been ambassador for some years. He married, in 1809, Henrietta Elizabeth Cavendish, daughter of William, 5th Duke of Devonshire. She died in 1862.

your Ladyship & your kindnesses least of all. I intended long ago, as I believe I mentioned, to send you a little Ricordo of my studio, but I was unable to complete the work till just before the Exhibition, & have it moulded, and now beg your Ladyship to accept a cast of it. I call it "Blue Bell;" the original belongs to Lord Francis Egerton.

'The Count has given me up. I used sometimes to have the pleasure of seeing him. I beg to remain, madam, your Ladyship's ob^t se^t.'

WESTMORLAND (John Fane, 10th Earl of). A Statesman.
(1759-1841.)

A. L. S. Dated Berlin, January 21st, 1840. 4 pages 8vo.

My dear Lady Blessington,—I have written to recommend that the wishes in favour of your *protégé* should be attended to, and if Mrs. Percival will call at or send to the Royal Academy in Tenterden Street, asking for the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, she will learn what has been the decision of the Committee. I shall be most happy if I have succeeded thus in forwarding a wish of yours. I shall be very anxious to see the statue of Alfred's, 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, &c.

WILLIS (Nathaniel Parker). An American Author. (1806-1867.)

I. A. L. S. Dated Gordon Castle, September 23rd (1834). 3½ pages 4to.

'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 anything 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 *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*) and in watching the contortions of a lady who out-Broughams Brougham in *crispations nerveuses*.

'I went afterwards 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 Loch Leven, but my ankle

* John Wilson, 1785-1854, a well-known Scotch man of letters who, under the pseudonym of 'Christopher North,' contributed to *Blackwood*, between 1822 and 1835, the series of dialogues called 'Noctes Ambrosianæ.' He was Professor of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh University.

† Francis, Lord Jeffrey, 1773-1850, a judge in the Court of Session in Scotland and one of the founders, and at one time editor, of the *Edinburgh Review*. In 1831 he became Lord Advocate, and in 1834 was raised to the Bench as Lord Jeffrey. His life and correspondence, by Lord Cockburn, appeared in 1852.

‡ Auguste Charles Joseph, Count de La Billarderie Flahaut, 1785-1870, a French general and diplomatist, who married, in 1817, Margaret Elphinstone, daughter of Admiral Lord Keith, afterwards Baroness Nairn, 1788-1867. The Lady Keith mentioned in the letter was the Countess's stepmother, Hester Marie Thrale, daughter of Mr. Thrale.

§ Henry Thomas, Lord Cockburn, 1779-1854, a Scotch judge, who shared with Jeffrey the leadership of the Scottish Bar. A month after the date of the letter he was appointed, as Lord Cockburn, one of the Lords of Session, and in 1837 became a Lord Justiciary.

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 Sophia Something,** very pale, tall, and haughty, twenty-three, and sarcastic, whom I sat next at dinner yesterday—a woman I come 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 everywhere 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—*grâce 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 present 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.'

'I long to see the proof sheets of your book. How is it getting on? Is the *Book of Beauty* out yet?'

2. A. L. S. Dated 'Saturday Morning' (1835). 3 pages 8vo.

'My dear Lady Blessington,—A letter turn'd 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 enclose it to you, as an exponent of the tone of reputation you

* George, 5th Duke of Gordon, 1770–1836, Colonel of the Scots Fusiliers and Governor of Edinburgh Castle. He married, in 1813, Elizabeth, daughter of Alexander Brodie, Esq.

† George, 4th Earl of Aberdeen, 1784–1860, a distinguished statesman, who filled various high public offices, diplomatic and ministerial, having been Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs from 1828 to 1830 and again from 1841 to 1846, and was First Lord of the Treasury from 1852 to 1855.

‡ George Sholto Douglas, 19th Earl of Morton, 1789–1858, a Representative Lord of Scotland. He married, in 1817, Frances Theodora, daughter of Sir George Henry Rose. She died in 1879.

§ William David Murray, Lord Stormont, 4th and present Earl of Mansfield, born 1806.

|| Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Charles Gordon, 1790–1835, of the 42nd Highlanders.

¶ Caroline, Duchess of Richmond, eldest daughter of the Marquis of Anglesey and wife of Charles, 5th Duke of Richmond. She died in 1874.

** Willis, in his *Pencilings by the Way*, betrays that this was Lady Sophia Lennox, 1811–1873, seventh daughter of Charles, 4th Duke of Richmond. She married, in 1838, Lord Thomas Cecil,

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 labours, 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. Believe me to be, my dear Lady Blessington, ever faithfully yours.'

'Do not think I have forgotten the *Book of Beauty*. I have an idea laid away which I can produce for you at any moment, and you know you have only to give me any orders you please, for all my possible in your service.'

3. A. L. S. Dated 'Friday' (1835).

'Dear Lady Blessington,—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 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 Procter; but I have met him in thought, I doubt not, at the shrine where we both worship. Believe me, dear Lady Blessington, wholly yours.'

'Look at my seal and see the pretty 'W.' I have had cut on your pencil case, for which thank you, thank you. It will be an inheritance to my child if I ever get one.'

4. A. L. S. No date (1836). 2 pages 8vo. and 1½ pages 4to.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—I send you a rough draft of my idea for Lady Buckinghamshire'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 grounds for a quarrel, is very ungentlemanlike I think. Bulwer has written me, too, and a more temperate, just (tho' severe), and gentlemanly letter I never read. He gives me no quarter, but I like him better for having written it, and he makes me tenfold more ashamed of those silly, ill-starr'd letters. I enclose his letter to you, which I beg may not be seen by another eye than your own.

'I shall soon have the pleasure to see you, I trust, and remain, dear Lady Blessington, ever faithfully yours.'

'THE COUNTESS OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

'The music of the waken'd lyre
Dies not within the quivering strings;
Nor burns alone the minstrel's fire
Upon the lip that trembling sings;
Nor shines the moon in Heaven unseen;
Nor shuts the flower its fragrant cells;
Nor sleeps the fountain's wealth, I ween,
Forever in its sparry wells
The charms of th' enchanter lie

Not in his own lone heart—his own rapt ear and eye.

* Eleanor Agnes Eden, Countess of Buckinghamshire, 1778–1851, eldest daughter of William, 1st Lord Auckland, and wife of Robert, 4th Earl of Buckinghamshire. The verses, with some few differences, appeared under her portrait in the *Book of Beauty* for 1836.

'I gaze upon a face as fair
 As ever made a lip of Heaven
 Falter amid its music-prayer.
 The first-lit star of summer even
 Springs scarce so softly on the eye,
 Nor grows with watching half so bright,
 Nor, 'mid its sisters of the sky,
 So seems of Heaven the dearest light.
 Men murmur, where that shape is seen,
 "My youth's angelic dream was of that form and mien."
 'Yet, though we deem the stars are blest,
 And envy in our grief the flower
 That bears but sweetness in its breast,
 And praise the enchanter for his power,
 And love the minstrel for the spell
 He winds from out his lyre so well—
 The starlight doth the wanderer bless,
 The lyre the listener's tears beguile,
 And—lady, in thy loneliness,
 Whose is to-day that radiant smile?
 A lamp is lit in beauty's eyes,
 That souls, else lost on earth, remember angels by.'

5. A. L. S. Date 'Manor House, Lee, Kent, Monday, 18th' (1836).

'My dear Lady Blessington,—I enclose 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.'

6. A. L. S. (to Dr. Madden). Dated Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, April 6th (1836).

'My dear Sir,—The severe indisposition of my wife† has confined me for the month past almost entirely to the house, and I have been out of the way either of seeing persons or of hearing news. I learned to-day for the first time that in a late No. of the *Examiner* (which I have not seen) there has appeared an extract from your new book, in which you complain of an American gentleman to whom you entrusted your MSS. The enclosed note will explain to you the history of the books & MSS. you were kind enough to commit to my charge up to their arrival in London. Since that time they have remained at an American publisher's in Red Lion Square, subject to your order. I had immediately informed Lady Blessington of the arrival, and presuming that you must have known of the fact through her Ladyship, I have expected to receive directions from you respecting them.

'I feel sure that you will immediately acquit me of any intentional neglect

* Both Willis himself and his *Pencilings by the Way* were severely commented upon in the *Metropolitan Magazine* for January 1836, of which Marryatt was the editor. Willis's letter to Marryatt, which he had lithographed and sent copies to seven of his friends, eventually resulted in a challenge from Marryatt, and a meeting was arranged at Chatham. Marryatt's second, however, finding his principal in the wrong, made him concede what was necessary, and the affair ended peacefully.

† Willis married, October 1st, 1835, Mary, daughter of General Stace, Royal Ordnance Store-keeper at Woolwich Arsenal. She died in 1845.

towards you after this explanation, and omit, if it is not too late, any remarks in your book which may (as I am afraid they will) reflect on my fairness. Your hospitality to me when I was in Italy, aside from my sincere and often expressed admiration of your genius, prevent me effectually from making any other appeal than to yourself for a justification. I trust I have not & shall never forfeit the claim to your friendship founded on your own gratifying and flattering kindness. I remain, my dear sir, very faithfully yours.

'Mr. Fay,* the author of the enclosed note, sailed for America on the 1st of October last.'

7. A. L. S. Dated 'Old Charlton, Blackheath, Friday Morning' (1836).
3 pages 8vo.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—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 Lieut. Stace can scarcely fail to get the appointment. Mrs. Willis begs for leave to call and thank you for the very great kindness of your interest for her brother. We shall be in town for a day or two next week, and with your permission we will give ourselves this pleasure some morning before your hour of going out.

'I don't know whether you and D'Orsay have discovered the *réchauffés* 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 unrivalled charm of your manner as a *raconteuse*. You would recognize too, I think, the description of your house in *Lady Ravelgold's Romance*. Indeed, dear Lady Blessington, you must look on everything 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.

'My address in town which you so kindly ask is Otley's, Conduit Street. I am there every other day, and anything sent there is transmitted to me by the evening's post.

'With my best thanks and remembrance to Count D'Orsay, believe me, my dear Lady Blessington, ever faithfully yours.'

8. A. L. S. Dated 'Charlton, Thursday Morning,' 1836. 3¼ pages 8vo.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—I must express to you the pleasure I had in making Mrs. Willis acquainted with you, she, like all who approach you, having formed an immediate and strong attachment. She begs me to renew her adieus to you, and tell you how happy she shall be to meet you again on her return. She started an hour since for Chichester, whither I follow to-morrow.

'I cannot 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, dear Lady Blessington, and believe me, most faithfully yours.'

'Anything sent to *John Miller, Publisher, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden*, will be forwarded to me in the dispatch bag of the Minister.'

'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? Will you make my compliments acceptable to Miss Power, and say that the letter she proposed to charge me with will reach me at Portsmouth, if mailed on Friday evening and directed to me there *poste restante*. I

* Theodore Sedgwick Fay, born in 1807, an American author, joint-editor with Willis of the *New York Mirror*. He was American Secretary of Legation at Berlin from 1837 to 1853, and from 1853 to 1861 was Minister at Berne. After 1861 he lived in retirement in Berlin.

shall be too happy to be her messenger, or to execute any commission for her in America.'

9. A. L. S. Dated Dublin, January 25th, 1840. 3 pages 4to.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—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 check'd 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 Hudson. She chances to be singularly like your picture by Parris, 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 honour, 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 favour to myself. She is a high-spirited, romantic, fearless girl, *à la 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 Van Wyck—Miss Van Wyck, of Grove Hill; and if you should write, if you will be kind enough to enclose 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 Giant's Causeway, &c. I shall be in the country perhaps a fortnight, and in London probably in the course of a month. Meantime, dear Lady Blessington, I remain yours most faithfully.'

'Remember me most kindly to D'Orsay.'

10. A. L. S. Dated 137 Regent Street, Friday Evening, January 24th, 1845. 4 pages 8vo., with Superscription.

'Dear Lady Blessington,—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 were too tenderly human

* *Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland*, by N. P. Willis and J. Stirling Coyne, published in 1842.

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 tho’ 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 renew’d your friendship towards me. I remain, dear Lady Blessington, most faithfully yours.’

‘My best remembrances, with my adieux, to Count d’Orsay.’

* This mulatto servant, Harriet Jacobs, had an interesting history. She was an escaped slave from a plantation in North Carolina, who took refuge with a family of free negroes, by whom she was kept hidden for five years, at the end of which time she escaped to the North in 1842, and became Willis’s house servant. She remained in his household until 1861, having meantime been bought by Willis in order to protect her effectually against her former owners, who had tracked her out. When the Civil War began she went to Washington, and became matron to a soldiers’ hospital. She was still living there in 1885.



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