Pl. VI

JOSEPH ADDISON.

London Published at the Anchor Strand by J. Walker

Extract of a Letter from Brigadier Nanwix at Carlisle Aug.st 7 1719. —

Sir

Upon my arrival here on the 4th. in the Evening, I found Your letter which had arrived that very morning. In answer to which I must acquaint you that there are some Officers and private Men wanting as you will see by the inclosed return, I have ordered the two Companies to be compleated wch will be done immediately but it not being in my Power to send to the absent Officers, I hope His Grace the Duke of Ormond will be pleased to give His orders to the Colonell who is now in London that He may Command them to their Posts.

A Return of the two Compys at Carlisle Aug.st 7th 1714

	Captain	Lieutenants	Ensigns	Sergeants	Corporals	Drums	Centinels
Colo.l Fitzgerald's Comp.y	0	1	0	2	2	1	25
Colo.l Dawson's Comp.y	0	1	1	2	2	1	24
Totall	0	2	1	4	4	2	49

St James Aug.t 12.th 1714.

12

My Lord

I am commanded by the Lords Justices to transmitt to Your Grace the enclosed extract of a Letter from Brigadier Maxwix giving an Account of the State of the Garrison of Carlisle; Their Ex.cies desire Your Grace will please to give order for the Officers who are absent from thence to repair immediately to their Duty

I am with the greatest respect

My Lord

Your Grace's

most obedient and

most humble Servant

J. Addison.

Duke of Ormond

14 Aug. 1717

From Mr. Addison

M. Marion Crawford.

2

Sir, I shall have great pleasure in becoming a subscriber to your work "The New Aid to Memory" – and if you will leave the part or parts already published with Messrs. Cunningham & Mortimer, and shall send them this note, they will pay you for them in my behalf.

Yours truly

W. Harrison Ainsworth.

Kensal Manor House
Harrow Road. Feby 21st 1843.

3

Lyme. Dorset.
June 29.

Dear Sir,

The book is Bolland and Lang's Politics of Aristotle, published by Macmillan & Co. I have it a copy by me, but you could easily find the passage, for it is in Lang's Prolegomena, and contains footnote references to Taylor and Kenrick. In haste

Yours very truly

Grant Allen.

What hand can paint, what tongue can tell
The landscape charms, the tints that dwell
In bright Italian skies!
Oh then the humble artist spare,
If now that hand, that tongue, that tint to bear
Which pounded art defies!

Let vain angels be attempt the glow,
The tints of heaven adorned bow,
Where each so jointly lingers:
Or like presumptuous artists, dare
To dash the lightning, and place
Where she have burnt their fingers.

Or in some instrument divine,
The wild commixed color combine
Of every birds the throttles.
Or catch Vesuvius' breath for fume,
And cork it tightly down in one
Of Ambrosia's bottles.

As well spray the world to move
Or scale the battlements of Jove
And snatch the fire from Heaven
Tho' many tried yet many failed
But one bold hand at last prevailed
Prometheus alone stood seen

Immortal Hand! stood there alone
To know the red and yellow zone
The heaven-born light to wield;
Bear storm, and Ever & ardent day
Lavish to ~~please~~ the stolen ray
And bid the coward yield.

Yet stole his pleading voice to tone
The simple outline of a face,
So lonely sad, so blest,
What tho the brilliant eye be dead
And lips be white which showed be red
Let fancy dream the rest

But when I ask a Tofanil a scene
with lots of brown, and few de fen
In Englands dingy shore,
Man simply black & white would do,
For every tint and every hue
Contents. I'd seek no more.

—

Grant Allen

Sent with a Sepia
Drawing to me

C.A.B.B.

dear Mr Moore

you have called twice & each time I have malicious been out.

I old much like to have a chat – & hope you can come & dine at 5 S. Kens. mansions next Tuesday at 7.30

please send a line – & please come.

Always Yours

H Allingham

18 Nevill St SW

Oct 15

1870.

If you do dine here I may go – if by yourself me – I go.

Drawn by [illegible]

Engraved by [illegible]

CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY.

From an original Picture in the possession of Arthur Anstey Calvert Esq.

London. Jan. 1. 1810. Published by W. Kerrison & Wright Pall Square.

Bath

11 – Feb: 98 –

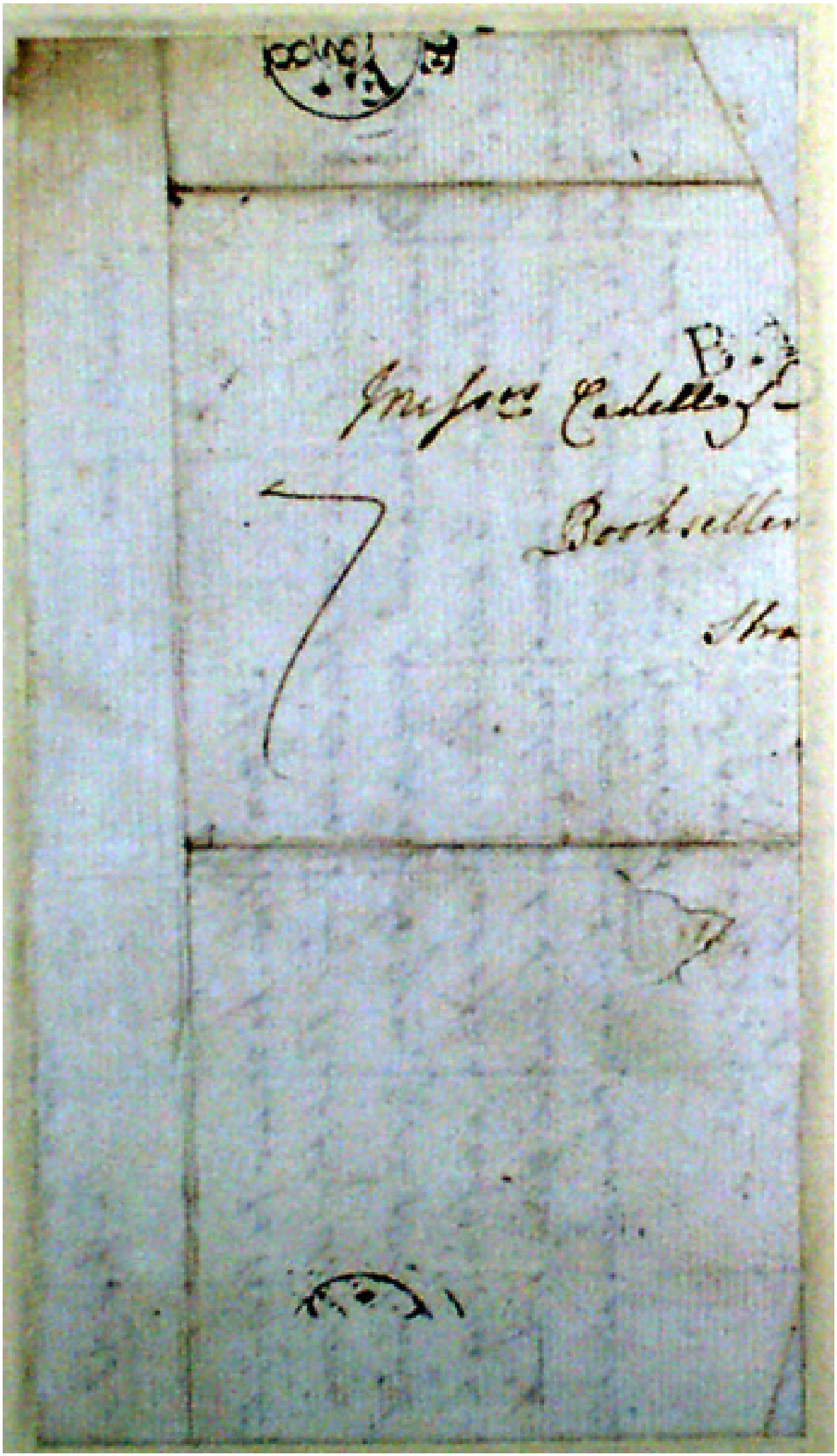
Gentlemen

If you please to recur to the Letter which I wrote to you at the same Time that the ~~dec~~ Copies of the Decayed Macaroni were sent to you, you will find that I requested you to advertize it as often, and in such papers as your own ~~decd~~ Judgment directed you, which though late I should be glad you would do – it has been advertized at Bath and as you bring Copies and

I am yr Hble Servt

Thos Foster

3


Mr Jos: Cadell
Bookseller
Abr

Jersey 27th. Nov.

I beg you to let my bill.
Because we have two Cases of Contraband w.
on my acct — John Barclay.

W. & D. DOWNEY, 97 & 99, Ebury Street, London.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

Most willingly I send you
dear Walford – the enclosed,
which lie by me, a little
a smack of "chapel", I
think, about them – I will
see if I have anything
else at home (–)
shall be paid in shining
sovereigns – if you like them
and they help you

Yours
E. Arnold

D. T.
July 12.
about
1900

11

35, HANS PLACE, S.W. Feb. 22nd.

My dear Currie

I hope and think you are likely to be quite safe, but of course I will gladly do all I can for you at the Athenæum. I hope, when you are elected there, we may yet sometimes meet.

Ever truly yours,

Matthew Arnold.-

Thoughts Suggested By a Visit to St. Andrew's Church, Fairlawn.

Wouldst thou escape the din of the rude world
And all the petty cares and mocking hopes
That daily vex our frail and anxious clay,
Advance thy steps to this time-hallowed place,
The seat of holy worship and deep peace.

Say, lives there not within these ancient walls
An all-pervading air of sanctity,
As if some gentle Spirit from on high
Had wandered from its bright celestial sphere,
And with full consecrating touch led thereto
Altar, and tablet, and the sleeping dead.
Nor less around the grey and solemn pile
Does every object speak of holy calm.
The burial-ground shows many well known mounds
And many an undistinguished nameless grave —
They crowd flower-sprinkled sacred spots
Where mortal dust waits the eternal day.
Great Nature guards with ever-loving care
These sacred precincts. Tall and lordly elms
Like giant warders sentinel the graves,
And through their branches time the truant wind
To stage-like music and soft minstrelsy.
The great, the good, the virtuous slept around,
And many a one who in life's latter hour
Fought the a steady warrior 'mid the throng.
Witness the tomb of Colliett, which recalls
A name and memory time shall long hand down
As of a man who, born in low estate,
Yet with stout heart proved humbler as a peer,

And with it dared the mighty to the fray.
There, too, his helpmate lies, her sex's grace,
For every gentle female virtue famed,
And every frugal art to woman known.
They sleep beneath the shadow of the tower —
The stately tower that like a monarch stands
Fronting the morn with bold defiant look
And braving all the anger of the sky
When lightnings spend their rage upon the world.

See there with antiquated, modest air
The Vicarage overlooks the silent homes
Within "God's Acre." Many a pious man,
The well loved pastor of the parish flock,
Has there resided, fill'd with purpose high,
And led a life so full of settled peace
That when arrived the evening of its close
No gloomy terrors stole upon the brow
Of shadowy sunset. When they passed away
Few persons know, but well we may believe
Some slumber near, among the hallowed dust
The fleeting centuries have piled around.

Doth not this sacred pile, these precincts calm,
Fill'd with memorials of the happy dead,
Convey some solemn lessons to the mind?
Life, Death, Eternity confront us here,
And in the soul there ~~comes~~ stirs a sense of awe.
We feel as travellers standing on a shore
Wash'd by a fathomless, mysterious sea,
And waiting but the fast-advancing wave
To be engulphed in its tremendous depths.
Each worldly passion, each unworthy thought
That binds us with ignoble chains to earth,

So subjugated, as before our eyes
The page of immortality unrolls.
We see that life is but a single stage
Of a long wondrous journey, leading on
To bliss or woe through unborn centuries.
Heeding as we pass the sliding hours
That make up man's allotted time on earth.
Needing to learn how we shall fitly live;
All things are here for teaching. Yonder stands
The School, close bordering to the churchyard path,
Where children under wise and fostering care
Hear noble precepts and gain saving thoughts
Fit for the battle-day or peaceful home;
And on each Sabbath, in the sacred fane
Right opportune, we learn how best to pass
The gloomy portal of all-conquering death,
And meet the dawn of the supernal day.

Now let the eye command a wider range
Of the fair landscape. See, a belt of light,
The river winds among the emerald meads,
And on its bosom bears the silvery chimes
The bells from the old tower speak to the breeze.
The town lies quiet 'neath the summer glow,
Backed by the hamlets of woods, and crested hills,
And cornfields waving all their ~~golden~~ pearly grain
Like hosts contending in a fatal fray.
Along the valley spread the gardens fair
Filled with a rare delicious plant, a source of wealth
When favouring suns and balmy nights conspire
To load with fruit its tendrils. On a slope
Crowning a park wooded by the fallow deer,
The ancient Castle stands, time-honoured seat
Of learned prelates, pious men and true,

Like one good Pilgrim, who, each Sabbath morn,
Though smitten by affliction, bends his steps
Along the chancel-yard path to this old fane
To join the crowd devout. The Castle walls
Have long been strangers to the storm of war.
Learning and Piety have sheltered there
Their peaceful emblems, and the stately pile
Has sheltered also laymen wise and good
Like Pitkin, who invoked the Attic muse,
And garlanded the flowers of Helicon,
And many another whom the roll of fame
Keeps record of, as immortals last hath prized

Amid this dome so full of sweet repose,
A hunted monarch once a refuge found,
And safely slept, a Vernon's honored guest,
In Farnham tower, that held the loyal and true,
As still it holds. Vernon himself now lies
Bound in death's slumber in the holy fane,
Safe from the rude alarms of civil war.
Oh! never may the sword again be drawn
By England's sons in fratricidal strife.
The curse which branded Cain must surely cling
To those who drench the land with kindred blood.
The minstrel will may tune a rolling strain
In praise of heroes who on foreign shores
Bore England's flag with honour through the fray,
But never shall hast sound a triumphant note
To glorify the memory of a war
That spent its fury on our own loved isle.
It left a path with blood and ruin strewn
And made the nation heir to mournful wrecks
Of noble buildings, shattered in the storm,
With mighty limbs hurling from the wind walls
Mocking at grandeur prostrate in the dust.

Mark yonder dark brow'd hill, with furrows crown'd,—
Wild king that dominates a silent realm
Shaded with wild beauty. At its base there lies
Moor Park, where oft the learned Temple dwelt,
And sought Philosophy in cloistered haunts.
There, too, his pupil, Swift, mysterious man,
Satire grew, and while he scorned mankind,
Breathed vows of love in a maiden's ear.
Still stands the cottage skirting the old Park,
Where 'Stella' drew the breath of early life,
And bloom'd the fairest flower that graced the woods.
No shadow from the mournful evil deeps
Had cross'd her path till he, the Scholar, came,
And won with amorous eloquence her heart.
She was the star of his wild destiny,
But Fate smiled not upon the yielding maid.
Over the sober radiance of the hour
Fell'd with the dawning hopes of trusting love,
Stole clouds of darkness, gloomy lackeys
Of life-long wretchedness and despair are —
Misery that still evokes compassion's tear.

Behold yon ruin near the peaceful stream
That mirrors to the melancholy moon
The broken remnants and the shattered shapes
That constituted once a glorious pile.
'Tis Staveley's old Abbey, grey and lone,
Half hid among the gloom of sheltering woods,
That grace the lovely landscape. Silent now
The aisles where once the smile Cistercian trod,
And wandering winds in mournful cadence sound
Where once ascended hymns of praise to Heaven,
Yet still the spell of holiness lies here,
Compelling hearts to worship. May no hand

Despoil the sacred ruins. May no voice
Irreverent sound, no shapes, save those which love
To haunt the grey memorials of the past,
And plant bright flowers upon forgotten graves,
Visit the spot. And when this hand, that makes
A strain abrupt to celebrate its charms,
Lying bereft of power, shall wield no more
The muse's pen, may future bards still sing
Of Waverley's monastic, peaceful shade.

Such are the scenes that from St. Andrew's tower
The eye enjoys, and such the thronging thoughts
That fill the breast when musing on the sight
Varied and solemn, beautiful, and benign.
Around we see the Spoiler, Time, at work
Filching the sands of life from all on earth,
Mingling the mighty with the common dust,
Levelling the gorgeous structures of the proud,
And scattering them to all the winds of heaven.
Mutation and destruction menace all
That bears the stamp of frail mortality.
Incarnate souls breathe in this air mutable
Then vanish from before our gazing eyes,
~~Dazzled with their brief lightings, like a transient bolt~~
Brief as a dream. Only in temples built
To glorify the Lord and King of all
~~Preserve no memory of their sole fane,~~
With fame's wealth sealed, down the eternal stream.
Let us, then, remote our ancient Church,
The ~~Home~~ of this poor tribute. Let us guard
The building strongly against the assaults of time,
And keep it worthy of its sacred use,
That still from age to age the pile may stand
A temple fair, ~~greeting~~ meeting the eye of gaze of day.

Come all who in a noble work delight
And with its honour hasten to link your names.
Let time age lengthy impress its hand
Upon the Church, and save it from decay,
Perhaps all the solemn memories it shrines;
That, fragrant as the Sabbath morning breeze,
The, left my soul, these ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ may,
And long through many a changing century,
The breath of prayer ascend from that old pile,
And find acceptance at Jehovah's throne.

Alfred Austin.

Aylesham Road, Guildford,
Sept. 1863.

Recd. Monday 21 Feb. 1840 —
E H Hughes

My dear Hughes,

I have read with great interest and delight the two pages you were kind enough to read of your projected Essay. The importance is in fact, infinite. I require you to proceed in their track of liberality. Not all the bad and bullying and gorgeous nonsense of Mackintosh, Sterling, & Milman to me to prefer a spirit more indicative.

Your elucidation of 100 phenomena all related to our last & to Prof. Sally, Poetry and Rock and so could not but interest my mind be.

There are few subjects you will have observed occasionally which I do not

numbers some eight or nine hundred likely, and in their opinion will prove I think a great source of calamity and perhaps which cannot fail, favourably with some other particulars of the force and circumstances as it does, altered the Middle ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ – Officers in the working at the work are a little to produce a pretty more and agreeable effect. But there are other reasons which the passage of some time explained.

You do not say whether you work out to relieve the garrison, and upon have another effect of Hand officers like to, keep it. Otherwise, you can let the Rangers in. Yours very. In total, you have sent three in letters or nothing that I should care to see

allowed. The publication remarks in Paris and the standard of Paris are I think thoroughly sound and admirable as the good. The passage allusion to the Principal ~~[illegible]~~ above

When the national person of Creation Lord and the consider the work of God work is powerful and truly grand. The by see pain too, the hand of the person of Jerusalem is especially fine, and I should not have altogether though it contained there the publication of Dr.

I have not heard from Mr B since in a letter but I am glad to hear that he is well.

Dear Gurney faithfully

P Wall Bailey

1848

Oct 21st

P. J. Bailey

Hampstead friday evening

20

My dear Sophia

We shall be most happy to see you all next thursday the 12th at half past five or as early as you please. And if you would bring a gentleman with you (suppose one of the Denmans) to keep Robert Company, we should be obliged to you — We had a

kind visit from Lady Denman this morning accompanied by Richard & Caroline, and I had a mind to ask Richard then, but Mr Rogers & his sister came in and prevented me. —

Our poet was very agreeable, but does not seem so strong as he did last spring. Time has told upon him since then.

He is fond of your Brother and all belonging to him, so his coming in and finding them here was a very agreeable circumstance. What a delightful day we have had! I have been as far as Bellevue to see poor Miss Buchanan. Good night!

Your affectionate

Willie

Mrs Baillie

March – 1846.

REV. RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

(Thomas Hagelsby)

London: Richard Bentley. 1841.

Sunday Night

My dear Chiswick

All tomorrow morning will be invaluable to us in our state of transition as we want to get into our new abode on Wednesday or Thursday at latest, if therefore you will excuse our coming out to you you will much oblige us and you may depend on our being in waiting for you here and ready by 5 so as not to keep you waiting

Dick thanks you for the notes which will be disposed "all in honest hands".

How was it that the notice did not appear in the Globe on Saturday? I presume from some after arrangement between you and Moran, at all events the copy was down at the office by a quarter

past nine in the morning so that the delay does not rest with me. Jack I find is going off triumphantly.

Yours in haste but as ever

R.H. Barham

Best respects to the ladies - Mercier & some of his folks have put an account of your visit to him, they tele-ed, into some Sunday paper as a puff preparatory

Something from "Alice's Jestland" would be worth translating.

Lorlenia Collins
Grove Vale
E. Dulwich SE
8. Oct 1879

My Dear Dr Rogers

I am obliged to you for kindly sending me your likeness along with photo of Hogg's Monument. I shall keep them along with "Little Willie" and the two poems in "Children's Friend". The first two I am ashamed of, but the third entitled "Love & Kindness" is no bad.

Of the entire "Little Willie"

could be translated into the
Russian. The work, if properly
done, would reflect more
credit upon the Author and
translator. I think I mentioned
to you that one or two from
the little vol had been translated
into French, and appeared in
Le Paris Journal, Enclosed
are a few of the notices which
you might send along with
Mr K. Much about the same
in health as when I saw you,
which is Life compared with
three months back,
Kind regards to all, Yours ever
M Barr

Fifth Edition, foolscap 8vo. cloth 5s.

POEMS BY MATTHIAS BARR,

AUTHOR OF

'Little Willie,' 'The Child's Garland,' 'Hours of Sunshine,' &c. &c.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

'It is in truth the human emotion which pulses through almost every verse of these artless and unaffected strains that gives them their charm, their value, and their interest. The poet makes us feel not alone the beatings of his own heart as a father, a husband, a lover, a friend, but of the hearts of all who have ever known the happy emotions engendered and inspired by those divinely appointed relations of life which make so much of our heaven on earth. Since the singing of Burns, the poetry of the human heart has found no more faithful interpreter than the singer of its tenderest and sweetest, and at times its saddest sensations. . . . We should much regret that the reading public, craving as it does for the rare delights of genuine poetry, should miss the exquisite pleasure which it cannot but find in the original workings of Mr. Barr's genius, which can unseal many a fountain in the human heart by the magic of its muse, and impose on us fresh obligations of gratitude for the intellectual enjoyment it can create.' PUBLIC OPINION.

'There is something exquisitely beautiful about Mr. Barr's poems. That he is a lover of nature, and all the simplicity of a rural life, is manifest from several of his powerful pieces. "The Village Story," with its four hundred lines, is a masterly composition, and marks the author as a poet of no ordinary genius. Some of the minor poems are specially to be noted for their unique character, and are unexcelled even by Tennyson himself. There is grace, beauty, tenderness, pathos, imagination, and true poetic spirit running through all Mr. Barr's poems, which will make them popular with the intellectual and the common people.'—CHRISTIAN UNION.

'It is rarely in a lifetime that the critic lights upon a book—and that a book of poetry—which finds him poverty-stricken for lack of compliments sufficient for its deserts. We are in this dilemma . . . and yet the fear lest too much praise should seem [illegible] above and beyond mere critical commendation. This book of Matthias Barr's is the brightest and best, the purest and truest, and manliest contribution to the poetry of the age that we have met with for many a long year. Full of rare thoughts and sweet poetic fancies, there is the warm throbbing of a gentle yet manly nature in every line—the art and exquisite fancy of Tennyson, with the sympathetic tenderness of Longfellow. . . . The most important poem is "A Village Story," a sad and sorrowful narrative, full of sunset-shadows, the sighing of the sea, and the human heart-ache. It is a most complete performance, deserving in its perfection of rhythm Dr. Johnson's eulogium on "The Deserted Village."'—ILLUSTRATED MIDLAND NEWS, *on Third Edition.*

'Mr. Barr's poems possess a charm easy to feel and difficult to resist, but at the same time no less difficult to define—except, indeed, that their combined sweetness and pathos are palpably present in almost every line. These poems are the breathings of a true poet: they carry with them, therefore, impulses of deep emotion, they awaken warm sympathies, they kindle pure and elevating aspirations. Need we commend these, through any detailed criticism, to those who may read what we have just written? We only advise our readers to become readers of one of Mr. Barr's poems: that one—it matters not which, let it be the one we print elsewhere—that one will be the best possible recommendation to read his every line.'—BERROWS' WORCESTER JOURNAL.

'The author has more than vindicated for himself the place which was assigned him. To fertility of fancy and elevation of thought he has added in his later effusions a more cultivated taste, a more perfect ear for rhythm, and a more copious diction. This greater command of language appears not in the coinage of uncommon words, but in the direction of greater purity and simplicity. Mr. Barr, in expression as well as sentiment, is showing himself to be a healthy poet.'—EDINBURGH DAILY REVIEW.

'To turn from the ghastly legends of the so-called romantic school, and from the unpleasantly suggestive realism of many of our modern poets to such poems as those of Mr. Barr, is like exchanging the heat and glare of the crowded theatre for the cool freshness of the starlight night and the quiet of the streets. It is in the two rare qualities of freshness and naturalness that Mr. Barr excels. . . . Our author has chosen for his theme that which "lies the nearest"—the events of his home life. Like Wordsworth, too, he draws his inspiration from the commonest objects: the crowded streets of the city, the play of children, the simplest scenes, the commonest flowers, are all handled by Mr. Barr with rare delicacy and true poetic feeling. We believe that we may one day apply to Mr. Barr himself the lines in which he describes Burns as being—

"One living thought,
Which hath a being in each mind,
And doth beget a unity
And love 'twixt human kind."'

ILLUSTRATED REVIEW *on Third Edition.*

'No one appeals more than this author to the universal sympathies of mankind: no one can be more careful to preserve at all times healthy and manly sentiments. Whether his theme be the love of children, the love of nature, the love of one's fellow-creatures, or the awful and grateful love which man should have for his Creator, Mr. Barr is always apt and vigorous, and every one who peruses his verses may find both pleasure and improvement. However extensive the circulation of Mr. Barr's verses may have been already, a large field for their future diffusion still exists, and it is a meritorious act to aid in so good a work.'—ORCHESTRA.

'Such pieces as "Little Willie," "Only a Baby Small," "Gone Before," "Toddling up the Hill," "Oh! the World were very Dreary," and "Dead," would have handed him down to posterity and given him an exalted place in the affections of the people though he had never written another line. . . . Of the other pieces, we need only mention the following as all bearing testimony to the lofty powers of their author as a true poet:—"Dead in the Street," "Love in a Court," "The Poet," and "A Village Story"; while, as a song-writer, Mr. Barr has but few equals indeed.'—NEWCASTLE MAGAZINE *on Fourth Edition.*

'He is a poet of the highest order, and may fairly be ranked among the best of our time. He writes graceful poems, replete with pathos and poetic power. We hope Mr. Barr may be long spared to enrich our literature with his sublime gift of song.'—BUXTON ADVERTISER.

'It is not too much to say that in the utterances of Burns himself, human feeling, in its ordinary phases, has hardly found a more truthful interpreter than Mr. Barr.'—AUSTRALIAN AND NEW ZEALAND GAZETTE.

'"A Village Story" is remarkable for the sustained power, the dignity and force of the blank verse in which it is composed, while as a pathetic story of human life and suffering it holds the reader from the first to the last line.'—BRIEF.

'The poem entitled "Nell" is worthy of a place beside Tom Hood's undying "Bridge of Sighs." It will make men weep, and soften the stonest of hearts.'—COURT CIRCULAR.

'Of Mr. Barr's poems it is impossible to speak too highly; they are written from the heart to the heart, and deeply touch the sweetest and the tenderest chords in the human heart.'—THE ROCK.

'Mr. Barr may say, in the language of Goethe, "Ich singe wie der vogel singt."'—SCOTSMAN.

'We feel sure that this casket of jewels, in which the poet's own heart is enshrined, will be found on the table of many a house.'—NEWCASTLE COURANT.

'A more graceful volume of verse has seldom issued from the press.'—JOHN BULL.

'There is something irresistible in his poetry—in the delicacy and earnest simplicity of the language and thoughts.'—LLOYD'S WEEKLY NEWS.

'The author may be complimented upon the production of a collection of poems that cannot be too highly commended for their simplicity of expression and valuable teaching.'—WATCHWORD.

'Scotland will one day be proud of him.'—DONCASTER CHRONICLE.

London:

M. BARR,

80 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET.

Bernard Barton

Portrait Gallery of Boffs Institute

My ever valued friend

Woodbridge Feby 11th 1821

I have received a letter from my friend Mr Ellery who is just now at Philadelphia, where he has met Mr Ellery, and brought of my intended application to him. As well as having been once acquainted with him, he has had the goodness to seek an interview with him that he might form a personal idea of the judge how he stood affected in my case. Being the part of this relation to this affair which makes me, to confess the truth a little uneasy — "Mr Ellery professed much kindness & good will towards you, spoke highly of your Poetry & on the subject of your offered Poems, says, he must see it before he can say anything. Money is not his object, but his name is every thing to him; and a Poem he said, must now be almost unpolished to attract much notice. This is not the reason to bring anything out, he can do nothing in that way before November. By this I fancy he meant that he did not wish to see the all P. before. He said that Scholars was not now an inviting subject! he is gone by! The public has so much good Poetry, & such a taste is become fastidious. This, I think, was the substance of our conference on your matter, and he begs his best respects and good wishes to you." I am little able to judge or advise in this matter, but I am disposed to think that if you could bring your Poems out under the auspices of the Peace Society, or in any other way promising fairly to answer your purpose, that it would not be advisable to rely on Mr Ellery. Although of importance to you, the matter of a small volume is of little interest to him, who deals so largely in literary wares. He will think, it seems of a more striking sort, and then disappoint you little what he gives. "I am sorry, he adds, to be unable to give you any more decided or satisfactory result, and that my most cordial good wishes, in this occasion, seem all I am able to offer." The latter part of the preceding paragraph is not known, strictly true, for just prior to her leaving home, my generous friend finding from my anxiety that I had some urgent motive for pushing the impression, and getting the volume out, it was that he could remedy the inconvenience resulting from a few weeks delay, and without a word advanced me the money, which he said there could be no doubt of my obtaining; and he liked I might raise fifty by it, instead of the thirty I asked. I draw his kindness, and confidence in me an added sense of solicitude, and make me extremely anxious to know that I shall have it in my power to fulfil his hopes, at least to the extent of his voluntary friendship. Mr Ellery's comments, which I have underlined, make me feel a little squeamish. That he should think of a poem on a worthy subject, a thing gone by, is of unlucky augury; because by adventure it will be yet under, some, of those against which I should stand. I have a mighty shame to offer. But I am left to find the hole of this published by Ellery, though I feel equally reluctant to come out under the auspices of the Peace Society, because I do not wish, much as I desire the furtherance of the main object of that Society, to identify myself with it, in order if the Society were to publish the poem they must put it in unless when it was some members of the committee, thought my good name bound no more about Poetry than my intends, and by the time I had stooped it down to their standard it would have no Poetry left. Under these circumstances my principal, I may say my only hope rests on the influence with Ellery. If any proposed dedication to Dr Ely could be admissible, and allowable, and that circumstance now communicated to him, I think our his auspices, must be assumed, and he might venture on quite amazing paper. At any rate I cannot think of going further in the way of obtaining either Dr Ely's advice, and by that, if I may be favoured with it, I shall implicitly abide. I have refrained at Stages, being the part of the Poem for Dr Ely's inspection, though my Poem of an unmodulated nature appears to disadvantage in extracts, yet I wish that to form some idea of its spirit and manner. I might to apology for the abominable intrusion at Dr time, but I know Dr friendship too well not to hope for forgiveness also. I add that now in stating my difficulties to Dr Ely, I am for the moment in degree relieved by my confidence in Dr judgment, my conviction of Dr kindness, and my belief in the weight of Dr friendly recommendation in

Dr sincere & much obliged friend,

B. Butler

Extract from "The Apostles" beginning Stanza 38.

after stating, or alluding to, the contradictory opinions respecting Mythism, and trifling disposing has claims to have Christ's —

"Thy wings me, then, unto the mean intent
Which first inspired this unfortunate strain; —
And O! could I, by force of argument,
Or by appeal to sympathy, attain
Some trifle indeed; — surely not in vain
Those precepts unto which all Christians bow,
At least in theory — Aldrich's rigid
Of prayer might be maintain'd. — Assist me, Thou,
Who wrest, for me also, unwind the patient bow

"The thorny diadem! may thy meek spirit,
Which all who bear thy name should, in degree,
By words and actions prove that they inherit, —
May this, alone, my inspiration be.
The glorious Cause is Thine! For unto Thee
Was given, when first thy visible way began,
A holy kingdom, from contention free;
And should this unknown'd its scope and plan,
Glory to God on High! Peace and Good-will to Man!

"Since Thou art fitly styl'd The Prince of Peace,
And unto Thee all power by Love is given;
O shed abroad thy Spirit, so increase
Its influence when Earth, that hath, nourished
With angry feelings, which too long have striven
To impede, may each hasher thought disown;
And thy pure law of love, ever'd in Heaven,
May be on Earth in human actions shown, —
Proving thy kingdom come, thy power alone.

And unto Them whose hearts anticipate,
With earnest prayer, thy pure and peaceful reign,
Give wisdom, meekness, zeal — to advocate
The good they hope for; patience to sustain
Its slow fulfilment; — power to turn again
"The battle to the gate" — that these, made strong
By Thee alone, may steadfastly remain
Offer'd to every violence, and wrong, —
Winning, by holy love, what they have waited long.

And on this feeble effort to extend
Thy gentle government, and quiet end,
May that pure blessing, through thy power descend,
Which giveth good, and maketh wise indeed
Suffer Thy Spirit for itself to plead
Offer'd as more irresistible eloquence;
That some who these unthinking lines shall read,
May find them answer'd by that inward sense
Which gives weaker'd thought sublime intelligence! —

The conclusion of the whole Poem is in the following stanzas.

But oh! Thou Orphan! may my song
Strain, with fortune unfortunate,
And, fain as I may turn this painting thine,
To depth so dark the potent spell
Of thine infinite, unwearied sorrow dwell
Or thought to wake:— and I linger yet,
Before I can pronounce a last farewell!
Like one before whose mournful gaze is set
A tomb he must forget, but not can forget.

Forget! Oh— never! Thou hast left behind
Of not a glimpse, yet a deathless name;
Which almost seems as if it were designed
To show the world the nothingness of Fame,
And yet, yet unknown trembling
That he who builds, in Fortune's brightest bow,
And with a diadem's skill, the monstrous frame
Of ambition, bold, and lawless power,
Builds on a worthless sand, and hears a tottering tower

Like His, who built his house upon the sands,
Foolish, trusting such foundation sure,
The splendid fabric rent by fearful hands
To house desolation, and allure
The rage of overthrow,— can not endure!
When rude adversity's black storm descends
Its bills, because it base is insecure;
Crushed like its vision, and end,—
That to no joys give birth, or this no griefs attend

Thou shouldst have known this, and have pondered well,
Before unwildly empire made thee proud,
That power usurped, however it seemed to swell
Thy strength,— was weakness! minds remained untouched
To Mercy's voice; and in the darkening cloud
Which blackened the horizon, still was set
The Bow of Promise, with a voice endowed,
Pronouncing calmly words with welcome met,
The flood shall cease! the Dove— bring back her olive wet!

Those words have been fulfilled! Then may the past
Suffice to teach us wisdom;— if it may,
The lesson of thy doom fell shall outlast
All the seductions of thine calm day.
I must no longer linger on this Bay,
Nor further trace thy crimes like sinner;—
I will not even trust myself to pray
Unto thy Power the Sinner's pardoned here,
For Outcast's contact with, has bowed more thy Peer!—

Robert Southey Esqre.

Keswick

Cumberland

Postage Paid
Single Sheet only

Thomas Haynes Bayly

Engraved by Thomson from an Original Drawing by F. Stay

London. Published in the New Monthly Mag.ne by Colburn & Bentley June 1, 1831.

Fenner & W. Chapple, 13, Holborn Court & 121, Fenchurch

Sir

You expressed a wish that at my convenience I could forward to Mr. Ackermann a prose contribution for the Forget me not of next year, & that I would mention the sum I required for it. I am about to leave Town, & shall probably be absent many months. I therefore think it best to make the arrangement before I go. — I send you a prose tale, & a poem, the tale might I think suggest an illustration. They are Mr. Ackermann's for twenty five pounds. I should like to see a proof of my contribution for this year.

Permit me to be Yours obt. Servt.
Thomas Haynes Bayly

5 Lyndham Place, August 11th

Miss Benger.

Authoress of the Life of Tobin, Memoirs of Mary Queen of Scots &c.

Engraved expressly for La Belle Assemblée from an original drawing by Wyman.

Published April 1st 1828 for La Belle Assemblée No. 173

Dear Sir

I hope my
warmest acknowledgments,
for the kind interest you have
taken in Miss Dolan's welfare
I regret that she is not now a
boarder as I should instantly
dispatch your very satisfactory
letter. and I doubt not she
will authorize that Sister or
some other friend to attend see
the house which appears
to me most suitable to her
wants

I am still "engaged" at
the house. Otherwise I
should make an effort
to pay my respects to you
and Miss Parker and
to remind her of her
blessing promise to favor
me with the reading of
the Sermon sermon of
mad life - may I beg
that you will present my
best Recollections to Miss

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Der [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

For

Mr Parkes

Goswell Street

30

Elizabeth Bentley.

From a Drawing by Clover.

Publ.d Oct. 1810.

Written on a Blank Leaf in the Rev. Mr Walker's Poems.

As o'er these pages with delight I stray,
Say, thou whose wit by classic taste refined,
Breathed forth thus pure thy energies of mind,
In what fair orb above the solar ray,
Thro' brightest regions of empyreal day,
To what new worlds sublime thy fancy soars,
And wonders yet unthought by man explores?
Or rather doth thy gentle spirit sway
Some planet's sphere, whose beams o'er mortals roll,
Mild as thy own benevolence of soul?
Where'er thy seat of bliss, thou sainted shade!
O! might on me thy influence benign,
While fancy's magic powers my soul pervade,
Touch with ~~the~~ celestial fire the richly flowing line.

May 1809

Elizabeth Bentley

European Magazine.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD

Author of the Farmers Boy

Pub. by J. Sewell 32 Cornhill Dec. 1.1806.

Dear Sir

I am at present fixed at Edinburgh with intention of staying there the winter.

I duly received your account of your past & intended proceedings, of which I hope soon to hear the result.

I enclose you a letter for Mr Deane which if you approve you will forward, — if not, detain, & send me your objections. as Deane has both a long lease & a reversionary interest in the estate he will probably purchase the timber standing. Sr John Sinclair recommends to me Mr Adam Murray No. 61. St Martin's Lane as the best person to value the wood, with a proper disinterested guide — will you speak to him? as under the present circumstances I do not wish the place of my residence to be generally known, I ~~can occasionally give~~ my letters will occasionally pass thro' your hands. and you may forward them (without a cover) to Mr Dispner No 24 Duke Street Edinburgh

Yours very sincerely

B. Boothby

Edm.d Nov. 18 1812

I gave a deed of allowance (I think you call it) some years ago to the late Colonel Webber to enable him to receive her annuity – under this can I compel Jeane to withhold payment? or is there any proof by which I can revoke or suspend this allowance?

In regard to the little affair of my servant I must desire you will take such measures as will enable me to dispose of it or my executors on case of her death for the benefit of her relations (living at Spa, an enemies country) & that the dividends may be laid out in stock at proper periods.

Mr Sandeau is to stay to carry this letter to

London & will have the pleasure of seeing you
yrs.

Sir B. Brodrick
and Protestants
7 Oct 1812

24th April 1804

Dear Sir

As it will be a melancholy satisfaction to me to see in the gentleman's obituary more than a bare mention of the Wife I have lost, Will you therefore be so good as to insert the inclosed short character? It will, I think, be allowed by all who knew her to be perfectly just.

Believe me, Dear Sir

Your sincerely Yrs

W Boreman

13

"Two Pen.
Post Paid"

John Nicholson Esqr
Red Lion Passage
Fleet Street
Twenty Not

When I was in my prime -

By Caroline Bowles.

I mind me of a pleasant time,
In Season long ago:
The pleasantest I've ever known,
Or ever now can know:
Bees, birds, and little tinkling rills
So merrily did chime,
The year was in its sweet spring-tide,
And I was in my prime!

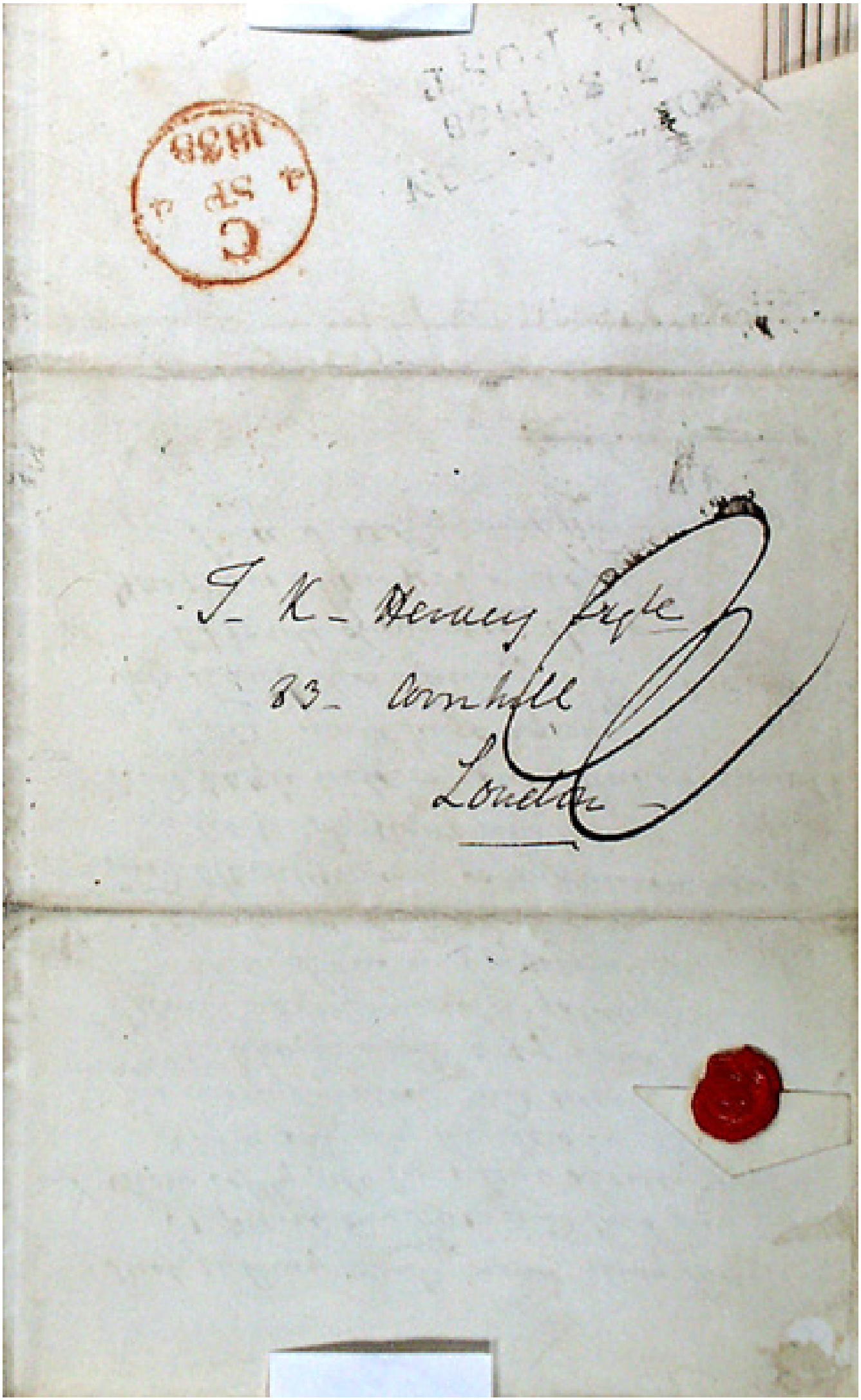
I've never heard such music since
From every bending spray -
I've never pulled such primroses
Set thick on bank and brae -
I've never smell such violets
As all that pleasant time
I found by every Hawthorn root,
When I was in my prime -

Yon moory down, so black and bare -
Was gorgeous then and gay
With furze and gowan; blossoming
As none blooms now-a-day -
The Blackbird sings but seldom now
Up there in the old Lime,
Where hours and hours he used to sing,
When I was in my prime -

Such cutting winds came never then
As pierce our thro' and thro' —
Nor softly fell the silent shower —
Nor balmily the dew —
The morning mist, and evening haze
(Unlike this cold grey rime)
Seemed woven warm of golden air,
When I was in my prime —

And blackberries! — so mawkish now —
Were finely flavoured then —
And hazle nuts! — such clusters thick
I never shall pull again —
Nor strawberries blushing wild, — as rich
As fruits of sunniest clime —
Now all is altered for the worse
Since I was in my prime —

~~Caroline Bowles~~


C
SP 4
1838
J. K. Denny Esqr
83 Cornhill
London

Painted by Slater

Engraved by Thomson

REV. W. L. BOWLES.

London, Published by Henry Colburn & Co. Conduit Street, Oct. 2nd 1820.

On a Mission to the East Indies

by the Revd W. Lisle Bowles

Speed on thy holy errand, spirit bright,
Spirit of peace & charity and love,
And as the white wings of the gentle dove
More lucid shine upon the dark deep night
Of this tempestous world, so wing thy way
Over the rooring of the ~~tempestuous~~ billow deep,
Beyond the tropic where the whirlwinds sleep,
Oh, to the realms of oriental day,
Bearing a glorious cargo! for lo! ~~[illegible]~~ the clouds
Disperse at times and radiant troops appear
To hope's rapt eye, tho mortal twilight shrouds
The view – but thou, speed onward, spirit bright
Till all the world shouts to that glorious night

CALAIS

Calais September ~~[illegible]~~ 1831

J. M. Percy Esq

83 Cornhill

London

Sir Walter Percy

(7)

John Bowring

Engraved by H. B. Lane

1 Queen Square West
July 8 1891

Dear Sir

As I am not able to attend the Meeting on Monday next, I so write as to say that the Directors will depend the Provisional Directors in the action with which they are entrusted by the recovery of the Deposits on the Bury & Sheffield Railway &c

Very truly
John Mowbray

Rob Mapleton Esq

Cuthbert Bede

.EDALS AWARDED TO Mr ROBIN

August 17. 1865

My dear Sir

Would you oblige me by sending the complete MS. of "Will Cantoir", together with the blocks and drawings to

Messrs. Macmillan & Co.
16. Bedford St. Covent Garden

If they should decline it, I will then have it all returned to me — and will then write you out the chapter on the Mull Lighthouse &c. and forward it to you for P. A. W.

Did you receive the 2 vols. of my "Glenreggan" — together with a copy of my "Photographic Pleasure" sent to you by Book Post to the Office?

Believe me

Very truly yours

Edward Bradley

Stafford Row
20th Feb. 1785

Dear Sir,

I received yours by the penny post, & should have answered it yesterday, but was prevented by a perpetual succession of visitors almost the whole day.

Your proposal is not so different from mine as you may imagine; since I am convinced (with perhaps a little spice of author-vanity) that you will infallibly dispose of the whole edition in the two years; therefore I accede to your offer, only let us understand each other clearly. When you say you will give me eighty pounds for the whole of our accounts, I understand it to mean that what may have been sold since May when we settled it yours; & that you pay Mr Nichols's bill for printing the alleaments and preface, to the Excursion, which is the more reasonable as I had some trouble in writing them. I am therefore to receive eighty pounds clear now, & twenty more if the whole edition is sold in two years; & you to be possest of the copy-right of The Excursion, Rosina, & the copies of Sinope.

This is our agreement, but as a piece

of complaisance from you I shall expect a few copies of the Excursion to give to some of my friends.

And thus the affair being agreed I shall expect the pleasure of seeing you any morning this week if convenient, as I propose going into Lincolnshire in the course of the next.

I am, Dear Sir,

With Great Regard.

Your most Obedt Sert

R Brooke

Mr Brooks

Feby 20. 1805.

opened

To

Esq.

Sheffield
Feb. 9. 1844.

My dear Ryde,

Allow me the pleasure of introducing you to one of the most valued of my friends, Mr. Ernest Jones.

Of his literary position you are aware, & it is hence a pleasure to a humanitarian person that at this moment I wish to recommend you to him as a man worth cultivating.

Henry T. Ryde Esq.
Lyceum.

C. S. Dobbs.

of his talents as a dramatist. I am able to speak from actual knowledge, and I consider any management fortunate which may produce one of his singularly original and poetical dramas. He has I believe a suggestion or two to offer from which I think you have no doubt you will obtain an advantage.

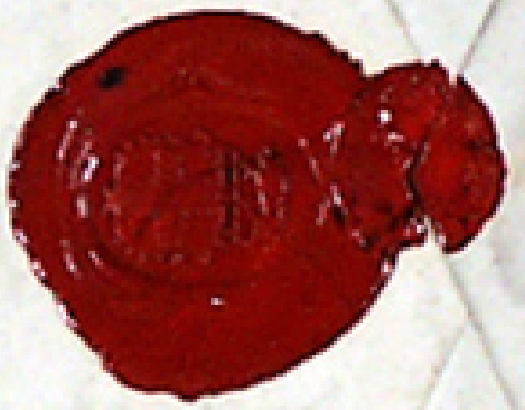
In any event I shall be delighted to be the means of bringing you together. Believe me,

My dear Ryder,

Yours most truly

C. Shirley Brooks

Brooks,
Introduction
to Pryde
Feby 9th
1800 &c.




WILLIAM BROOME
Hume p. 1728.
G. Vertue Sculp.

a

My dearest Emma,

I have your note, & I have been thinking .. & we have both been thinking – Here we are at Ventnor, but it is not fixed yet when exactly we shall be at Lovers-and, when we get there, – from Esther's letter received .. we shall find our poor friend so very unwell that we must devote ourselves to him, & perhaps shall be sent away after a day or two. Under these circumstances, we think

it would not be worth while for you to come .. unless you have objects independent of us. I write to say so, not of jealousy or love to you. Dear, let us see you .. flash on us & spend your light on us in London, when we return, that we may say "it is not all darkness here?"

I hear that Victor Hugo & all his family have gone over to the spirits, to a fanatical point. —

Penini is overjoyed at the sight of the sea, & seems lively out with raptures.

Yr ever affectionate
EBB.

Mellmare Villa.
Thursday morning.

GERTRUDE REESE HUDSON
2401 RIDGEVIEW
AUSTIN 4, TEXAS

October 21, 1959

Mr. Ellsworth Mason, Librarian
Coburn Library
Colorado College
Colorado Springs, Colorado

Dear Mr. Mason:

I apologize for my delay in thanking you for your kindness to me when Wilson and I were in Colorado Springs. I was especially pleased to see the Moxon account.

The Elizabeth Barrett Browning letter that you have was written sometime between August 23 and September 8, 1856. In it EBB speaks of being at Ventnor (Isle of Wight) and of going to Cowes, where they would find their "poor friend." On August 23, 1856, Elizabeth and Robert Browning went to Ventnor and on September 8 she was writing a letter to her sister from Cowes, where they went to be with her cousin Mr. Kenyon ("our poor friend," who was sick.)

EBB said they were in Ventnor two weeks, but she did not remember two weeks to the day.

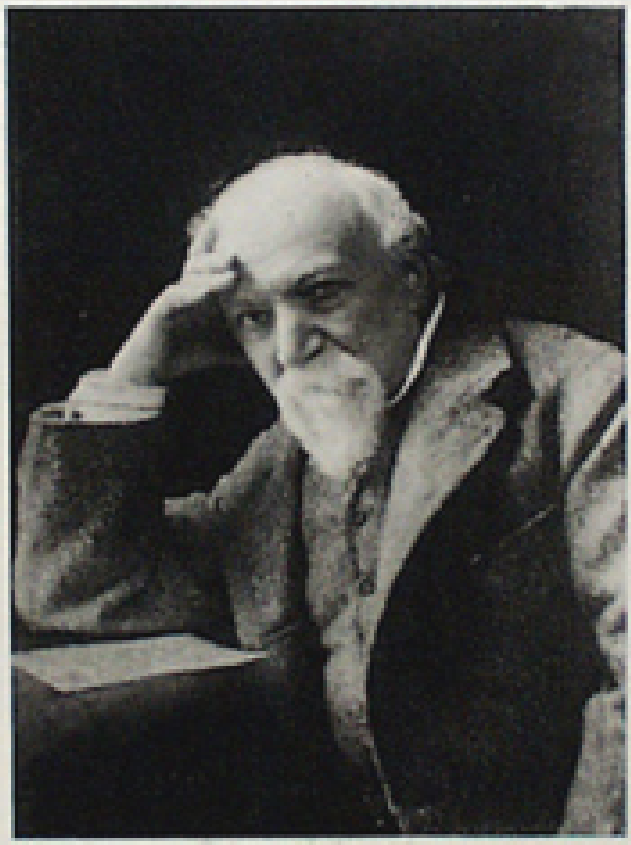
I was pleased to meet you because I had heard Wilson speak of you.

Most sincerely yours,

Gertrude Hudson

1855	Robert Browning Esq. in account with				Edward Moxon				1855
1855	Printing 37 copies of Sordello at 4d	.	12	4	July 20th 1855				
1855					By 42 or 41 copies at 4/0		9	4	6
.	Advertising	3	3	.					
	Commission 10 per cent on £9.4.6	.	18	5					
					Sold May 1840	41			
					— Dec 31. 1842	6			
					— — 1843	6			
					— — 1846	46			
					— — 1847	16			
					— July 20 1855	42			
					Author, Revisers, &c	86			
July 20	Private account	1	14	.	On hand	357			
						500			
.	Cash	2	16	9					
	£	9	4	6	£		9	4	6

Sindullo



Bexhill

June 28th 1887

Dear Sir,

I send you some lines to Miss Terry, – to which you will kindly sign my name in full, as I do not wish to seem an indiscriminate contributor. I should like to see a proof.

I wrote to ~~your father~~ Mr Webster sen. some weeks ago on business, & have received no reply of any kind. However, I have no right to trouble you with your father's affairs.

Faithfully yours

Robert Buchanan

Benjamin Webster Esq Jun.

22

Dec. 26th 1811

My dear Hanker,

The multitude of your commendations has already repaid my humble endeavours to be of use to you & indeed most of my principal ——— friends are returned — Leake from Joannina — Canning & Adair from the City of the faithful & at Smyrna no letter is necessary as the Consuls are always willing to do every thing for personages of respectability. I have sent you Hen on to Gibraltar which thought of we quit newspaper — with hesitation but you are a more intimate footing with a very pleasant family there. — — You will very soon find out that a man of any consequence has very little occasion for any letters but to Ministers & Bankers & of

Byron

than you have already plenty. I wish to more
it is by no means impossible that I shall
go in the Spring & if you wish for any
place of amusement about Easter I will
write or join you. — When in Athens
I wish you would enquire after Dennis Pelli
and Vasilli for Basil & make my respects
to the Virgin left there & in the Phanar.
If you mention my name to Pellegrini or
Nicolas I think it will not hurt you, if
I had my Janissary or more English I
could have given you letters & work service
but to the English they are hardly requisite,
& the Greeks themselves can be of little
advantage. — Future you know already —
& I do not, as he was not then written.

Mind — you visit Ephesus & the Troad —
let me hear from you when you return
— I think Sir Pointer is now at Smyrna,
but if not — whom is there will be too
happy to assist you. — The fortunes &
=bout firmans — never allow yourself to
be bullied — for you are better protected
Turkey than any where — but not the
Greeks — I take some bullseyes for
pocket — rubber pistols &c &c to the
Boys & Parker. — If you find an
Dragoman at Athens or Smyrna I can
recommend him as a good Dragoman
I hope to join you sooner — let you
will find manner of English now in the
fleet. — Believe me dear Hobhouse ever yrs.
B

Addressed to Ozias Humphry, R.A. to whom Mr Cambridge sent a playful copy of verses which are published in his Works. * Dr C's daughters. See letter.

Friday night

Dear Sir

The Bilious attack has left Patty* so weak that Charlotte* is constantly nursing her. Our Neighbourhood is so populous that the Messages of enquiry employ the rest of the family more in writing than you Great Painters employ'd last year in Panegyrick. As there is nobody in this house to attend to you I advise you to defer y^r visit till Patty comes down stairs to entertain you. Write to me by saturday night's post (one) whether you stay in London next week: & if you do, which from the weather I advise you to do, I will write to you by mondays post whether we are in a way to recieve you by wednesday. We all most sincerely wish you a happy new year.

I assure you I am very sorry Y^rs most sincerely
I cant prest by your company. R Owen Cambridge.

RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, an ingenious writer, was born in London, Feb. 14. 1717. His father, a Turkey merchant, died soon after the birth of this son, the care of whom devolved on his mother, and maternal uncle, Thomas Owen, who left him his estate. He was educated at Eton, & next at St. John's Coll. Oxford. In 1737 he became a member of Lincoln's Inn, but never followed the law as a profession. In 1751 he married Miss Trenchard of Wolverton in Dorset. He resided first on his estate at Whitminster in Gloucestershire, and then at a villa at Twickenham, where he died 17th Sept. 1802, leaving a widow, who followed him to the grave in 1803, two sons and a daughter. Mr Cambridge was author of the "Scribleriad," many papers in the World & other pieces, collected & printed by his son in 4to. 1803.

Thomas Campbell Esq.
Author of The Pleasures of Hope Gertrude of Wyoming &c &c &c

8th May 1826. Sir Seymour St Lond.

My dear Miss Moore

I send you back your Album with a poem "on Field Flowers" & may I request you will not allow a copy of it to be taken till it is published. In general I have a great objection to writing in albums — & think it is neither flattering, nor assuming in consequence to myself to tell you why I departed from my usual resolution of refusing to contribute to such collections

When I wrote in yours — My memory is a very strange one — I retain impressions but forget names localities & persons — A lady who is my friend & once so kind as to bring you to my House at an evening party I dare say you remember that I received you with the attention which beauty deserves in the house of a poet — Months after that I was walking in Hall street when I was gazing on the most beautiful face I had ever seen — (Pray excuse me & remember that I am an old man near fifty) — when the young fine face bow'd to me & recall'd to my stupid recollection — Miss Moore — You made me grateful to you — I thought you so kind & so frank & so forgiving of my forgetfulness that to this day I cannot pass the street without remembering the elegant lady who recognized me —

Of course you remember my flowery Miss Moore — the difference of our years as well as age — If I were lovely & twenty years younger it would be impertinent to write this to you — But shews it to those who love you best — & a father or brother will not blame me for a sort of historian gallantry — in my assuring you that I am with peculiar admiration what you are

Your obedient servant

T. Campbell

Painted by T. Phillips Esq.ᵉ R.A. *Engraved by S.W. Reynolds.*

THO.ˢ CAMPBELL ESQ.ᴱ

Proof

Pub.ᵈ by T. Phillips March 1822.

Field Flowers — by T. Campbell.

Ye field flowers — the Garden's eclipse you — tho' true —
Yet wildings of Nature I doat upon you
For ye waft me to Summers of old
When the earth teem'd around me with Faery delight
And when daisies & buttercups gladden'd my sight
Like treasures of silver & gold —

I love you for calling me back into dreams
Of the blue Highland Mountains & echoing streams
And of birchen glades breathing their balm
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote
And the deep mellow trill of the wood-pigeon's note
Made music that soothed the calm —

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
Than ye speak to my heart little woodings of June
Of old ruinous castles ye tell
Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find
When the magic of nature first ~~breathed~~ on my mind
And your blossoms were part of her spell —

Even now what affections the violet wakes
What lov'd little islands twice seen in their lakes
The wild water lily restores
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks
And what pictures of pebbled & murmuring brooks
In the lupines that tangled their shores —

Earth's cultureless buds to my heart ye were dear
Ere the fever of passion or ague of fear
Had blighted my Existence's bloom
Once I welcome you more in life's passionless stage
With the visions of youth to revisit my age
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

Capern, Rt Revd.

Bishopscourt
Dec 20th
/50

Sir

With many
thanks & regrets
that I have forwarded
the copy you asked
for John Fredey
Barkshire
and that I have no
disposition to exchange
words with so distinguished
a writer as Dr Lees

Yours very truly
R Exon

I will mention your remarks to
my friends

Deeds versus Words
(By Edward Capern)

The dry bones of the virtues shew the ways
The world is holden in a net of creeds
We have too much of preaching in these days
Less of your doctrines men and give us deeds
The love which shall outlive malignant hate
The faith that shall all jealous fear destroy
That Justice which shall confidence create
And Innocence with her dear darling Joy
When rabid war shall fly the haunts of men
And meek eyed Peace shall fill the demon's place
Sweet Charity shall seek the couch of pain
And Pity wipe the weeping mourner's face
Truth Mercy Patience Self-denial grace
No more as exiles shall neglected roam
The world shall pray as one united race
~~And [illegible] shall dwell~~
~~And [illegible] dwell in every heart~~
And Beauty reign in every ~~[illegible]~~ heart and home

Mr Editor Sir Can you send me a copy of the above verses please you
they are at your service for the Banner Sirs
Why dont you insert the Devotion
Yours truly from the first few
have read the speech in the newspapers think

The Notting Hill and Bayswater Proprietary School
COMPANY, LIMITED,

9, St. Ann's Road, Notting Hill, W.

June 9th 1867

My dear Sir

I have pleasure in complying with your request and have known off the accompanying trifle which I think will answer your purpose.

I would just hint that I think a "pass" to those who contribute original articles for your Annual, for self & friend, for the fête, would be considered a compliment.

I am
My dear Sir
Yours very truly
J. Carpenter

Sd. Webster Junr Esq.

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GEORGE CHALMERS, ESQ. F.R.S. & S.A.

Engraved by W. Cooper from an original Drawing by W. Edridge.

PUBLISHED BY BOOTH & CHALMERS & W. SAVAGE STRAND LONDON

Notes by Dr Chalmers.

Ane Dialog betwix Experience and ane courtiour. Off the miserabyll estait of the World. compylit be Schir David Lyndesay of ye Mont knycht alias Lyone King of Armes. And is devidit in four partis as efter followis. 1.o

And Imprentit at the Command and expens off Doctor Machabeus In bopmathouin.

Absit gloriari nisi in Cruce domini nostri Jesu christi.

It Contains "The Epistill to the Redar" The Prologe, and then follows the Four Bukis of the Monarchis.

The Colophon states "Finis Quod Lyndesay 1552."

But a passage in the fourt Buke shows that it was wrote in 1553

A Straight line over a Vowel denotes the omission of the Letter m or n following.

antiq$^{\bar{a}}$ . . . . . antiquam
cōmun . . . . . commun
hōmī . . . . . hominum
nō . . . . . non
quā . . . . . quam
stātī . . . . . statim
volūntātē . . . voluntatem
avāndiz . . . avanditz

The straight line over m̄ or n̄ in the middle of a Word, denotes the omission of the letter m or n following.

omēs – – – omnes
omīa – – – – – omnia

A crooked line over some letter, or a Line through some letter of the word contracted denotes the omission of one or more letters of the word:

Ballis	Ballivis
~~coronacios~~	
coronacios	coronacionis
cõ, tõ	cio or tio cion or tion
dict	dictum
Dñs	Dominus
Epis	Episcopis
expeditacõ	expeditacio
Gra	Gratia
heat	habeat
libtates	libertates
malicõse	maliciose
nob	nobis
oms or oies . . .	omnes
Salt	Salutem

Engraved by D. J. Pound from a Photograph by Mayall

ROBERT CHAMBERS, ESQ. F.R.S.E.

17 Waterloo Place, Wed. morning.
6 o'clock.

Mydear Mr T.,

I have a day's labour at home, I am going to Kilmore before breakfast; but take this ex-tempore for reminding you of your speech so far as I heard it & can recollect.

When I first heard you, you were alluding to the Inquisition, which took care never to burn its victims itself, but handed them over to the civil power, before they were burnt — or something to that effect. (Immense cheering.) These clergymen, though they appear to act indirectly in this matter, in reality are ~~[illegible]~~ then the messengers and jailors — for such individuals are only deputies. Now, gentlemen, Dr Brunter ~~[illegible]~~ seizing the humble domestic utensils of a poor widow, and exhibiting them for sale at the Cross: this he actually does, when he sequestrates them in doing it. (Laughter and Cheers) Mr Tierney, (Immense laughter.) as he is now called, ~~[illegible]~~ coming up to a man in the street, touching him on the shoulder, and ordering him away to gaol, without allowing him a moment's time to make the necessary arrangements in his out affairs: this, gentlemen, Dr Tierney actually did in my case, though he pretended to do it by the hands of another person. ~~[illegible]~~ (Cheers) I then, you

alluded to the pensioners, and pointed out that men who will be the sole tools of such a system, the captains right to be treated with contempt; and soon come to an end, as the overpays had done before. But before this you added, in reference to the above acts of the clergy - "How different all this from the meek precepts of Christianity! How different from the conduct of the Apostles Paul, who, rather than be chargeable to those he preached to, told them that with our hands we and still maintain humility! How different from the conduct of the humble founder of the religion! Can you conceive, gentlemen, that Christ would have ever ordered overpays or captains, or countenanced such unholy deeds either directly or indirectly?" You send you have searched the Holy scriptures, and found no authority there Restoration for the proceedings of the Episcopal clergy. Gentlemen, my sufferings in this matter have, I assure you, been very slight. I have met some of the expressions that I had the sympathy and approbation of my fellow-citizens, and they are still efficient, since they have called forth this great, this splendid, this magnificent demonstration of your abhorrence of the Annuity Tax. After this, gentlemen, that tax is no more - we have heard the last of it. I would now [illegible] in these transactions, I have been stigmatized as a rebel - for so the loyal Orange men to be - to the King; but, gentlemen, I believe I have a more loyal feeling towards our worthy Sovereign (Cheers) than many of the clergy themselves; and I could propose three cheers for him. (Three cheers accordingly given.) Now gentlemen, I could propose those cheers more for the cause of religious liberty. (Three tremendous cheers given.) And now, gentlemen, I will put all that remains for me to say into one word - Good Night to the Annuity Tax!"

I have still remembered your thanks to the people, on your interests that they could depend upon; and I may have omitted some other points, which I hope you will be able to supply. All I aim at is to remind you of as much as I recollect.

In case of my name coming prominently forward in the reports and comments on this business, I could like some public notice, or yourself in any thing you may write upon it, to remark something to this effect - "Gentlemen, Mr Thomson's entire was an ancient and zealous friendship for Mr Tait, when he wished to countenance publicly his retractation & recant, and a wish to mark his sense of the injus-

priety of the behaviour of the clergy. ~~in their receipt~~ That a person who, though his writings are universally perused, has never ~~yet~~ formerly been drawn by any public event from the privacy of domestic life, should have come forward in the manner he has done on this occasion, is certainly among the most ~~[illegible]~~ remarkable circumstances in the whole ~~affair~~ affair. It is the more so, that Mr S. has distinguished himself as a public writer against ~~[illegible]~~ innovating movements in the state.

I am,

my dear Mr T.

yours ever most sincerely,

R Chambers.

I heard parties going roaring and drumming home at all hours of the night. There must have been a good deal of toddy-shed, I suspect, on the occasion.

Mr. Almon,

Aug.st 14. 1764.

Sir might please to pay to Mr. Pearsy, or order the sum of fifty pounds on account of

Your humble Servt,

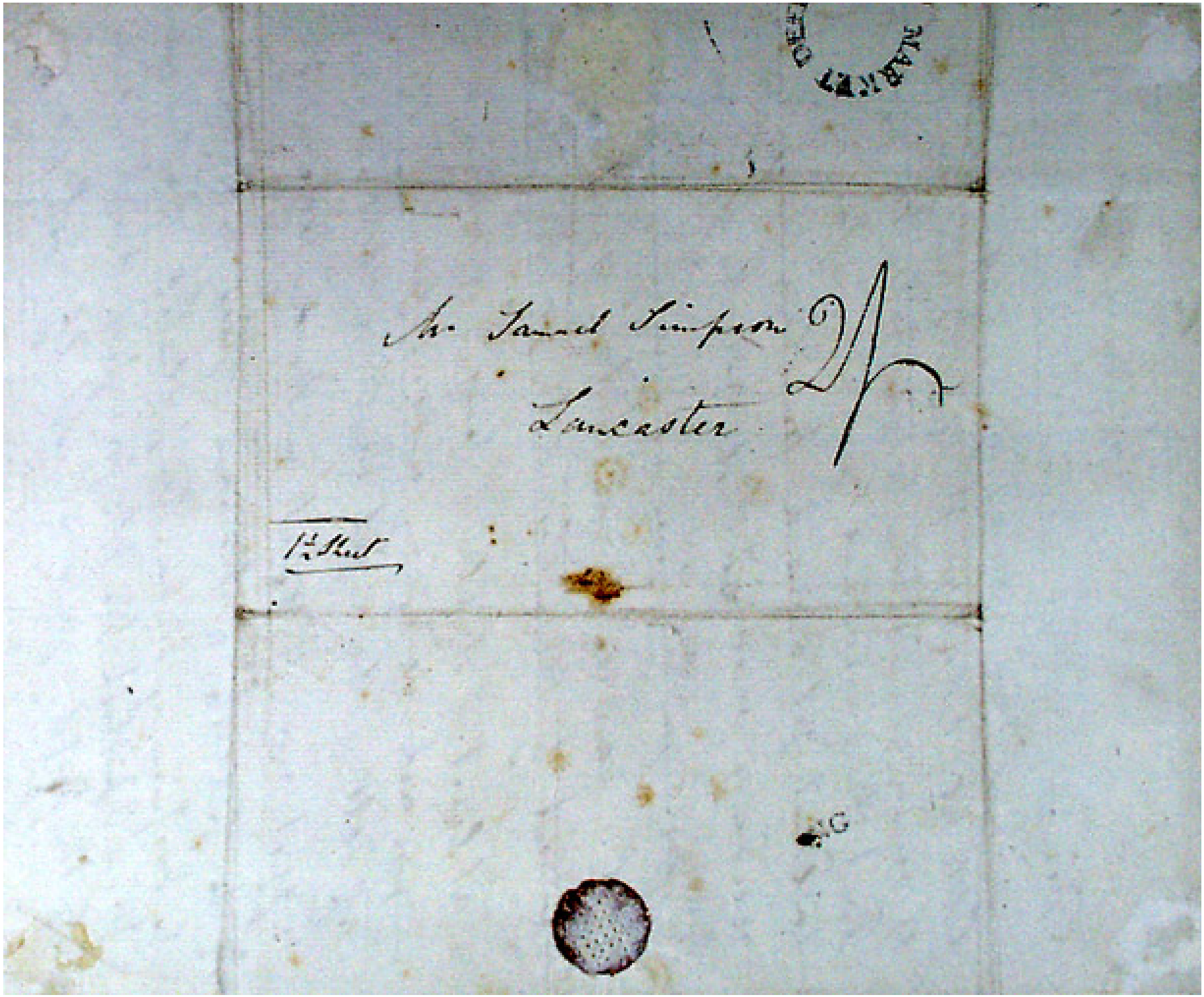
Chas. Churchill.

£50 — 0 — 0.

Northborough Nov 10 1832

Dear Sir

I have received your subscription for my little Vol: & think you & complied with your request of sending you the numbers you wished for as I think there are that you mean — I am sorry I could not get a frank for those charged my residence since the last note to you — & I wish you had given me directions how the Vol: can reach you but I expect it be sent by the publisher to you free of expense at least I shall try based it so if I can you ask me of my subscription list tells up well I have got nearhere about hundred just now & expect in the end to be able to publish a thousand copies or at least to dispose of them then published if not subscribed for — I publish the Vol: for myself & in view of the profit yours respectfully John Clare



NAPKIN

Mr. Samuel Simpson
Lancaster

1d Stat

Villa Novello. Genoa. May 1/71

Dear Sir,

If you will send me the letter you have; ~~addressed~~ signed, J. R: or J. K — I will verify it with my Autograph.

I have not the least doubt of its being a Note from John Keats, who used to correspond with me, about the year 1816; a period, when I lived with my Sister, and Brother-in-law, Towers. — I need not tell you, he was the finest Poet of his Age; and a schoolfellow at my Father's Academy, at Enfield, Middx. I need not, also, tell you, that I shall return you the letter.

Yours faithfully,
Charles Cowden Clarke.

Jas. Cooper Esq.
&c &c &c

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Impromptu Poem
to J. N. Rowe, Esq. C.A.

Once more we see each other's face
In this dear land of Mountain
This land of Poetry and Romance
of Lakes and gushing Fountains

Once more we see each other here
Alive to tell:
of accidents by Flood & Field
Remarkable —

While some of Death are called
we still are here alive
Thank God for all His Mercies
To him all thanks we give
at the Lakes
Aug. 23/73

J. Howe

in them since. The war
with France & Germany
commenced, and we are
confining our orders to
Tea & Coffee more to
Coffee than Tea,
I should have been glad to
have you for a customer
but Money nothing of
the business I cannot
advise you; hoping
your health does
improve I am your
Respectfully
W B Barnes

Council Office
12th April

Dear Jowett

It will be more convenient for us to come to Oxford a little later – Will Saturday May 5 suit you? if so we should be very glad to come on that day.

Yours faithfully
A. H. Clough

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Dr H. Lloyd

To Ellen

Adieu to thee, fair one! Adieu to those bowers
Which once held thee dear when they smile'd on thy bride —
Their remembrance shall be, when storm's cloud lowers,
The Cypresses shining to guide me.

Shall mix with the crowd where I heard thee of late
And the light laugh will hard as mine ever
But bring him with the Sagacity be, & the State,
In them, — with no longer be near.

And unmoved shall I gaze on the beauties around
As their smiles on the soft cheek may play —
For the one which I prize will no longer be found,
And her smile will be gone far away.

With the wanderer that hasten to the heart-stirring dance
For communion my Spirit shall hold;
Unregarded by me will some love's honest glance —
For my heart 'tis be changed & cold.

Then adieu to those bowers — they are gone & to those
Can return in their Brightness to me —
Their pure transport is passed, their tear-drops are over
And have left but remembrance of thee.

And to that wife I cling as each year glides by,
While the time I must spend to my death,
While he lingers with each thought, with each hope, with each sigh,
Still adorn'd midst the depth of my grave.

And I wish it were end my death-bed, for too long
In the dust has my young heart been bow'd —
While their laughter sound mocking, I've found this the
And but wind in their trappings a shroud.

Every joy has long withered, hope faded away,
Feeling stunned till all pleasure seemed gone,
And most sad to I heard that my frame must decay
Ere calm beam on my spirit so torn.

Yet amidst that last moment ere must I leave,
Still cast the false smile of delight
While my heart, like the wanderer away from his home,
Will be lost in the stern shades of night.

But tho' deeply I mourn still the thought will remain
Of the ~~ships~~ I have known when with thee,
And as sad it can blast the bear comedings of pain
Tho' ~~which~~ fear it still lonely shall be.

W B

The copyright of the works of S. T. Coleridge, published by Mr. William Pickering of 177 Piccadilly having been assigned by the Executors of the late S. T. Coleridge to the Revd Derwent Coleridge, as Trustee for himself, and for Mrs H. N. Coleridge:— and the said Derwent Coleridge being desirous to remove the publication of such works from Mr Pickering to Mr Edward Moxon of Dover Street, it was arranged that the sum to be paid should be determined on the part of the said Derwent Coleridge by Mr Moxon, & on the part of Mr Pickering by Mr Whittingham, and the amount is found to be £831 - 5 - 3. and Mr Pickering having received Bills drawn by Messrs Rosedaing & Evans on Mr Moxon for the amount, I the undersigned Derwent Coleridge, request Mr Pickering to deliver to Mr Moxon the whole of the Stock of the books of the late S. T. Coleridge, and Stereotype plates belonging thereto.

On behalf of Self, and Mrs H. N. Coleridge

Derwent Coleridge

St Mark's College, Chelsea
January 3rd 1852.

Authority to Mr. Gillman
Packering & transfer
the Stock & the books &c
of the late S. T. Coleridge
to Mr. Thompson. ———

On Infancy.

A Fragment.

Where dwells the soul through all the dateless years
Ere the doomed moment of the Infant's birth?
Comes it a stranger from the radiant spheres,
A naked exile to the shores of earth?

Or was it, ere from nature's natal day
A life in wood, or wild, or sunny stream
That like a dream would lightly flap away,
And still return, a many-colored dream?

Or slept the spirit in the Almighty mind
Among the forms of fair and awefull things,
High in eternal light and love enshrined,
Beneath the shadow of the Seraphs wings?

Or is the Babe, that feels the hard cold air
And feeling weeps, so helpless and forlorn,
Abandon'd clean by nature, bald and bare
That shrinks as if unwilling to be born.

Is the poor Babe a shape without a soul,
A thing of sinews, membranes, humours, nerves
Whose Being is mere pain; the niggard dole
Of a sensatious power, which barely serves

To cause the little trembling heart to beat
The countless pulses to preserve their time?
And is a little breath and vital heat
The elemental cause of thought sublime?

Vain is the searching quest that backward goes
To trace the current of our mortal life:
Unsearch'd the fount from which our Being flows
And all our study is but toil and strife.

Pass but a month. The babe has learnt to smile
No more its life is only pain and cries
Its mother marks full many a simple wile
And finds fond meanings in its laughing eyes.

Yet many a tear the careful mother sheds
When dubious ills assault that life so frail
The feverous summers beam alike she dreads
And the chill whistle of the winter's wail.

Mute as the statue bending o'er the tomb
That seems to watch the endless sleep of death
She views the slumbering cheek of her young b.
And notes the varying of his hushed breath

× × × × × × × × × × × ×

Charles Coleridge.

October 17. 1827

From the famed Poetic Puddle.
That many an addle brain doth muddle.
From the banks of old Winander
That makes common sense to wander.
Where notes melodious chiming lays
One more than notes of Harry Hayes.

34, Sackville Buildings

The Feast of the Gods

Never, believe me,
Appear the Immortals
Never alone:
Scarce had I welcomed the Summer departed,
Jacchus, but in came Boy Cupid, the Traitor,
Lo! Phœbus, the Glorious, descends from his Throne.
They advance! they float in! The Olympians all!
Fills Divinities! Ye my
Terrestrial Hall.

How shall I yield you
Due Entertainment,
Celestial Choir?
Me rather, bright Gods! will delicious Oblivion
Bear aloft to your Home, to your Banquet of Hymns,
That the Roof of Olympus may echo my Lyre!
Hah! we mount! On these pinions they waft my soul.
O give me the Nectar!
O fill me the Bowl!

Give, give me the Nectar
Pour out for the Poet
Hebe pour free
Moisten her Eyes with celestial Dew,
That Styx the detested no more he may view,
But like one of us Gods may conceit himself he.
Thanks, Hebe! I quaff it! To Man, Sorry!
The Wine of the Immortals
Forbids me to die.

S. T. C.

The Myrtle Leaf, or Innocence Selected. (for allegory see "Triumphal Arch")

Myrtle Leaf, thou Mistletoe
Pinest in the gladsome Ray,
Sold beneath the vulgar Bough — common
Far from thy maternal Sprays — parental

Fly the Partridge over the Sheaf — walk
Fly along the yellow Vale,
Fly — Scan thee, heedless Leaf,
Love the Dalliance of the Gale.

Lightly didst thou, thoughtless Thing!
Weave and flutter to his Sighs:
While the Flatterer on his Wing
Bow'd and whispered thee to rise.

Gaily from thy parent Stalk
Next thou danced and wafted high,
Soon on thus neglected Stalk
Hung to fade, to waste, to die!

S. T. C.

Sea Bathing.

God be with thee, gladsome Ocean!
How gladly greet I thee once more.
Ships, and Towns, and endless Motion,
And Men rejoicing on thy Shore.

Mildly said the grave Physician,
To bathe me in thy Strands were death;
But my Soul fulfilled her Mission,
And I breathe unhonoured Breath.

Fathers pining Sons and Daughters,
Who seek the Crowd, they seem to fly,
Trembling they approach thy Waters:
And what cares Nature, if they die?

Me a thousand Loves and Pleasures,
A thousand Recollections bland,
Thoughts sublime and stately Measures
Revisit on thy echoing Strand.

Dreams, (the Soul herself forsaking)
Spirit-like Transports, boying Mirth!
Silent Adorations, making
A blessed Shadow of this Earth!

O ye Hopes that dwell within me,
Health comes with you from above.
God is within me, God is in me,
I cannot, I will not, die.

Dear Sir

I have transcribed these lines of my composition for you. Should either of them make in you the wish to read more, I will be tempted by saying that I should be flattered. The poem is long, and in a few degree, that I should be mortified, if I could even suspect that you would do it, not for the sake of the Poetry, but out of delicacy to the feelings of the Poet. Believe me, my feelings are of a tender nature, and my good wishes for your reputation & the success of whatever you publish are quite strong enough to render any towards causes of my over an [illegible] point, than [illegible] complaint. By some [illegible] the [illegible] of the more serious [illegible]

"Mr. J. Sergant, Esqr., No. 7, Portland Place,
Hammersmith."

I almost fear, that I took a very improper liberty in calling on you on Sunday morning, instead of seeking you, on some week day, in St Paul's Church yard; but your non kindness and bad treatment, was in no manner in fault — rather, the cause.

It will be many months before the Sergeant book comes out, for I shall take it with the Hadamitch till then. — Long, make my kind & respectful Remembrances to Mrs Sergant, & my good wishes to you & yours. — I am, Dear Sir, Your Obed. Sert. P. Colonna

S. T. Coleridge.

Dear Sir

After we parted yesterday Evening our friend Barnes promised to take Bachelor's Jaw with me on Friday next at five — it will give me much pleasure if you will also favor me with your company —

I am Dr. Sir

Yours very truly

Thos. Mr Mager

Swan Yard
Southwark
Tuesday Aug: 18th —

* was introduced by Tho. Barnes, subsequently Editor.

Thos. Mr Mager afterwards, discharged himself, having long been employed on the Times Newspaper, to which he *

~~When sorrow~~
~~The wretch by tyrants doomed to die~~
~~The innocent of crime~~

When by a tyrant's lawless power
A guiltless man is doomed to die
~~with patient [illegible]~~
~~With~~ ~~[illegible]~~ waits the hour
~~And~~ with firm unaltered eye
But should some mightier ~~greater~~ power ~~[illegible]~~ be found
To set the guiltless being free
Loud shouts of joy are echoed round
He ~~bounds unchained~~ of [illegible] his chains in Liberty--

The lover who in ~~sorrow~~ anguish pines
To ~~grief~~ of heart corroding grief a slave
By slow degrees his breath resigns
And sinks unheeded to his grave
But should at last his cruel foes ~~relent~~
Relent & hear his piteous cry
~~His anguish~~ ~~Away with sighs~~ He feels no grief, he owns no woes
But meets his love with ~~extacy~~ Ecstacy

~~Let others search for joys abroad~~
~~In distant lands to roam~~
~~In search of joy let others roam~~
~~In distant lands & seas~~
~~Tis only to be found at home~~

Thro' distant lands let others roam
~~In~~ To search of joy with care
Tis only to be found at home
True happiness is there
There is a charm ~~found there~~ in home alone
However mean the dwelling
Affection claims it as her own
All other bliss excelling

The peasant from his daily toil
~~Returns that joy to share~~
Enjoys his humble cot
And where his wife & children smile
His troubles are forgot
His infants climb upon his knee
To share ~~a fathers blessing~~ his joys caressing
~~[illegible]~~ Vying with in affection's jealousy
They claim a father's blessing.

Collins

J. P. Collyer Esqr.

1. Collins

Saint Valentine's Day

All hail to that orthodox Prelate,
The darling of feminine folk,
Who wasn't a bigot or zealot,
But took it on a kiss as a joke!

He thought matrimonial fetters
Were fetters of silk, I dare say:
Fair reader, did you any letters
On the morn of St Valentine's Day?

Did you think, while the nightcap was hiding
Those tresses of bonny brown hair,
"I must dress, or Mamma will be chiding —
And it's Valentine's Day, I declare?"

Did you blush, or look cool as a statue,
While the notes by your breakfast cup lay,
And Papa took so curiously at you,
On the morning of Valentine's Day?

Was there one (rather waggish) from Harry?
And one (sentimental) from Fred?
And one which declared you'd not marry
Till you gave up those stockings of red?
And one (from your brother) complaining
That your Crinoline's much in the way?
And one a proposal containing —
A real one — on Valentine's Day?

Ah petite, there are days of despondence
And weariness coming for you,
To laugh with your gay correspondents
While yet the horizon is blue.
— The merry young girl must hood sorrow —
— The bonny brown hair must turn gray —
— There'll be cares enough coming tomorrow,
To be cheerful on Valentine's Day

Our Valentines sent to the famous
Politicians over England who reign,
To the Viscount we'll send a Mandamus
To make him a Tory again —
To Westbury, greater sagacity
Than Cairns's fair fame to betray* —
And to Bob Peel, a little audacity —
He's too modest for Valentine's Day.

To Earl Russell, more power to articulate,†
For the sake of Reporters & Peers —
To John Bright, greater strength to gesticulate,
And bellow in Radical ears —
To Gladstone, a tax upon garters,
Or hoops, or whatever will pay —

And a hope that they all may catch
Tartars
Twice this & next Valentine's Day.

14 February 1862.

* "A bill for rendering the title to land more simple, & its transfer more easy."
Her Majesty's Speech.

† "Lord Russell, who was very imperfectly heard, was understood to say, &c &c"
Times, passim.

GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

Geo: Colman the Elder

85

Dear Sir,

I have this morning had a visit from Mr. Barnes in consequence of your Letter wch I sent him last Friday evening, and I must beg you to ~~[illegible]~~ let me know in writing the precise sum which is required, and what security can be given that no future trouble will arise on this subject. I have vouched for you, and consequently whatever you say will have its due weight. I would have sent you notice yesterday of an intended attack on your paper by pirates, but I understood it appears you quit Soho Square

Yr. most sincerely

Saturday — G. Colman

82

G. Colman the Elder.

GEORGE COLMAN
THE YOUNGER.

ENGRAV'D BY FREEMAN, FROM A PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF MY JEWELL.

Theatre Royal Haymarket
Thursday Night. 13th Oct. 1797.

Dear Sir,

A Friend having disappointed me in an Epilogue for my Play, which is proposed for Saturday, I have been obliged, at the last moment, to write the Lines which accompany this, for your inspection. — I hope the circumstance will explain itself, & meet the indulgence from you which I have ever found from your kindness, when I have been ~~obliged~~ under the necessity to send you a Manuscript at so late a period.

I am, dear Sir
your obliged, & obedient
servant,
G. Colman

John Serpent Esqre

Yours very faithfully

39 Princes Street
Rotherhithe
Nov 6th 1848

Dear Sir

You asked me for my picture a long time ago but in truth I did not like to give you such a thing as was turned out to frighten people - Now I can offer you at least, a decent representation of one who derived much strength and hope from your judicious and critical encouragement

The artists are both young

Elizabeth Gaskell MS

and struggling men, having done this as a work of pure love and trusting to the public for the reward. If you would give it a notice in your Gazette I should be deeply obliged. The dog is my especial favourite and for sagacity and faithfulness almost rivals "Pinsher". Is not the lithograph beautifully executed?

I am coming out in three uniform volumes which I shall be proud to present to you as soon as ready. I am told my last poems for surpass my earlier ones and this maybe in no small measure due to the wise caution you gave me once of "never writing too much". No advice has ever been remembered by me as yours is, though I done my it has long escaped your pen.

I am about to start a weekly periodical, in appearance may to be called "Reynolds's Journal" and am organizing my forces in steady, regular fashion. It will be purely devoted to social advancement and progressive intellect. No ultra principles of any kind will mark it. Non exclusive devotion to "the people" for I fancy it is safer that the

people should adopt a writer from a writer the people. There is great humbug in much of the democratic bounce so current of late and I shall simply endeavour to appeal to human sympathies and growing prosper and let those patronize me who will.

I hope to get some fresh and healthy talent in my service and with careful management who knows but fortune may aid me. Should you be able to offer me any hint I feel sure of your good will rendering it. I shan't plague you enough for once. Good bye, until I fling my hooks again.

Yours ever most truly

Eliza Cook

Eliza Cook

ENGRAVED BY E. MOSS, FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE BY JOHN WALKER

Oh Music! gentle Music!

Oh music gentle music
There's a magic in thy strain
Come where thou wilt - in ladys bower
Or on the battle plain.
The wild harp hath a whisking spell
About its silver strings
Can aught on earth excell the charm
Its sensive breathing flings
Tis Music! gentle Music's power
That steals the listening soul away
Till Man entranced in Raptures dream
Forgets he wears a form of clay

Oh Music stirring music
I have seen the war steed rest
With dust upon his tired limbs
And white foam on his chest
Stretched quivering with many a wound
Upon the red red lying
His rider leaves him for he knows
The gallant charger dying
But Hark! he hears the trumpets blast
He starts he shakes his slotted mane
Music bold music fires his blood
And brings him to the battle again

Oh music mighty power
Thou art all joy & bliss on earth
Thou gives the lovers moonlight hale
And poets song their birth,
There's not a heart, however rude
However base it be
But hath some slender string that yields
An answering tone to thee
Tis music in the realms above
That forms the dearest promise given
Rejoice then that we have on earth
A foretaste of the bliss of heaven

Perhaps the four following lines, instead of the last, may suit vocal articulation better, take which you like

Lizzie Cook

With promised music heaven allures,
With golden harps and cherubs love,
Which joy then for to have below
A foretaste of the bliss above

EC

The General Board of Health,
Whitehall.

Tuesday, 1 Sept. 1857.

Dear Sir,

I believe I can have one week's holiday — say the last week in October, or the first in November.

But, suppose I were to talk two nights at Preston & you were to arrange for me to talk 3 nights in the neighbourhood (for I should have to leave town early on Monday morning & return on Saturday — on account of my regular Sunday night talk) — the main question is — how my

visit could be made remunerative to your Institution. Could it be made so – if you were to give me 3 £. per discourse (for the 5 discourses) – and I were to pay my own expenses of travelling, &c.?

That is the lowest figure I could name. And it would be preferable to arrange for 5 nights – rather than come to you (from so great a distance) for 2 nights at a higher figure.

My subjects for Preston would be Shakspere & his 'Hamlet' & Civilisation productive of the highest temporal Happiness (the wording I will give more at length – if the visit be agreed on): for the other places with which you may arrange, I would take the same – or some other themes. But more of that – if we make the agreement.

When you have taken the decision of the Committee please inform me: that is to say – as speedily as possible – that I may speak in good time to our President, & get leave

of absence.'

I am, dear Sir,

Yours truly,

Thomas Cooper.

Mr. Dunn.

ABRAHAM COWLEY, Æt. suæ XX.

From an original Drawing in the Possession of Richard Clark, Esq.
Chandlers of London

to whom this Plate done & engraved at his expence is very respectfully inscribed by his much Obliged humble Servant
W. Finden

Sr,

I write this note only to excuse the length of ye enclosed Letter, & therefore should do very ill, if I were long here too. I should have returned you sooner my humble thanks for ye great honour you have been pleased to do me, but yt all entercourse of our boats here to the London has been interrupted of late by ye mere fear of being Prest, & I am not so ridiculously vain as to imagine yt any thing from me could deserve ye sending of a man on purpose with it. I beseech you to present my most humble service to ye Lady & Sr R. Brown, & am,

Sr,

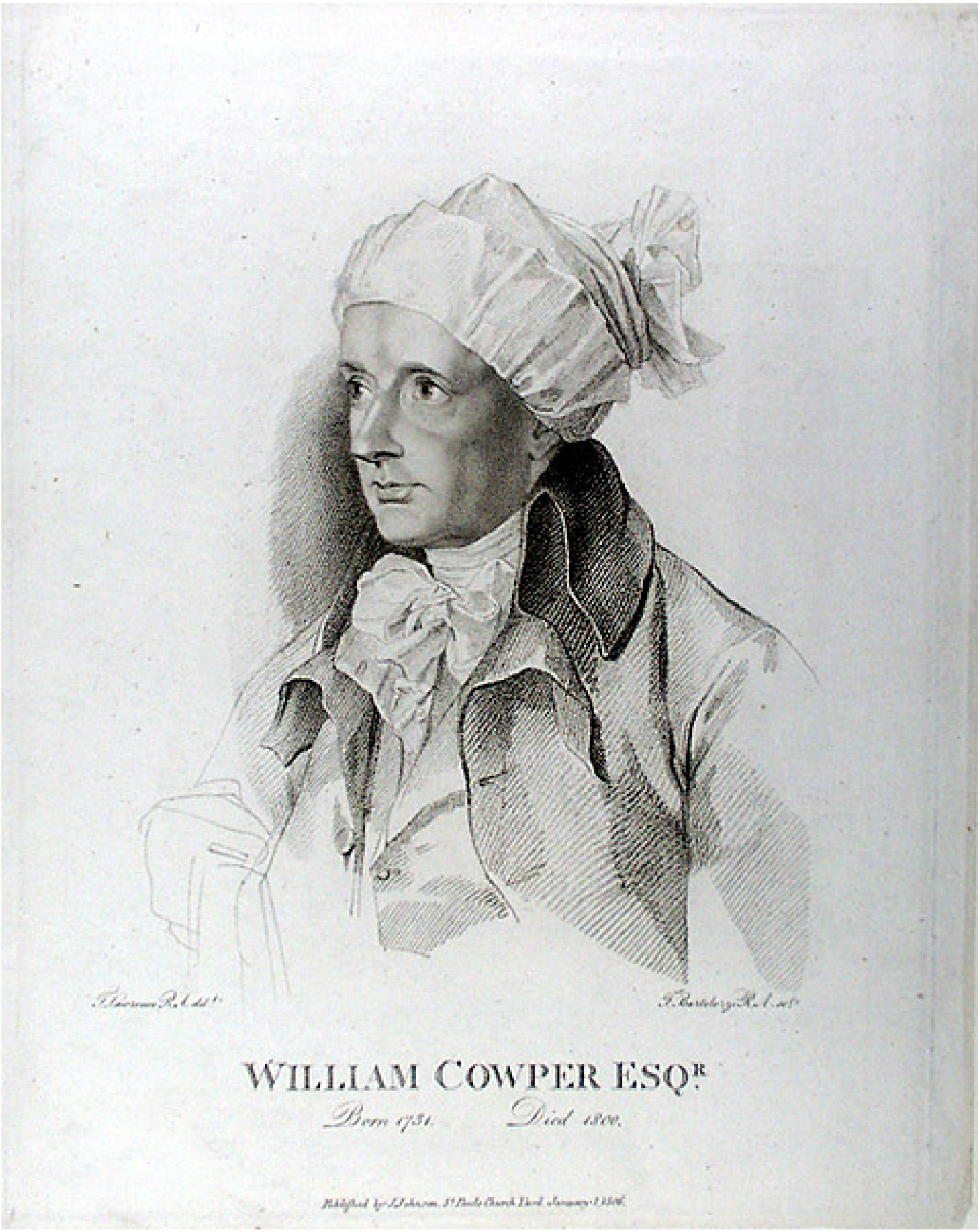
Yr most faithfull obedient Servant,

A Cowley.

Chertsia. Aug: 17. 1666.

From Mr Lowley
with his Report
Chiefly
Aug: 17: 1699
Received
19

From Lowley to
Evelyn –


WILLIAM COWPER ESQR
Born 1731. Died 1800.

A Sonnet

Addressed to Mr. Phillips Printer
now in confinemt. at Leicester.

Phillips! the suffrer less by law than pow'r,
Though prison'd in an adamantine hold,
May bear a heart as free and uncontroul'd
In his dark cell, as in a summer's bow'r.
+ The sly accuser – He, who in an hour
When all suspicion slept, like Him of old
Eves' Tempter, wreath'd in many an artful fold
Conceal'd his drift with purpose to devour –
He is ~~this~~ the prisner, and those ribs within
That hoop his sorry vitals round about
Dwells one, who never shall compassion win
Feel what he may, 'till Judgment call him out.

Then then less deeply at thy wrongs repine,
Scorn is his meed, commiseration thine.

+ I forget his name, but he purchased the book insidiously that he might inform against the culprit.

Written by the Poet Cowper, about the year 1793. — Given to Mrs Howorth of Corby, by Lady Thisbe Morton, July the 20th 1823. —

Evelyn ~~having~~ dedicated the second Edition of his "Sylva Sylvarum" "Hortensis" to Cowley; he in 1666 ~~Bottom~~ wrote the Letter and Poem to Evelyn called "the Garden" — the inclosed Autograph is the Note sent by Cowley with the above mentioned Letter and Poem — the Indorsement on it is by Evelyn "From Mr. Cowley w.th his Poems" "Indorsed to me. Aug.t 17. 66 —"

LONDON Published for the European Magazine by J. Asperne, 32 Cornhill 1st Oct. 1809.

Rev.d George Crabbe. L.L.B.

Engraved by J. Thomson from an original Painting by H.W. Pickersgill.

The Birth of Flattery.

Pleasant — 'Tis meet to Money current —
To be seen (said) in as many Forms
As there are Sorts of Humours and Men. Chaucer's Orphans

Muse of my Spenser who so well could sing
The Passions, and the Sources whence they spring;
Who taught the Birth, the Bearings & the Ties,
The strong Connections, nice Dependencies
5 Of those the Foes of Virtue and the Friends,
With whom she rises and with whom descends —
A Syrens Birth, a Syren's Power I trace,
Aid me Oh! Herald of the Fairy-Race;
Tell whence she sprang, say to what Fortune born,
10 And why we love and hate, desire and scorn.

In Fairy-Land abode an humble Swain,
Whose constant Labours, brought him little Gain;
For him, no Fields were reap'd, no Flocks were fed,
15 But the Barren Soil, procured the daily Bread
Coarse were his Garments, but robust his Frame,
Rude his Address & Poverty his Name.

Near him a youthful Shepherdess had plac'd
A lonely Cottage, in peculiar Taste;
20 What seem'd the Door each entering Guest withstood,
What seem'd the Windows were but painted Wood,
But by a Spring unseen her Walls would move,
And Day-light dropt from Glassy Doors above.

From whom she sprang, not one around her knew,
25 Nor why she came, nor what she had in View;
Labour she loath'd not, had no Wealth in Store,
Pursued no Calling, yet was never poor;
A thousand Gifts, her various Arts repaid
30 And bounteous Fairies blest the Thriving Maid;
For she had secret Means of easy Gains,
And Cunning was her Name among the Swains.

And thus I went the Country round
To win my Bread by fraud & Arts
And long a poor Subsistence found
By spreading Snares for simple Hearts

Though abject & by all despised,
Their fortunes to the poor I told,
I gave the young the Love they prized
And hoped promised Riches to the old

At length for Arts the Law confined
A Prison's Wall enclosed me round
Where I persuaded a kindred Mind
And there my long lost Dal found!

His Child whom Heaven gave
To wander with another Slave
The Miseries of the world to brave
And be the Slave of One's Men

We met in Pain
We left our Country together
And soon arrived the parting Day
He sailed a Convict over the Main
And left the Rest of her Dislays!

He knew my Name, we met in Pain
We left our Country together
He sailed a Convict over the Main
And left the Rest of her Dislays

This is that Fair! a Child of Pain
Who crossing early with eager Eye
Another Heart, alas! in vain
Another Breast, alas! in vain
Her native food, but looks in vain
To my sad Breast for that supply

Alas! the Day
Thy Mother weep
When I could yield the wretch Store
He took her from the dear Delight
But now! I yield the Blisses no more
To Him, to claim thy Mother's right

Th. By the God who long has spared
Deny me not the boon I crave
Let this my Child my mourning share
And let me find a ready Grave
Ere she yet spotless Soul my Care
And let my Sins their portion have
Yes for a better Fate prepared
And punish whom heaven has spared

Mag.

Recall the Word, renounce the Thought
Command the Heart & bend the Knee
Here is to all a Judge brought
A Parson rich, & Friend free
To fall when found, to found if sought
Pal. Seek it till to yield in thee

Pa. But how my Pardon shall I know?

Magist. By feeling that the not Pa
By Tears for Sin that freely flow
By Grief that all that Time we spent
By thinking on the Debt you owe
With the Mercy God has lent
By suffering what you cannot show
By showing how your Heart is rent
Till you can feel your Bosom glow
And say my Saviour I repent

AUTHOR OF "THE IRISH FAIRY LEGENDS".

Published by James Fraser, 215 Regent St. London.

Engraved by Jno. Thos. Smith, Printer to His Majesty, 4 Newman Street.

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

Secretary.

3 Gloucester road
Old Brompton London,
20th July 1849.

My dear Sydney,

All your arrangements appear to be most admirable - except that concerning the poor man at Con=
=way to whom I think another six pence or Shilling ought to be added per head.

It is impossible to say at pre=
=sent whether two or more lectures may not have to be going on at the same time.- But whatever your arrangements may be I fully confirm them; with a thousand thanks to you and the local Committee, as

well

well as to the Mayor for the pains you have taken and for his liberality.

I suspect I may have to accompany Her Majesty to Ireland – at least so far as Cork, and this House of Commons Committee will not let me off until after Monday next. How I am to get on through all that is before me Heaven only knows; but I know that in you I have a worthy <u>write</u> hand in Chester.

ever, my dear Aspton,

sincerely yours

T. Cliffe Croker

T. C. C.

21 Lisley -

Author of "Fairy Legends of Ireland" and many antiquarian works

C. Smith Esq.
Wednesday —

My dear Sir

The writer of the very beautiful poem under the name of Percy Cornwall has accidentally heard that there is some idea of publishing his works in the New Monthly Magazine. I have requested him to beg of you that if you should choose this to send

it may not be mentioned
in your Review. — I
have no objection to your
stating, that B. Cornwall
is not his name. — but
rather that no clue may
be given to himself.
How they lay that the
Review will be responsible
then is great beauty
little reason, & the chief
difficulty will be to choose.
Yours truly & Coly.

Sir!

4th Feb. 1835

Yr. favour of the 10th came to hand in due course. I fear the Public might be disappointed if sent down immediately Penn in hand & made the alterations which were particularly requested by Mr. Hook — and I —

am yr obedt. ly to command

Alfred Cowgill

No. III

W. E. Hill Esq

Alfred Crompton

4 April 1872

Dr Bohn

By that very antiquated & stupid mistake of putting letters in the wrong envelopes, I sent this letter to my niece Kate, & hers to you. Please enclose hers in your summer time.

I hope that you will be able to read this, and the one overleaf as my cough, does not give a favorable impression of my good handwriting

Yrs sincerely

Alfred Tennyson

J Bohn Esq

Turn over

3 Apl. 1872.

3 Portland Place North
Clapham Road

Dear Bohn.

I am troubled at not receiving any answers to my letters? I am very ill yet, at home and it fidgets me.

I see their firm is put down as upon strike. I hope this will not last long. I handed to Mr Spaulding the opening sixteen pages of my work, which I hope will be taken care as I should not be able to recollect it

pardon my boring you and believe me

Yours Mrs Mivart

Alfred Cowquill

Jas Bohn Esq.

Painted by J. Moses — Engraved by J. Dadson

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Allan Cunningham

FISHER, SON & CO. LONDON. 1844.

57. 1827.

27 Belgrave Place 20 March 1827

Dear Sir.

I think you for the kind present of the portrait of Mr Muir. I remember his very and shared in the sympathy which friends felt for his fate.

I am however better pleased to obtain the handwriting of Thomas Hardy - one whose name has been for ever linked by his love of liberty and the eloquence of Lord Erskine.

Remember we are countrymen and near neighbours - remember this on some fine evening and come and give us a dettical crack over a cup of tea

I remain my dear Sir
Yours very faithfully
Allan Cunningham

died 29. Oct. 1842.

74 46

To,
Thomas Hardy Esq
30 Russell Sq

Allan Cunningham died Oct 29 1842 aet

Allan Cunningham Esq. Author of

Songs of Scotland, Ancient & Modern;

with an Essay, and Notes, Historical and

Critical, and Characters of the most Eminent

Lyrical Poets of Scotland -

4 Vol. 8vo.

1825

Allan Cunningham

AUTHOR OF THE "LIVES OF THE BRITISH PAINTERS" &c.

Published by James Fraser 215, Regent Street

The Poet's Oak. by Ellen Jennings

1.

I've planted thee, I've planted thee
Just by the fountain side,
And watered thee in gladsome rivers
Lifesome thy summer pride;
I've planted thee, I've planted thee
Where will deer come to drink,
Just by a rivulet running clear
With lilys on its brink.
The dew is on the barley's blade
The lark is in the sky,
The sun is up — put on thy robes
And lift thy green head high.

2.

I planted thee, I planted thee
What time the leaf was down,
And saw the young roses rock the bough
The thrushes too are flown.
Still thy strong roots deep in the earth
Lift high thy budding bough,
For true ~~that~~ shadows half the world
Has once what then not now.
The dew is for the shrouded dead
The rock for ploughmans hand
But thou found not and born to give
Green Britain wide command.

3.

I've planted thee, I've planted thee
All other trees are mean
Compared with thee, thou't more to me
Than ought that growth green
Beneath thy forehead boughs his rest
The troubled Eastern look
And in their shade their unquiet flames
The sable Edwards shook
And thou with terror in thy front
And mercy in thy lee
Hast got to smile — What kings of earth
Can match the kings of Glen?

4.

I've planted thee, I've planted thee,
Grow tall and straight and fair
High with thy shield (when storms assail)
And dwell in running air
Twice hundred summer suns are thine
Twice hundred winter showers
Around thee shall Autumn year by year
And summer nurse her flowers:
Upon thy boughs a thousand birds
Shall build their nest and sing —
A thousand pheasants gather in
Their food beneath thy wing.

5.

Around thee shall lapsed gladness come
And lonesome daughters meet
What time thou wave over their heads
And flowers beneath their feet.
Around thee the gypsy night eyed band
Shall cast the tattered cloak
And fire in fog their roving camp
Beside thy favorite oak
And still out single blissfulness
And unbidden fortune free
And glad news hearts with any life
Or fortune gladdens me.

6.

I planted thee, I planted thee
Not for thy golden fruit
Nor for thy bloom, nor thy perfume
Or under deep thy root
Shall be in time a gallant shaft
And have the conquering name
Of those transformed earthings who come
From Stones and Wood and Stream
And though his name be made strange
Thy strain so trade and free
Shows something of his ethereal lines
While there is strength in thee.

The Son of Allan Cunningham.

The death is announced of General Sir Alexander Cunningham, who in addition to his distinguished services as a soldier in the Indian service, and as an archæologist, was also the son of an illustrious father—Allan Cunningham the poet. The latter died in 1842. He was the author of the famous "Cromek's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song," and the close friend of Sir Walter Scott and Southey. As the foreman or clerk of the works to the sculptor Sir Francis Chantry, Cunningham became also a potent influence in British art, and rendered Chantry's studio a delightful resort for all persons of culture privileged to visit there. It was Cunningham who induced Sir Walter Scott and Southey to sit to Chantry for their busts. The famous sculptor willingly admitted that he owed much of his success to Cunningham's poetic suggestions and happy advice.

Private

Audit Office
Aug. 20. 1857.

My dear Phillips

Poor Lord Lyttelton says Dr. Johnson in his life of him never took-to-wrote and thanked the reviewers - and I suppose after such a condemnation from so severe a moralist - it will be thought extremely pitiable in a standard-writer to write and thank his very clever & very friendly critic.

Your letter - in spite of the Lilliput doctor deserves my best thanks ... Bless you Phillips! You have done your work well and irrespective of the praise Success - I think the article most entertainingly and ingenuously written. Your list of errors is capitally arranged and makes a most amusing episode in your article.

So we are to have you in a volume - and a handsome one too from what I hear in Albemarle Street and at Whitefriars. I shall be glad to re-read you & possess you in a pocket shape.

Smith has written a long letter to Mr. Macaulay on yr subject for your Railway article. and I am to take up yr. subject this week in your spirit.

By the way they knocked me a little last week in my own journal in the midst of my own articles and all to show their independency.

They present my kind remembrances to Mrs Phillips & believe me

Ever yours sincerely

Peter Cunningham

Samuel Phillips, Esq


G. Hayter del.
1811.
Robert Charles Dallas,
Youngest Son of Sir George Dallas Bart.
AGED XII.
F. C. Lewis sculp.

Gentlemen

I am confident there was some mistake in the Abbé Ordinaire's interview with Mr Cadell on tuesday respecting the book for Sir Wm Hamilton. Both from my own sense of the Abbé's conduct, and your not contradicting the expectation I had given him, and of which I informed you, I concluded that the book would be sent to him for Sir William. — I cannot possibly allow the Abbé to be at the expence of the Book or the Binding, and if he has not misconceived Mr Cadell, I beg that the Book and expence of binding may fall upon me — but I am little certain from the liberality of your conduct to myself that there is a misconception.

The volume has fallen short of the number of sheets

for which you were so kind as to advance the payment. In the course of the next week you may depend upon a friend of mine calling on you with the difference, and for your goodness on this occasion I repeat my best thanks.

I shall take it as a favour if you will send me the few sets intended for me as soon as convenient, and believe me to be

Gentlemen

Your obliged & obed Servt

R. C. Dallas

Cont Place

March 20th 1801

Mrs. Cadell & Davies

141

Strand

Pathman Club
9 June

My dear Sir

I regret you were so
conscientious about disturbing me last
Saturday but I hope some better reason
prevented you.

Do you ever by chance do such
a Salubrious thing (only my Latin

Grammar Lat it – dulcicula burgos
& Colloquium est). Can to walk
into town before breakfast? If you
can do, I think he would glad to see
you either here at No 6 Lower Belgrave
St South Kensington, at your choice.
Here there be particular comforts in great
abundance – little dirty discomforts, but
more soft than noise. Pray choose
between them, & letter lie on your way

towards Cotton Object – but give me a
line that morning to expect you. This
week I shall not be my own master,
but the printers don't resist love.
Next week I shall be at your service.
I am ever dear Sir
Yours very sincerely
George Stanley

Rev. F. Maurice

DERMODY.

Sketched by Robt. Ker Porter from a painting by Mr. C. Allingham.

Published Decr. 1. 1803. by W. Miller Albemarle Street.

Thos. Dermody very respectfully
presents his thanks to Messrs Lackington
Allen and Co. begs leave to inform them the
last sheet of the Poems was finished on Sunday
as D. is obliged to go for a few days to the
Country if Messrs. Lackington & Co will have
the goodness to send the remaining balance
by bearer it will confer an obligation. He
subscribes a Receipt in full. Please to enclose it.

Curragh Chase,
Adare, Ireland
Sept 26. 1887

Dear Sir

You are quite free to select the poems of mine which you have mentioned in your proposed Volume unless that Volume should have any special political tendency or character. I am obliged to make this condition because on a former occasion misconceptions arose from the publication of some poems by me in a volume marked by the expression of strong

political opinions with which
I am not in sympathy.
When your volume is published
I hope you will kindly send me
a copy of it, if the condition
I have been obliged to name
does not exclude persons of
my own from your collection
Yours sincerely
Aubrey de Vere

July 25

My dear Dr Lee

I return the poem, with a line inserted.

I was so sorry to have missed you yesterday: but hope to find you at home in a couple of days or so, on my return from Alfred Tennyson's.

Yours ever sincerely

Aubrey de Vere

London: Printed for Bowler & Carver, No. 69 St Paul's Church Yard.

CHARLES DIBDIN Esq.

Published 4 June 1794.

My dear Sir

The personal calamities that oppress me I have long foreseen, but could not, with all I have known of the world, believe. The Chips, who wrote the Spoaded Shilling, and Randolph whose satire, on the Cambridge dons, is so witty and successful, had not provocation equal to mine. Instead of converting my property into money, when it was in my power, I fairly, openly, and unequivocally, proposed to my creditors with a knowledge of my affairs; and honestly appealed to their consideration. Instead of acting as men ought to have done upon such case, they have been industrious to discover how they can most oppress me, and have succeeded most triumphantly. The first thing I stipulated for was to secure to my daughter furniture, and other articles, that have actually belonged to her for five years. This they unanimously granted; but have since, in my absence, sent down the most implacable man among them to persuade her to bring her own; and threaten, if I make opposition, an immediate bankruptcy; which, though it would pay them twenty shillings, in the pound, will, by that means, be so sifted that I should have nothing for myself. This is the present situation of my affairs. How it will end God knows. As to Mr. Gosnell, I thank you very kindly for your interference, and am convinced the publication would be printed by him respectably and rightly; but I do not see in what way I could give him security. I have but one friend (that twenty valuable matter Bradshaw) and he has been too kind to me already. If any other mode could be thought of, as giving him a power to secure the money from the subscribers as far as his demand goes, according to the conditions proposed, or any thing of that kind that can be suggested would be satisfactory to him, I would subscribe to it with pleasure; but the general matter at present is to pel

out the next number, which Contarelli should not do, if the whole thing was to fall to the ground. How is Mr. Gosnell informed. He brought that he would take care Mr. Gosnell should have nothing to do with it, and he has been the cause of my being arrested by Lefferd the stationer, because I would not privately consent to defraud Mr. Spalding. By the way Lefferd, which was for £12 and the costs came to £20; and this is the way I am cut up. From Contarelli Mr. Gosnell must have learnt that there are four actions up against me. It is entirely false; there were four but they have all been stopped, but one; which I have reason to believe is also withdrawn. Could Mr. be found I have no doubt there would be plenty. I am very glad Mr. Gosnell has seen all this. If he agrees with me he cannot bring off with his eyes open and he certainly ought to be satisfied as to they would be thrown upon. But in the mean time what is to become of the next number? These delays will knock up the whole thing. I think you may kindly for your security as to the comedy. It may fortunately have reached ~~[illegible]~~ and provide me with some means of present existence; which really these people don't seem to wish; but remember, at this moment, for I write he constant in every thing there is a conversation between us. The spirit of this will be a consolation to my lonely life while and when I hope I shall feel that whatever may be taken from me I ~~will never~~ shall never parted with my honor, and if you see you allow that this is a dignity of mind that ought not to forsake any man. If I had the pleasure of seeing you, which I see it is highly improper I should desire, I would tell you a ten times more than this letter can contain. You are right as to your security; for if Contarelli could find me I should be safe for an hour.

God bless you and thank you

Nov. 18th 1809

What can I do about the next ~~[illegible]~~ number?

Yours very sincerely C. Dickens

Both Mr Wilberforce and my daughter cannot fancy, but bring out in the last surprise. But for them, I should have the consolation, that I ought to be content, for they give me enough to counterbalance the losses more than my troubles.

Stephen Jones Esq

[illegible]

No. 2 – Red Lion Passage

Fleet Street

Mr T. Dibdin.

Publd by Vernor & Hood, Poultry Dec 31. 1802.

THE BARD OF "POOR JACK."

WRITTEN BY MR. T. DIBDIN

For the Festival, but received too late to be inserted in the Book of Songs.

TO BE SUNG BY MR. GOULDEN.

I.

ONE sigh for the Poet, by Sympathy fir'd,
Who her feelings again could impart;
Whose Muse, while pourtraying what Nature inspir'd,
Brought ev'ry touch home to the heart!
On his plain honest lay, fools would censure intrude,
Forgetting the theme of his song
Was "*The Heart of a Tar*," or the billows so rude,
Which bore his trim vessel along:
But grumblers can seldom achieve aught beyond,
False refinement may feebly attack;
And till pedants can rail Nature's seal from his bond,
They'll ne'er injure the *Bard of* "*Poor Jack!*"

II.

Ye fair ones who love the bold sons of true blue,
Your hearts will be ever allied
To him, who ne'er yet breath'd a line but which *you*
Might approve; *and this fact was his pride!*
His Harp's speaking melody ne'er own'd the strain
Which could poison convey to the ear,
Make semblance of pleasure a passport to pain,
Or cause ruin'd beauty a tear:
If mirth and sound moral commingled may claim
Recollection, his Muse ne'er will lack
The wreath of true Genius, which justly-earn'd Fame
Shall entwine for the *Bard of* "*Poor Jack.*"

III.

Ye Tars of our island, what "*Saturday Night*"
(Though waves roll and weather blow hard)
Shall call you to toast her on whom you delight,
Without *some* pensive thought of the Bard?
While the can circles gaily, give one manly sigh
To him who recorded your worth;
And who now "*gone aloft*" will with you never die,
But in each Seaman's heart find a Berth.
And you, brother Britons, met nobly to-day,
With applause his past merits to back,
With delight will oft think on each patriot lay
"*Poor Charles*" sung to solace "*Poor Jack!*"

Kirk, &c.

London. Published for the European Magazine, by James Asperne No 32 Cornhill 1st March 1807

Thomas Dibdin Esq.r

Engraved by Henry Meyer, from an original Picture by J. Drummond R.H.A.

Dear Sir

May I venture the Liberty of announcing to you that a Third Anniversary Birthday Dinner in aid of the Last of the Three Debtors will take Place on Thursday next 21st. will take Place at Evans's Grand Hotel, Covent Garden when the Honour of your Presence and Patronage will be gratefully appreciated by

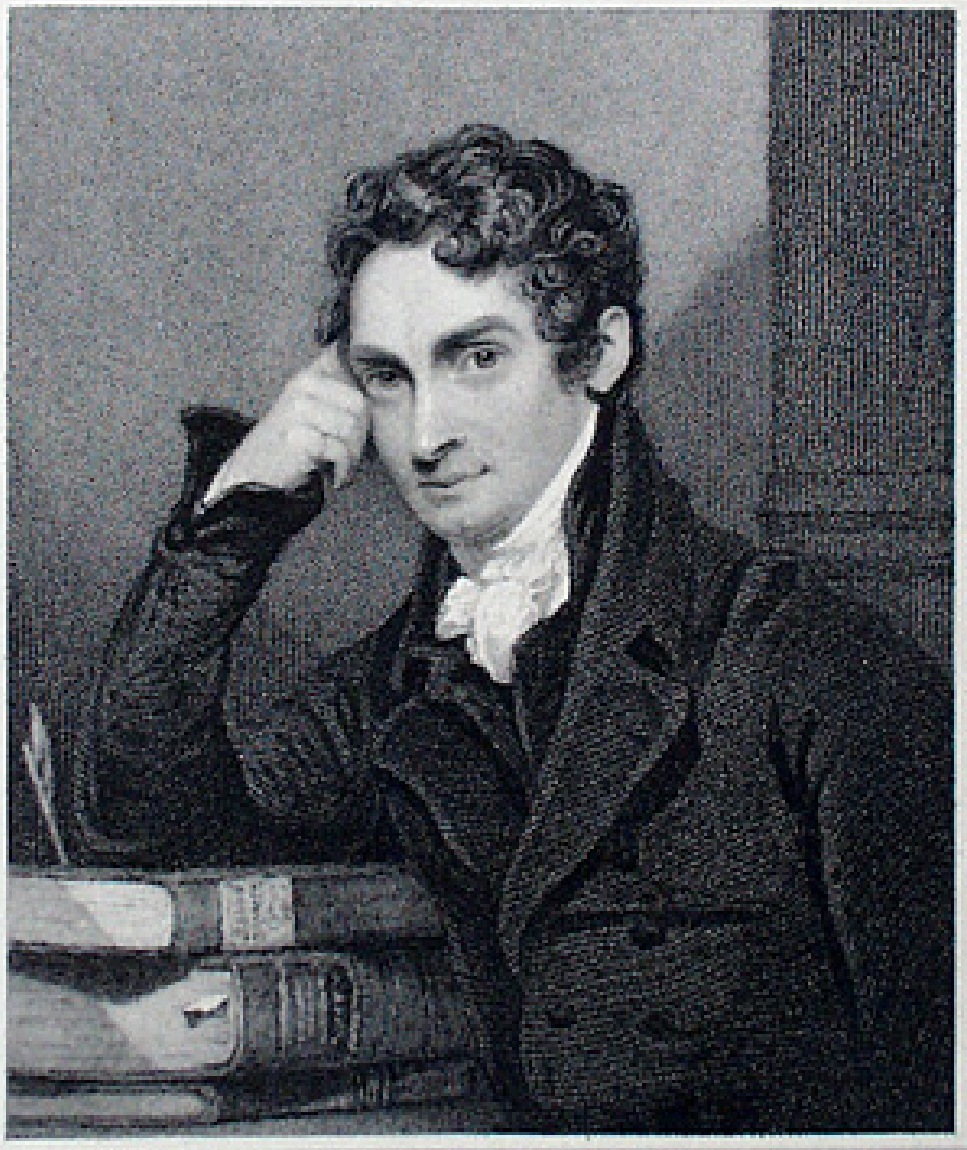
Dear Sir

Your respectfully obliged Servant

Thos. Dibdin

4a Chestnut Mound
Feb. 21st 1839

J. Hill Esq.
&c &c &c



Painted by Henry Edridge. Engraved by Henry Meyer.

REVD THOMAS FROGNALL DIBDIN.

London Published Feb 1. 1817 by Longman, Hurst & C. Paternoster Row.

Thursday Night
8 P.M.

My dear Nick

Your "Extraordinary Gazette" did not reach me till it was too late to comply with your wishes, and even if it had been earlier, I could not so have done — as I have been literally confined these 4 days with a savage & unrelenting cough & cold — and here is Sunday coming, and what is to become of the Lying In-Ners?

If I can venture out to morrow, it must be with my family, to go & dine with Children at the Museum — Eee!

I enclose an accepted blank stamp which comes £ 300. You will draw (like Raphael, if you can) and send me the balance according

to the following "notice of things"

You forgotte amongst the,
It seemed me, that I had forgotten, and
that I learn to my cost, the literary
history of my life for the last 40 or 50
years. I have been a bold speculator
and desperate lover — of paper & print.

It seems, from that state
ment, that I owe you £160-9-8-
against which is to be placed the following
credit

18 Rms & ½ Sup. Roy. at 90/- (give in the 2 guineas) as I conceive.

		2. 5
then asked —	¼ ream	9. -
18 — tendillegis		72
18 — a £4		£ 83. 5
5 Rms Royal —	75/	18. 15
8 guineas do.		1. 4
		£ 103. 4

Debit

Dr to the S. P.	160. 9. 8
Dr to ~~the~~ D.	103. 4
Balance in favour of W. N.	£ 57 5. 8
	57. 5. 6

I cannot see if the price of the Paper Swan's bill is an Extravagance - placed on a chest of paper - if it be less, I will pay you the difference: if more, give me credit for it in another account.

It follows, therefore, that, in the bill of £300, you will deduct £57. 5. 6 as your due; and remit me the remainder: or, if it be any object to the Mill on the £42. 14. 6 (making up the bill to £100) till the maturity of the bills, do so. I think it is understood to be, as was the last, for 4 months.

Can anything be more reasonable (and therefore correct) than all this?

Yours truly

W Wilberforce

Date it to-morrow (the 4th)

Call it "Value Received in Printing"

Mr. Nicol Esq

Shakspeare Press

with Care.

Monkish Latin

Somne levis! quam quam certissima mortis imago
Sortantem cupis te tamen esse tui
O Inde mihi optata veni, nam sic mihi vita
Viene quam suave est, sic mihi morte mori

Come gentle Sleep attend thy votary's prayer
And tho' thou be image to my touch so rare
How sweet tho' lifeless, yet with life to lie
And without dying O how sweet to die

Quam Prosaice addendo to Burton –

Burtona quæ calida celebraveris nomine
Ignosce.
Forte mihi posthac non addenda – Vale –

Theodore Henry Dibdin
Author of The Bibliotheca Theatrica

These lines on Sleep are not amount our most
They were written by Bishop Lowth.
The first word in the second verse should be
Consortem – in the next optata should be
optate

Bradenham House
Bucks
13 Feb 1871

My dear Sir

I am happy to see your handwriting — When I was recently in town for a week I was most anxious to have seen you, but did not know where to address you.

Your reference is to the amorous character of "a noble friend". Oh would you give something to know who was this "inexplicable man"? The late Bindley and a few others, left their conjecture and knowledge of Boswell, and most of his dramatis personæ, might probably have informed you. Alas! that those Schoolboys departed!

At p 504 of vol. of Edition in 3 — I find "the writer of entertaining travels assuming a feigned character." No date, nor to the

are assigned. Whether a contemporary or a Writer a century back be much remain uncertain. I like not venture on a leap in the dark. In looking over the Travels published about that period I thought or might hit upon "the feigned character." But I cannot make anything of it.

There are two exceedingly entertaining volumes which I ought to have, but cannot find, and the very title of which I cannot discover in Watt's Bib. Brit., which I imagined might be the Travels alluded to. I thought they were called "Travels in the East" for I perfect remember work with such a title, but I may be mistaken. They have been ascribed to Lord Sandwich, afterwards I heard that they were supposed to be a compilation by that literary charlatan Sir John Hill. As at this moment I cannot remember the date or the Title it would be rash to assert them to be the certain plagiarism. In these two volumes I recollect an amusing account of the Cave of Antiparos and its pillared Stalactites, and grotesque rocks, statues; the party dined there, and the torches illuminated a thousand Jackdaws — a fairy scene! But even this account seems not original; for I think I have seen the discovered in a narrative of a French Ambassador.

In 1782 were published "Travels in Europe Asia & Africa" 2 vols. 8vo. See Monthly Review vol. 67. 247. But these could hardly be the Work we are in search of — They were published by old Murray — & do not correspond to the character of "Entertaining" and "Assigned Character."

Pray ask me for something, that I can take without perplexing you.

I long to see your intended preface — be assured of my frank and friendly Zeal — but how can I correct a Writer who is never vague nor indecisive; I cant take an impregnable Fort.

Believe me
dear Sir Ever yours
I. D'Israeli

The Rt Hon. J. W. Croker

The Fishery
Windsor.
Apl. 26th.

My dear Sir. I am very sorry that I have no employment of the nature you desire to give you. I am a busy person, but do everything for myself unaided. This is a sad world for many. My experience tells me that the struggle for exis-

=tence grows every
day more intense. —
I wish I could help
you, but I fear I am
powerless to do so. —
Over 500. letters received
last week lay before
me. All ask assistance
one way or another.
Amidst so many appeals
my slender means permit
me to select few, & those
only of utter destitution.
Believe me it is not
the want of wishing
that prevents me
assisting you but the
powerlessness to do so.
Believe me
Sincerely yours
Florence Dixie

Sydney Dobell.

ÆTAT 41.

London: Smith, Elder & Co 1875.

Kyanee
busy please
begin at page 9.

Barton Hall Fox
Friday June 5

My Dear Mr.

It is a real disappointment to me — something for which I feel the week poorer — that I'm obliged once more to send my Friday's envelope with hardly a scrap in it.

But a surprise which occurred to me almost immediately after writing to you last Friday — & which I will mention a little more in large ~~[illegible]~~ for the same reason that made me ~~yr~~ name the person to whom it relates in my last letter — has continued the ~~&~~ constant tax on my small modicum of daily vows which has so long almost prevented me from the self-imposed duty which I have come to regard as a considerable pleasure. On the same day — ~~almost~~ I believe — in the end of this week two letters reached me, one from the mother of Patrick Stuart Menzies

full of gratitude for the care
I had taken in his behalf
& the place I had appointed
him to, & of the maternal
plans for his menus biens,
& the letter from Montrath
himself. This last in terms
of misery — misery is a poor
word & I cannot at the moment
find one to express the almost
motionless white heat of pain

which helped my time — this
me that he d.. not accept
the place he had caught at
in the most reasonable letter
of manly delight not a
fortnight before. I find
by ~~some~~ right as I had introduced
Mentleath to you last year, ~~that~~
that I ought speak of my miserable
thing; but I know you will hold

the agony of one who when I
last saw him was as fine a young
fellow as the best ~~English~~ Scotch
blood ought to produce, in
the utter silence in which we
that I also could keep it. My
only guess (at the why of his letter) is incipient madness
or that new symptoms having
appeared, the last hours of sanity
& honour compelled him to save
me from that which the
official confidence I was going
to place in him might have
wrought.

The result of his failure
just as he was expected
of his post has been such
fresh consultations of others with me
in regard to filling that
post as have confirmed my
failure of that full force
in which alone I believe

near the Pall Mall.

I hope yet to write some comments on the remarkable article on Church Establishments which appeared a little more than a week ago.

As I see the licensing system is again on the floor of the House of the Study — or Editor's Rooms — I must, here in the haste ask whether I shall be with you whilst to

bring out — as the Pall Mall's phrase — ~~as your own~~, phrase — a notion that much thought & opportunity ~~in many years~~ — of Reputation in many years (I belong to families of great Wine Merchants & Brewers) have created in me. You know, of course, that a great majority of public houses, & Retail spirit Houses, belong, either by

leases or assignments to the
great Wholesale Spirit Merchants
or Brewers. I have a
Brother in law whose Firm then
I last heard, had a hundred
& twenty licensed houses.
These houses are of course,
let to a very inferior order
of men who have a substantive
existence before the Law

& carry them on. Now,
from much observation I
heartily believe that if
the retail license were
only granted to the owner
of the licensed House, &
the responsibility for its
conduct ~~on his~~ placed on
his shoulders, (instead of to
the tenant & on the shoulders

of the tenants) a very short time wd see the end, by self-acting process, of the present evils, & a new self-acting system of public house morality wd arise which no other method yet proposed cd effect.

Take my Rutherwallen's case as illustration. He is a magistrate & the majority of magistrates' in most of the rural benches are his relatives.

His tenants if brought before such benches, wd. naturally be treated with a kind of bias. But fancy how much he wd. do, — what a system of rules, followed up by a little army of clerks to carry them into effect he wd. create — of his own name had to be in a

the justice = paper (& many other papers) every time
misconduct occurred in or around
the house which is his own
tho' carried on sub pronomine.
I wish I were able, just
now to illustrate, & ~~&~~
strengthen by details the
suggestion I can so feebly
make. I can't help
thinking that even ~~[illegible]~~
in this mere castle
you will see the skeleton
of something that may
become law.

I hope I may be able to
say something next week
of your article yesterday
on Imperialism — one of
the questions of the day, I
think.

Inclosed please, Dear
Mr. you always
right heartily
Yours Dodd.

Rev. Jos. Jowett

Naples February 22nd 1826

Dear Sir

Since I had the honour of seeing you last, I have had more time to consider what deity could be meant by that Nodens, or Nodons, whose name occurs in the inscriptions found in Mr Bathurst's neighbourhood, among the ruins of a Roman edifice. The first impression which I received on hearing of this God induced me, as I told you, to connect him with the Nodinus mentioned by Varro, apparently the same who is called Nodutitus by St Augustin and Arnobius. But these writers describe Nodinus, or Nodutitus, as presiding over the stems of corn, and the knots in the boughs of trees, and consequently as holding a very subaltern rank among the Gods of the Roman Pantheon. Although superstition imagined the existence of such a deity, yet credulity and folly would hardly have united to build a temple in his honour. I am however still inclined to think, that this Nodens, of whom we have just heard, was the same with the Nodinus of Varro, who after having given a very erroneous interpretation of the name, assigned a very inadequate providence to the God.

It appears to be the opinion of Mr Bathurst, that the deity in

question could be no other than Æsculapius. The emblems, said to have been found along with the inscription, serpents, cocks, and dogs, seem strongly to confirm, nay even to prove, the truth of this supposition. Two serpents were represented as winding in spiral folds round the staff of Æsculapius. Every one knows the anecdote related of Socrates in the Phædo of Plato; nor are mythological reasons wanting to account for the cock being a bird sacred to the God of medicine. Pausanias tells us that Æsculapius was represented in his temple at Epidaurus, as leaning on a serpent, with a dog at his feet. Thus all the emblems belong to Æsculapius, nor would it be easy to attribute them to any other deity.

It however still remains for us to explain the name of Nodens, and to show how this name could belong to the God of medicine. This task is the more difficult, that no such name, as far as I know, can be found in the whole range of heathen mythology, as it has hitherto been examined by modern enquirers.

The termination of a proper name in ns occurs rarely, but it does occur, in the ancient dialects of Italy. We might then be induced to refer the name of Nodens, or Nodons, to the Etruscan, Oscan, or Umbrian. But difficulties immediately arise around us. A great Italian critic has established a canon, which a stranger may be afraid to dispute. La lettera D, says he, è esclusa da ogni Italico alphabeto, fuorche dal Volsco. It is even questioned whether this letter existed in the ancient Roman alphabet. Quintilian says, in vetustis operibus urbis nostræ legunter Alexanter, Cafantra, &c; and in old inscriptions may be found haut for haud, apud for apud, alint for aliud &c. Nor does our [redacted] embarrassment

stop here. The letter Q is excluded by the celebrated Lanzi from the Etruscan and Umbrian alphabets. Thus it would seem that Nodens, or Nodons, was a name that could only have been pronounced or written in the little territory of the Volsci. But perhaps we shall be able, in spite of these difficulties, to introduce the God Nodens into the Capital of Italy at an epoch sufficiently early to answer our purposes.

It would be difficult to speak with any appearance of accuracy of the language employed by the Romans during the early periods of their history. There would be still more temerity in attempting to determine what were the alphabetical letters of which they then made use. We may however presume that both their language and their letters bore a considerable resemblance to the Etruscan, until about the 5th century after the foundation of Rome, when the Latin began to take a decided and peculiar form. But during that century, (it may be reasonably supposed) many archaisms still existed, and old Etruscan and new Latin were often blended together in the yet imperfect dialect. Under these circumstances we may understand, how in that age a proper name might be used by the Romans with an Etruscan termination, and how the Etruscan letters T and U may have been already changed for the Latin D and O.

The worship of Æsculapius, according to Valerius Maximus, was introduced into Rome 461 years after the foundation of the city. A deputation of ten citizens was sent by the Senate to invite the deity of Epidaurus to quit his country, and to fix his abode at Rome. The God, it is said, accepted this invitation, assumed the shape of a serpent and accompanied his new votaries to Rome, where a temple was erected in his honour.

When the Roman deputies returned with the God of Epidaurus in their custody, it may be easily imagined that they communicated to their countrymen the various names and epithets by which the stranger deity was already known to the Greeks. Now no name, or epithet, was more likely to be given by the Greeks to Æsculapius, who was supposed to be the inventor of medicine, and to whose salutary influence was ascribed the restoration of health, than ἀνώδυνος, which word may be fairly interpreted <u>alleviator of pain</u>. But at a period when the Latin language still bore a considerable affinity to the Etruscan, this word might have been easily corrupted in Roman pronunciation, and in Roman writing, into <u>Nodens</u>, or <u>Nodons</u>. Thus a votary of Æsculapius, who believed that he had been delivered from sufferance by the influence of that God, might naturally dedicate a shrine <u>Divo</u> <u>Nodenti</u> — to the healing deity, to the divine alleviator of pain. The name of <u>Nodens</u> might have gone down to the time when Britain was still in the possession of the Romans.

I cannot help thinking that the <u>Nodinus</u> of Varro was originally the same deity with the <u>Nodens</u> of the inscriptions. Be this as it may, I must still consider [redacted] <u>Nodens</u>, or <u>Nodons</u>, as a corruption for <u>Nodunos</u>. It will be remembered that when Galen speaks of a medicine calculated to allay pain, he calls it ἀνώδυνον φάρμακον.

Æsculapius was not originally a Greek deity. His name is clearly Phœnician; and as Macrobius has truly stated, Æsculapius was a solar symbol.

Excuse this long letter, and believe me to be with great regard

Dear Sir

very truly yours

A Drummond

Sir Wm Drummond Naples

April 30th 1684

RECEIVED of the Officers of the *Tally-Court*, one Tally levied on His Majesties Hereditary Revenue of *Excize*, containing the Sum of

due unto me for one quarter of a Year ended at Lady day 1682 —— upon the Yearly Sum of

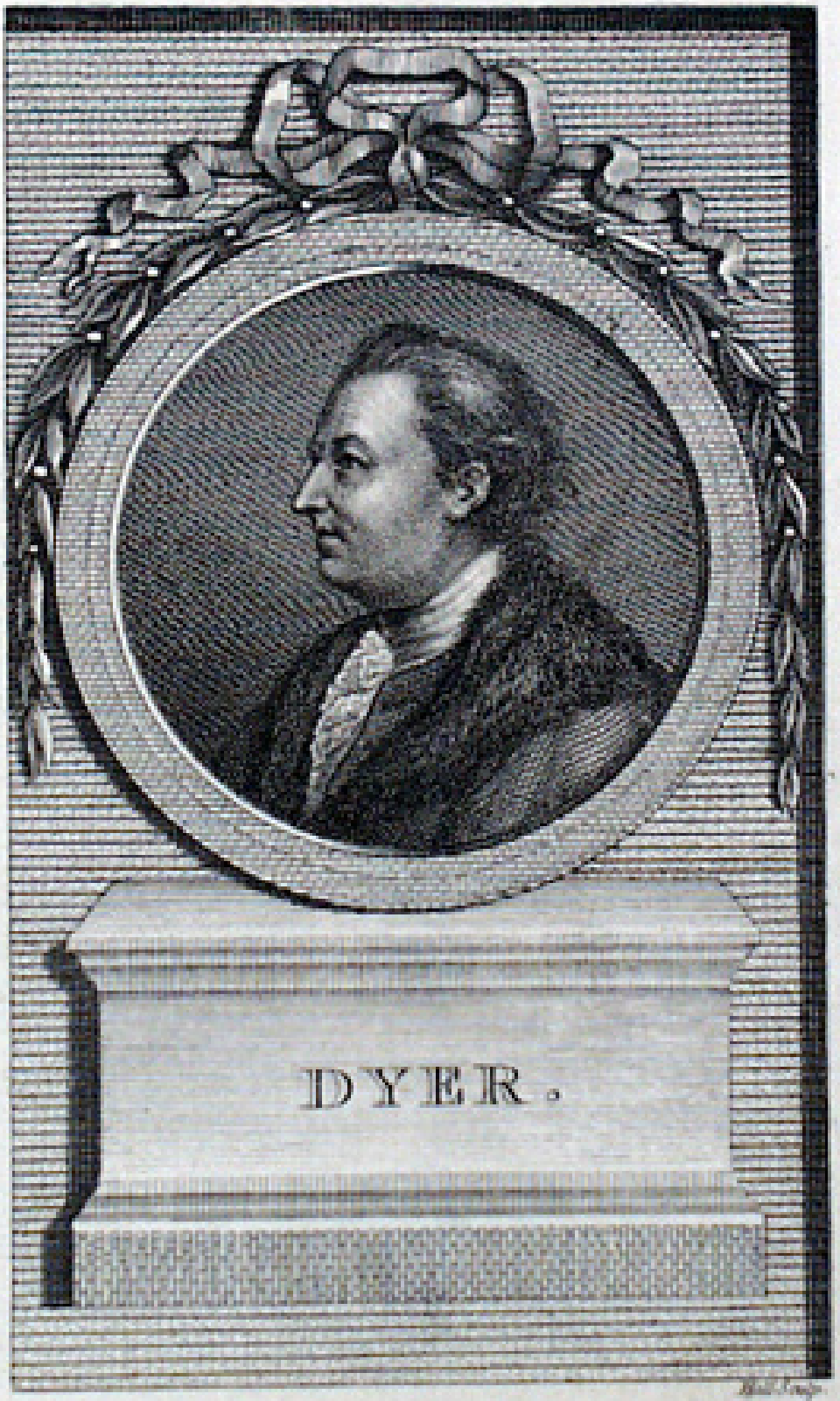
granted unto Me by Assignment from

out of the Yearly Rent, or Sum of

payable unto the said

out of the said Revenue, by Virtue of His Majesties Letters Patents under the Great Seal of *England*, bearing Date the

£5-25-8 ob


DYER.

Sir

I rec'd yours desiring the enclosed with a Note of its Price — I have been led as I before mentd to suppose that a Part of this Book may be a very useful Introduction to Bura — If my Opinion be wele founded it will give me Pleasure in having Mrs your Means given it to the Public: and not to clog the Publication with Expence on my Part I beg your Acceptance of the MS — You will find the Person's Christian Name on the Inside of the Cover — & I conceive the latter Part of the MS is in the same Hand Writing — Judge Eyre as I before stated had MSS of some other Works of our Author wch have since been printed & wch MSS are now in my Possession.

In the Treatise on Advowsons I find one Instance of Ld Chief Justice Eyre, making a Note Addition to Coke — The Book on Tythes as well as that on Advowsons is considered by the Person who wrote the enclosed as a masterly Performance — If the Subjects Inclosure Tythes Advowsons Tythes Composition & Modus with the Addition of the new Laws since the Person's Death be considered as an Acquisition they may perhaps be placed by way of Note under the Chapters of Coke in some future Edition — or they may be thrown into an Appendix But of this I only give a Hint, for wch you will excuse me, I must leave to your better Judgment the Fate of this MS

I am Dear Sir
Your very humble Servt
J. Dyer

Rom Dec 6th 1801

The inclosed was sent me by a Person of Doctor who had the MS to read. — Sent in Book

NB Since writing the above I have thot it better to send this by Post by way of Advice that the MS is sent (inclosing the Acct of it) by the Coach Saracens Head Snow Hill, this Night you will find it there on the Afternoon or Evening of your receiving this Letter

11

Messrs Cadell & Davies
Booksellers
Strand
London

21 North Bank
Apr. 19. 79

In reply to Mr. Harris's letter on the subject of the Coal cellar Mrs Lewes begs to say that she is exceedingly annoyed to find an alteration of an expensive kind, made after an examination & estimate, turn out to be quite ineffectual. She would have thought, however, that an extension of the concrete at both ends might be a sufficient safeguard, without carrying the stone paving all along the path. She is naturally reluctant to incur a much greater expense after being disappointed

in a plan which was ~~[illegible]~~ proposed as complete & effectual. She is now informed that the cellar is in a worse state than before the alteration.

She requests Mr. Harris to consider fully whether an extension of the concrete (with covering pavement) a certain distance beyond the cellar walls will not suffice.

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This Work will be elegantly printed in One Volume Quarto, and illuſtrated with many New Deſigns, drawn by Authority.

The Price to Subſcribers will be Eighteen Shillings, of which Half a Guinea to be paid at Subſcribing, and the Remainder on the Delivery of the Book in Boards.

SPECIMENS of the Deſigns and Drawings will be left at T. CADELL's, (Succeſſor to Mr. MILLAR) in the Strand, by whom Subſcriptions are received.

The Book will poſitively be ready to deliver the Firſt of March, 1768.

RECEIVED of Mr: David maitland of the Dragon *Half a Guinea, being the Firſt Payment for the above Work; which I promiſe to deliver according to the Terms of the Propoſals.*

Jos: Mr Burke Ingt Barſlaugh

William Falconer

Received Half a guinea as above for the use of Wm: Falconer

pr me

Pitch Cam

October 31: 1767

European Magazine

William Thomas Fitz-Gerald Esq.

Published by J. Asperne at the Bible Crown & Constellation Cornhill April 1804

Mr Fitz Gerald presents his Compliments to Mr Jones and transmits him the the Lines Mr Jones wished to have a Copy of — Mr Jones will be so good to preface them with any thing he pleases relative to the Greenwich Meeting, & to let Mr Nichols have them afterwards.

July 15. 1803.

John Nichols Esqr

Britons to Arms!!

written by Wm. Fks. Fitzgerald Esq.

Britons to Arms! — of Apathy beware,
And let your Country be your dearest care;
Protect your Altars! guard your Monarch's Throne,
The Cause of George & Freedom is your own!
What! shall that England want her Sons support
Whose Heroes fought at Crecy — Agincourt?
And, when Great Marlborough led the English Van,
In France, o'er Frenchmen, triumph'd to a Man!
By Alfred's great, and ever honour'd Name!
By Edward's Prowess, and by Henry's Fame!
By all the gen'rous Blood for Freedom shed,
And by the Ashes of the Patriot Dead!
By the bright Glory Britons lately won,
On Egypt's Plains, beneath the burning Sun,
Britons to arms! defend your Country's Cause,
Fight for your King, your Liberties, & Laws!
Be France defied, her slavish Yoke abhor'd,
And place your Safety only on your Sword.

The Gallic Despot, sworn your Mortal Foe,
Now aims his last — but his most deadly blow;
With England's Plunder tempts his hungry Slaves,
And dares to brave you on your Native Waves.
If Britain's Rights be worth a Britons care,
To shield them from the Son of Rapine — swear!
Then to Invasion be Defiance given,
Your Cause is just — approv'd by Earth & Heaven

Should adverse Winds our gallant Fleet restrain,
To sweep his "bawbling" *Vessels from the Main;
And Fate permit him on our Shores t'advance
The Tyrant never shall return to France;
Fortune herself shall be no more his friend,
And here the History of his Crimes shall end.
His Slaughter'd Legions shall manure our Shor
And England never know Invasion m

July 14. 1803

* "A bawbling Vessel was he captain of, —
"For Shallow Draught, & Bulk unprizable."
Shakspear.

Edward Forbes

Penzance
Oct. 30. 18
125

My Dear Charlotte.

I wish I could see you instead of writing to you — but you are my only one near away some time ago. The locality was found by Gibbs who was staying with Cotton, & who gave me the specimen. It is at the head of the inlet that runs up to Mr Lemon's from Gwennap. I should say that it

a dozen was a fair price for Cottons generally & they are ~~cents~~ you particularly ~~for~~ at that rate.

I have been absent in France, studying Provençal & the Paris basin, for the last month & only came back on Saturday.

The Bulbs follow is most acceptable. I hope to repay it by something equally rare before very long.

I was sorrowful to hear of poor Strickland's death. He never came to me accidentally in Paris.

Ever very truly

Edward Moles

Forbes the Naturalist.

Hampstead, June 15th
1852.

My dear Miss Young,

I have not time to say how glad I am that you approve what I have done. – I have added a few corrections, and return to Tuesday by this Evening's post, but leaving still one word that puzzles me, and being very near post time, I must not say more. I am so glad I was able to do them at all.

With very kind regards to Mrs Young, and "dear Aunt Mary" – very truly yours,
Ann Gilbert.

63

We said to Time, - 'twas long ago,
"Old Man, thy daughters bless:"
He did not say exactly - No,
Nor yet exactly, - yes.

He smiled, 'tis said to be his way,
When children thus request;
He then no promise breaks, - and they,
Believe, - as suits them best.

He knows, poor man he always knew,
Since strife were Eden's borders,
That other work was his to do,
Than parenting Eden's flowers!

He knows a deadly poison fell
Thence on his wide domain!
Knows that no blessing there can dwell
But needs be blest again!

Hill he provides a pleasant store,
And freely spreads to view;

But little worth, till sprinkled here,
Till washed in Heaven's dew!

Then may we take, with caution meet,
His bounties yet bestowed;
With chastened gladness pluck and eat,
While speeding on our road!

Such is the testimony of

Sam Gilbert.

Born, Jan.y 30. 1782.

My dear Sir.

The accompanying Elegy is an attempt at an illustration of character. I should be very proud if it came up to your ideas of genuine Scotch humour. The portrait I hope will be recognised in every Country Church.

Yours very truly yours

R Blair Gillson

4th June 1842

Dr Murray
Pa

REV. THOMAS GISBORNE, M.A.

From an original Picture by J. HOPPNER, R.A. in his own Possession.

Drawn by J. Jackson. Engraved by H. Meyer.

PUBLISHED BY LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, & BROWN, PATERNOSTER ROW.

Buxton, May 28. 1803.

196

Gentlemen,

I have great pleasure in transmitting for your perusal the enclosed letter, which I received yesterday, but not until the London Post had left the place. You will of course think it right to confer with Mr. Hookham, Curzon Street. I heartily wish you success with your edition. You will see by the conclusion of Mr. Alderson's letter we are still in the dark as to the state of the intended edition of Mr. Mason's Works.

Do you at all know whether Cowper has left any MSS, & what? And to whose hands his papers are committed? And can you tell me anything about a Mr. Carpenter (whether a Clergyman, or not, I cannot say), who has an Academy at Barking, yet? I am, in haste, Gentlemen, yours faithfully

Thomas Gisborne

"Send Mr. Alderson one of the Poems, Sacred & Moral."

There are some few MS Poems of Cowper's left — some Notes upon Milton

He died at the House of his Relation Mr Johnson in Norfolk and there all his Papers are

Messrs. Cadell & Davies,

Strand,

London.

Sir,

I have received your letter & in reply to it must beg to decline taking any part in the proceeding to which

it refers.

I am, Sir,

Yours &c

Edwd Goulburn

Kensington

Wednesday Morng

Feby 21st 1815.

Dalton
Thirsk
Feb. 21

51

Dear Mr Jones

The archbishop wore a short surplice & legs in stockings. He began with Confession (omitted Absolution & Amen) Ld Prayer, 2nd Lesson, Nicene & response Athan. creed & an effusion of his own. Prayed for Queen & her vassals of course. I think that was all, but I do not remember very clearly.

I remain
Your very
S. Baring Gould

THOMAS GRAY

FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURE

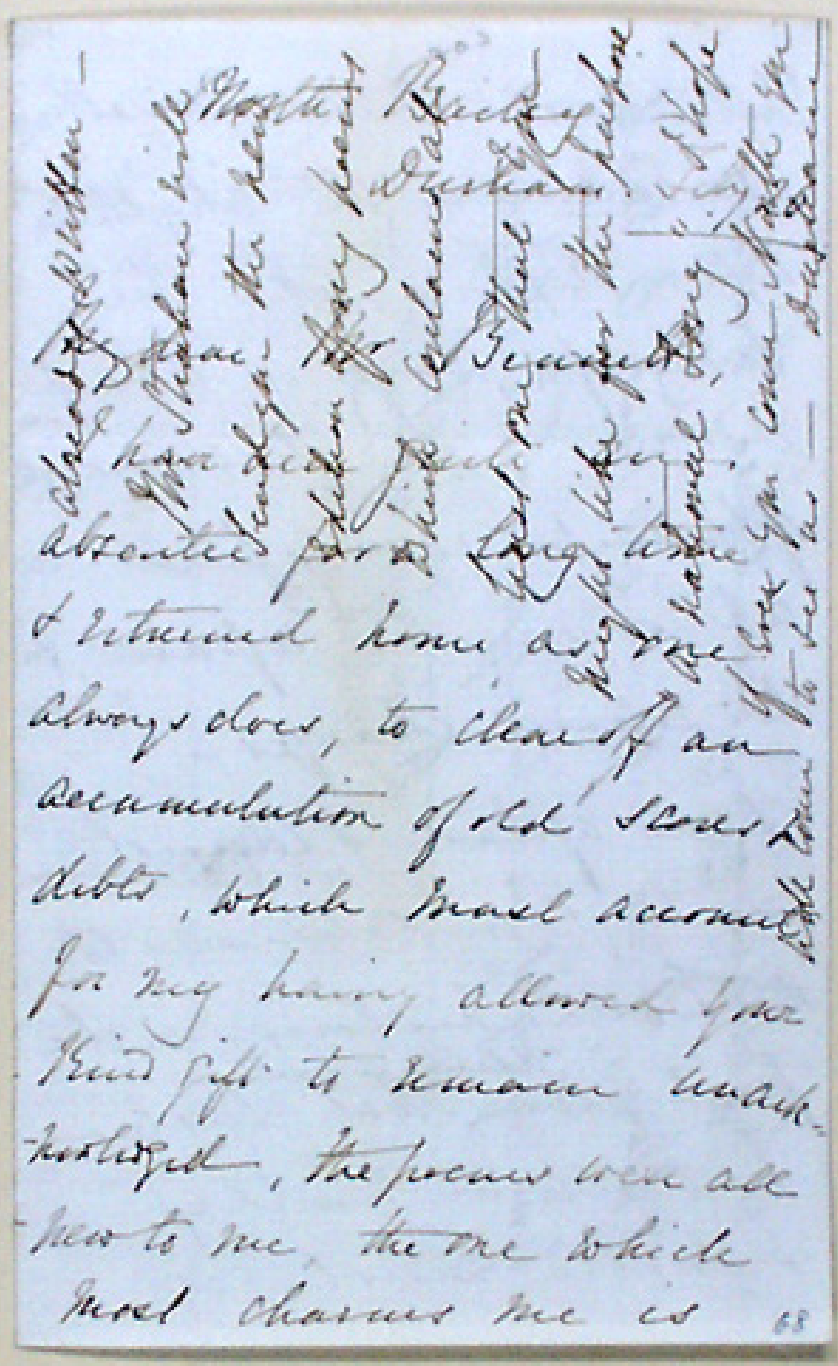
IN THE POSSESSION

OF THE MASTER AND FELLOWS

OF PEMBROKE HALL CAMBRIDGE

No. This etching was in the collection of the poet Gray & the subscribed note is in his handwriting.

La position [illegible] du Village, sous les branches de hêtre, [illegible] des Moissonneurs les plus assidus du Ballet, [illegible] de trouver belle [illegible], passe pour l'un-forte [illegible] dans les [illegible] & [illegible]



Hospital Beds
Durham
Feb 26th

Dear Mr Bennett

I have been absent for a long time & returned home as we always does, to clear off an accumulation of old scores & debts, which must account for my having allowed your kind gift to remain unacknowledged, the poems were all new to me, the one which most charms me is

Black Crow
Mr Shadow's wife
Which I read over the fire
Mr Bennett
Dear Sir
Thank you for your kind gift
Yours faithfully
Dante G Rossetti

Dante G Rossetti
26-2-67

R. C. Bennett Esq
Care of Messrs Routledge
Broadway
Ludgate Hill
London.

POSTAGE
1d

SUPPAIN
1.20
5

"Upton Court" there is something
so taking in the rhythm
wild & drifting, like the
singing of a bough or dirge of
a swallow — the death mask
of Wellington is very fine,
especially in the repair, &
the frame changes —

I am afraid I cannot
give to you imitation as to
the Ballad history, in the
first place because that such
poetry to be really
valuable must grow as
Topsy did, & supply a
felt want & need — It did so
in the Homeric age, in the
days of the Nibelungen Lied
the old Sagas, — & the Song of
Roland — also in the era of
the Troubadours & your own
Border ballads — it was the
natural outcome & expression
of such wild passion as the
heart of the age was full of —
Now we have enough of passion
& devotions far purer & more
real than were theirs, but
it seems to cast itself into
other moulds than the epic
or even the ballad — Their

again, I think that anything
good in the way of a collection
of connected series of ballads
is an anomaly. as a true
song must always be
struck off at white heat
and the ring & clang of
strong momentary feeling.
Aendts are examples
of what I mean - the very
words march - & sometimes
dance a furious war dance
as in the Song of Gueissenau
After all this discouraging
talk I can only say I shall
be but too happy to help you
with any that I have

A. Wivell Del.

J. Jackson Sculp.

Hudson Gurney Esq.r M.P.

Plate II.

Proof.

London, Published June 30th 1821 by A. Wivell, 37 Upper Gower Street North, & J. Davidson

Keswick Decr. 28th 1858

My dear Sir

I have your letters from Long to write for the life of Beckford — I find as it is from not being able whether I shall not like to have it — he was by every account a very extraordinary man — when I was at Paris in the beginning of 1882 — I was about with his Robert Barclay — Beckford told him to bring me with him to dinner at his house — I consulted a

Wm Cameron

who was there with her Daughters
a Well known person in her
Day — & he said — rather you would
not be amused — & it would not
be worth while going — or which
is much more probable you
would be very highly amused —
Lady Sir Rt Barclay is very much
there. You would be wasting
time being often — which as
a young Man you had better
avoid — on the Whole I recommend
you not going — those parts of
his life — which threw him into
his totally Eccentric ways

Courtney

Could not best be allowed to — I would make a Memoir of him deficient — But a fair & true account of Him & his Works and of his Father would make a Most Curious Book —

I have been inadvertent that I have not been able to turn to any thing — or look at any Interest in what required head or Attention — & taking up a Volume of Ld Albemarles Rocking Lum Correspondence by Chamier Thes led to another & Events through the Premiere — Buckingham Lord Holland. & Fox's Correspondence — I Received much Consolation therefrom — as see my Correspondence

agree

that we are on the Eve of Total
Ruin & Destruction & I find that
it has been invariably the case
since the accession of George the 3rd
and always in a very peculiar crisis
State we are even as we are &
perhaps the End is not yet —

There can I think be no doubt that
Lord Temple was Junius —
and a Sorry lot they all were —
nobody cares one pee Excepting
Pens & The Mind of Lord Bute —
With honest & Generally Right

I Remain ever Sincerely & Affectionately
But am weak — Dont do Sorts &
very Incapable

Yours truly
Archd Montgomery

Watton Cockett
Sheet 6.

214

My dear Mrs Rigby

I have felt the slightest objection to letting my poetry lines appear in association with your portrait in the Book of Beauty – you will perhaps find the date would suit better there – that has happened since; but my kindest wishes for you still remain – it is a pleasure to reflect that

My prayer in the last letter has been fulfilled in your case, & I am very happy in a good wife & mother, as you other were a gay, & very gay indeed. But both these are as they should be. Remember me heartily to your husband & to your mother. Sophie is quite well; & my boy at Cambridge. Perhaps he shall meet again some how or other.

Yours very truly

Henry Hallam

Bright be thy path in beauty's gay career;
And fair the spring of life's just-opening year —
Enjoy the hour, while youth & hope are warm,
While gleams with rainbow hues thy fairy form.
And oh! may Time but shift the changeful scene
For tender cares, & pleasures more serene;
And these enchanting moments here behold
The keepsake before, and the cultured world

June 2. 1826.

Henry Hallam
Author of the Middle Ages

Aug 12/10/84 Booth
Lectures Lyceum
J. E. Dear Johnson

208

Bannow Lodge.
8, Essex Villas, Argyll Road,
Campden Hill. W.

Dec 7.

Dear Sir.

Although I had almost made up my mind not again to deliver lectures — for it is not my business and pleases much on my time and my energies — the temptation to hear Liverpool is great: for the audiences I have had there have been so large, so warm and so intelligent, that I will determine to accept your invitation — if you can arrange my visit to be about the middle of March.

I enclose programmes of two lectures: the only two I have used in 1884: the one is intellectual the other merely amusing. I prefer giving them on the authors I have known: because it cannot

but be rare — a work that no one else can do: because there is no one living who knew so many of the great authors of this age.

Take your chance — when you have read the two programmes I will be at your service.

And do my best to justify your choice, in either case.

Very truly yours

S. C. Hall

Miss Rodd for E

S C HALL

DRAWN BY PAUL DE LA ROCHE

IN 1847

ENGRAVED BY LUMB STOCKS, R.A.

A letter to my Wife.

My happiness simply is thee I bring
When the ~~early~~ morn of spring
When breathing health is in the gale
When sweet birds sing in every tree,
And nature, upon hill and dale
Prepares a welcome for the bee.

While earth wakes, glad and gay,
Her wearying winter flapes away,
And hope is like you cloudless sky,
To which our cares our fears belong,
I say – but not with grief I sigh –
As thought of thee breathe pitt in song

If I have learnt the Poet's skill
To make my words obey my will,
What think thoughts ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~ red to nature, warm?
~~[illegible]~~
I think not low that thought to find –
The beauty of my summer prime –!
The beauty of my autumn mind!

Yes beauty – though it may not be
Like the fair morning, pearl and pale,
But rather like the noon day
That glows around me while I write; –
So early yet to speak decay, –
It bids me think then will be night!

Yes, beauty in that lovely face,
The husband-lover ~~[illegible]~~ may trace;
Goodness and ~~[illegible]~~ and truth
May take to such as change and time –

They ~~were~~ the graces of thy youth
They ~~are~~ the graces of thy prime.

We talk together side by side,
Proud – but it was no paltry pride –
That bid brought home ~~and home~~ wealth;
~~In mutual love and mutual trust~~
~~[illegible] in seeking and in health,~~

We ~~[illegible]~~ have therefore little met;
We still have home peace and hope ~~[illegible]~~ and health
And mutual love and mutual trust.

My beautiful, my good and kind;
Perfect in feature form and mind;
May hopes my thoughts on all will be —
I accept the humble gift I bring: —
I need not be that blind of you.
When this gentle mom of spring.

J. C. Bell

Engraved by [illegible] from a Photograph by [illegible]

MRS. S. C. HALL.

Avenue Villa. 50. Holland St. Kensington

Mr & Mrs S. C. Hall

Greet their Friends

on the 20th September. 1874.

THE ANNIVERSARY

of their 50th Wedding Day.

their GOLDEN WEDDING

S. C. Hall.

Anna Maria Hall

MARCUS WARD & CO. LTD. BELFAST & LONDON.

ROBINSON & CHERRILL PHOTO. TUNBRIDGE WELLS

Charles Reed Esq M.P.
with the author's regards
J. S. Mill

1867-1873

216

Edinburgh.
16 March.

My dear Edgar,

I drop a line, according to promise, to announce my safe arrival. How did you find your Father, and will you be able to come to Edinb. on Friday? — I long to have a bodyfull with you in the Capital of our Ancestors! —

Address me, —
"Care J. Scott Esq. Col.
12. Drummond Place."

I will meet you in any part of the town — say Scott's Mon. — on Friday afternoon. —

Your affectionately,
Jas. Hannay.

Edgar Esq.

Chère Baronne —

Si vous avez de petites chaussures pour mettre par dessus vos souliers, je vous engage de les porter ce soir — parceque nous, qui ne serons pas dans la première voiture, aurons un

petit bout de la rue à
faire un content —

Très sincèrement à vous

Thos Hy: Hastings

A

Baronessa di Fenyvesfy.

I could live

on a little bit of bread

here & that & what

for some months longer,

if you come soon.

73

After Labor Cometh Rest.

Doubting soul. O cease repining;
Surely there's a better way;
Look above, the sun is shining;
Darkness soon leads to day.
Soon yet has heart grown lighter,
'Till for hope exchanging fear;
Soon yet has soul grown whiter
Through the alchemy of tears.

Doubting soul, go forth and labor,
Though the sun refuse to shine;
Look around thee. Lo! thy neighbor
Bears a burden great as thine.
Tarry not a moment linger;
Shelter no obtrusive guest;
Soon yet has soul grown stronger,
'Till through toil it enters rest.

Annie L. Hawks.

Engraved by Caroline Watson

From a Painting by Romney

FRONTISPIECE TO THE SECOND VOLUME OF

HAYLEY'S MEMOIRS.

London Published by Longman & Co. and Longman & Rees, April 1st 1809

after

In Form an Angel but in soul a jew

it chanced her sire among his friends enrolled
a wealth senator infirm & old
who dupid too long by his generous heart
rashly assumed a misanthropic part
The peevish Gamesters now his mind unmasked
good natures Image lurked beneath their rust
& gay Serena with that sportive wit
which leads the folly that it deigns to hit
would oft the sickness of his soul beguile
& teach the sullen spleenful humorist to smile
pleased that her sallies could his mind disengage
from spleens dull empire into spirits joy
pleased by her witchery folly to assuage
the venomed anguish of distempered age
This ancient friend in a sarcastic shell
was drawn by schadel as a wealth kettle
for when the gray yet serene air
had still spread on ramonichl scene

Engraved by Wilkin from a Picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence

William Hayley, Esq.r

Published by Vernor & Hood, 31 Poultry, Jan.y 31 1799.

To Mr. Addison's remarks on this subject it may not be improper to add, that though our syllables are not strictly reducible to the rules either of Greek or Latin prosody, they are nevertheless all long or short in the judgment of an accurate ear, and that without ~~a~~ ~~[illegible]~~ close attention to syllable quantity in the construction of our verse, we can give it neither melody nor dignity. Milton, as Mr. Addison observes and proves, deals most in the Iambic and in the Trochee, and occasionally in several other kinds that he specifies; but perhaps the grand secret to which his verse is principally indebted for its stately movement, is his more frequent use of the Spondee than of any other. ∴ The more long syllables there are in a verse, the more the time of it is protracted, and consequently the pace with which it moves is the more majestic

Line 1. Of Man's first disobedience. — Man in Paradise received two injunctions from his Maker, and two only. To keep holy the seventh day, and to abstain from a particular fruit, which if he ate, he would incur death as the inevitable consequence. These were the sole tests of his allegiance. For created as he was, holy, and in the express image of God, he could have no need of a law written in Tables for his direction.

The Fragments
of an intended Commentary
on Paradise Lost

The Triumphs
of
Gl. Piper

a
Poem in 6 Cantos

vol the 2d

Painted by J. Hoppner Esq. R.A. Engraved by J. Thomson

By permission from the large Print published by Rodwell & Martin

THE RIGHT REV^D REGINALD HEBER, D.D.

Reg Heber

London Rodwell & Martin 46 New Bond Street

Reverend Sir —

I feel much honoured by the request ~~of the~~ contained in your obliging letter, & should have had much pleasure in making myself useful, so far as my abilities extend to so excellent an charity as the London Hospital. — On the 24th of April, however, it is probable I shall be in Town, & it is certain that I shall not have at that time sufficient consideration. — In consequence I am compelled to decline the honour offered to me, & remain

Rev. Sir
Your faithful & obedient
Humble Servant
Regd. Helm.

Hodnet Rectory. March 11.


The Revd. W. Valentine
London Hospital
London.

Gentlemen —

I have directed Messrs North & Hoare & Co. Tradesmen Fleetstreet to call on you with their bill against me amounting to £10.10 which I shall be much obliged to you to discharge — I also take the liberty of enclosing some cards containing the name & circumstances of the deaf & dumb child whom I before recommended to you. —

I remain Gentlemen
Your obliged humble Servt.
Reginald Heber.

Hodnet April 26. 1819.

Rec Reg Hobs
26 April
1819

Mr Wm Hobbs
Wm Hobbs
Wharf
London

49 - Grove End Road
N. W.
March 12/84

Sir

I return you yr list which is very correct - I have have chosen my poems thro' the poems - which are by a different Mrs Alexander a very charming writer - wife of an Irish Bishop. - I'd like to know what you want the information for

77

Lewis M. Ewing

Daniel Alexander Hector

F. R. Coy Esq

Felicia Hemans

London. Published by John Limbird 143, Strand.

My dear Sir

I received your letter a week, some time since, & took it to Dr. Channing & Remarks on the character of Napoleon, which I have then lent to a friend.

I then at Mr. Greely's request, & sending them, have thence been very happy in their pleasure

offer you the gratification which I think he can scarcely fail to be. — I have other writings of Dr. Channing's, which, if they be welcome to you, I trust you will consider the gift of your friend, and believe me, Dear Sir,

Very truly
Your obliged
Selina Moore

Worcester
Monday Morning.

Painted by W. E. West — Engraved by W. Finden

Felicia Hemans

FISHER, SON, & CO. LONDON & PARIS AND
LEVEY, ROBINSON, DUBLIN.

The Coronation of Tasso.

Che giova l'edera? che giova l'alloro?
Ahi! Nell'alto che giovano allora!

Tasso.

A trumpet's note is in the sky, in the glorious Roman sky,
Where Rome hath rung to many an age to the voice of victory;
There is crowding to the Capitol, the imperial street along,
For again a conqueror must be crown'd — a kingly child of song.

Get his chaplet ready;
Get around his throne
Broad a shadow silently,
Midst the joy of Rome.

A thousand, thousand laurel-boughs are waving wide and free,
To shed out their triumphal gleams around the victor's brow;
A thousand haunts of olden Gods have given their wealth of flowers,
To scatter o'er his path of fame bright hues — as gem-like showers.

— Peace! — within his chamber,
Low the Mighty lies,
With a cloud of Dreams on his noble brow,
And a wandering in his eyes.

—

Sing, sing for him, the Lord of long, for him
Whose soaring Mind
In Mastery o'er the Spirit swept, like a
Strong Wind o'er the Main;
Whose Voice lies deep in burning hearts, for
ever there to dwell,
As a ~~[illegible]~~ sweet Oracle's, enshrined in a
Temple's hallowed cell.

—

Go! go him, the Vista,
Sing — but low, sing low!
A sight sad Mournful Chaunt
For a soul about to go!

—

The Sun, the Sun of Italy is pouring o'er his
Way,
Where the old Three hundred Triumphs made a
Fleet of golden Day;
Streaming thro' every haughty Arch of the
Caesars' proud Roman —
Bring forth in that exulting light the
Conqueror for his crown!

— Shrouds the fervent bright Remembrance
From the fading sight!
Shrouds the ray by the bed of Death
Save the holy Taper's light.

The wreath is twined — the way is strewn — the
lordly train are met —
The streets are ringing with Serenade — they
stay the minstrel gaze
Shouts, as are strong shouts the gay, around a
royal Chief!
— Bring forth the Bard of Chivalry, the Bard
of Love and Grief!

Silence! — forth we bring him
In his lonely array!
From Love and Grief the grave at last
Wake for the lier — make way!

F. Hemans

Thibaingeaux

Drawn by A. Wivell.

Engraved by J. Horsnail.

J. C. Adams

London, Published 1844 by J. Murray, & Sold by C. Tilt, Fleet Street.

To Mr Appleyard. Examiner Office. 204

Sir.

I observe that you have undertaken to receive subscriptions for the relief of Mr Bruce & I beg leave to inclose a small sum for that purpose — If this unfortunate man were really an accomplice in the crime for which Magennis suffered death, no mercy could have been shown to him — If he were not an accomplice no punishment should be awarded to him — There are no shades of criminality in the offence charged against him — There is no such thing as being more or less guilty in such a matter: and Bruce must be as criminal as Magennis, 19

or not criminal at all. —
The verdict pronounced him
altogether guilty — The respite
has left him altogether ~~guilty~~
innocent — To transport him
for life shocks all common
sense & common feeling; and
I have still some hope that
the King's ministers may yet
see this ~~affair~~ sentence in
the same light as the rest
of my fellow countrymen.

I am Sir. your obedient Ser

John C. Hobhouse

Whitton Park
~~Hanover Square~~ August 24 —

Mrs Mossland

Authoress of the "Son of a Genius" "Integrity" &c &c &c.

London Published Oct. 1 1833, by La Belle Assemblée Nº 390

Dear Mr Allen

My sole motive for saying "come on Sunday" was the belief that you were so tied to London in the present season, you could come no other day. I now say I would much rather see you in the week days and any day but Monday are equally the most happy to Do so — on that Day my master is going to fish with a friend in the Thames — if you are within, you will perhaps be able to speak to my mind if not ~~you~~ you will be so good as drop me a line — if you prefer ~~him~~ you

80

O clock to Three say so but give
us much of your company as
you can

Mr Hunter is respects
with yours very faithfully

B: Hofland

Saturday morng
June 1st

Broadmoor House
Hammersmith

P S if you think my Post would
do pray don't hesitate a moment
to say so

Mr Olivier

2 Row Burlington Street

Montgomery Place Tues. Pm

My dear Sir,

It will give me much pleasure to dine with you on Saturday.

Yours very truly

J. W. Throckmorton.

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July 4 1862

My dear Sir many thanks for your volume – which I have read throughout with great interest, & will make me continue to study, I was fortunately glad to see you take up the Colleridgian system.

Yours very

A Ellis Cockshott

J C Hemmeg Esq

85

My dear Sir

hope you believe me when I tell you - I have taken up the Salamanderine again and have succeeded much better with what I have done now. Then that I shew'd you in the winter in short I dare not see my way out of the wood then - and feel. It was my own wand of showing the road

But I do know and shall be happy to tell you that I do — once more I thank you for the Chronicle Notice it was good in the extreme and I am certain both do me great good

Yours ever truly

C E Stowell

Chas Mackay Esq

Question & no Answer.

Is it Ethics or Physics? Ah,
that is the question:
Is it trouble of Conscience
or morbid digestion?
Is the temper that makes
all my family quiver,
Ill-disciplined mind or dis-
-order of liver?
Does the Passion, that
makes even wise men ~~[illegible]~~
Proceed from the Heart? ~~[illegible]~~ electrical and
if so from which ventricle?
Are duty & courage fine
functions of Nerve,

Just as one horse goes
steady, & another horse swerves
To the genius that nature
can hardly contain,
A film of grey marrow
effused on the brain?
.... Don't believe it, dear
lady, our betters don't know it
But contentedly stick to
your Parson & Poet.

Moralist.

Lord Houghton,
Travellers Club,
London.

Address to send Burke — please
send back to me C. W.

Den 8. Februar.

I revanch tack
vare det! Jag har
en lidenskapt åtrå
att – (det är
~~fest~~ Ovanligt bra
det är) att vi
snart måtte träffas
personligen igen.

for which I need to
pay for this letter
can claim here.

I am,
yours
Roy Hale

Read p. 12 of p. 2 Appt.

In obedience to yr Lopps Reference to me of the Complaint of Mr Lord one of yr Dep: Chamberlains of the Receipt of Exchq against Mr Robert the other Dep: Chamberlain therein, the substance whereof is That Mr Robert neglecting his duty Mr Lord hath been forced to do his business He examined the Lord, & finds That Mr Robert hath spent much of his time in bringing Records, & business of that nature to the Exchequer to Lodge in yr Offices for the Lords Orders & ~~to that end~~ he hath not sometimes come himself so soon to the striking of Tally as Mr Lord, yet his Clerks hath constantly attended so that he does not find that the business hath been obstructed or that any body hath complained for want of dispatch But the dispute rose whether Mr Robert Clerk should be admitted to strike Tallies with Mr Lord to the Index hath been formerly practised, And there being a necessity that in case of yr absence of either of them by reason of sickness or other accidentally occasion, yr business should be dispatch'd by other: I see no ground of complaint All wch I humbly submit to yr Lopps &c.

Octob 1690

Ro: Howard.

249

Mary Howitt

West. Rice Lodge
Highgate
Oct. 21

My dear Sir,

Will the two little scraps on the other side suit your purpose? I have not written much poetry lately. Such I would send you a splendid poem like "England," but that is impossible. "Silver & gold I have none, but such as I have I give unto thee."

Ever dear Sir
yours sincerely
W. Stewart

Wm. C Bennett Esq

Breathings.

I

Speak Master, & Thy servant will obey;
Make known Thy will & it shall be my pleasure;
Let Thy divinest Word in me have sway
And I will ask no other earthly treasure.
Thy Will be mine, my Saviour, mine alone!
— Oh then Thy Will make known! —

II

Our Light is not alone revealed in light;
Our joy has not alone in joy its birth;
Day rises from the blackest gulf of night,
And Heaven is entered through the vises of earth,
For over darkness, storm & woe, oh Dove
Thou brooded ever, The Eternal Love!

Mary Brewitt

Nottingham 5th Mo 6th 1828.

Respected Friend
S.C. Hall.

I am not surprised at thy selection of "Filial Piety", for on shewing it to my brother W. he assured me it was Wordsworthian – it is, in my opinion one of the best if not the best of my compositions. I congratulate myself on its appearance, as fortunate, in a work so highly respectable, and so much to my taste as the "Amulet".

With regard to the last stanza but one – although I am not dissatisfied with it, yet the poem would be equally complete without it, and since no power will the gifted give us "to see our poetry as it seem by the impartial", I leave it to thy decision entirely, with thanks for thy candour.

Enclosed is a little piece for Mrs Hall's juvenile work: the one I hopes of the kind; had I been more amply provided, others for her selection should have been forwarded. In some Stepmothers I think it would have a salutary effect, and it should be a writer's aim, whilst he endeavours to please and improve the young, to delight some and improve others amongst children of a larger growth.

With respects to Mrs H. I am respectfully &c

Richard Howitt.

P.S. The line "the clock and cricket were so loud", might by some be objected to, but in it I have been guided by my own recollection, young children do not always attribute their dislikes and delights to the real causes – it was the want of a louder noise that distressed the child – and the silence that gave the house its disagreeable quality. This explanation, to you, is needless and perhaps to others. —

NOON 12 MY 17 1828
Single Sheet
S. C. Hall Esq.
2 East Place
Lambeth

Rome, 55 Via Sistina May 1878. 13

My Dear Mr Hall,

We read the article of Mr Hall in No 1 of the "Science Notes" on Children's Books, which I suppose is the one you allude to. It is exactly our own opinion. In fact, the more I judge of children in regard to books, the more glad I feel to see her treated as the mother and not as a grown person. In fact, the more I judge of children in regard to books, the more glad I feel to see her treated as the mother and not as a grown person. And the only fault is simply to make little Pip's Pen. And the Pip is bad enough — a man who is ashamed of the natural honours of old age: who dyes his beard and whiskers to take away the becoming indication of autumnal life: puts on an autumn wig with little curls, and thinks he looks more like fresh twenty-year-old youth. Miserable mistake. He has only transformed himself from the venerable to the ridiculous; to a rigid and formal fetishism of Nature rejects and resents. He is merely an automaton whip-block instead of being a man representing every age and every process in Nature or art. But a little Pip fed on facts alone, and with all

the poetry, imagination and sentiment crushed out of him, is infinitely worse. When we accost one of these forced plants of modern wisdom, and expect an ample, gushing, with an simplicity and geniality belonging to his age, we are startled by a discharge of statistics, and of topics Rollenhall and miles from him so genuine later, but are now simply unnatural and grotesque. A boy whom we knew in England who was thus hurried into premature knowledge by a very clever mathematical school, cleverer mathematics than he, by most remarkably or learned & came not from Eminency, but from some families & not prospered him. Mrs Hunter gave him a book which was a great favorite with Rose of his own age — and Mr. Little found it impossible to give — and informed her that for his occasional light reading he had just finished Boccaccio's Decameron, and was beginning Don Quixote! One day, his parents having gone to Scotland, in tendrest little Rose. I met him in the lane near

us and enquired of the Thistle immediately preceded to explain to me they had gone at Midsummer, saying "you know the Scotch do not let houses or land in England, in March and September, but at Xmas and Midsummer." and so they, in fact, had been obliged to hurry away to avail themselves of the proper term." This was all very true, but coming from Rob Loyd it made me smile with such manifest propriety made me repeat that the pressure of our eight years at Frankenstein.

Marshall might extend his remarks to the enormous map-ghost laid on boys, through the whole of their years of study. Not only are they tasked at steady work all their school hours, but they carry home their knapsacks full to prepare the lessons for the next day. Nature demands for all young animal growing creatures, vacation, unbending spirit, sports in the fresh air, and in fact, the means of exercise & health, in order to enable them to bear the labors and tasks imposed

tension. But this is totally disregarded in modern education. All is work, work, force, force and no play. The organs of children, immature, growing but tender, helpless are expected to do the work of giants. I wish to protest against this. Boys being thus unnaturally stimulated, but they themselves used to ~~[illegible]~~ complain to let them do all their work on Monday, and, in reality put into an hour's work on Sunday. They must go on. Rapid it is truly cost them both health and continued capability of study. But Nature has her protest against this overwork. And is sure to avenge herself of it. In Germany we were told often to notice the fact that the children among the most distinguished professors generally came out very mediocre men, simply from having lost their faculties prematurely forced and stunted. Item Cuvier's rule: half the work and a proper amount of play and relaxation. One finds indeed ultimately acquire far more knowledge and progress far more of the sensitive and creative faculty. I am confident that time the free and ample exercise which I enjoyed

as a boy, I have not only passed through life free from all kinds of ailments; have been able to do an immense amount of literary work, and now in my 86th year feel all the freshness of my faculties, and possess an amount of physical energy that amazes all who witness it. I think nothing of rambling away into the mountains up steep and rugged roads for three or four hours together and without any sensible fatigue. Will this generation, driven relentlessly through the factories of knowledge with no £ s 10 from Bell, compelled to anticipate the energies of their manhood, in their growing and immature years, be able to do the same? In a word, is our superabundance of knowledge, are the mountains of facts that we accumulate, bitterly purchased by the sacrifice of a large amount of those years of empowered manhood when our early efforts should naturally produce their fruits, and yield us their reward?

I think this shall might fairly be done

remarks so ably and lastly I have not set out but with a deep feeling of their importance to the health religious and happy fortunes of an rising generation a useful continuation of the former excellent paper.

Margaret is prompt to write to you, and will tell you of Mr Beoington Atkinson's present state. I took your letter to him the morning and he shrieked to find Jesse in a state of great excitement and his house quite turn out with bathing and anxiety. I write at once to his brother at Beckenham, and hope that we may soon hear of his arrival, or of some of his immediate relations. We do not feel that we can leave him in their present state till we hear of some prospect of a relief from Mr Atkinson's present responsibility. Perhaps we ought now be in the Lyon.

We were much pleased to find that you were well enough to work. With kind wishes regards to Mrs Hall. I remain Yours faithfully

William Howitt

Engraved by W. Bond

DAVID HUME.

From a Print by the Lands of an a Picture by Allan Ramsay

Under the Superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge

London, Published by Charles Knight & Co. Ludgate Street

Sir

My Lord Hertford delivered your Memorial to M de Praslin, and desired the Certificates you ~~desired~~ mentioned. M. de Praslin said, that it was hard to make the French produce Evidence for their own Condemnation; and it was not even fair for them to produce Evidence against their Under writers in Holland. I apprehended that this would be the Case, and that you would have a Difficulty to succeed in your Applications. However M. de Praslin promised to take the Matter under Consideration; but with all the Symptoms of Reluctance imaginable. We shall probably hear his Resolution next Week. I am

Sir

Your most obedient humble
Servant
David Hume

Hôtel de Grimberg
11 Jany 1764

To Mr McMoche

Bishopstone Sepr 23^d
1799

My good friend & old Landlord

If I have paid you no visit this summer, it was because I was married & could not come! You know by the Gospel that a man so circumstanced may be excused. But though I have been so busy in showing my little woman all the wonders of the Bath, & spent so much time there that I had none left for Buzzards, I hope you & Mrs Blundel will not fail to make your annual appearance at Bishopstone. I shall expect to hear that you are coming to Cliff Tract, as usual, and I shall be ready to meet you & ease you of a part of your cargo at Bringmer as in days past. If my family is larger, my house is also larger, & I can stow both yourselves & Miss Blundel as snugly, & in the same rooms as heretofore. Let me have a line from you, saying that you will come & pay the wedding visit in full force, & trust me that my little woman will be as glad to see you as I shall be myself.

Our best wishes to Mrs Blundel & all your house & believe me Yours sincerely

James Hardis.

6, HOLLAND VILLAS ROAD,
KENSINGTON, W.

May 16th
(1869)

My dear Mrs Whitbourn
When I had the
pleasure of seeing
some of your beautiful
flowers, while staying
with my relatives at
Ilford, I little thought
that I should soon have
to thank you for
some more beautiful
flowers with which to

embellishing our Table
& drawing room. I
feel sure they
were the admiration
of every one last night
& they were most magnificent
also in quantity
Thank you very much
indeed for the most
lovely gift of flowers
I ever received
They are just as fine

& fresh today as
yesterday
I am dear Mrs
Whitbourn
very sincerely yours
Jean Ingelow

Mrs. Ingelow.

260

Mrs Whitbourn
Great Gearies
Ilford

Jean Simpson's letter

Come out, and hear the waters shout, the owlet hoot—
the owlet hoot.

You crescent moon, a golden boat, hangs dim behind
the tree O!

The drooping thorn wakes white the grass, O sweetest
lass, & sweetest lass.

Come out & smell the sticky hay adown the
croft with me, O!"

Jean Ingelow. Nov. 1862

Vol I

Yours truly
Washington Irving

THE AUTHOR OF "THE SKETCH BOOK."

Published by James Fraser, 215 Regent St. London

My dear David,

I am much obliged to Mr Dayokerch for furnishing me a proof of my article on the portrait Dr of Columbus. For want of a proof from the Evening Post two or three errors occurred in the printing of it which I have corrected.

We all reciprocate your wishes for a happy New Year and thank you for your kind present of filberts, which I presume are at the Rail road station at Dearman.

Yours very truly
Washington Irving

Sunnyside Jany. 10th 1852

David Davidson Esq

Nassau St

New York

Thursday

My dear Sir

I was quite delighted & found your letter yesterday — when will you come & see me? I shall be at home tomorrow night & tonight & that not Saturday — if possible will you send me a word or a line by the day when you will come. I suppose you & the overwhelmed with

business & with little
time to spare for one
or gossip - but let me
see you before the
bloom has gone off
your mind, & while
you can still "babble
of green fields."
You will ask me perhaps
how I have been getting
on! & I say to you I
know not — I know

only, that I have wanted
you much - have been
hurried, — agitated about
my mothers affairs
& my own — in the mean
time have gone on
scribbling. — no pen
-urable & give vent
to heart & my thing
&c &c

If I might trouble you
with another proof or
two just towards the
conclusion – it would
oblige me much.
Poor Mrs Austin – her
husband has been
so ill! – but probably
you have seen her
where is Mr Rawlley
to be found? he left
his card – so addressed –
most truly yours
Anna Jameson

265

European Magazine.

Painted by Ibbs. Engraved by T. Vernon.

EDW^D. JERNINGHAM ESQ^R.

from an Original Picture.

Published as the Act directs by J. Sewell, 32 Cornhill, 1794.

I waited upon you yesterday with the intention of informing you that I have applied to Ld Carlisle, and that he has consented to our request: there is a small picture of him ~~in it~~ (very like) in the possession of his sister Ld Julia, from whom I have obtained permission to send it to you: be so good as to let me know your commands — if the picture should be conveyed to you the beginning of June the engraving might be done by the first of July — or if you are engaged

on the first of July - ~~or~~ the month of August will do as well - I shall wait for your Directions -

I am Sr
Yr most obed: humble
servant -
Edwd Jerningham

Green street - Grosvenor square
No 26 -

To
John Hill Esqre
Henrietta street
Covent Garden
nro 7

Birmingham
Oct 25

4

Yours affly

J. Keble.

G. Richmond R.A. del.

Lizars Edinburgh sculp.

Yursley Vicarage
Winchester Sept. 23. 1864

My dear friend,

It is a pleasure to be reminded of you, though I often remember you & your home.

I return those thoughtful lines; which however want a good deal of touching up in the way of Poetry before we recommend printing them in

print.

Perhaps you have not seen Isaac Williams's 5 Sonnets in "The Cathedral". They occur in the part entitled "Cloisters".

Thank you for your kind notice in reading the Sermon — too short for so great a subject:

but I dare say effective.

With all best wishes

believe me ever yours

J. K. Kelly

IN WITNESS whereof, the said Parties to these Presents have hereunto interchangeably set their Hands and Seals the Day and Year first above written.

Sealed and delivered
~~(being first duly stamped)~~
in the presence of

Mrs Chatterley is to have one pound per week, now & fine her own female Nurses

Henry Robertson.

E. Kemble

Louisa Chatterley

ARTICLES

BETWEEN

CHARLES KEMBLE, Esq.

AND

Louisa Chatterley

ed 2. Sept. 1822.

d by E. Macklin, 2, Bow-Street.

John Philip Kemble

Published by Wm Daniell, 37 Cleveland Street, Fitzroy Square, London, March 1st 1808

4. Harley place
Aug: 1837.

Dear Sir

It does not seem to me that I can suggest anything better than you have suggested – Pray let it be – "Shrine of the Virgin" I prefer this to "the shrine" because shrines are alluded to generally – altho' the story, such as it is, turns on the one shrine.

– As you seem to see no objection to the notes – perhaps it would be better to affix this note to Stanza 3 – Part 2 – line 4. "In the Cathedral of Syracuse is a Statue of the Virgin in Silver" –

One does not expect "authentic poetry" – but these matters of fact mix up a not unpleasing feeling of verity with the verse – so at least it strikes me. –

If you think it as well that I should see the corrected proof – I shall be in town for a few days to come.

Not being able quite to decypher your autograph I direct this – as before – to Mr. Tilt and Co – but am, Dear Sir,

With thanks for your suggestion –

Your obedt. Servt.

Wm Kenyon.

7 MY 7
AUG
1837
Dewsnap
Mess.rs Ch. Tilt and Co,
Booksellers —
Wm. Bu (ns.) do Fleet Street —

S. et R. n'aura jamais plus de satis-
faction que lorsqu'elle rencontrera
les occasions de rendre ces treshumbles
seruices à S. et Mte Brit. et elle reçoit
avec joye la proposition contenue
en ce premier article touchant l'entrée
et l'abord des vaisseaux de ladte M. R.
dans son Port de villefranche, où elle
leur offre toute sorte d'assistance et
de seureté telle qu'elle est souhaitée
tant de la part du Gouv. et de la
Garnison du Chasteau de Ville
franche, et autres lieux, que par tous
les officiers, Mais comme S. M. est
obligée de conseruer dans tout ledit
Port la liberté dont toutes sortes
de vaisseaux y doivent iouyr et
qu'elle ne peut en escluire ceux
des Parlements. Elle n'oubliera
rien pour empescher qu'au cas que
dans sond. Port de villefranche les
Vaisseaux Royalistes et Parlements
se vinssent à rencontrer, il ne se
passe entre eux aucun acte d'hostilité
et pour cela elle commandera à ses officiers
tant de Guerre que de Justice d'y tenir
la main et de ce declarer contre ceux
qui dans sondit Port en voudroient
violer la franchise /

Le Roy de la Grande Bretagne mon
Maistre prie très affectueusement
S. A. R. de Savoye accorder à ses
Vaisseaux, et à tous ceux qui
portent, et porteront son Estandard
et qui seront sous son adueu, en
libre accez et sejour dans le Port de
Ville franche, et au cas qu'ils y
fussent attaquez par les Vaisseaux
ou Nauires des Parlements d'estre
assistez du Gouv. et de la Garnison
du Chasteau de Ville franche et
autres circonvoisins appartenant
à S. et R. et que tous ses sujetz
du Comté de Nice ayent ordre
quand ils en seront requis par les
officiers de S. M. Brit. de fournir
toute ayde et secours auxdits
Vaisseaux, Soldatz et sujetz de S. M.
qui seront declarez pour Elle /

2

Le debit de toutes sortes de marchandises et denrées y sera libre aux vaisseaux du Roy de la Grande Bretagne et les prises qu'ils y amneront seront iugées et partagées selon qu'il se pratique en pareilles rencontres a conditions qu'ils feront apparoir de la qualité des vaisseaux et marchandises dont ils seront chargez /

2

De plus qu'il leur soit permis de debiter toutes denrées et marchandises dans les Estatz de S. M. B. sans aucune sorte d'empechement et d'y pouvoir amener et envoyer les prises qu'ils feront en Mer sur les subjetz de S. M.te Britte qui n'auront d'Elle ny passeport ny commission et ce en payant les droitz accoustumez de S. M. B. /

3

S. M. B. donnera main forte aux Capnes et officiers du Parlem.t qui se seront declarez pour le Roy de la Grande Bretagne et Elle les protegera dans son Port contre tous les violences que leur pourroient faire ou les Matelotz ou leurs Ennemis affin que la liberté y reste entiere a tous et pour ce qui est des marchandises dont leurs vaisseaux se trouveront chargez il en sera disposé conformement a l'article cy dessus /

3

Si quelques officiers des vaisseaux qui seront equipez au nom des Parlements du Roy viennent au Port de Ville franche pour se declarer du party du Roy il plairra a S. M. B. les proteger et de leur donner main forte pour se rendre Maistres des Matelotz s'ils leur veulent resister et les dits officiers pourront disposer des d.es Marchandises selon leur volonté comme estant acquises et confisquées a S. M. B. a la reserve des droitz de S. M. B.

Ce article est accordé aux termes proposez par les s.rs de Killigrew de la part de s.te M.te Brit. et sera pareillement obtenu à condition qu'il ne sera point permis aux subjetz de sad.te M.te Brit. de dogmatiser en aucuns lieux des estatz de s.te R. au preiudice de la Religion Catholique, Apostolique et Romaine. a Turin ce 14 9bre 1649 signé

Charles Ema. et contresigné De s.t Thomas, et scellé du grand cachet de s.te R.

Ceux des officiers de parlem. qui iront au Port de Villefranche pour se declarer du party du Roy seront obligez d'en faire apparoir par attestations de s.te M.te ou par certificat du s.r Thomas Killigrew Resident pour Elle à Venise et ce en vertu du pouvoir qu'il en a de s.te M.te, laquelle declare que par les Concessions cy dessus et autres qu'il plaira a s.te R. de luy accorder, elle n'entend point de preiudicier aux droitz de Villefranche, ny a aucuns autres qui pourroient appartenir à sad.te R. pour le fait de la Marine. M'ayant sad.te M.te commandé de supplier de sa part s.te R. de vouloir signer les Responces qu'Elle fera au present memoire. Escrit à Turin ce 12 9bre 1649

S. A. R. accorde et confirme les
articles mentionnez en la
forme qu'ils sont interinez
par ses Magistrats fait à
Turin ce 14. 9bre 1649
signé Charles Em. et contre
signé Des. Thomas et
Scelé du grand Cachet de S. A. R.

Outre l'escritture que j'ay
presentée à S. A. R. et qu'elle
m'a fait l'honneur de respondre
j'ay ordre de mon maistre de
supplier lad. A. R. de vouloir
confirmer tous les articles
qui ont esté accordez cy devant
par le Ser.me Duc Charles Em:
de Glor: mem: au feu Roy
sur les instances qu'en firent
Mess.rs les Ambassadeurs de
S. M.te B. fait à Turin ce
12. 9bre 1649 signé

Thomas Killigrew

Importt. de Mrs. Kellgren
Hitz a la Altesse le
Duc de Lauzun.

Yours cordially
David Kung

The Butterfly

D. King

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Disporting in Mirth's airy train,
Lo where yon giddy Infant throng,
Print with light foot the velvet plain,
And rove the flowery ranks among!

But why does one lone wand'rer stray?
Why from the frolick band retire?
What Fairy form enchants his way?
Why glows his cheek with young desire?

Behold a painted Butterfly,
Her flight in circling eddies trace;
And while she lures his wond'ring eye,
Now mock, & now invite the chace!

Weary at length, the wanton lies,
Steep'd in the sweets of yon parterre:
Seize little spoiler, seize thy prize!
Nor Psyches self so heavenly fair.

The flutterer's thine — thy Hand unfold!
What! are the envied charms no more,
The Azure down, the shadowy gold,
Those trickling Tears will ne'er restore.

Yet cease thy plaint — Fond Man pursues
A Butterfly as frail as thine,
Hope's pencil gilds its radiant hues,
And bright in Fancy's Eye they shine.

But ah! like thee, he toils in vain,
Possession's grasp deflow'rs his joy. —
Go happy Child! forget thy pain,
Renew thy sport — resume thy Toy. —

Engraved by E.J. Field from a Photograph by Mayall.

THE REVEREND

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE DRAWING ROOM PORTRAIT GALLERY OF EMINENT PERSONAGES

Published at the Illustrated Office of the Period

[illegible]

Everley
Sunday
2¼ P. M.

My dear Sir

Anne Mayfield
who lives close to my
house, aged 15 has
been in fits for 48
hours, & returns seem
setting. If you can pos-
sibly come over: Kin

77

Dr Johnston Lucas
Swallowfield

77

afternoon, for it
exceedingly differs
me, as I feel it a
case of life & death, &
I dare not act my-
self.

You will find me
at dinner at 5 o'clock

Ich bitte, sich Reliquien
zu senden

Prinz Friedrich
Friedrich

Punchinello in distress

~~there~~ being no Carnival at Rome
on account of the troubles of the French
revolution.

1.

Ah! woe is me! what times are these?
Behold a hapless fellow,
Who once could banter, laugh, and please,
Where name was Punchinello.

2.

No more the harp or mandolin,
Guitar or violoncello
Are pendent o'er the shoulder seen
Of merryest Punchinello.

The Jacobins have ruined me:
Against them I will battle;
For while I live I'll always be
A loyal Punchinello.

4.

Though used to head the noisy crowd,
Like any Masaniello,
Rebellious deeds were nice allured
By guillotine Punchinello.

5th.

Then blame me not if, wild with grief,
I rave like mad Othello
Till time and valour bring relief
To banished Punchinello.

O then we'll caper, dance, and sing;
Very drink, till we are mulled,
Full bumpers to each fighting King,
And long live Pantaloon.'

The Earl of St Vincent
standing under an Oak.

1.

The Oak is our boast, and the Oak is our glory,
True emblem of loyalty, freedom and worth,
Revered by our fathers, recorded in story,
It guards, it adorns, and ennobles our earth.

2.

Behold yonder chief, who beneath it is standing
as firm and renowned as his favourite tree.
Long may he long keep his station our navy commanding,
The safeguard of Britain, the pride of the sea.

1786

My dear Mrs Moore

Accept my best thanks for your felicitations and good wishes. I cannot bear not to write you a line, though I have scarcely a moment. The powers have given me a place I love not, that of Subgoverness — I am appointed one of the Ladies Companions of Ms Charlotte. She is a noble creature, and I trust we shall do well together.

though it is a difficult and precarious situation, and I have gone through much, as dear Ella will tell you hereafter in the negotiation. I shall be happy to see you after Friday, and will also endeavour to call. Just at present I am not my own mistress; but that will not last.

My best compliments to Mrs. Howe

Believe me ever,

my dear Madam,

yours most sincerely

E. C. Knight.

Warwick House

Wedy aftn

Mrs Morse

20. Montague Square

Marylebone

W. Gally Knight

Drawn by R.J. Lane from a Sketch by T. Shaw

Etched by C. Mitchell

No 77

Lower Grosvenor St.
May 26. 1843 –

Dear Sir

If a Florin is equal to 10 Shillings; 10,000 Florins must be equal to £500. But £500 is no such very large sum for so superb & elaborate a work as that of Consignori's Monument at Verona – & yet the expence is stated by the historians as something surprizing – How shall we reconcile these points? Must we ascertain that £500 was cost in 1380, & take that as the cost of the monument? or must we ascertain

here for £100 of English money would go, at this day, in Italy? It certainly would go at least twice as far in Italy as in England — but, pray, let me know what you think about this matter?

I remain
Dear Sir
Yours faithfully
H. Gilchrist

289

8 Warden Road
Hampstead Hill N.W.
July 8th 1887

My dear Sir

The proof is faultless. I return it at once according to your wish. I send Lawyer another epigram at his request somewhat later than the enclosed. I send you below an exact copy of it. If you will see that it corresponds this and will print at the end of it my initials it will save you the trouble of forwarding me proof.

Yours very truly
J. Kingsley.

To Mr Wakeling
Etc Etc

To Kate Terry on her quitting the stage

Goddess she seems, she is so far above
The highest reach of all that we deem human;
But she deserts us whom she taught to love,
And this one act at least proclaims her woman.

J.K. 99

"Alas! hope is not prophecy – we dream,
But rarely does the glad fulfilment come
We leave our land – and we return no more!"

L. E. L.

Cape Coast Castle October 18

LONDON: FISHER, SON & CO. NEWGATE STREET.

CHARLES LAMB.

From a Drawing by Dawson 1806 in the Possession of C.W. Dilke.

PROOF

Dear Alsop, Your pheasant is glittering, but your company will be more acceptable this Evening. Wordsworth is not with us, but the next things to him are. —

C Lamb

Monday
Feeasty

To

Thos Hoof Esq

Dear Sir

I cannot say how distressed I am, to have intruded upon you at a time when you are so painfully occupied. However this may be in persons of sympathy it is impossible to refrain from offering them, and I am most sincerely sorry for your loss. You allude to sickness in your own family, from that at least I trust there will be speedy recovery, and if anything could make me regret his my unfortunate intrusion, it is the

opportunity it affords me, of uniting my kind wishes with those of your other friends.

What a kind and warm hearted person Mr Leigh Hunt must be to use his own expression, he believes in "the existence of what is good and kind because he has it in his own heart!"

With very many thanks

Your much obliged

L. E. Landon

Tuesday 22 Mrs Place.

L. E. L.

Letitia E. Landon

Dear Sir.

I write two (or perhaps more lines) as I have two requests to make; can you let me have a ticket for either theatre Tuesday next. Secondly, would you tomorrow morning about twelve, walk with me to Lord Munster's, he and his two little boys called on me yesterday and he wanted me to see his library, and said if during his absence I wished any books they were at my service. Now do you not perceive the awkwardness of this. I cannot walk by myself, I cannot very well take a stranger, and it was scarce courteous to refuse an offer made so good naturedly. He named a little after

twelve. Now I hope this will not be a great inconvenience to you.

I send the autograph for Mr Stuart Jordan with much pleasure –

yours very truly.

L. E Landon

Would you have the kindness to let the boy boy call on me to morrow, as I want him to leave something for me in town.

W. Jordan Esq

L. E. Landon

Ballad

Thine eye is dim with weeping'
And thy cheek is very pale
And thy dark hair like a shroud
Floats on the morning gale.
But thou art very young.
And thou art yet more fair'
And care and clouds and rain
Are not what spring should wear.
She raised up her drooping head
And dark tears filled her eye
And her thoughts went, as she answered
To days too long gone by.
"I sit upon the green grass yet
Beneath the willow tree,
Thy home it is the silent grave
Let that mine answer be.

L. E. L.

Drawn only

yrs Ever W Landor

1834

Walter Savage Landor Esq.

From a Picture by Dawson, RA

LONDON: LONGMAN & PATERNOSTER ROW

MULBERRY COTTAGE,
BOSTON ROAD,
BRENTFORD.

11 Dec.r '93.

My dear Gleeson, what an un-
-grateful you must have been think-
-ing me. Yet if you have heard
of the joy that came to us on
Wednesday last, you have I am sure
found reasons ~~to~~ enough on which to absolve
me. But maybe you have not
heard that we were made the richer
by a little girl on that day, & that

both

both the Mrs. Le Gallienne are progressing most favourably.

~~[illegible]~~ Hardy what one might describe as a punctual correspondent at the best of times – eh, Dear Gleeson? – you can well understand how such a dislocating event would affect me. However, though I am a laggard on correspondence, you will admit that in point I was quick in offering you my

my thanks. By this time you have, doubtless, discovered that 'Star' without my help. But though you would through the lines read & my pleasure in the charming compliment you have paid me, by putting me in so good a light, right in front of so delightful a little book, yet I owe you a much more in-timate gratitude; & I hereby, dear friend, offer you my most warm thanks for this last token of your ever affectionate friendship. We don't

meet

meet often, it is true; & I wish we could meet oftener. But friendship exists rather in the sphere of thoughts than in that of time & space, & in that sphere I think we are not found wanting.

Let us meet & lunch together soon. I will write & suggest time & place so soon as I have a day to spare from the arrears of work that have grievously accumulated the last week or so. Need I say what pleasure those two sonnets gave me, especially that in ink! Yours ever

Richard Le Gallienne.

Whitefriars. London.

Dear Lucas,

Is my little story if any are by you? If so I could alter the introduction if I had it in type.

If not — mk you kindly endeavor to be the at the French Office

Yours
Mark Lemon

Brantwood
Coniston
Windermere
Feb: 6/85

A Vogue, Esq

Dear Sir

I fear I must have seemed churlish in not replying to your former letter; but it came in a time of trouble; and afterwards, when I could have answered, it was delayed.

I enclose the MS. of a little poem which may perhaps be what you want. I suppose

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Small 8vo., cloth gilt, Six Shillings.

CLARIBEL

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY W. J. LINTON.

WITH ONE HUNDRED EMBELLISHMENTS, DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY THE AUTHOR.

LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.

and the Author.

You want it for a collection of autographs. I can only wish it was better worth your having.

Ought I to know you? Your name seems familiar to me; but I have had so many acquaintances in my long course of propagandism that I may be pardoned if some are at times forgotten. Pray tell me.

With thanks for the very kindly expressions of your letter I am very faithfully yours

W Lincoln

302a

TELEGRAMS,
ROWFANT STATION.

ROWFANT,
CRAWLEY,
SUSSEX.

Dear Sir

I will take Dashwoods at the price. Send it down for me. I will call tomorrow with & settle for it

Yr F L L

104

303

Sir

I found these letters this
morning sealed up & addressed
to you as far back as Jany
1838.
I know not by what accident the
packet was not sent but
hoping its detention may
not have attended w inconve-
-nience to you I remain
Sir your obedt

J. G. Mitchell

Jany 24. 1842

24 Paisley Place Regent Square

Henry W. Longfellow.

My wife joins me in sending my best wishes to you and your family.

Lambeth Palace
January 20
1849

My dear Mr. Newman.

A thousand thanks for your letter, for your poems, and for the picture by Hayden; all which memorials of your friendly remembrance are highly prized and appreciated. I have read the poems with very great interest and pleasure; for the pages glow with speech,

enthusiasm, and the light of life, which is love. In many a long night of the pieces, we reading turned the source of your inspiration, and I hardly need assure you, that this only gave them more value to us, as associating your wife with the origin of the poem.

The sketch by Hayden, and, what a powerful sketch it is! it deeply

exhibitors to age, who have eyes, and as surely admired by all who have any knowledge of art. It is amazingly suggestive of twilight, and never after tires, and has the power of making the beholder see the very features which should be there, but are not.

As to the great picture of "Christ entering Jerusalem", I have not yet obtained any tangible

information. My correspondent in Philadelphia writes; "I found that it has lately been the property of a Mr. Riddell, but that he had sold it to some one (who seems to be a very mysterious person, for nobody knows his name) for about six hundred dollars, and that it was in a fair state of preservation. Mr. Riddell is absent from the city, or I could learn something more definite" — which he proposes to do, and which shall be

Lately, on inquiry, called to you.

H. W. I. nearly 2 o'clock
Tuesday July 3. On my
way to Portland. Fanny
will pass tomorrow in town;
so do not go out expecting
to find us.

I see Alcott's note.
Pray take care that my
name is ~~fully~~ recorded;
and if you chance to see
him, tell him why I
cannot be present.

Yours H. W. I.

Samuel Lover. Esq.r

With the permission of Messrs. Leader & Cock.

305

Yacht Club

June 10/56

My dear Mr Cole

I have not been at the Club for some days and your letter bearing date the 28th ult. I have only just received. — Business calls me away from town tomorrow and I shall not have a moment to spare until Monday next, when I can

Wm. B. Cole Esq.

give you "an little" as Hamlet says, the data you require, but if you could give me a few more days, perhaps I could furnish you with some <u>memos</u> that <u>might</u> be useful — leaving it at such ~~to~~ your option to discard as many as you please. If you will favour me with a line to my private address to-day how long you can give me, I will thank you

Yours truly

Thomas Hoover

4 Lonsdale Road

Barnes Surrey

"THE AUTHOR OF PELHAM."

Hotel Prince de Galles
Montreal Nov

Dear Sir,

I will beg you to inform me the state of my acct as regards the plays — Please to let me know this statement by return of post or as soon as you can — tho' I do not ask for the payment till ~~[illegible]~~ you consider convenient. The fact is I have had bad luck this year, but small returns — & have paying offers for the right to sell cheap editions — I beg also to inform you that I have on good authority that a Rhetorical Publisher has appropriated, viz., pirated some of my dramas" you should be aware that of course not a copy — if the thing should be, as I am advised, true I shall

Lord Lytton to Mr. Shaw

the present Lord L

B. Inn S. Pan.

22 Apr 1873

My dear Sir,

I am extremely obliged for the interesting papers on the Wine Trade & deeply sh you have been so good as to send me; and am also very sensible of the courtesy of your adhering offer to come to Paris to talk the subject over with me.

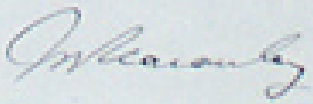
Under ordinary circumstances it wd have given me great pleasure to accept the occasion thus offered

107

1873
Lord Lytton
Paris 22 April
R. 24 "
ä.

(Owen Meredith)

Engd by H. Adams from a Daguerreotype in Pencil



310

Albany Jany 8
1857

My dear Sir,

Before you print any more copies of the Essays let Xenocrates in page 177 be altered to Zeuxis. It is quite unpardonable that

such mistakes should
be made when
the printer has the
right spelling before
him in good clear
type. How many more
errors of this kind
there may be I
cannot tell. I have
only glanced at a

Page or two.

Ever yours truly

J B Marsh

T. B. Macaulay
Sanford.

George MacDonald

C. KEGAN PAUL & CO. LONDON

The Hague, Sep. 16, 1871

My dear Shaw,

I send you two letters, one a business one from Miss Kingsley, who, you will see, has, by some mistake, been paid only for the drawings ~~to~~ her papers in Good-W. J. not for the papers themselves. Also will you answer her ~~very~~ offer about the papers, I not being able to do so, seeing my connection with the Magazine is so nearly, in all probability, over. I have spoke to her I would send on the note to you.

the other letter, from the author of a Scotch story which I sent you the other day. I think genuine, & should like you to read, on the possibility of something turning up by which you could aid him. I know nothing of him from any other source than himself & have never seen him.

We arrived here to day, & now meet by George Reid who is now the guest of Israels the painter. We have been

shall hither at our leisure
by Ostend, Bruges, & Antwerp,
& Rotterdam. I have an intro-
duction to Motley, which
I shall probably make use.
There is no word here from the
Doctor, but they think he
does not feel at liberty to
trouble his friends. We shall
be here about a week, I
think; making excursions
in different directions.
I hope all is going well
with you & yours. I have

caught cold, and am not in a merry mood, so forgive a stupid note. My mind is getting more rested, & ~~quieter~~ I hope, not too much ruffled to rub bright by & by.

Your affec

George MacDonald

Fern Dell, Dorking
Augt 27. 1881

Dear Madam,

Your letter, addressed to me to the care of Messrs Routledge, leads me to imagine that you have some of the old Editions of my poems, published some years ago & that you have not seen the new, revised & complete edition published by Messrs Ward & Co. I gave you permission to include the poems you have selected in your forthcoming volume. I must

ask you to copy them
for Mess. Warner's edition — I
will for the sake of Mess. Routledge
as the former ~~[illegible]~~ contains
my latest corrections and
emendations — together with
many new poems —

I shall be glad to be
favoured with a copy of your
Book — when it appears —
& with best wishes

Ever
Yours truly
Charles Mackay

Yours, Mein?
Davenport Adams.

4 Tillotson Place
May 15th 1848

My dear Sir,

I have been so over-busied with prose during the last fortnight as I have had no time to write according to promise for the Parkhill Show.—

Are you still in the same mind, with regard to a leading poem for

each number? and if so,
would not the verses on
the Street Beggar, written
in illustration of Jarvis's
sketch, suit the Pocket Book,
if you employed an artist
to give another design?

Ever dear Lucy
Yours
C. C. Mackay

Yours Sincerely

P.S. – I think you are indebted for three contributions – (2 poems, & the Review) – exclusive of the Irish Ballad, which you thought too bad to be paid for – in which criticism & its consequences I state cases. – Please to send the needful at your convenience.

Very truly yours

H. Martineau.

Tynemouth
June 11th

Dear Mr Moxon

I think I must ask for one more copy of the "Sick room," – for

"Mrs Harrowin
Iron monger
Kingsland."

This looks odd, – but a rather pleasant tale has the poetic of a romance of our Sterling. He is a great reader; a partly strong pleasure in my works, partly from my making.[115]

Edd Moxon Esqre
44. Dover St
Piccadilly
London.[115]

him my trumpet-maker, — & to all the deaf aristocracy, — he not only will never let me pay for a trumpet, but is never so pleased (being a benevolent man) as when I point out to him a poor person who is deaf whom he may supply gratis.

We find ourselves baffled, however, by how people choosing to use a trumpet merely for ornament, — sticking it up over the fireplace or on the pump for show! — I learn today that Mr Darwin is anxious to learn some tidings of me; & I think this book will gratify him, & be in no way lost upon him.

Yours very truly

H Martineau.

P.S. I have been shown a
letter from a lady visiting in
the highest literary circles in
London now — as she did at
Jersey, when also on a visit.
& she writes (not knowing that
I shd hear of it) that she now
finds my book still talked of,
to the exclusion of newer books,
as much as at Jersey, &
wherever she goes. — And I still
have anonymous letters, &
letters from strangers, — here
& there of brutal abuse, from high
& mighty Christians of the Bishop
of Exeter's sort, — but almost
all of a very opposite kind; — &

Sir J. Brooke Bromley
Chairman Middlesex Sessions
Clerkenwell Sessions House
Farringdon

St Buriol Square
18th October 1849

Sir,

Hearing there is a hostile candidate in the field for Sir Bernard's place, and I have already been applied to by some Men on, situated as I am, I cannot ~~[illegible]~~ my support to any, beyond saying, ~~that~~, if asked, I will give a candid opinion according to the best of my lights. I know that ~~the~~ qualifications which will be looked for are an thorough knowledge of

books & literature, and
not this only, but of antiquities.
Indeed great stress will be
laid upon the latter fund,
for the benefit of the Royal
Library, as you probably
know, lies chiefly in its
Art Collections, which are
magnificent, but which
are going through a fresh
system of arrangement &
classification sketched out
by the Prince Consort, Method
& thoroughness being here are
also essential. I see you
think this, that he may
know in what way to
bring his qualifications

forward. I need not say that the fact of being proud with "the good grounds that place the gentleman" will go a long way to turn the scale. –

We two have just come from Wales, where I am a lover of the soil, and begin to smack somewhat of the leek. But place us about two miles up the Dee from Llangollen – the prettiest spot, to my fancy, in the principality. Perhaps you may remember the locality, just opposite the Bersham station. There we have a "modus agri non ita

Magnus," some of the other things that made Rome so happy. Villa Lubinum and Cuma are equally strangers to my dear Allan, but it is with regards of some of the vintages of the bottle, which I should be glad to crush a cup of with you should you come before me in these parts perhaps or any future summer.

Mrs Martin thanks you for your kind remembrance of her. You will see by the enclosed which came to her from Glasgow today how they think of her there.

Yours faithfully yours

Thurlow Mazzini

Drawn by J. Thomas. Engraved by F. Englehart.

ANDREW MARVELL.

From an original Picture in the Library at the British Museum.

London, May 1.1811. Published by W. Walker, 8 Great Ind. Square.

Dear Morgan Edwards. Jan: 5. 1670/71

Pray present this letter to Sr Henry. We have this week only red Tuesday the 800000 bill first time - second to be Saturday next. Yesterday Foreign Excise second to be Thursday next. To day the Addition on beere - second to be this day fortnight. The bills of sale and of law not brought in yet. So we adjourn till Munday when the House is to be called. And then I see to the absent. My word we need no pass nor stores this winter. The Bills will fine us enough. There will be now sort of men in the nation but we shall make them bingle to the very fagen ends. I wish we were at an end of this worke. The money will goe hard but the ways of collecting are so large that it will serve to tyrens patience. If Gentlemen would come up & attend we might raise somthing a better market Not one word yet in mention of Sr John Gr: the more remains behind. The act of foreign Excise is brought in with a retrospect & searching of all shops but I hope we shall bring that only to give a day forward. I am

Mr Edwards
Andrew Marvell

Andrew Marvell
to
Edward Thompson.

2

1/0 (6)

(23)

Sir Edward Thompson
Knight at his house
in Queen Street
Westminster

Thursday

Dear Mrs Brooks

We expect to have a music in our garden tomorrow afternoon from five o'clock upwards. I meant to have sent you a card, & should have done so had I not lost yr. address.

Please come Tuesday,
if you can, as we
shall be away from
home on Sunday,
I hope Mr & Mrs. Bus
may be disengaged
to escort you.
Yrs, in haste to
catch post
always sincerely
Mary Maxwell.

327

Star office
17 May 1820

Sir

I enclose an article for your Obituary, which I hope you will find worthy of Insertion. Mr Pickering, whose virtues it attempts to record, was I believe a frequent contributor to your Miscellany. I am with great respect

Yours truly

J Mayne

John Nichols Esq

John Nichols Esq
Parliament-street.

W. Read, Lith. 120 Bury St. Covent Garden.

MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD,

AUTHORESS OF "JULIAN A TRAGEDY," &c. &c.

From an original Portrait by Miss Drummond, engraved expressly for the Belle Assemblée.

London, Published 1st March 1832, for La Belle Assemblée, Wright

Three Mile Cross. 14th July 1843.

I take an early Opportunity my dear friend to enquire after your dear interesting invalid, and hope (unfavorable as the weather certainly is for a complaint like his) that your unwearied attention will preserve him from feeling the ill effects of these sudden transitions from heat to cold. You know dear Charles kindly promised me, to write for his dear Mother, who has so many demands on her time every hour of the day, and to give me an account of you all, my daughter feels equally interested with her Father and myself about you and all yours. We talk much of you all, in another fortnight we imagine Caroline & Charlotte will be returning to Miss Lucas & Hayward, but you will probably hear before their Holidays are expired through the medium of Mr Hayward of Wantage how your too lively West Indian Guest bore up under the unexpected, certainly undesired summons to quit the hospitalities of Lockinge, for the restraints Mrs Mackenzie and her Grandmother may feel necessary. Your beloved Girls will I hope meet her in good health and spirits, and I will thank them to present my remembrances to her. The inclosed pattern is for Miss Tull who expressed a wish that she might copy it from my

work, but I think she did not. You hinted dear Mr. Tull that you might come to Reading, and kindly added that if you did so you would call here, indeed we should feel mortified if you did not, for however we may regret that our little Cottage will not afford us a spare bed for so highly valued a friend, yet we could send our Poney and Gig into Reading to bring you hither to pass a day with us if you will only have the goodness to give us a few days notice, lest the Mare or its Master should be engaged.

Were we not very fortunate in the weather for our journey home, indeed there has been no day since that we could have escaped a wetting. We had the satisfaction to find our treasure quite well, much obliged to you for the two slips of your Lemon plant, and to her young friends for the Roses, Pinks &c.

My Husband leaves us at six to morrow morning for Abingdon, for the Quarter Sessions, he goes by Wallingford, and intending to return as soon as the business is finished it will not be in his power to look in even to say how do you do? I have to ask your excuse for a most stupid Epistle, but I was interrupted before I had written six lines, by a friend dropping in who literally talked me into a bad head ach, and a storm of Thunder completed my dismay, and rendered me quite unfit to set pen to paper for some hours. To your Son

friends, Mr George & Mr Robert Dyke say every thing kind; assure them we shall remember with pleasure, their attentions; to the eldest I owe very grateful acknowledgements, for his attentive care in driving us so carefully to Mr Pococke's, and his beguiling the time so sweetly with the sweet sounds of his flute in the evening of Friday

That John & Caroline, Charles & Charlotte may realize their excellent Mothers fondest expectation is the sincere wish of all here, with Love to her and then I must conclude

Ever my Dear Madam
Most truly yours
Mary Mitford.

P. S.

[illegible] attachment of your servants, and those of your [illegible] good Mother was very pleasing, and reminded me strongly of that passage in Scripture, where a good Roman on being asked by some potentate what he should do for her, emphatically answers I dwell among mine own people, signifying that nothing could add to the comfort their attachment afforded her yours would I hope do every thing in their power for you, and should I ever revisit you, I should hope to find you surrounded by the same happy faces.

God Bless you adieu.

To

Mrs Tull

Lockinge

Near Wantage.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

ENGRAVED BY C. FREEMAN FROM A PICTURE BY JOHN LUCAS, PAINTED 17 APRIL 1854.

London: Richard Bentley & Son, 1884.

Fair May beneath thy feet the grass is set
With violets, cowslips, primroses, & wet
With pearlest dew, as any chrystal clear.
The earth, the sky, the music of the year
Are thine. Who loves thee not? Gay songs of birds
Tell thy delights, & make unconstant words
Of shepherds.

M. R. Mitford

Three Mile Cross
August 25th 1846
With Miss Mitford's compliments to Mr. Stacey

D. M. Moir

Stanzas

I stood upon the shore —.

I stood upon the shore
By the dark and boundless sea,
The waves, with fitful roar,
Were lashing loudly free:
Winds swept along the sky,
Where not a cloud was seen,
And the Star of Evening's eye
Shot through the blue serene.

I gazed on that wild tide,
With sorrow overcast,
I stood alone — and sighed —
My thoughts were of the past;
The memory bright of youth
Upon my musings broke,
Touched by the wand of Truth,
Long slumbering thoughts awoke —

How oft — how oft — how oft —
In moonlight and in shade

When the heart was young and soft,
With Inez, I had strayed
Here yellow sands along,
When all was silent nigh,
Save blackbird's vesper song,
Or plover's wailing cry.

Oh my heart did bound and beat,
As I thought of what had been,
When, at eve, my youthful feet
Did traverse that wild scene!
How Earth was Eden then,
A realm of Hope for me,
Bright as the young Sun, when
His first rays kiss the sea.

Changed — darkly changed were all
My thoughts — my hopes — and earth —
Joy slept beneath its pall,
Cares long had stifled mirth,
Love, with a meteor ray,
Had sunk within its west;
To leave me on Life's way,
Chilled — cheerless — and depressed!

Before my mind, what ~~[illegible]~~ views
Of beauty were unfurled!

Deep

Deep-dyed in memory's hues,
How changed was all the world.
A cloud had dim'd its light;
Its joys had fled away;
Around me there were blight—
Death — sorrow — and decay!

I listened to the winds —
I listened to the sea —
Peace seemed as left behind,
And all looked changed like me!
Then, turning from the wave,
To the cloudless, starry sky,
I said — "Beyond the grave
There are joys that cannot die!"

△

Dr Moir

My Dear Sir

Sorry see you my friend Dellon's contribution for yr Literary Pocket Book. I think I will to put yr to the expence of postage than to wait till the end of the month. If yr like these, which I think yr will, or if yr will give us two more he will send them with pleasure

In My Dear Sir yrs truly

W Blackwood

Edin 7 Sept 1834

Alanie A. Watts by
r. r. r.
Leeds

The Glen of Roslin

By Delta.

I

Hark! how the trumpet rang!—
Commingling armes shrieks,
And, whizzing fed yon woods among,
The arrow and the pike!
The voice of triumph and of wail,
Of victor and of vanquished blent,[1]
Is wafted on the fearful gale,
A thousand hours are bent
And, mid the hosts that throng the vale,
~~[illegible]~~ arrow sent!
(A shower of)

For Albion fors invade
The Bafiol's kingless realm;
Their myriads vanish, on yonder shade,
The work to overwhelm;—
Ev'ry dagger on destruction bent,
From Freedom's roll to blot the land,
By England's haughty Edward sent;[2]
But never on her mountain strand
Shall Caledonia sit content—
Content with fettered hand.

III.

Not while one patriot breathes,
Not while each broomy vale,
And cavern'd cliff, be wreathes
Some old heroic tale!

Fr

The Wallace and the Graeme have thrown
The lustre of their deeds behind, 3.
The children to their Fathers' own
Unconquered shrines to bind;
By every hearth their tale is known,
In every heart enshrined.

IV.

The Bonnyn lets not home,
To tell a bloodless tale;
And forth in arms with Frazer roam
The chiefs of Tweedale:
In Roslin's wild and wooded glen
The clash of swords the shepherd hears;
And, from the groves of Hawthornden,
Gleam forth ten thousand spears:
For Scotish mothers bring forth men 4.
By night, that mock at fears!

V

Three camps divided raise
Their snowy tops on high.
The breeze unfolding Flag displays
Its lions to the sky:
While chants the mounting lark in air
Its matin carols of delight,
The tongue of Thirst is jocund here;
Nor is it dreamt on night
The sun shall shed his golden glare
On thousands slain in fight!

VI.

Baffled, and backward borne,
In England's foremost war;

The

Moonlight Musings.

By Delta.

Le M Moore

I.

It is a sweet, calm, pleasant night,
The waves are melting on the shore
With such subdued and free delight,
They seem to feel their journey o'er;
Whilst thou, pure moon, enthroned above,
Smilest down on my sequestred way,
Recalling thoughts of vanished love
And fleeting's cloudless early day.

II.

A few brief years have come and fled —
Mark how startling is the change!
Hearts, throbbing then, are stilled and dead;
And tongues that then were friendly, strange;
Hopes, which then glowed, are quenched and past;
Joys, which then charmed, rejoice me more;
And when Thought is around us cast,
'Tis change behind, and grief before!

III.

Yet when I look on thee, while moon,
And gaze around me on this scene,
So fresh comes back Youth's glowing noon —
The days when life's parched waste was green;
Almost my heart could think the while,
The present but a dim mist drawn
O'er earth, an hour to dim its smile,
Then, passing, leave the unclouded Heaven.

IV.

The tree lives on, when flowers are shed,
And droop its boughs in autumn's blight;
When round its lone and leafless head
Howl the regardless storms of night; —
So throbs the heart, in after-years,
When Youth's romance hath passed away, —
And Fancy's frost-work disappears,
Before the light of common day.

Mon

Date

The Snow.

By the Author of "The Legend of Genevieve" &c.

The snow — the snow! 'tis a pleasant thing
To watch it falling, falling
Down upon Earth with noiseless wing,
As at some Spirit's calling;
Each flake is a fairy parachute
From teeming clouds let down,
And Earth is still, and Air is mute,
In Frost's enchanted zone.

The snow — the snow! behold the trees
Their fingery boughs stretch out
The bosoms of the sky to seize,
As they duck and dive about:
The bare hills plead for a covering,
And, ere the grey Twilight,
Around their shoulders broad shall cling
An Arctic cloak of white.

The snow — the snow! Alas to me
It speaks of far off days,
When a boyish skater, mingling free
Amid the merry maze;

the

Methinks I see the broad ice still,
And my nerves all jangling feel,
Blending with tones of voices shrill,
The ring of the Slider's heel.

The snow — the snow! soon dusky Night
Drew his murky curtains round
Lone Earth, while a Star of lustre bright
Peeped from the blue profound. —
Yet what cared we for darkening lea,
Or warning-bell remote!
With shout and cry we scudded by,
And found the bliss we sought.

The snow — the snow! 'Twas ours to wage,
How oft, a mimic war,
Each white ball tossing in wild rage,
That left a gorgeous scar:
While doublets dark were powdered o'er,
Ill darkness none could find,
And valorous chiefs had wounds before,
And caitiff chiefs behind.

The snow — the snow! I see him yet,
That piled-up Giant grim,
To startle horse and traveller set,
With Titan girth of limb:

We

We hoped, oh ice-ribbed Winter bright,
Thy sceptre could have screened him,
But traitor Thaw stole forth by night,
And cruelly guillotined him!

The snow — the snow! Lo Eve reveals
Her starred map to the Moon,
And o'er hushed Earth a radiance steals
More bland than that of Noon:
The fur-robed Genii of the Pole
Dance o'er our mountains white,
Chain up the billows as they roll,
And pearl the caves with light.

The snow, the snow! It brings to mind
A thousand happy things,
And but one sad one — 'tis to find
Too sure that Time hath wings!
Oh! ever sweet is sight or sound
That tells of long ago;
And I gaze around, with thoughts profound,
Upon the falling snow.

A.

The Editor of Blackwood.

340

Musselburgh 5th July.

Gentn.

I herewith send you three poetical tales, that you may select from them the one which seems most adapted for insertion in the Metropolitan.

Not having the honour of a personal acquaintance with Mr Campbell (being unfortunately unable to meet him the last time he dined with Prof Wilson), I have thought it best to present these tales through you — having been informed by Mr Pieper that you wished me to send something for the Metropolitan. — Having received the first Nos with the compts of the Editor, may I request the favour of your returning him my best thanks for the same, as also for the very kind and flattering notice of my Ancient History of Medicine.

Should none of the three Tales vent appear quite adapted for the Metrop. I beg that use of them may not be made from personal consideration to me, but let them be returned and I will shortly endeavour to do something else,

and

and if possible better. – They form part of a series, which some time ago I had arranged for separate, but have since deferred the idea.

With best wishes for the success of the Metropolitan, which has set out with such fair performance and promise,

Believe me Gentlemen
Most truly Yours
David M. Moir

To
Messrs Cochrane & Pickersgill
&c &c &c

Engraved by E. Mitchell, after a Painting by Chalmers

James Montgomery.

(AGED 55)

LONDON: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN & LONGMANS

Hymn. 1. Pet. 2. 21

Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

× ×

Follow to the judgment hall;
View the Lord of life arrayed,
The wormwood and the gall!
The scoffs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss,
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

× ×

Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark the wondrous love of Him,
—God's own sacrifice complete.
"It is finished!" hear Him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

× ×

Early, to the tomb, ~~repair~~
Where they laid His sacred clay;
All is silent and obscure;
—Who has taken Him away?
Christ is risen;—He seeks the skies;
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

Gm.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

349

Hatchett's Hotel

Wednesday. 12/42.

Dear Mr

Meant this for Glasgow to morrow, as I would have been glad to discuss the important matter of your letter with you. As it is, I can only say, have

grateful I am to see
the Sterling-hearted
Operatives clinging nobly
to their mother church,
I know correctly I may
hope the rich blessing
of our God may
descend on every
<u>dual</u> means exercised
for her defence. Very truly
R Montgomery

THE OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY.

We extract the following sublime stanzas from a poem on this subject by Mr ROBERT MONTGOMERY. A London print has erroneously ascribed them to the amiable James Montgomery, of Sheffield.

'Thou UNCREATE, UNSEEN, and UNDEFINED,
Source of all life, and fountain of the mind!
Pervading Spirit, whom no eye can trace,
Felt through all time, and working in all space,—
Imagination cannot paint that spot,
Around, above, beneath, where Thou art not!

'Before the glad stars hymn'd to new-born Earth,
Or young Creation revell'd in its birth,
Thy Spirit moved upon the pregnant deep,
Unchain'd the waveless waters from their sleep,
Bade Time's majestic wings to be unfurl'd,
And out of Darkness drew the breathing World!

'Ere Matter form'd at thy creative tone,
Thou wert!—Omnific, Endless, and Alone!
In Thine own essence, all that was to be—
Sublime, unfathomable Deity!
Thou said'st—and lo! a Universe was born,
And Light flash'd from Thee, for its birth-day morn!'

A World unshrouded all its beauty now!
The youthful Mountain rear'd its haughty brow;
Flowers, Fruits, and Trees felt instantaneous life,
And Ocean chafed her billows into strife!

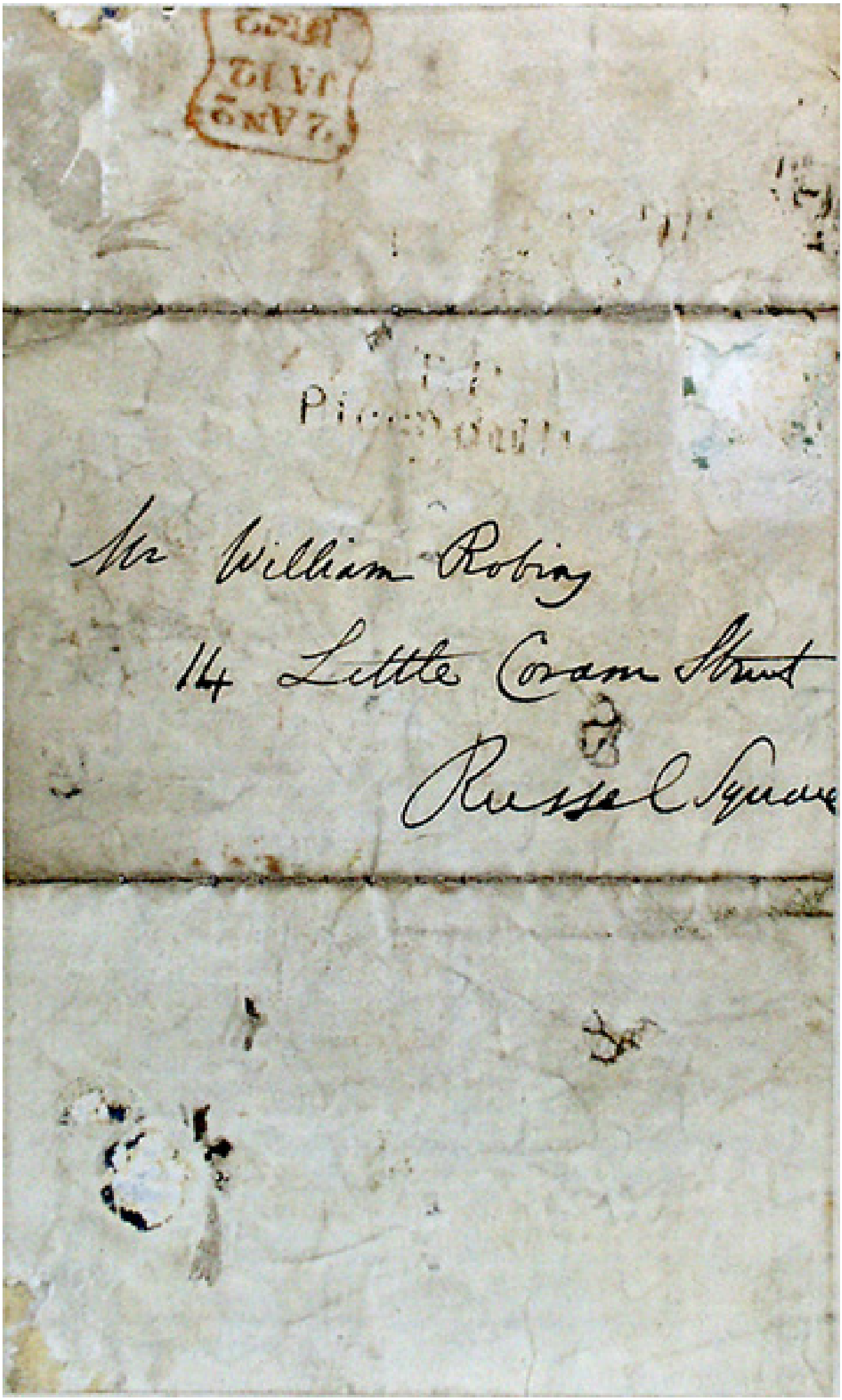
And next, triumphant o'er the green-clad earth,
The universal Sun burst into birth,
And dash'd from off his altitude sublime,
The first dread ray that mark'd commencing Time!

Last rose the Sun, and then the array of Stars
Wheel'd round the heavens upon their burning cars!

But all was silent as a world of dead,
Till the great Deep her living swarms outspread!
Forth from her teeming bosom sudden came
Immingled monsters—mighty, without name;
Then plumy tribes, wing'd into being there,
And played their gleamy pinions on the air,—
Till thick as dews upon a twilight green,
Earth's living creatures rose upon the scene!

And now the gorgeous Universe was rife,
Full, fresh, and glowing with created life!
And when th' Eternal, from his starry height,
Beheld the young World basking in his light,
And breathing incense of deep gratitude,—
He bless'd it, for his mercy made it good!
Creation's master-piece! a breath of God,
Ray of his Glory, quicken'd at his nod,
Immortal Man came next,—divinely grand,
Glorious and perfect, from his Maker's hand;
Last, softly beautiful as Music's close,
Angelic Woman into being rose!

And thus, Thou wert, and art, the fountain soul,
And countless worlds around Thee live and roll;
In sun and shade, in ocean and in air,
Different, though never lessen'd—everywhere!
All life and motion from Thy source began,
From worlds to atoms—angels down to man!



Mr William Robing
14 Little Coram Street
Russel Square

Engraved by Thomas Fox from a Painting by Sully

R Montgomery

Friday

251

My dear Wellington

I wish you

would accompany me to

Paris on the 1st day

next via Dieppe! —

Do if you can — the

opera with Mademoiselle

Please to send Teacher, Shum

Turner's letter which of course,

I value — How goes on the

New Country? — Have the French

Papers pitched you? — Ever faithfully

R Stuart

The Reverend
Dr. Worthington
1. Tilmouth Place
Regent Square

REV^D R. MONTGOMERY, M.A.

of Lincoln College, Oxford.

Minister of St. Jude's Church, Glasgow

Author of "The Omnipresence" "The Messiah" "Satan" &c

R Montgomery

ENGRAVED BY RICHARD ENDS.

Published by Hayward & Moore, London.

5 Pimlico Square

Thursday

My dear Sir

Will you kindly forward me Mr Milford's address? I want to send a private line to him, on the subject of the "Gentleman's Mag."

Should ~~the~~ Editorship have changed — perhaps you will tell me more of him —

to mule.

My dear Sir

Yours faithfully

Robert Montgomery

Private

Torrington-Pl

L Nicholls Esq

25 Parliament Street

Westminster

Prospectus for Immediate ~~x~~ —

Montgomery's New Poem

354

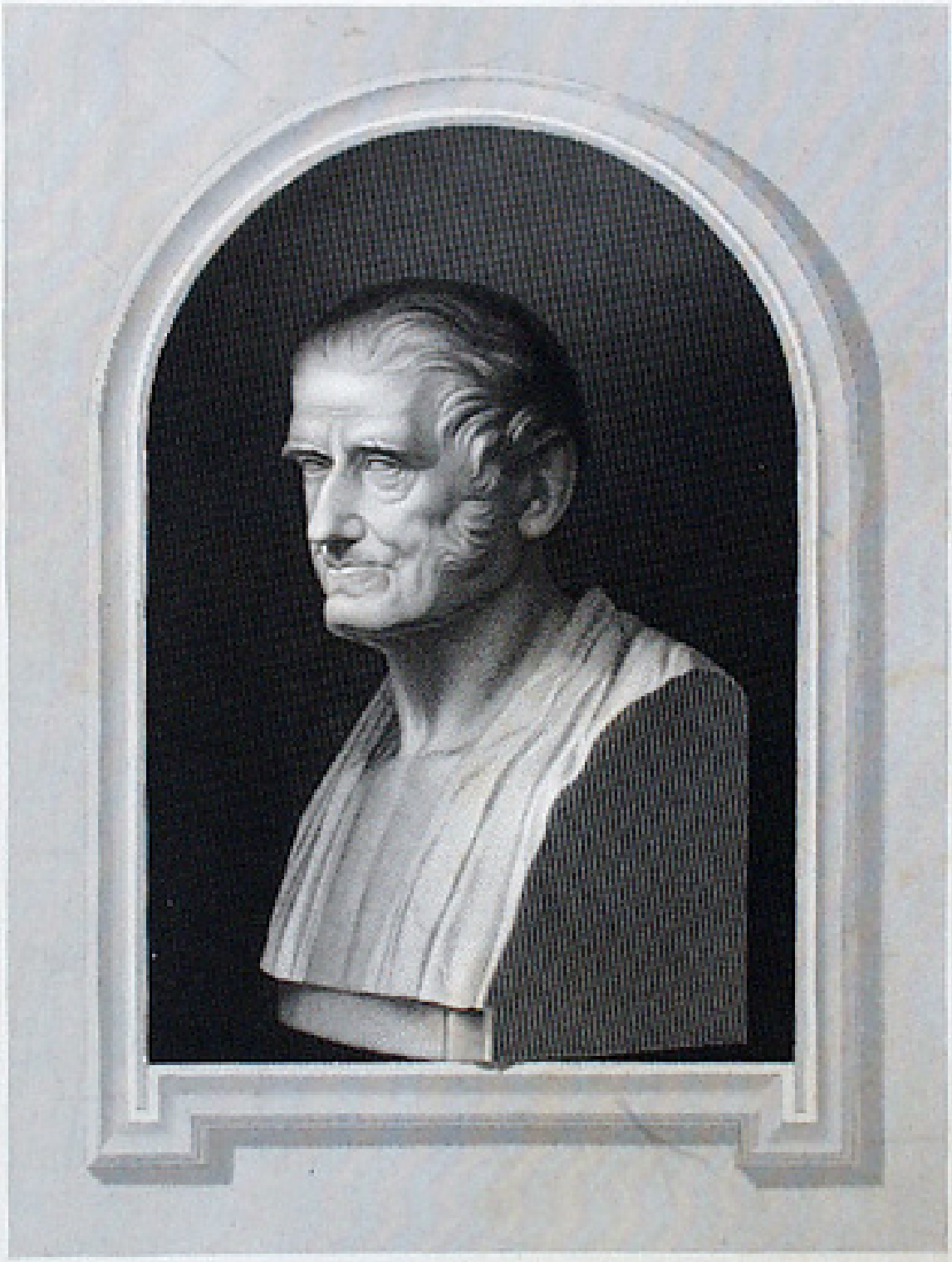
On the 7th of June, will be published (dedicated by permission to her most Gracious Majesty), ~~Price~~ in 8vo. price 7/6.

The Mystic

A Poem in 6 books.

By the Author of "The Omnipresence of the Deity."

London. Tweddle 250 Regent Street and may be ordered of all booksellers. town & country



Montgomery Aged 82.

Engraved by H. Adlard from a Photograph of the Marble Bust by William Ellis, in the Sheffield General Infirmary.

LONDON, LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN & LONGMANS

Christ the True Consoler

By Robert Montgomery.

Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. Matt 11c. 28v

1

Heaven of true hearts! while yet on earth they beat,
Led by pure love, if they repose on Thee,
In whose mild glories all confessions meet
That link man's time with God's eternity, —

2

Soft dream, or reason as the sceptic may,
In Christ un-centered, pure partake the rest
Which broods o'er all things with celestial sway,
To breathe God's halcyon through the troubled breast.

3

Christless and creedless might thy world be found
Orphaned of grace, apart from truth & prayer,
Infernal midnight would the soul surround
And darkling horrors be the dread inmates there!

4

Here lies the secret, — man is living Thirst
A want incarnate, which no creature fill;
And less than Infinite but leaves him accurst,
Though rich as Croesus, yet, a pauper still!

5

Then, glory to embodied Love! that came
Down from pure bliss, to suffer, bleed, and die,
On earth confession, and in heaven the same,
Whose heart is echoed by the Church's sigh!

6

Earth's true Consoler was our weeping Lord;
Himself, himself, to all God's home He gave,
And when the flake of time seen such accents heard
As sobbed the sinner whom he died to save.

Creation seems a parody of Power
Unless pursued in Calvary's holy light
When penitence confessions have been awful hour
And darken conscience with edifying night.

And, as not providence a glorious maze,
A fearful wild, to Reason's wond'ring thought,
Till, sunrised by Revelation's teaching rays
The soul's bewilder is to judgment brought?—

9

Thus in the cross of man's almighty Priest,
The God incarnate, who redeemed us all,
Nature, Providence alike rebosit
Back to our souls the cries of heaven recall.

10

And, as on earth, rejection, want, & grief
The babe, the brother, captive, blind & lame,
Each in the heart of Jesus found relief
And drank the music of his mercy-tone,

11

So, in this secresy of splendour new
Far o'er all heavens enshrined in glorious bliss,
Anguish for him may lift her haggard brow,
Nor have him scornful of a world like this.

12

Perfect in manhood, as in godhead pure,
Still in his throne, those sympathies remain,
That taught him once man's trial to endure
And all the throbbings of terrestrial pain!

13

And, none are loveless, lighted, or unblest
But moral suicides, who dare destroy
Creation's refuge & the sinner's rest
By leaving Christ, for sin, created joy.

14

Then, may our lives a liturgy of love
Lord of bright worlds! for Thy redemption be
And learn below that secret from above
That none are restless who rest on Thee!

LINES

TO THE

MEMORY OF THE REV. R. MONTGOMERY,

Whose Death took place at Brighton, 3rd December, 1855.

My Pastor dear, and art *thou* dead,
And laid within thy narrow bed?
Thou, the instructer of my youth,
My faithful guide in paths of truth,
Whose raptured tongue hath often told
How I should seek my Shepherd's fold;
Whose kindly tones and cheering voice
Full oft hath made my heart rejoice.
In dark affliction's mournful hour,
Given to my soul a soothing power,
And pointed me to worlds above—
The source of light and life and love.
Yes, thou art dead, and gone to dwell
With Him whom thou didst serve so well.
Ah! who can tell the bitter pang
I felt, when through my ears there rang
The dreadful news that thou wert dead,
And from this earth thy spirit fled.
Quick through my mind like lightning's flame
Tumultuous bursts of sorrow came;
And scarce my bosom could control
Th' emotions of my swelling soul;
For dear unto my heart wert thou,
But dearer far indeed art now.

And though no more thy form I see,
'Twill live within my memory;
And many a word which thou hast spoken
Be treasured up—a precious token;
But yet, methinks I hear thee say—
"Weep not, weep not for me, I pray,
For I at length have reached that shore
Where sin and sorrow reign no more;
Where all is peace and joy and bliss,
And everlasting happiness.
Then weep not, weep not now for me,
From pain and grief and sorrow free,
But rather seek to gain that rest,
And be with me in glory blest.
Then meet me in that better land,
Prepared by our own Father's hand,
Whose joys no mortal tongue can tell—
Dry up thy tears—farewell! farewell!"
Farewell to thee, beloved of men,
I ne'er shall see thy like again;
No more upon that blessed day,
When Christians meet to hear and pray,
Shall I behold thy well-known face,
Beaming with smiles of love and grace;

No more within those walls shall sound
Thy voice, which made the roof rebound
With eloquence beyond compare,
Which angels e'en might stoop to hear.
No more, when fades the evening light
Shall I behold thee with delight,
Proclaiming, midst the listening throng,
Who, on thy words in rapture hung,
The Gospel message from above,
That spoke of light and life and love.
All this is past—and yet I ween
Will Fancy picture what hath been,
And Memory bring thee to my gaze,
As thou appeaedst in by-gone days ;
For, leader of a Christian host,
Died thou like warrior at thy post ;
Not vanquished, but victorious still,
Though weak thy body, strong thy will ;
And bravely hast thou fought the fight,
As well beseemed a Christian knight ;
For Luther's soul within thee burned,
Who all Rome's thunders proudly spurned ;
As dauntless thou, 'gainst death and hell
No danger could thy courage quell,
But armed with faith, upheld by prayer,
Triumphed o'er Satan and despair ;
And called by God to yield thy breath,
Wert still victorious e'en in death.
But ere this mournful lay I end,
View thee as husband, father, friend ;
And never upon English ground
Will kinder heart than thine be found ;
For all thy actions breathed of love,
Caught from the mercy-seat above.
Oft have I heard thee fondly tell
How little ones thou lovedst well ;
And children thou didst joy to see,
And smiling babes in infancy ;
For unto them through Christ is given
An heritage laid up in heaven.
Kindest and best, by all beloved,
Who now art from this earth removed,
Why need I all thy virtues tell
To sorrowing friends, who know them well ;
Far better they should stand alone,
Mid lustrous radiance all their own,
Than I should dim their glory's shine
By such unworthy strains as mine.
Once more farewell, and take thy rest—
Lightly the earth lie on thy breast ;
Approved of God, beloved of men,
I may not wish thee here again.
'Tis meeter, far, that I prepare
To join thee in those realms so fair ;
There tune my harp, and sweetly sing
With thee, the praises of our King.
If such my lot, this bliss to gain,
Then farewell grief, then farewell pain,
*And blest, thrice blest, that hour will be
That bids me mount and follow thee.

*And most divine that hour will be
That bids me mount, and follow thee.

CHRISTIAN LIFE—*Montgomery.*

H. WESTON, PRINTER, 40 RATHBONE PLACE.

Jaques Marquis de Montrose, Comte de Kingcaiene
Seigneur de Graeme, Baron du Mount diese etc :
A Paris P: Pontius sculpsit

Assured freind

Being informed that your haues presently all your regiment in readines & ane head they are therefor to will you mediatlis after sight hairoff to repaire to vs with all possible diligence till wee giue yu farther all other particulars, and continous

Glamisse 10 Junii 1646

Your assured freind

Montrose

for

Esq Tutors

of Stamen

The Marquess of Montrose

360

Upon ye most glorious King of Martyrs,
King Charles ye first,

Great God and Just could I but write
My Griefs and thy too rigid fate
I'd weep ye World to such a Decline
That it should deluge once again.
But since thy loud tongue Blood demands Just Judges
More from Heavens hands than Abels eyes
He sound thy elegye with trumpett sounds
And write thy epitaph in blood and wounds

Montrose

Painted by Sir Tho.s Lawrence — Engraved by Chas. Heath

Thomas Moore.

My dear Sir — In sitting down to write to you, according to my promise, I have had some doubts whether it would not be better to withhold my decisive answer till your return to town, when, perhaps, after being allowed to read the Manuscript, I might become so enamoured of the beauties of the Poem, that all those objections which I at present entertain, to the long labour & difficulty of the task, might vanish before the pride & pleasure I should naturally feel in connecting my name with a work of genius; and might be inclined to say to Mr Lucien Bonaparte

..... venturæ in sæcula famæ
Nec tua cyanea nebat te.

But, upon second thoughts I feel convinced that to make my acceptance of your very flattering proposal depend conditionally upon my opinion of the merits of the book would be neither delicate towards the author nor just towards you. Indeed, it is perhaps due to the high character of Lucien Bonaparte & to the general taste which he has shown for the arts, to take the merits of his Book in a great degree upon trust, and to conclude that, whatever may be his poetical powers, there will be enough of elegance & of philosophical feeling

in what he wrote to make the task of interpreting him not only plea-
sant but honorable – It is not therefore from any doubt of him, but
from an unaffected diffidence in myself, & particularly in my powers of
industry & perseverance, that I beg leave to decline the distinction of
being his Translator – In doing so, however, believe me that I am very
sensible of the high compliment which has been paid me by the propo-
sal, & that the opportunity it gives me of being personally known
to you is not one of the least gratifications I have derived from it.

I have the honour to be, Dear Sir,
Your very obliged &c.
+ Thomas Moore.

Kensington St.
Monday.

+ commonly called Anacreon Moore

Mr. Miller
Post-Office
Worcester

Worcester
Ohio
Paid

CENTRAL
OHIO

Painted by Chr. D. Lauderdale, F.S.A.Scot. — Engraved by W. F. Finden.

Yrs. L.
T. Moore

Dec. 11 1832

(LOOK FOR FRONTISPIECE OF THE PORTRAITURE OF MR. MOORE.)

London, Published 1833, by J. Murray, & Sold by C. Tilt, 86, Fleet Street.

Rec.d March 30th 1819

How happy, once.

Words & Music by T. H.

365

How happy, once, the wing'd with sighs, my moments flew a-

along, while looking on those smiling eyes, And listening to thy magic song, that

sound'd sweet, like summer dreams, Those moments smile no more; For

the that eye no longer beams, That song for me is over. Since he sold

low, that speaks by altered eyes, and others, and others feel

sun-shine eyes, and others, and others feel thy sun-shine eyes!

2nd. Verse Oh! could I change my low lot for thine,
Oh hope might yet be mine —

Were thy eyes, so bright to see,
And thine a voice as sweet as thine.

But none, none can this heart
Be wak'd to life again,

With him it lost its wild first,
And without — without thee!

Cold its fonder love,
And mute ever was its sighs,

All others, all others grief it sees despise!

Mrs Hannah More.

My dear Sir

Among the warmth of your kindness expressed that indifferent health allied to of the great gratification of seeing you. I am afraid you suffered by using your interest and you in writing your kind note. I believe indeed a Lame of inflammatory. Poor Betty has had a second stroke. She is better but in a melancholy state. In addition to my other grievances I am labouring under a severe cold. Betty is poorly, and so suffering in various vile ways

our being, my deer sir
with true regard yours
faithful and obliged
H. Rose &c &c

B. Wood
Tuesday

The Revd. Dr. Wheeley

Prendergast Lodge

368

Examiner's Office
Q. Wellington St April 13.

My dear Sir

As you know the Examiner and he knows you, there can

126

no want of acquaintance
which though you &
I have never personally
met. I should have
been as glad to do
any reasonable little

courtesy at your suggestion
and I will find time
to do. Meanwhile in supporting
Sir Rd. Fleming against
the most cruel public
wrong ... faithfully yrs. Ever
Henry Morley.

Shirley Brooks Esq.

569

Penbryn
Carmarthen
Dec 26th 26

Dear Sir

I have your's of the 11th. I am sorry that I am able to be of so little service to you. The subject of your literary work is not such as to require reference or research so as to enable me to help you. It is possible that I may have a couple of days work of the kind after Xmas. but I am not sure.

I send you Postal order for 5/ as a little help. I am.

Yours faithfully

Lewis Morris

127

16

KELMSCOTT HOUSE,
UPPER MALL,
HAMMERSMITH.

Feb 17. 92

Dear Miss Lamb

I shall be happy to do what you want; but you must first tell me what price per Yd: the Landlord will go to. I have been looking for your note of the quantities & have mislaid it, so I must ask you to send it again please with your answer.

Jenny is pretty well thank you with best wishes I am

Yours respectfully William Morris

Miss Lamb
2 East Cliff Gardens
Folkestone

South Leigh Vicarage.
Witney
July 9. 1874.

My dear Sir

I shall be very happy to assist Mrs Lee in any way I can, if she can wait for three or four weeks till my holidays begin & I have a little leisure.

In the meantime will she kindly inform me what sort of pieces (sacred or secular) she wishes for?

It occurs to me to suggest that she might get one or two useful pieces from my friend & neighbour Miss Batt (The Hill, Witney). She often writes poetry for

Mrs F. G. Lee
All Saints Vicarage
Lambeth
London.

the Sharpshooter's Companion ("N.B").
& certainly was a graceful boy.

yours sincerely
Gerard Montague

Grand Monthe.

HYMN FOR ALL SAINTS DAY.

We give Thee thanks, O Lord our God,
For all the saints thy hosts who trod —
The hosts of Cain, the hosts of death,
The hosts of him who triumphed.

For they have borne the horn of shame,
The cross, the rack, the cord, the flame,
The dagger & the axe of war,
If only Jesus they might know:

All this they counted not for loss,
For they were soldiers of the cross:
They recked not of the grief or ~~loss~~ pain,
If only Jesus they might gain.

He is their saviour, he their Lord,
He their exceeding great reward;
Though lost be all that fills our eyes,
If him they have, then all is theirs.

From us their forms have fadéd away —
Mere viewless shrinks, mouldering clay —
Some died upon the life of flame,
Some leave no vestige but a name.

But when shall sound the trump of doom,
To call the tenants of the tomb,
A mighty army they shall stand,
Arrayed in white at God's right hand.

A mighty host, to man unknown,
In glory ranged around the Throne
The ~~Lord~~ Lamb knows his own who rulé the
Their names are in the Book of Life

44, Dean Street
July 7th 1857.

My dear Sir,

Our poor friends letters are ready at last and I hasten to send you two copies. They are only just published, although a notice of the first volume appeared some weeks since in two or three of the papers. The perusal of them I hope will recall to you many pleasing recollections. I return with many thanks the letters you were so good as to forward me with. Mr. Talfourd has not made all the use I could have wished of your kind communication respecting Lamb; but I hope at some future time to do it justice. It is addressed to myself and I shall be proud to see my name connected with yours and with Mr. Lamb's. Miss Lamb

was here a few days since and was, I am happy to say, looking remarkably well. She is still at Edmonton. If you think a set of Mr. Lambe's Works would be acceptable to Mrs. Warter, and will be kind enough to oblige me with your address, I shall have much pleasure in sending her a complete set. May I inquire after the Lives of the Divines?

With kindest regards and best wishes believe me,

My dear Sir, always yours
very faithfully
Edwd. Moxon.

Rob. Southey, Esq.

55 St. John Street
Oxford, April 17. 56

Dear Sir

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter enclosing a check for £55.12.6. for which I beg to return my best thanks.

Your faithful Servant
W. Miller.

MRS CRAIK.
(Miss Mulock)

From a photograph by Mr. R. Wilkinson, Chislehurst.

My dear Sir

You — or rather the printer when going over it — will see what numerous excisions have been made in this. It is now shortened to its utmost extent, — the author having been most praiseworthy in submitting to my "cuts" & her own —

How soon will it be

inserted? – When it is ~~with~~
in proof – will you send
them for correction to
Miss James
10 Lucent Terrace
Westbourne Grove
Very truly yours –
Sarah Lankester

21

Archer pinxt. Neale sculpt.

Dr Steele

London Published by Smith Elder & Co. 65 Cornhill Nov.r 1st 1838.

5

3449a

Ballad.

The Lover's Tomb

"I'll gather my dark raven locks o'er my brow,
and the fleet wind my courser shall be,
And I'll haste to the place where the willow trees grow
For my true love is waiting for me."
"Sweet maid, say not so,
In the grave he lies low."
"Oh! no, no, he lives and loves me."

"I see him at morning, I see him at eve,
I know his broad brow, & sweet smile,
And he bids me no longer in solitude grieve,
For he will but tarry awhile."
"Sweet maid, he is dead,
In the earth rests his head."
"Oh! no, no, he lives and loves ..."

"He lives, tho his cheek is more pale than of yore,
and the light of his bright eye is gone,
and when his wan fingers my brow traverse o'er
They are cold – they are cold as the stone."
"God help thee, sweet maid!
In the tomb, he is laid."
"Oh! no, no, he lives and loves me."

Not long did that fair maiden mourn for her love
She soon slept in death by his side;
Yet 'tis said that when night hangs her banner above
Her spirit is oft seen to glide
Where the willow trees grow,
While she still says, "No, no,
"Oh! no, no, he lives & loves me."

Henry Neeles

(Poke

Canzonet. *

And must we - must we part?
Say nay - say nay - to-day!
And wilt thou break my heart?
And all its hoarded store
Of precious hopes and joys,
Shatter, like worthless toys,
Which the least touch destroys?
Say nay - say nay!

Wilt thou smile over my grave?
Say nay - say nay! and while
Thou scest the dark grass waves
Above my head, shall smile?
And hear the night-wind moan
Over my funeral stone,
~~And smile, yes smile on?~~
Say nay - say nay!

Must my days fast ebb?
Say nay - say nay! Wilt thou
Upon another's breast,
Pillow that gentle brow?
And just as hope's buds shoot,
Tear all up by the root?
Oh! do not, do not do't,
Say nay - say nay!

Henry Steele

* The metre of this Canzonet is taken, with some variation from a poem by Sir Thomas Wyatt

Ballad

379

The Oratory

December 11/74

Dear Mr Pickering

Thank you for letting me see the title page. The only thing I don't like is my name being put first, and in a distinct type. and I think I must ask you to leave to many good names

Very truly yours

John H Newman

turn over

134

P. S. Geo. I should like

to proofs sent me in future

Which is best, to keep

the type standing; or stereotype?

Perhaps the latter would be a long

process. but the first seems unfair

to the Printer

Warlies
Waltham Abbey
Sept 21. 1877

Sir your letter has been forwarded to me. I have not the smallest objection to your doing as you kindly wish - but the copyright of those poems belongs at present to Mrs Dalby & Miss Ellis. You must therefore apply to them. I think there is no doubt they will accede to your request.

Believe me

Yrs faithfully

Roden Noel

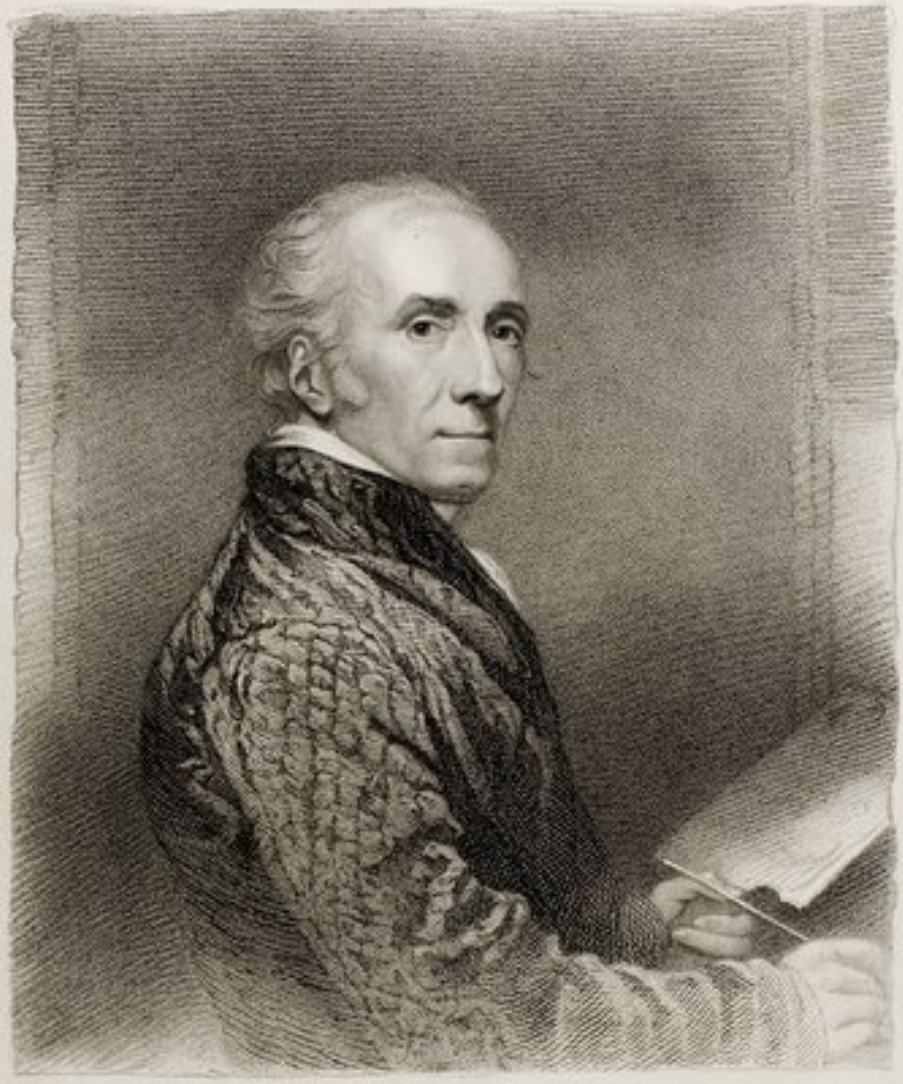
Davenport Adams Esq

P.S. "The Pity of it"

I think one of my best things: but

I don't know what I think

have chosen "thy
Day of Summer" as the
g the best.



JAMES NORTHCOTE, ESQ. R.A.

From an original Picture painted by himself, in his own Possession.

Engraved by H. Meyer.

PUBLISHED 30th JANUARY 1815 BY T. CADELL & W. DAVIES, STRAND, LONDON.

Fable

The Mahometan Hog

Thus says the prophet of the Turk,
Good Musulman, beware of pork:
(There is a part in every swine,
(No follower or friend of mine
(May taste, whate'er his inclination,
(On pain of excommunication,
Such Mahomet's mysterious charge,
And thus he left the point at large.
Had he the sinful part expressed,
They might with safety eat the rest;
But for one piece — they thought it hard
From the Whole Hog to be debarr'd;
So set their wits to work to find
What joint the Prophet had in mind.
Much controversy therefore rose;
These choose the Back, the Belly those;
By some 'tis confidently said
He meant not to forbid the Head:
Whilst others at that doctrine rail,
And piously prefer the Tail.
Thus, conscience freed from every clog,
Mahometans eat up the Hog —
you laugh — 'tis well; the tale apply'd,
May make you laugh — on t'other side.
'Renounce the WORLD' the preacher cries:
'We do a multitude replies:
Whilst one as innocent regards
A snug and friendly game at Cards

And one, whatever you may say,
Can see no evil in a play:
Some love a concert or a race;
And others shooting or the chase.
Revil'd and lov'd, renounc'd and follow'd.
Thus bit by bit the world is swallow'd;
Each thinks his neighbour makes too free,
Yet likes a slice as well as he:
With sophistry their sauce they sweeten,
Till quite from Tail to Snout 'tis eaten.

Dear Sir

I have been truly gratified by the very obliging present of the volume of your poems. I have so often heard you mentioned by Mr and Mrs Tinkler that I only have how to value any expression of your personal regard. The poems are such as I like, in common with every true lover of poetry, not manufactured, not imitative, not written for a bookseller, but expressions of the heart and mind of the author, natural and true. I will just mention as examples of what pleased me the happy expression which struck me on first opening the volume

— thoughts too swift
Or subtle for the workmanship of words.

and the whole strain of personal reminiscences and feelings, so devoid of egotism, which characterizes the first poem — traces in the minor poems as faithful to nature as that beginning,

Yet when to smile of those I cling
I seem as to the dead unknown —

and passages of imaginative beauty like that on pages 184, 5.

This was the hour of Fancy &c.

The sonnet entitled Freedom seems to me, for the truth and full developement of the thought, one of the finest in the language.

I desire to keep a place as long as I may in your remembrance, and therefore beg you to accept a work which I have lately published, and to give it a place in your library where it may sometimes remind you of me.

With sincere respect

your obliged friend & servt

Andrews Norton

Cambridge (N. E.)
20 Sept. 1838.

Χαλκεα χρυσειων εκατομβοιων δεκαβοια

Professor Porter

John Penson Esq.
London

Caroline Eliz^m S. Norton

THE HONORABLE Mrs NORTON.

Engraved by Thomson from a Drawing by Hayter.

C. E. Norton

Presented with the Court Journal of Decr 21, 1833.

London, Published for H. Colburn, by W. Thomas at the Court Journal Office, Catherine Street, Strand, Decr 21, 1833.
Proof Impressions on India Paper, Price 2/6 may be had of all Booksellers & Printsellers in Town and Country.

Storys' Gate. Wednesday

Dear Captain Marryatt,

Do not class me among "sturdy beggars", or (worse) among that class denominated by a dear friend friend, "troublesome wenches"; if I venture to ask you whether you can impose a task on the "excellent officer" you brought with you to Storys' Gate, and make him write a few lines, or short) prose article, to the enclosed illustration of Turner? His countenance does not give me the idea of cruelty or reserve; and that he has leisure, is proved by his intention of visiting Bartholomew Fair, out of curiosity and to wile away a spare hour. If you can manage this, you will do me a second favour. – I have so many sea-pieces in my book, that it looks as if it had been got up by a 'navy Captain's wife' – and I find it exceedingly difficult to find Rempenfeldts, ("whose fingers held the pen" when the Royal George went down) among my acquaintance. I am going to Holland House for

a day or two; after that, when my carpets are laid down, & my chairs curtains up, I hope to see you here.

Pray say to Mr Howard that I am ashamed of the delay in returning his book but that I really have been hurried out of my life.

Yrs ever truly Caro. Norton

Madam,

I regret having so long delayed an answer to your letter &, can only offer as an apology the hurry & confusion consequent on my being new to the task I have undertaken.

I fear all allegories must be declined – & I also fear, that I must reserve the right (exercised as sparingly as possible) of curtailing or correcting such pieces as may be sent for insertion in the Magazine.

Should you feel disposed to send another specimen in prose I shall be happy to receive & read it.

I am Madam

Yr obt Servt

C. Norton

THE HON^BLE MRS NORTON.

Brussels.
Oct 9

My dear Tutor

It is of no use scolding me — or even gently reproaching me (which is always more difficult to bear) about my not writing. This is the 13th letter, or note today. and this is to tell you ~~that~~ as I hope to be in England about the 18th I may perhaps see you then.

I enclose you Mr Degnot's autograph with his signature appended. and I will give you any autographs I have, whenever the leisure returns to me — packed up house, for sort its papers. I recollect only a letter of Mrs Radcliffe's, about her works, — which wd not be very precious in your eyes.

Fletcher is scarcely so well, but nothing to alarm me. Still I will we could winter in Italy, and mean to try & manage it. This is a very uninteresting capital; and dis-united society: The

The Honble Mrs Norton

Saturday Morg
1891

Dear Sir Alecke

I shall be so very glad, if you are accompanied by Mr Charles Austin — & will expect you both tomorrow — with the usual 'menu' of 'our' humble board. Carlotta had my company to church last Sunday but missed you all the same.

You have left off

call me "Aunt
Cary" I believe it
is that which
gives me cold — &
not the changeable
weather.
Have you news
of Janet? Give
me her address
tomorrow.
Tell Mr Austin

I remember him well
She must be very
pleasant to have
his pleasantness
remembered so many
blank years in
which I have
not seen or
heard him.

Yrs affectn
Cary

alias Aunt Cary.

Engraved by Blackbird from a picture by Lawrenson.

JOHN O'KEEFFE Esqr

Published as the Act directs by T. Bellamy at the Monthly Mirror Office, King Street Covent Garden, Decem^r 31. 1797.

Chichester August 22nd
1817

Dear Worthy Friend my good & great Shalto Head
from me may seem to you a Voice from Tom
but genuine Friendship by Intercourse of mind can
never die being Immortal as its Celestial Source
and however Sepere we may be yet occasion
will lift up the Lid of Communication the
Present Occasion is my Perfect wish to serve
one of Jubal's Inspired Race who wishes for
a place in the Band at Covent-Garden my
knowledge of this suggested the Idea that
your Influence must be Powerful wherever
Harmony is the word and Particularly so in our
old, (now Temple and the many Proofs I
have my-self experienced of Kindness made
me Conclude that you will exert your
Efforts in obtaining this for Mr Bind as the
Name of this Gentleman of whose Professional
Talents Science, and Excellent Private
Character I have had a Complete Satisfac-
tory Intimation his Instruments are chiefly
the Violin and Tenor and if required the
Double Bass you now know my wish and
I Entreat you by all our many Combin-
ations of Words and Sweet Sounds, to grant
it to me. I am I thank my Gracious and
Bountifull God in good Health and Easy
Circumstances and Gliding Down Hill in
Peace and Tranquility. I Heard good
reports of your State of Health this year
and one year ago I Congratulate you
on your new Appointment which Confers
Honor on those who can discern Merit
and Possess Liberality to Reward it.

May God Bless you
be as Happy as he Wishes you
who remains your ever
Jno O Leffe

154, Oakley St.
Chelsea, – S. W.
Feb. 11th, 1880.

Dear Sir,

I take it for granted that the letter you have addressed to my brother, of St. Mary Abbots' Terrace, Kensington, was really intended for me; & I presume that the "Reminiscences of Charles Lamb" to which you refer are comprised in the Intro.

duction which I wrote some years ago to a cheap edition of the Elia Essays published by the late J. C. Hotten, of Piccadilly. This edition is now, I believe, issued at Routledge's; but, as it may take you some time to get a copy, & the matter may be urgent, I send you, by Book Post, my own copy for the nonce. Be so good as to return it me when you have done with it.

I am afraid it will not yield you very much; for you must recollect that I am not <u>myself</u> a friend of Lamb, but only the son of one who enjoyed that privilege.

With best wishes for the success of your lecture,

I remain,

Dear Sir,

Faithfully yours

Edmund Ollier

W. A. Parks, Esq.

Norwich — 24th of Octr 1814 —

Well — I am forgiven, quite forgiven as I learn from the ~~[illegible]~~ dear, & valuable proofs of kind feeling & poetic inspiration which reached me yesterday — Now then let me dear Sir, answer methodically & properly your flattering letter dated as I well now add myself to recollect on the 29th of Janry 1813 !!! —

Yes — I have known "mighty joy, & mighty woe" but never the grief which you have experienced, in "the parents woe" since I alas! never knew the joy of being a parent — & for this ~~[illegible]~~ unmingled bliss (as my feelings have always led me to think it) I have been consoled as in other sorrows, by my firm reliance on the wisdom, & goodness of providence — testified equally in what he withholds, what he gives, & what he takes away — It is strange, but true, that when I read the lines which you do me the honor to quote, I did not recognize them as my own, & was betrayed into lifting them, & expressing my admiration aloud — But to return to your letter — You tell me, & I rejoice to hear it, that "years of devotional contemplation have reconciled you to this heart rending decree of Heaven" —

but that sorrows of a different nature have succeeded — so I have heard, & heard with much regret; but I am so well convinced that to those "who put their trust in God," the trials of this life, lose much of their bitterness — & since that there is "a Power Sovereign o'er transmuted ill" — then that I have found you afflicted, I have also found you consoled during the last seven years of my life. I suffered much, & at times more than I can even yet bear to dwell upon — but the storm is passed away, & also the rainbow beauty that succeeded it; & now a calm, steady every day radiance gilds my path, & promises to continue on it — Indeed my temper is so happy as mine, & my disposition is so sanguine, that sorrows must come to me, for I move go to them —

Pa'no — dear Sir, I am much past the prime of woman's life, but fortunately, or unfortunately, I am much younger than my years, & good health, & great animal spirits, often make me forget that I am no longer young, & sometimes perhaps make others forget it too —

You, I believe, like myself, are an only child — but you surviving parent — was a mother; mine is. I am happy to be still able to say, a

father, & though turned of seventy he is nearly as young as I have ever known him, nor has he during near fifty years ever experienced a day, or even hour's illness — My father's house is my home now — & because it is his residence I try to like it as my own — but in London where I lived as a wife nine years, do I alone find that society which charms, & improves me — Indeed it is my fortunate lot to live when there, & there I pass the months of may, June, & July, in the very best society which the metropolis affords — both as to rank, & talent — But persons of rank, & value as the means, not the end, for then not highly gifted themselves. They have often good taste enough to call round them men, & women of talents, & by indulging the laudable ambition of making their parties intellectual as well as elegant, they enable those to whom conversation is one of the greatest delights to enjoy it in its highest state of excellence. In London too one has all the arts in perfection — & I love both music, & painting — Painting I do not love for its own sake alone — but music I do, & was once a singer — I say once because for some weeks past a violent cold has deprived me of the little voice I had, & I fear it will never return — But as I had always rather hope than despair, I will expect the return of my voice with

that of my crocuses, which are so kind as to
spring beneath my feet wherever I walk in
my garden — Nay, I hope I have been sufficiently
egoistical, sufficiently communicative respecting
myself to gratify your flattering anxiety con-
cerning me, & to entitle me to some degree of
confidence on your part — that you said to me
concerning not waiting for a frank, perhaps said
by me to you — & that I do you the justice you
did me

William Hayley Esqre
Felpham
Near Chichester

8

Franked, date fixed, & postmarked
Charles Ono
Lady & Lord Aylesford have kindly
invited Lady Jane & myself to
spend a month at Packington
Hall on our return, & I shall
hope to see you there

Mrs Opie

Engraved by R. Cooper from a painting by Mr. Opie

398a

Dear, kind friend,

There seems a spell against my ever dining with thee!
I expect to be out of town on the 27th if not at Norwich, on the road thither – & therefore must refuse thy tempting, & obliging invitation –
Thine very truly
7/18–43 – A Opie

Norwich — 12th/19th 1851

Dear kind friend,

How very obliging it was in thee to send me such a beautiful proof of thy remembrance to which I feel by no means entitled! It lies on my table, & those who have seen the wonders it immortalizes, rush up to it, & mean

attend to nothing else -
While those who never
saw the Exhibition, are
equalled delighted at the
opportunity of ~~the~~ seeing
so agreeably at second hand
what they could otherwise
have formed no idea of -
and sincerely do I thank
thee for having put it
in my power to oblige
so many of my friends -
I wish success in the
well-deserved success
of thy works -
I remember objecting very
impertinently & pedantically
to the name of the
work in question -
that of the Art Union -
& I am glad that I was
proved an old blockhead
by the great success of that
publication -
I hope to send up the
autograph next week -
but at present I am
not only busy in many
absorbing things - but I am

anxious: & depressed because every day expecting to hear of the death of a most dear & long attached friend, & I do not settle down to any thing comfortably —

She was better yesterday but it is a heart case & she has long been given over —

With kind love to thy woman-kind, & thanks for dear Mrs Hall's vituperation which I hope to repay in kind. "I am

thy truly obliged friend

Amelia Opie

Opie pinxt. Heywood sculp

Published 1 June 1807 by Mathews & Leigh.

101

Norwich 16th of August 1821

Sir,

I have such a respect, & liking for Scotland, & every thing that belongs to it, that I am always disposed to attend to any, application from its natives –
but it is impossible for me to grant your request, as I cannot to oblige a stranger, break through a rule which I have for many years held sacred, & refused to break through even to oblige those who had claims to my compliance –

The task of reading, ~~the~~ giving an opinion of an MS & suggesting (perhaps) improvements in ~~any~~ ~~Book of Celebrity~~, is an onerous, & a difficult one, but more especially ~~to a Book~~

when the MS is in a line of composition in which the critic writes — and this condition has hitherto made me, rather, & will make me — always reluctant even to read an MS of the sort —

I could tell you, & with great truth, that my domestic duties take up so much of my time now, that I have scarcely time to write; or to read over what I write myself, but, as this is not the original, and exact reason for my refusal, I will not give it —

There is one alteration which I beg leave to make — "The fall of Anna" appears to me a bad title as it destroys all suspense relative to the fate of Anna unless you give that title in order to mislead your readers —

I can only add that my regret at not being able to read your MS is much lessened by my consciousness

that my opinion in such cases is of very little value, & that the good surveys which you have hitherto met with, is a sufficient proof that you are qualified for the pursuits you have undertaken

I am,
Sir,
Your Obliged Servant
Amelia Opie

Recd John Wright

402

Mrs Opie.

Published Nov.r 1, 1815, by G & S. Robinson, Paternoster Row.

New Years Day —
To Bessie —

Within this trinket's whirling round,
See none but brilliant hues are found
Save one dark stone which makes the rest
appear in livelier colours dress'd.
Thus Bessie may this circling year,
To Thee in gayest tints appear!
But if a cloud should intervene,
For clouds must darken life's fair scene,
If gloom should shade that youthful brow
And those blue eyes with tears o'erflow:
May transient clouds but serve to shed
A brighter lustre o'er thy head,
And when returning joys are thine
Bid them with clearer radiance shine —
But may thy tears sweet girl! be shed alone
For others sorrows — never for thy own —

Amelia Opie

404

Engraved by P. Lightfoot.
from a Medallion done in Paris by David.

In loving fellowship
Farewel!
Aopie.
3d Mo 24th 1841.

New Years Day

To Bessie

Within this trinkets whirling round,
See none but brilliant hues are found!
Save one dark stone which makes the rest,
Appear in livelier colours drest.
Thus Bessie may this circling year,
To thee in gayest tints appear!
But if a cloud should intervene,
For clouds must darken life's fair scene,
If gloom should shade that youthful brow
And those blue eyes with tears overflow;
May transient clouds but serve to shed
A brighter lustre o'er thy head;
And when returning joys are thine,
Bid them with clearer radiance shine.
But may thy tears sweet girl be shed alone
For others sorrows - never for thy own -

Incognita

Amelia Opie

Dear Sir

Many thanks for the copies of Wordsworth. It looks a handsome book, & not too thick: & it all the better for the omission of the red lines.

I think it would be most civil if a bound copy of the book were sent to Mr. Wordsworth. Would you kindly have this done?

I hope it will be a success

Ever truly yrs

F. T. Palgrave

16 Nov 84

MISS PARDOE.

ENGRAVED BY SAMUEL FREEMAN FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING BY J. LILLEY.

London: Richard Bentley. 1840

Pardoe

Richard Bentley

407

Publisher & Bookseller
Building
Baker St. Dw.
May 4. 1857.

Gentlemen,

When I addressed you at the close of last year on the subject of some copyrights of which I wished to dispose, you suggested that I should hold them back for a month or two, which I have accordingly done; & shall now be obliged by your informing me what you feel disposed to offer for

Louis Mocenigo of Venice
The Medici & the Dauntless
& The Hungarian Castle

each of which will form a full-sized volume. I am, Gentlemen,

Yours obediently
Julia Pardoe

141

Thomas Park Esq. F.S.

409

Dear Sir

On looking over my copy of Varchi's Blazon of Jealousie, translated by R. T. 1615 — I find the following are its wants —

p. 17. all before — 'Semper, ut' &c

p. 18 — ——— 'But that I finde' &c

In the Bodleian Cat. is a copy, which I hope you will not have much difficulty in meeting with; and, when you find Howell & Albany's Cat. if you c^d. favor me with a sight of "Wanton's Dreame", & any other of the tracts I specified before you left Town last year, they shall be returned in the course of a month by Post. Yrs sincerely

Hart

Hist^l Soc. Thursday Mar 27.

162

Transcribed by Mr Kirkbee - from the Bodleian copy of Tuke by Ch. S.

p. 17

Art thou a faithfull Friend and see
To steale me of my Love?
And break'st (in private) Friendships Bon
Confirm'd by Gods above?
And in Rose other no less sweet than a
Destrecques beginning after this manner:
To Iffer at

p. 18 The better for to bring me to thy Love
And as thy praise and pray to get me sure,
(LOVE) Then, at first dost lay thy trising bait
Most cunningly to catch me with deceit:
Sweetly and mildely, then dost set thy gyne,
By Ingred smiles and kisses to draw me in:
But (woe is me) no sooner am I caught
But that I finde to danger I am brought

47 Paternoster Row.

410

London April 24th 1860

My dear Mr Wolfgard.

I have written to Garnett to cause the required sheets of Lakes in Sunshine to be forwarded to you at once.

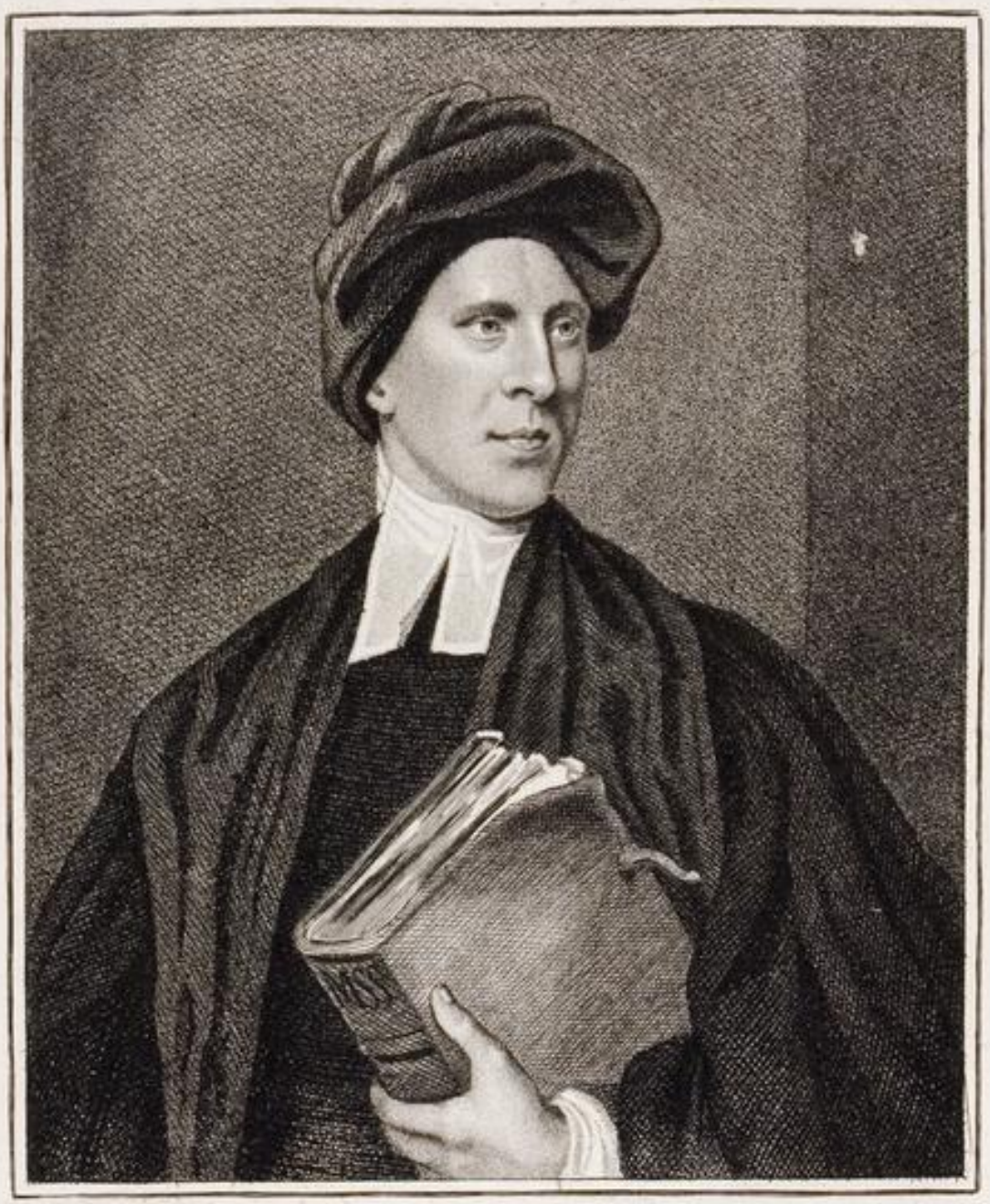
I hope to be able to also send you a copy of Carlyon's Year.

When will tell me the state of the country, required the desired ~~[illegible]~~, & the probable amount of remuneration [I have 8 infants which must excuse my nervous] the second, I will tell you whether I can do another volume of Sunshine sketches, & will locate my holiday in the requisite ~~[illegible]~~ district

Yours very truly & obliged

J. Payn

163



Dr Percy

Published by T. Rodd, No 2, Great Newport Street, Long Acre

To The Editors of The Investigator.

Gentlemen,

In your Memoir of the Very Rev. Isaac Milner, D.D., F.R.S., Dean of Carlisle, in your number for October last, p. 246, you say, "In the following year" &c to "zealous friend." p. 247 ~~[illegible] the passage not worth reprinted here~~.)

This passage, Gentlemen, contains certainly a most grievous reflection upon Dr. Milner's predecessors, and especially upon his immediate predecessor Dr. Plumptre, my late excellent Father — whose name has been recently brought before the public in the appeals from the College — and who, though he might be inferior to Dr. Milner, as a Mathematician and a Philosopher, was, I will venture to affirm, in all respects, a better President of the College. ~~Have Dr. Milner~~ Had the writer of the Memoir only made the most of Dr. Milner's virtues, and made the least of his faults, ~~I should not have~~ ~~should make the least of his faults~~, I should not have wished to make any comments upon it; but, when an attempt is made to exalt Dr. M. at the expense of Truth and of his Predecessor, my own Father, I should think it criminal not to state the real case. I am very willing to acquiesce in the maxim De mortuis nil nisi bonum, so long as it is De mortuis nil nisi verum. But the maxim is applicable to those who have been deceased upwards of thirty years, as well as to those upon whom the grave has just closed. On reading the above panegyric on Dr. M. I thought that I recollected to have heard it said, that my Father had put an end to the custom of the Sizers waiting on the fellows in the College hall at dinner and at supper, but, as I never was in College under him, (as he died a few days only before my going into College) I wrote to some of the elders of our family, and they assure me that it was our Father who put an end to the practice, and that Dr. M. himself had never waited in hall. In order, however, to put it beyond a doubt, and to ascertain the precise time when the practice was abolished, I wrote, on the 23d of October, to the present President of Queen's, requesting him to look in the College Books to see if he could find any Memorandum on the subject; but I have not received any answer to my letter. To what other "servile obligations" the writer alludes, unless it be the ~~[illegible]~~ the Chapel bill, I do not know. This, I believe, was abolished by Dr. M. But, at Clare Hall, the college to which I removed from Queen's, this was done by the Scholars in their turns, whether Pensioners or Sizers. I have done it myself, and never felt degraded by it; nay I have often done it myself when a Fellow, as the Dean or Reader, when there has not been a Scholar present. The custom continued during the whole of my residence in College, but I think it has been altered, for other reasons, by the present Master.

As to the "abuses" in "discipline" which Dr. M. corrected, I know not to what particularly the writer alludes. That there were abuses in Dr. P's time, is too true, and so there were in other Colleges, I believe all other Colleges, and have been in Queen's, and all the Colleges, ever since. Dr. P. used to strive against them, and he

used to complain that the fellows wanted as much keeping in order as the young men. One of the objects of his concern, I know, was the boisterous mirth which prevailed in the Combination Room, and of which Dr (then Mr) M. was one of the great promoters. In the year 1792 Dr M. was characterised by Gilbert Wakefield, in his Memoirs of himself, (p. 130) as "a heterogeneous composition of deistical levity and methodistical superstition, disparaging the ceremonies of religion and performing them with a slovenly precipitation; but of a general decorum and seriousness of demeanour, and a blameless life." This is certainly too strongly drawn. Something is to be attributed to party spirit, the flood of which then flowed very high; but it was not without foundation. Mr M., when Dean of the College and Reader in Chapel, used often, when the Master was not at chapel, of a morning, (for few, if any, masters were more constant in their attendance of an evening) to begin the service as he was putting on his surplice in the anti-chapel, and as he walked to his seat, and go through the whole with indecent celerity. One of the favourite phrases of Mr M. (still well remembered in the University) was to keep up the hum, by which he meant that discipline was a hum, or pretence, and that such and such things were merely done to keep it up. During the two years that I was a resident member of the College, after the death of my father and the election of Dr M. to the Presidentship, he was certainly very negligent; but little in College, and inattentive to the duties of his situation when in. He was very rarely seen at chapel. It was my unhappiness very grievously to violate the discipline of the College, for which I was convened before the Vice-President (the President not being in College) and Fellows, and admonished; but, when Dr M. returned, he never, either upon that occasion, or any other, either reproved me as the master, or admonished me as a friend, as the son of the former President, to whom he was under personal obligations.

If what is said about the want of discipline and of learned men had been true, it would have reflected as much upon the Tutors, of whom Dr M. was one, as upon the Master. But I question whether, if the Tripos were carefully examined, the honours in Dr P's time would be found fewer than those in Dr M's. Queen's had the Second Wrangler in 1781 (or at least the second and third were declared as equal) two Wranglers in 1782, & in 1783, the Senior Wrangler in 1784, the Third and Fourth in 1787, and the Fourth in 1788. These (not to mention before) are many and great honours in a small College. The persons from other Colleges were not introduced till after those brought up under Dr P. were gone off. Mr Paines, who was, I believe, the first, took his degree (as 3d Wrangler) in 1796, seven years and a half nearly after Dr P's death. The next was Mr Sowerby, of Trinity College, the Senior Wrangler in 1798. The succession to a fellowship may, I ~~conceive~~ suppose, be considered to be at about four or five years from the time of the person's coming up to reside. Queen's College so abounded in clever men soon after Dr P's death, that Mr Vickers, who took his degree as Fourth Wrangler, in 1788, and Mr Bourdillon, who took his as Sixth Wrangler in 1794, were successively spared to be Tutors at Trinity Hall.

In respect to the revenues of the College, I have no doubt in saying that Dr. Thorpe was far more careful than Dr. Milner. Dr. T., with a wife and nine children, and by no means large preferment, was always scrupulous how he spent the College money; while Dr. M. was lavish of it, and frequently employed it in whims, and things which were merely for his own personal comfort, not for any permanent advantage to his successors as well as himself; while the fellowships were often kept open, under the plea that the revenues of the College were low. This has frequently been a subject of remonstrance at the audits by fellows, who are now living, and could speak to it. It happened to me once to make a speech to Dr. Milner, which was at once unfortunate in one respect, but most happy in another. I called on him soon after the new entrance and staircase to the lodge was built, and he asked me how I liked it. I said I thought it a very great improvement. He added, "I wonder your Father never did it." I replied that it had been suggested to him by a Gentleman of the College, mentioning his name, but, added I, (thinking only of the truth, and not considering to whom I was saying it, farther than that it was to one who could bear witness to the fact,) "you know, Sir, that my Father was always careful not to put the College to any unnecessary expense." Dr. M's countenance changed, from his usual smile, to a serious cast, and I saw that he felt it, and I myself felt that I had spoken a truth, which, had I been aware of the implied censure on him, I should have kept to myself.

When Dr. M. canvassed for the Lucasian Professorship, in the summer of 1790, I met him in the court of Clare Hall as he was going to the lodge to call upon the Master. He inquired of me if he was in College and at home, said what his business was, and pleaded poverty for his applying for the Professorship, and of which, when he had obtained it, he never fulfilled the duties. Yet he died, it seems, worth from fifty to sixty thousand pounds. The Vice-Chancellor in the year 1819 began to publish the Wills for the Founders of the several Professorships, with a view to call the Professors to their duty, and to shame them into it. Those of Dr. Woodward and Mr. Plume were printed; and regulations were made accordingly, but when the course of things came to our Lucas's, the Vice-Chancellor did not persevere. It was said that the Professor's address had prevailed over the spirit of reformation of abuses.

At page 246, the Writer of the Memoir, speaking of Dr. Milner's keeping his Act in the Divinity Schools, says "The circumstance of these disputations being held in Latin, proves also that Milner must have made great progress in classical knowledge". If there are no better proofs of Dr. Milner's classical attainments than this, they are of a very uncertain kind. Had the writer been used to the Schools, he would have added how should it be otherwise since Latin is no longer the common language of the University, but it is well known that School Latin is proverbially bad. It is said in Cambridge, that a person of very great mathematical attainments, when acting as a Moderator in the Schools, wishing to express to the young man who was keeping the Act that

he had not got on that part of his Academical dress worn under the chin, called a band, he said Domine, nonne vides quod non habes, quod habere debes, Vinculum, hic, hic, hic. (pointing under his own chin) I will not vouch for the truth of this, but the very story shews the general idea of School Latin, though no doubt very elegant Latin is often spoken there.

At page 254 The Writer mentions the appearance of only one volume of Dr Milner's Sermons, whereas two were published together. These Sermons I consider as very valuable, and delivered in Dr M's powerful manner must have been very impressive, but they afford matter of wonder to me, that, as Dr M. thought it his duty to preach in the cathedral at Carlisle, he should not equally think it his duty to preach before the University of Cambridge. But he was a mass of contradictions. I have understood that he preached a sermon at Carlisle to prevent a theatre

being erected there, and plays performed, which he succeeded. But, when he was Vice-Chancellor at Cambridge, in the year 1809–10, and had those matters in his power, so far was he from "reforming abuses" that he not only allowed the Players to come as usual, but took no measures, as seeing that the best Plays were performed, and licensed, during the year, a great many inferior exhibitions of Conjurors, tumbling, &c. &c.

Hoping, Gentlemen, that you will give the same publicity to this that you have afforded to the reflections on Dr Milner's Predecessor, I am, with great respect, your &c.

James Plumptre.

Great Gransden Vicarage, near Caxton,
November 27, 1821.

The Rev. Richard Polwhele,

AUTHOR OF

The History of Devonshire.

Published by J. Stewell, Cornhill, Oct. 1795.

Monaccan near Helston
Feb. 24th 1799

Dear Sir,

Believe me, I was pleased & flattered by your Favor of the 13th Inst. It is natural, indeed, to be pretty well with the applause of the Discerning: & more especially on Subjects that interest the Feelings. Affectation only will declare otherwise — or else, a strange indifference to the Sentiments of others; such as few Writers of the Poetical Character, I conceive, possess. I, indeed, think myself very insensible, could I have read any Work or Publication without being interested in them. But above all the rest, I value it "sympathetically" — not from its superior Merit, perhaps — but from certain delightful Associations & Ideas that will ever be associated with it, in my Mind. I first read it, in a Post-Chaise between Bath & Oxford to a College-Friend, not long after my Entrance at the University — and I think not read it since. I have been very lately amused with your "Gleanings"; & am happy to find, to my Wish, England working the Allusion of "the Gleaner" — "Thy Globe has sometimes produced a plentiful Harvest". If you will condescend to enter it, I will promise you as good Entertainment as that of the Harvest-Home; tho I do not wish

wish to debar you from any amusement you may
propose to yourself among the gleanings of the field.
My swain in Theocritus offers to carve
"The Poppy's vivid red, the ears of gold."
The literary gleaner, however, should follow the
example of the humblest literal one in avoiding
where every flower that may draw off attention from
the rich nutritious grain; that all first
may allure by its glaring colors & afterwards
produce somnolence. This you have certainly
done, ~~[illegible]~~ In your
book we have "the ears of gold" in great abundance
— — Excuse these hasty lines — I was
unwilling to let your messenger
~~[illegible]~~ delay longer, & look up my Pen
in the midst of Mr Bessiss, rather than
miss the post. I hope earnestly
respect your promised Attention; & in the
mean time, by leave to assure you
with all truth I remain your obliged
& humble Servant
R. P. Stokes

P.S. I have desired
Mr Cadell to direct to you a copy of "Local Attachment" 2d Edit. & my "Old English Gentleman" — if they
do not soon arrive, be pleased to send your
Servant to C. to remind him of my order.

To

S. S. Pratt Esq.

No 42 Rathbone Place

Oxford Street

London

Mr. Pratt

No. 42 -

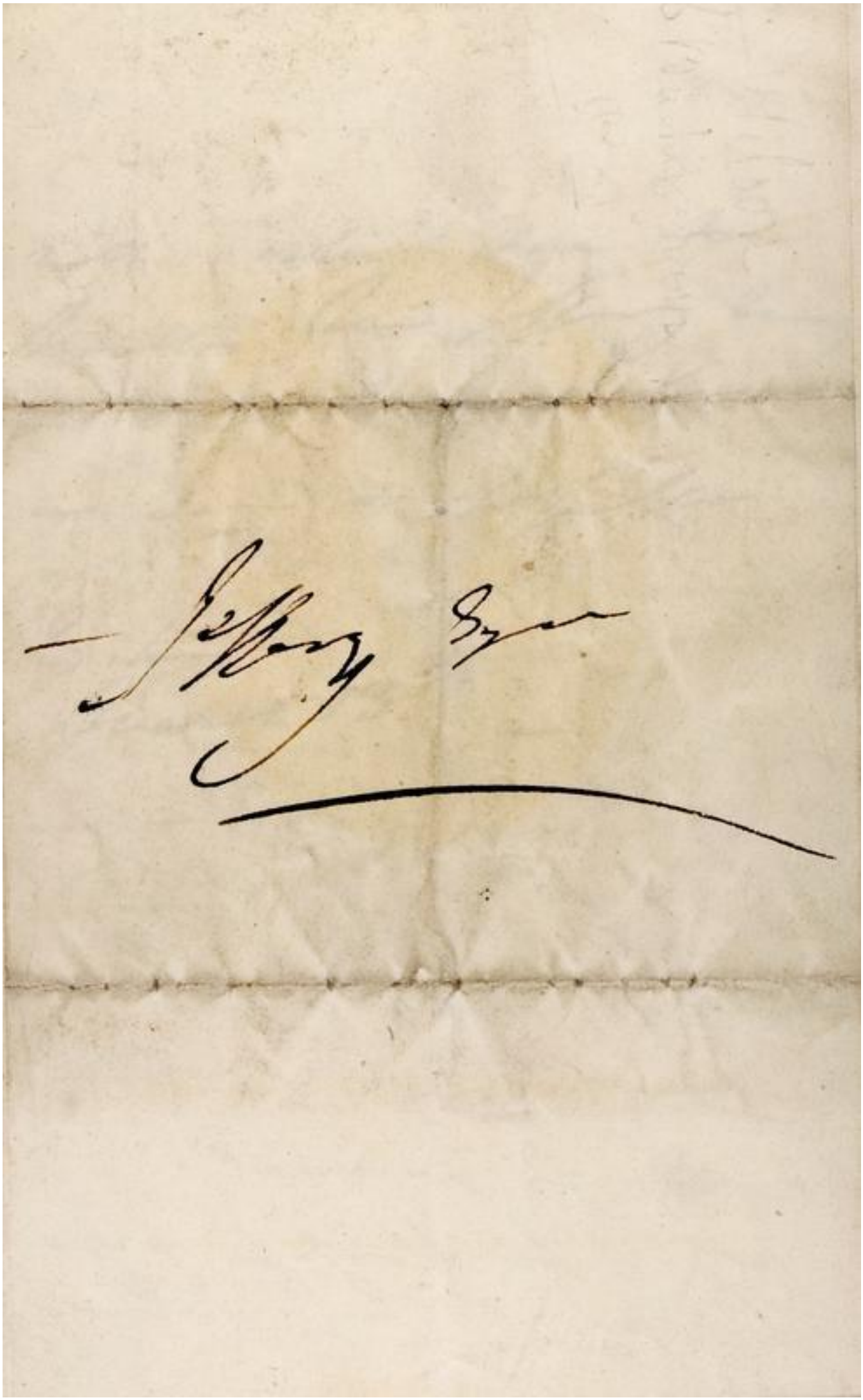
ANNA MARIA PORTER.

Drawn by G. H. Harlow — Engraved by J. Thomson

Miss A. M. Porter has
the pleasure of returning
all the Books which
Mrs Jeffrey has so
obligingly sent to Esther
on the first) Miss
Mitchell's Poems, and
on the same time of thanking
Mrs Jeffrey for this
accommodating offer of
lending them on her
request for perusal. —
Miss A. M. Porter begs
the letter to Miss Mitchell

with which the two
Gentlemen (Mr Jolliffe) may
be sent to the Palace
as soon as possible.

Yours
March 13th —



MR. PRATT.

Engraved by Chapman, from an Original Picture Painted by Peat.

London Published Aug.st 1.st 1808 by Messrs. Longman and Rees Paternoster Row &c.

Mr. Pratt's best compts. wait on Mr. Cadell, begs to receive 50 Copies of Sympathy as soon as possible, & as many of that Number by the Bearer as can be spared, even tho it were so small a Quantum as half a Doz.

— Mr Pratt recollects to have forgot the advertis.ts for Friday (to morrow), when they certainly should appear as well as on Saturday, & again on Monday — especially Saturday. — Mr P. begs Mr. Cadell wile please to give his people directions as to this business. — ~~The same Mr.~~ or Mr. Cadell may either ~~use~~ copy the Advertisments which appear in the different Papers of to day, or order a fresh one to be drawn out more agreeable to him. —

427

Nutting sculp

Mr PRATT

Pub by Verner & Hood 31 Poultry June 26 1803

Sir — May 13th 1788

I am informed the Evening Star is a paper getting daily ground — I will therefore both as a mark of Encouragement to the paper and for the sake of my own Poem, you will please to send three Advertisements of it to appear every other day, in the following way

Yrs. T. J. Pratt

This Day, is published Price 5 —

Humanity

or

The Rights of Nature

a Poem

In two Books

being a general outline of

Society

or

a View of Mankind

under all the Influences of

Custom, Colour and Climate

By the Author of

Sympathy

Printed for T. Cadell Strand

London, Sept. 26.

My Dear Madam

Taking it for granted that Miss Strickland has fully explained to you all our conversation & arrangements in regard to your prose article now printed in Friendship's Offering. I shall not enter into detail on that subject. I hope in a very short time to be able to forward the Volume to you. Meanwhile I beg your acceptance of a separate copy of a little poem which I have inserted in the Journal. The draft for the promising trifle which I am enabled to offer you from the publishers will accompany the vol.

your name agreeably to your
sister's desire has not been appended
to the prose Tale.

I have written such a long
letter to your sister with substance
that I have left myself scarcely
any thing to say to the other sisters.
You see what a favourite the girl is
with me. Mr. Pringle laughs at her
long letters to mine & says if I were
20 years younger she would be
jealous.

I am glad that you have overcome
the Aguey Fever & that you have
taken revenge in song.

I remain dear Madam
with all kind wishes
Yours very truly Thos. Pringle

Thomas Pringle, Scottish poet; b 1789; founded "Edinburgh Monthly magazine" (now "Blackwood's") 18?; published "African Sketches" 1834; d. Dec 1834.

A Wedding Ring

by Adelaide A. Procter.

1

Lingering fade the rays of daylight, and the listening air is chilly;
Voice of bird & forest murmur, insect hum & quivering spray
Stir not in that quiet hour: through the valley, calm & stilly,
All in hushed & loving silence watch the slow departing day.

2

Till the last faint western cloudlet, faint & rosy, ceases blushing,
And the blue grows deep & deeper where one trembling planet shines,
And the day has gone for ever, - then like some great ocean rushing,
The sad night wind wails lamenting, sobbing through the moaning pines.

3

Such, of all days changing hours, is the fittest & the meetest
For a farewell hour, and parting looks less bitter & more blest;
Earth seems like a shrine for sorrow, Natures mother voice is sweetest,
And her hand seems laid in chiding on the unquiet throbbing breast.

4

Words are lower, for the twilight seems rebuking sad repining
And wild murmur & rebellion as all childish & in vain;
Breaking through dark future hours clustering starry hopes seem shining
Then the calm & tender midnight folds her shadow round the pain.

5

So they paced the shady limewalk in that twilight ~~calm~~ dim & holy,
Still the last farewell deferring she could hear or he should say;
Every word, weighed down by sorrow, fell more tenderly & slowly —
This, which now beheld their parting, should have been their wedding day.

May 84

Should have been: her dreams of childhood, never staying, never altering,
Did had needed Philip's image to make future life complete;
Philip's young hopes of ambition, ever changing, ever altering,
Needed Mildred's gentle presence even to make sacrifices sweet.

7

This day should have seen their marriage; the calm crowning & assurance
Of two hearts, fulfilling rather, and not changing, either life:
Now they must be rent asunder, and her heart must learn endurance,
For he leaves their home & enters ~~into the fight~~ on a world of work and strife.

But her gentle ~~humble heart~~ ~~So far had her gentle~~ spirit 8 long had learnt unquestioning, submitting,
To revere his youthful longings & ~~with~~ to marvel at the fate
That gave such a humble office all unworthy & unfitting
To the Genius of the Village, who was born for something great.

9

~~Now~~ When ~~their~~ their Squire's learned nephew, who had gained renown at college,
Whose abstruse research had won him even European fame,
Questioned Philip, praised his genius, marvelled at his self taught knowledge,
Could she murmur if he called him up to London & to fame?

10

Could she waver when he bade her take the burden of decision,
Since his troth to her was plighted, & his ~~future~~ life was now her own?
Could she doom him to inaction, could she, when ~~the~~ a new born vision
Rose in glory ~~for~~ for his future, check it for her sake alone?

11

So her little trembling fingers, that had toiled with such fond pleasure,
Paused & laid aside, & folded the unfinished wedding gown;
Faltering earnestly assurance that she too could in her measure
Prize for him the present honour & the future's sure renown.

Oldfield 38

12.

Now they pace the shady lime walk, now the last words must be spoken,
Words of trust, for neither ~~doubted~~ dreaded more than wailing & delay;
Was not love that called eternal—could a plighted vow be broken—
See the crimson light of sunset fades in purple mist away.

13

"Yes, my Mildred," Philip told her, "one calm thought of joy & blessing
"Like a guardian spirit by me, through the world's tumultuous stir,
"Still will spread its wings above me, & now urging, now repressing,
"With my Mildred's voice will murmur thoughts of home & love & her.

14

"It will charm my peaceful leisure, sanctify my daily toiling,
"With a right none else possesses touching my heart's inmost string;
"And to keep its pure wings spotless I shall fly the world's touch, soiling
"Even in thought this angel guardian of my Mildred's Wedding Ring.

15

"Take it, dear; this little circlet is the first link, strong & holy
"Of a life long chain, ~~that~~ and holds me from all other love apart;
"Till the day when you may wear it as my wife, my own, mine wholly
"Let me know it rests for ever near the beating of your heart."

16

Dawn of day saw Philip speeding on his road to the great City,
Thinking how the stars gazed downward just with Mildred's patient eyes;
Dreams of work & fame & honour struggling with a tender pity
Till the loving past receding saw the conquering future rise.

17

Day break still found Mildred watching, with the wonder of first sorrow
How the outward world unaltered shone the same this very day;
How unpitying & relentless busy life met this new morrow,
Earth & sky & man unheeding that her joy had passed away.

=

Then the round of weary duties cold & formal came to meet her,
With the life within departed that had given them each a soul;
And her sick heart even slighted gentle words that came to greet her,
~~Griefs dark shadow spread its~~ like a blight upon the whole.
To grief spread its shadowy pinions ~~[illegible]~~

19

Jar one chord, the ~~Harp~~ is silent; move one stone, the Arch is shattered;
One small clarion cry ~~of~~ sorrow bids an armed host awake,
One dark cloud can hide the Sunlight. Loose one string, the Pearls are scattered,
Think one thought – a Soul may perish; say one word – a Heart may break.

20.

Life went on; the two lives running side by side; the outward seeming
And the truer & diviner hidden in the heart and brain:
Dreams grow holy put in action, work grows fair thro' starry dreaming
But where each flows on unmingling both are fruitless & in vain.

21

Such was Mildred's life; her dreaming lay in some far distant region,
All the fairer, all the brighter, that its glories were but guessed;
And the daily round of duties seemed an unreal, airy legion,
Nothing true save ~~David~~ Philip's letters & the ring upon her breast.

22

Letters telling how he struggled for some plan a vision aiming,
And at last how he just grasped it as a fresh one spread its wings;
How the honour & the learning, once the climax, now were claiming
Only more & more, becoming merely steps to higher things.

23. Country 36

(5

Telling her of foreign countries: little store had she of learning,
So her earnest simple spirit answered as he touched the string;
Day by day, to these bright fancies all her silent thoughts were turning
Seeing every radiant Picture framed within her golden ring.

24

Oh, poor heart – Love, if thou willest; but thine own soul still pleading,
Give thy life: not a reflection, or a shadow of his own:
Lean as fondly, as completely, as thou willest – but confessing
That thy strength is God's, & therefore can, if need be, stand alone.

25

Little means were there around her to make ~~farther~~ farther wider ranges
Where her loving gentle spirit could try any stronger flights; fickle
And she turned aside half fearing that fresh ~~thoughts~~ new changes
That she must stay as he left her on that farewell summer night.

26.

Love should still be guide & leader; ~~like to~~ like a Herald ~~should have~~ Star risen
Lighting up the long dark vistas, conquering all opposing Fates;
But new claims, new thoughts, new duties found her Heart a silent prison,
And found Love with folded pinions like a Jailer by the gates.

27

Yet why blame her? it had needed greater strength than she was given
To have gone against the current that so calmly flowed along;
Nothing fresh came near the village, save the rain & dew of heaven,
And her nature was too passive & her love perhaps too strong.

28

The great world of thought, that rushes down the years, & onward sweeping
Bears upon its mighty billows in its progress each & all,
Flowed so far away, its murmur did not rouse them from their sheltering;
Life & Time & Truth were speaking, but they did not hear the call.

Years flowed on and every morning heard her prayer grow lower, deeper,
As she called all blessings on him & bade every ill depart
Every night when the cold moonlight shone upon that quiet sleeper
It would ~~show~~ ~~her~~ her ring that ~~was~~ glittered with each throbbing of her heart.

30

Years ~~flowed~~ passed on: Fame came for Philip in a full & overflowing measure;
He was spoken of, ~~with~~ honoured through the breadth of many ~~all the~~ lands;
And he wrote it all to Mildred, as if praise was only pleasure
~~And~~ as ~~his~~ if fame was only honour when he laid them in her hands.

31

Mildred heard it without wonder, as a sure result expected,
For how could it fail, since merit & fame must go side by side.
And the neighbours who first fancied fancies might & be suspected,
~~Might~~ at last give up their caution ~~might~~ and could own ~~by also degrees relented, & [illegible]~~ here now with pride.
~~Might give up at last the caution~~

32.

Years flowed on: these empty honours led to ~~something~~ others: they ~~they~~ called better,
He had ~~earned~~ saved some slender fortune, & might claim his bride at last:
Mildred grown so used to waiting, felt half startled by the letter
That now made her future certain, & would consecrate her past.

33.

And he came: grown sterner, older, - changed indeed: a grave reliance
Had replaced his eager manner, & the quick short speech of old:
He had gone forth with a spirit half of hope & half defiance,
He returned with proud assurance half disdainful & half cold.

Alley.

Yet his old self seemed returning while he stood sometimes, & listened
To her calm soft voice relating all the thoughts of these long years;
And if Mildred's heart was heavy, & at times her blue eyes glistened
Still in thought she would not whisper aught of sorrow or of fears.

35

Autumn with its golden cornfields, autumn with its storms & showers,
Had been there to greet his coming with its forests ~~red~~ gold & brown:
And the last leaves still were falling, fading still the year's last flowers,
When he left the quiet village & took back his bride to town.

36

Home: the home that she had pictured many a time in twilight,
Or that gentle tender fancy, filled round with loving care dwelling;
Here was home; the end, the haven; & what spirit voice seemed telling
That she only ~~held~~ held the casket with the gem no longer there.

37

Sad it may be to be longing, with a patient faint & weary
For a hope deferred - & sadder still to see it fade & fall;
Yet to grasp the thing we long for, & with sorrow sick & dreary
Then to find how it can fail us is the saddest pain of all.

38

What was wanting? he was gentle, kind & generous still, deferring
To her wishes always; nothing seemed to mar their tranquil ~~peace~~ life.
There are skies so calm & leaden that we long for storm winds stirring
There is peace so cold & bitter that we almost welcome strife.

2

Darker grew the clouds above her, & the slow conviction clearer
That he gave her home & pity, but that heart, & soul & mind
Were beyond her now; he loved her, & in youth he had been near her
But now he had gone far onward & had left her there behind.

40

yes, beyond her: yes, quick hearted, her Love helped her in revealing
It was worthless, while so mighty; was too weak, although so strong;
There were courts she could not enter; depths she could not sound; yet feeling
It was vain to strive or struggle, vainer still to mourn or long.

41

He would give her words of Kindness, he would talk of home - but seeming
With an absent look, forgetting if he held or dropped her hand;
And then turn with eager pleasure to his writing, reading, dreaming,
Or to speak of things with others that she could not understand.

42.

He had paid, and paid most nobly all he vowed; no need of blaming;
It had cost him something maybe, that no future could restore,
In her heart of hearts she knew it; Love & Sorrow not complaining,
Only suffered all the deeper, only loved him all the more.

43

Sometimes then a deeper anguish & more cruel weighed upon her,
That through all those years of waiting he had slowly learnt the truth ~~for a fickle companion fired~~,
He had known himself mistaken, but that bound to her in honour
He renounced his life, ~~fulfilling his youthful promise to the end~~
to pay her for the ~~wintry of her~~ ~~that care of her youth~~ patience of her youth.

But a star was slowly rising from that mist of grief, & brighter
Grew her eyes, for each slow hour surer comfort seemed to bring;
And she watched with strange sad smiling how her trembling hands grew slighter,
And how thin her slender fingers, & how large her wedding ring.

45

And the tears dropped slowly on it as she kissed that golden token
With a deeper love, it may be, than was in the far off past;
And remembering Philip's fancy, that so long ago was spoken,
Thought her Ring's bright angel Guardian had stayed near her to the last.

46

Grieving sorely, grieving truly, with a tender care & sorrow
Philip watched the slow sure fading of his gentle patient wife;
Could he guess with what a yearning she was longing for the morrow,
Could he guess the bitter knowledge that had wearied her of life.

47

Now with violets strewn upon her Mildred lies, in peaceful sleeping,
All unbound her long bright tresses, & her throbbing heart at rest;
And the cold blue rays of moonlight through the open casement creeping
Show the ring upon her finger & her hands crossed on her breast.

48

Peace at last. Of Peace eternal is her calm sweet smile a token.
Has some Angel lingering near her let a radiant promise fall—
Has he told her Heaven unites again the links that Earth has broken
For on Earth so much is needed but in Heaven ~~shall~~
Love shall be all. ~~Love be all~~.

=

4 Grays Inn Square
24 December 1836.

My dear Lady Blessington –

I have begun to put down the 'Story of the back-room window' for you. I hope that some day before long I shall be able to complete it, & then I will send it to you – for your book, in case you choose to accept it – But do not, out of complaisance, accept it, unless you think it will suit your book.

Did you see some bad lines (in the Attendant) addressed to the Marquesita – Did you not guess who

was the culprit? If not, I will confess the sin. In ~~xx~~ excuse, I will venture to assure you that the object of their inspiration deserved something far better.

How is Comte Alcibiades de Meiatol? If ever I paint the signal, I will give him a dash of higher chivalry. It is not often that a portrait (in books) falls so very much below the grace & stature of its model. I wish you would tell Comte Alcibiades that I desire to honor myself in being one of the contributors to Paul de Kock — but I really do not what to give. Between the mean & the ostentatious sum (the two stools) I am in danger of falling to the

(What is the sum? – one – two stars – or frequency?
which the poorer contributors (the poets) give?

ground. I hope to come & see you

very shortly, my dear Wharington, & to

tell you that I am always

Your sincere & obliged

W M Rossetti

Messrs Latham –
Dover –

Lee Priory – March 12. 1828.

Gentlemen,

Having returned hither for a few days, I have this morning your favor of the 8th Inst. forwarded from London. I am much oblied by your attention to my wish about the wine; and I observe that I am in your debt £33.8.6. I inclose £35, and as I shall probably be at Dover before I go back to London you can then return the balance, £1.11.6.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your obedient Servt.

Edward Dullman

The Pipe of Port Wine which remains in your care is at any one's service but not for less than £46 inclusive of freight & bonding charges to the day of sale, if sold this year. –

Be so good as to acknowledge the receipt,

E. Quillinan

Lee Priory 12 March 1828

Mr. Wh 13 Dos

paid

near Wingham
Kent

REV^D THO^S RAFFLES.

Drawn & Engraved by T. WAGEMAN, 1824.

Committee
Edinburgh
June 9. 1847

My dear Sir,

Be it so — I will be with you D.V. in time for the service on Wednesday night — & the text shall be text on Thursday Mg.

With kind regards to all, I am

My dear Sir,

Yr faithfully,

Thos Raffles.

Wednesday 23

Rev.d

H.y Christopherson

~~Fair~~ But Late they soft Hemenial Joys
gave gladness all around
But Late in ~~the~~ ~~lay~~ her the Ravish'd Chief
a Heaven of sweetness found the most Greater
Lovely Phantom ~~has~~ shrins
The ~~Dear Dear~~ fly the Light Glides away

~~Reflections the~~
~~Reflections off return~~
And grief again Returns
Lifes Blessings bring him no Relief
Disconsolate he mourns

He Mourns his Loss a nations Loss
its just our Fears should flow
~~when so much Goodness~~
~~when~~ when one so Near allays to Heaven
forsakes those vales below
~~short was her~~ ~~Look~~ in her short Leaf of humane Life ~~mortal Life~~
~~Ye~~ ~~the Blood our wondering~~ Eyes
how Quickly ~~in its prime~~ to the Eye
up to ~~Human~~ Perfections ~~in~~ ~~to~~ Light
~~Mortal~~ ~~Human~~
then dropt her mortal life

In her short Leaf of humane Life
how swiftly did she rise
up to Perfections highest Pitch
~~without~~ in virtues fairest ~~Guise~~ Guise

~~Oh~~ ~~Other~~ ~~No More~~
~~Great Saturn~~ ~~Sooton~~
her Pious Eyes ~~Throw~~ Life ever fixed
on shining scenes of Joy Death can never day
~~who changes~~ which cares or
~~or time~~ or wasting time destroy

~~Thus with a Dro~~

~~Alas not~~

Why sounds the Plain with sad complaint
why hides the sun his Beams
Why sigh the winds so bleak & cold
why Roar the the muddy streams

Complain ye plains with mournfull notes
sun wear thy Cloudy vail
sigh winds from Magazines of snow
Clyd Roar the dolefull Tale

~~for the fair Dames~~
~~sunk cory~~

~~I~~ No more her footsteps ~~pleasant~~ the green
No more her ~~balmy~~ breath
~~Perfumes the Brest~~ Balmy
Transfuses fragrance throw the air
Thus Lyes each charm in Death

~~with Dazies~~
~~the fair~~, Rose & Lilly Bute
~~and myrtle throw her pave~~
ye fair her grave adorn
and sighing sing thus sweet she was
thus early from us torn

where silent twilight Glooms in ~~sweet~~ grove
Retire each mournful ~~sympathy~~ swain
By fading streams repeate her worth
~~sing her worth~~
and sighing vent your pain

Engraved by Ridley from an original Picture

WILL.M RICHARDSON, M. A. F. R. S. E.

Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow

Published by Verner & Hood, 31 Poultry, August 1.st 1799.

Glasgow College May 6 - 1801

Messrs

You have, I doubt not, so much experience of Poets as not to be surprised at their solicitude about the good appearance of their works. I hope therefore, you will indulge me a little respecting the works of mine now in your hands. I wish to add a third stanza to the lyrical speech of the High Priest in the 5th act: & have therefore enclosed a copy of the whole passage in which it is introduced. Let me also request that you would not print the preface and additional Poems till I send you a more correct copy; which I shall endeavour to do without loss of time. I am, respectfully Messrs Your most ob.t Sert

Wm Richardson

Messrs Longman & Co
Booksellers
Paternoster Row
London

29 S. Mark's Crescent
Regent's Park
July 3

Dear Mr Radcliffe

I have the Mass of Schubert's, in B flat, which I send you, altho' I fear it is not the one you want.

I have enquired of several Musical friends for No 1, but cannot hear of a copy. Schott's in

Regent Street, is the most likely place to get it, if it is to be had at all in this country. In haste

Yours faithfully

Edw. F. Rimbault

JOSEPH RITSON

Nat. 1752. Ob. 1803.

"Fierce, meagre, pale, no commentators friend."

Published by F. Bellberry, Castlereagh Street.

Dear Sir,

Though i donot clearly perceive how — Leochaus can be the proper Latin for Leech, i believe you are perfectly founded in your conjecture: and, haveing Urquharts book in my possession, i shal make use of the passage you allude to when you return the MS.

Mrs. Park is certainly right; & i beg leave to compliment her on the happyness of her recollection.

Contelling, if not a corruption of conc tauning, seems peculiar to Tusser, and to imply teling withall. It does not occur in the title of a subsequent edition given at length by Herbert.

The Catalogue of the advocates library consists of two volumes in folio, and is in the Museum.

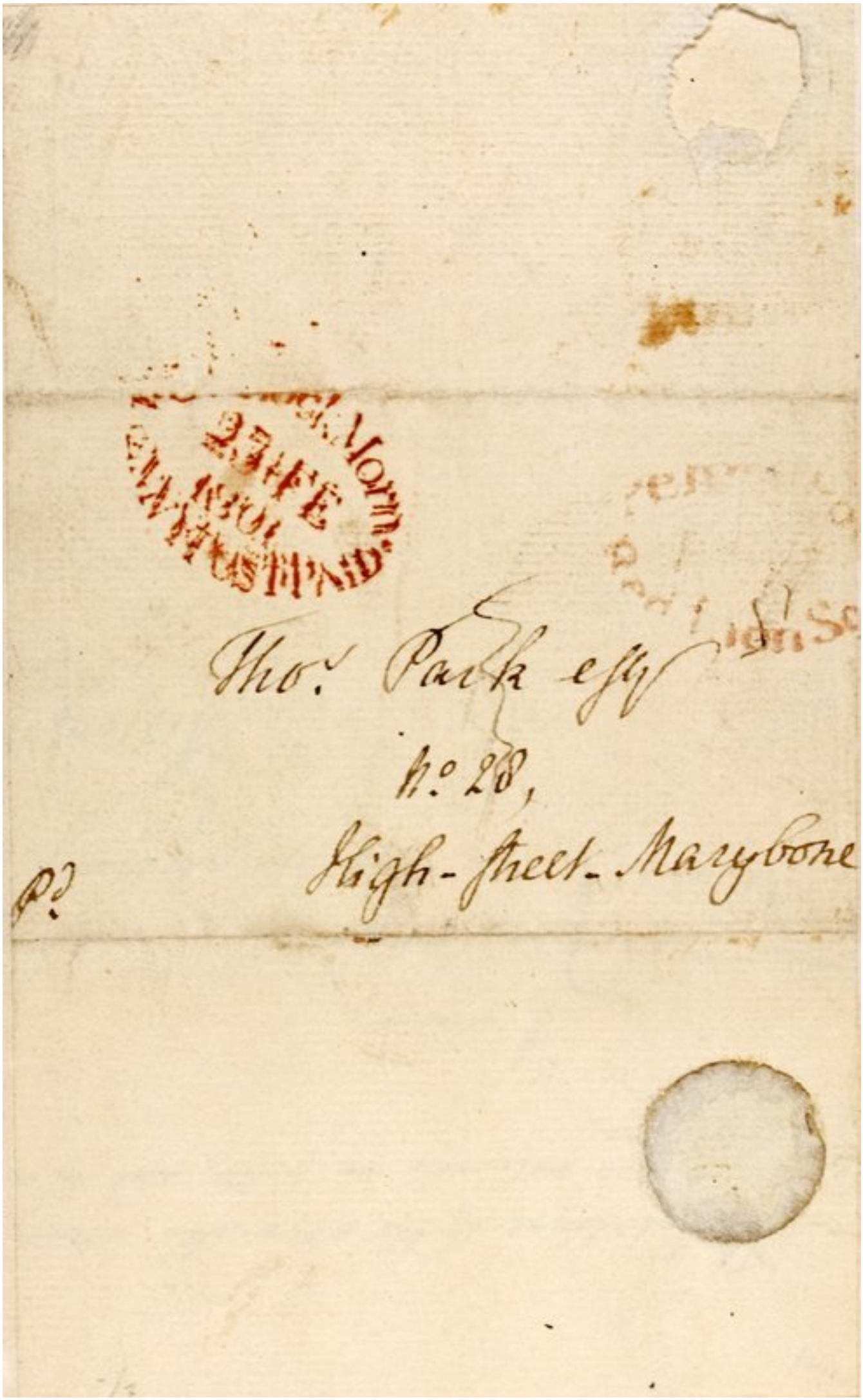
I remain,

Grays-inn,
21st Feby 1801.

Dear Sir,

Very sincerely yours,

J Ritson



Thos. Parke esq.
No. 28,
High-street Marylebone

P.

My Dear Mrs Sheridan

Again you find me a suitor can you oblige me with orders for the theatres for two or three nights towards the end of the week I wish for one for Covent Garden for Miss Sheridan. but it will not be for Thursday as the Mrs. sees the Hunchback and one for Drury Lane I was much delighted with the Adelphi last Tuesday and if you have a night to spare shall feel ~~pretty~~ obliged I am sleeping (it is Midnight) I spare time if this letter

should not find you at
home you will oblige me
by sending an answer
before twelve tomorrow

Yours very truly
Luke Roberts

Sudeley House
18 Montpelier Square

Emma Roberts

W. Leader. Esq
Grove House

SAMUEL ROGERS.

My dear ~~[illegible]~~

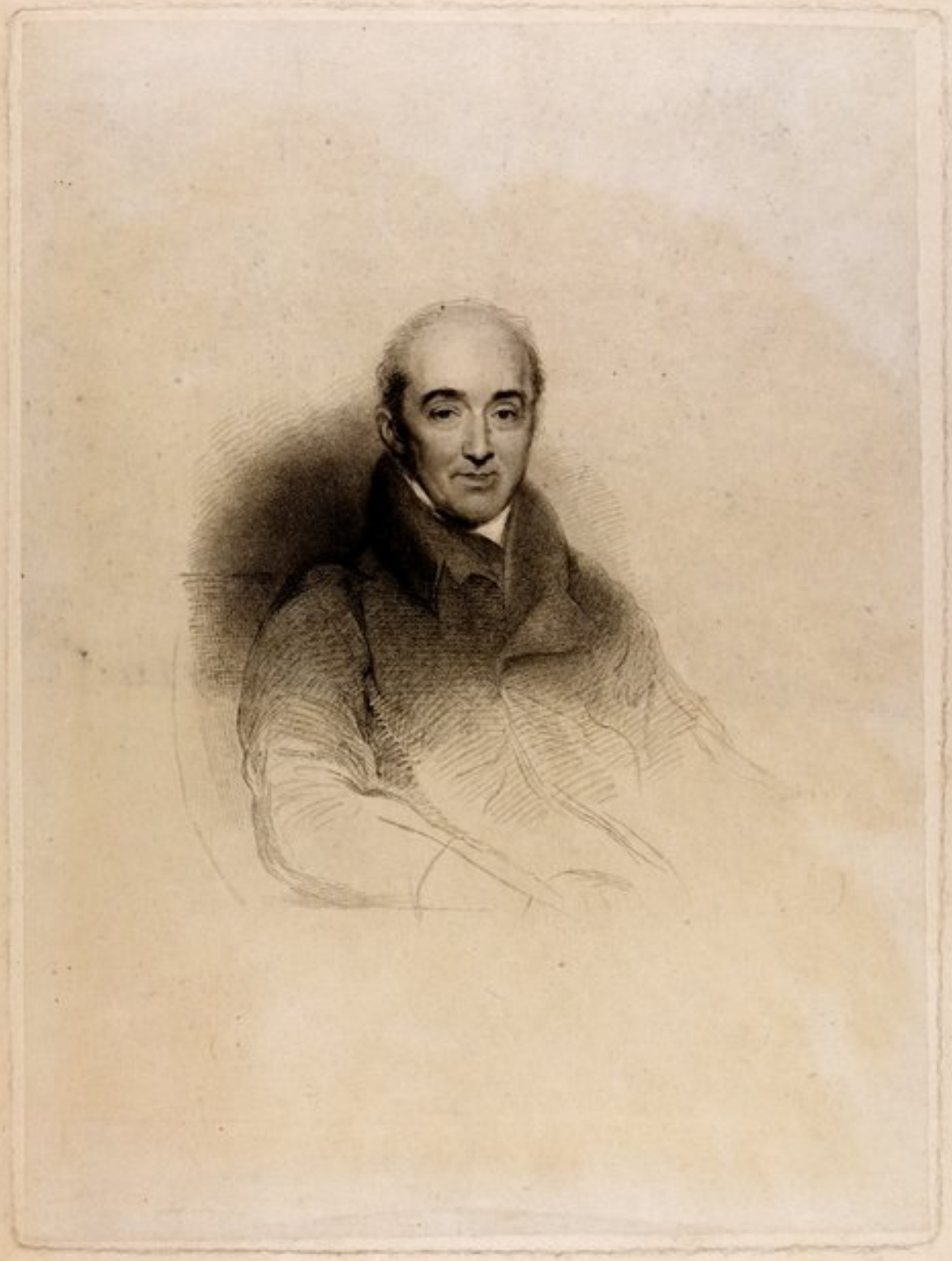
I hope you have quite forgot it & all about it. It's for me I was visited with a slight headache this morning & sent for Clive, who advises to ~~[illegible]~~ keep cool & quiet for a few days. The first is rather difficult to do just now; & the second still

not so, for it implies an
absence from Holland House.
But I do hope to see you
somehow or other once & again
before you go.

Ever yours

Sam Rogers

Monday 23.



From the Persian.

Thee on thy Mother's knees, a new-born child,
In tears we saw, when all around thee smiled.
So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Smiles may be thine, when all around thee weep.

Altered from Sir Wm Jones. Samuel Rogers. June 27, 1826.

amis enfin Vous le jour
qu'attendait tout Français fidèle:
Guidés par l'honneur et l'amour
suivons Louis qui nous appelle:
Pentrémant gris au nom du fils d'Henry
Français, du fond de l'âme
Vive à jamais pour Fidèle le vieux cri
mon Dieu, mon Roi, ma Dame

—

par de cruels et longs malheurs
le grand Bréal se vit abattu:
mais le ciel pour sauver ses pleurs
lui rendit les enfants d'Henry quatre:
Pentrémant gris.

—

au blanc panache aux fleurs de lys
que tout bon Français se rallie:
Fidèle porte son pays
par le bonheur il est suivi:
Pentrémant gris &c

—

au noble fils du Béarnais
rendons son antique couronne:
et qu'il entende tout Français
répété autour de son trône,
Pentrémant gris au nom du fils d'Henry
oui, je sens dans mon âme
Vive à jamais pour le vieux cri noble et chéri
mon Dieu, mon Roi, ma Dame

— Castelbajac

WILLIAM ROSCOE, ESQ.

Engraved by C. Picart from an original Picture by M. Houghton in the Possession of Mr. T. McCreery.

PUBLISHED JANUARY 1, 1807, BY T. CADELL & W. DAVIES, STRAND, LONDON.

I have an opportunity of sending
to Liverpool in a day or two
and took occasion to mention
case when I wrote the other.

Yours dear Mrs
very sincerely &c
H. Coleridge

Friday Morning
Chandos Street

162

William Roscoe -, historian, b 1753.
MP for Liverpool 1805. Wrote "Life of Lorenzo de
Medici" "Life & Pontificate of Leo X" &c -
d. 1831.

30 Torrington Square – W.C. Saturday.

Dear Mr Bryant

Let us both try to trust and hope on: faith is very easy at easy times. Thank you for sympathy.

Please bear in mind that I cannot as yet know exactly how I am left. But I enclose half a sovereign begging you to do with it the best you can. With every good wish to you and your wife

Truly yours

Christina G. Rossetti.

113

W. Bryant Esq.
1 Fleur-de-lis Court
Broadway
Blackfriars E.C.

113

no other heading,
& the arrangement
to be the same.
It is wanted to
fix on the frame
of a picture, so
that only one copy
is needed, but 3
may as well be
printed, in case
of accident.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours truly
D G Rossetti.

W Williams

56 Charlotte St.
Portland Place.
27 Jan.y 1850.

Dear Sir,

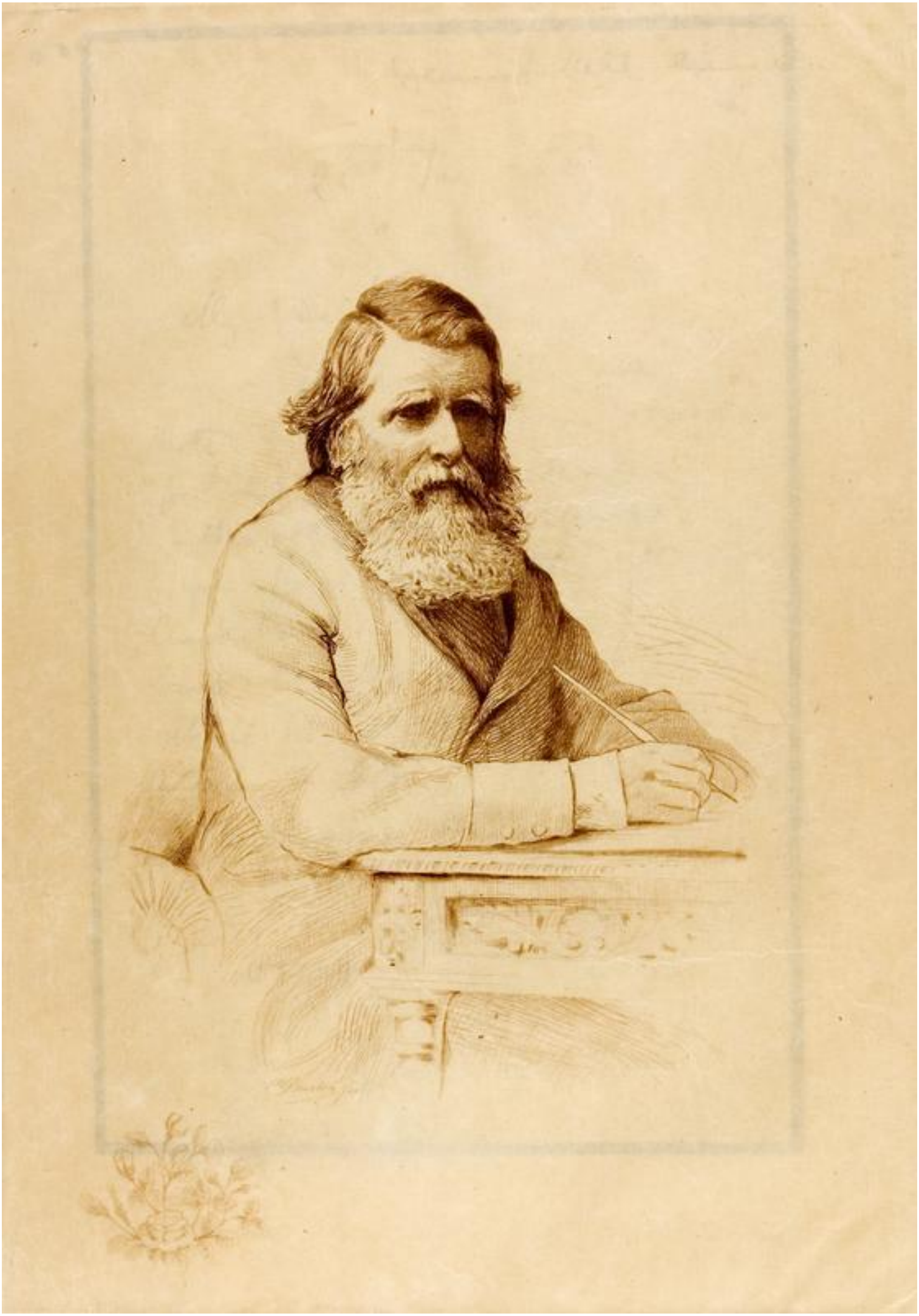
Allow me to offer you my acknowledgements of the good opinion you express of the Ferns, & my thanks for your kind invitation, of which I shall most gladly avail myself.

I trust to have the good

fortune, as I have every desire, to introduce with some success among my friends the announcement of the new edition of your "Judgement of the Flood," a work I have not yet had an opportunity of studying: at any rate, I hope you will oblige me by recording in the list of subscribers the name of, dear Sir,

Yours most faithfully,

W. M. Rossetti.



Denmark Hill

25th Jan. - 65

My dear Sir

Thank you for your note. I have sent a cheque for £25 to Mr Cleaby this afternoon. Would you forward me with Mr Cruikshank's address - I want to write to him to ask if he would do an etching or two for giving later

Yours very truly J Ruskin

Joseph Taylor Esq

WILLIAM RUSSELL. L.L.D.

1741 — 1793

Dear Sir,

Innerleithen, May 30, 1792.

I find, on again reading your, that I owe you some explication on the employment of my time. You have certainly great reason to think I have been occupied in the pursuits of agriculture, or some other idle, from the slow progress of this work. But I can honestly declare, that I have devoted as much time to study, one week with another, as I thought would most contribute to the end I had in view — the composition of a good History of Ancient Europe. I certainly entered into speculations, and made many observations, that might have been omitted. Unless these are found useful, great part of my time has been thrown away. This spring, by applying too hard, or at least with too anxious a desire of speedily completing the work, I have retarded it, by hurting my spirits. I must, therefore, beg your patient indulgence, and permission to conclude the work at the place I can do it with most ease; for so done, it will be best done. I am

Dear Sir

Your very truly

William Russell.

P.S. The reason why Mr Stringer did not use the Certificate you was so obliging to procure, was the forwardness of his business; in consequence of a Certificate from Ben. Bell, the author of the Surgery, and a country Gentleman.

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Mr. George Robinson senior
Bookseller
Paternoster Row
London.

Dear Madam

I am much obliged to you for your kind Letter, which I have employed a Missionary Stud.t to transcribe, that I may send it to Dr Marshman. My time is so exceedingly occupied that I get on very slowly with Dear Mr. Fuller's Memoirs — I have 3 seperate Acc.ts to compare of his first relig.s impressions — One in the Eo. Mag. yours, & Dr Stuart's, all vary a little — we in terrupt business 14 Days at Xm when I hope to compare these, and form one out of all — I have besides many valuable materials, but cannot get on as I E. wish — tho' the multiplicity of my engagements — I hope I shall have a better engraving than has yet been seen —

Three weeks ago we sent off Lee Compere to Jamaica attended by two of our Members. They are going to the Estates of Arthur Foulks Esq.r near Old Harbour — The Expences of fitting out Compere and his wife were considerable — But Mr Foulks will wholly support them after they get there

Do you know a Mr Blackburn of Liverpool? He repeatedly called on Mr Rowe our Missionary at Falmouth

and talked like a truly pious man.

An other Missionary Stud.t is going to Ceylon. He and his wife went to London on Monday last. Both I suppose Mr Baynes will tell you all about him, as they are very intimate.

Another No. of the P. Acct is going to press immediately, wch will contain Acct up to Jan. 1815.

I can hardly guess what Duties wd be connected wth the Name of Presid.t of your Society. I have more already on my hands than I can tell how to perform. If the office be much more than nominal, I sh. not know how to accept of it — And if it be merely nominal, wd it not be better to engage some person nearer — As far as I have it in my power, I sh. be willing to send you Intellig.ce — tho' this if imparted very fully wd anticipate our P. Acct — I will try however in this dilemma to do my best —

Are there any persons at Liverpool who are much acquainted with persons in Jamaica? If they could at all counter work the prejudices of the planters there, they wd subverse the spreading of religious Knowl. among the Negroes. John Rowe at Falmouth has conducted himself wth wonderful prudence & propriety, yet still keeping the object of his mission in sight — Mr Fuller entertained the strongest hopes of his final success. Mr Wilberforce is greatly pleased with him, but the

most incidental mention of Wilberforce's name, seemed likely to turn friends into foes.

If you c. drop a line to Rev. Mr Joins, Harpur Street Red Lion Sq. London, he wd get you what No you pleased of the specimens of Translations, or w. send you any No of the Pamphlet drawn up by Rich. Phillips the Quaker.

Dec. 22. I wrote this several Days ago, expecting Mr Baynes wd have sent a parcel to your Bns.

Pray did Mr Fuller ever send to you more than the four Letters respecting his Life two of which were in the Ev. Mag. in 1798, and the two last continue the acct. to his Entrance on the work of the Ministry? These 4 I have, I suppose copied by John Fuller, whether from your own or from his S. short hand I know not. I have finished transcribing them, and comparing them the 3 letters to Dr Stennett, as some things in the one are fuller than the same in the other — But I have another paper containing an acct. of his Conversatn with a Jew (which he also sent Mr the subst. of) On the back of which is written in ~~the~~ his own hand "Appendix to Letter VII" Now what is Letter VII? to whom sent? Had you VII Letters of Narrative? If so, I sh. be glad to see V, VI & VII. — I shall ask Mrs Fuller the same Question — I must beg you to excuse this hasty scrawl I must either give up Mr Fuller's Memoirs altogether, or work hard at them just now — I have written above 60 pp this week — Mrs Ryland joins me in respects to yourself and all the family. I am

Dear Madam,

Yours respectfully

John Ryland

Miss Maria Hope
Hope Street
Liverpool

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The Reverend JOHN RYLAND, A.M.

Carington Bowles, excudit.

Published as the Act directs, 14 Mar. 1778

THOMAS SACKVILL EARL of DORSET, BARON of BUCKHURST, LORD HIGH TREASURER of ENGLAND; Chancellor of the University of OXFORD & Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter.

From an Original at Knowles in the possession of his Grace LIONEL Duke of Dorset.

1600 Her Matie's Privy Seale dated the xxviij^th of January 1599 to good order
that payment may be made of the said some of Eight pounde xiij^s iiij^d
out of the Treasure of Her Matie Exchequer unto this bearer Wm Symons
who is appointed to receive the same. Whereupon there ariseth why Her Matie
Privy Seale shalbe yor L: warrant. And so wee wishe yor L:
Everlyly well to fare. From Her Court at Whitehall the last of
January 1600.

Yor good L: assured Loving friende

Tho: Egerton. C.S. T. Buckhurst Nottingham

W: Cecill Ro: Cecill Howard Howard Howard Howard Howard Howard

Lavington 29th Sept. 1785

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Dear Sir

I shall be obliged to you if you will send me, as soon as you can, the following books bound & lettered.

Balguy's Discourses

✓ White on the management of pregnant women, 2d Edit.

✓ Baron de Tolay's Memoirs, printed for Jacob

✓ Fielding's Peerage

✓ Boswell's Memoirs of a Tour to the Hebrides & Mrs Piozzi's account of Dr Johnson as soon as it is published.

I was truly sorry to hear so bad an account from Mr Lindsey of Mrs Cadell but hope that you will both receive strength to support your sufferings from that Power who inflicts them. I am Dear Sir

Your most faithful & obedt Serv.

J. Sargent

Be so good as to mention his Sargent for you have got in the sale of the Mines —

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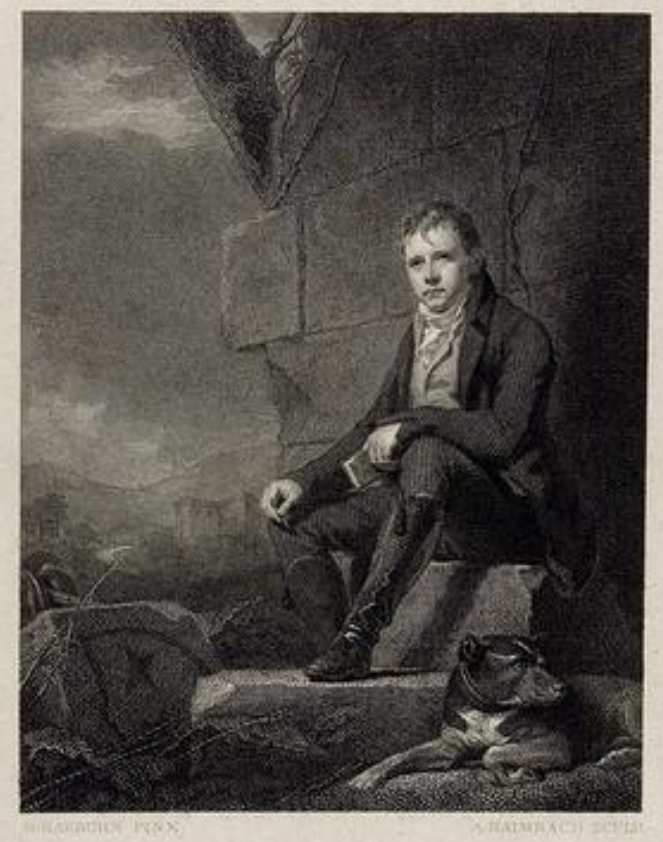

MARGARETH FOX. A. RAMBACH SCULP.

London Published & Sold by H. H. Cromek Newman Street, & J. Sharpe Piccadilly.

Sir

I am honoured with your letter and agreeably to your desire I have sent the bale of pamphlets &c to Mess.rs Constable & Comp.y booksellers here who will account to you for such as they sell and return the rest as required by you.

Deeply the fullest justice to the philanthropy of your motives I am still afraid that the practice of duelling is so deeply engrafted upon our forms of society that for a length of time at least when mankind may entertain much clearer moral views upon most subjects it will hardly fall into disuse. Your address to seconds appears to me most excellent. They generally have the power of preventing much mischief.

Your Code of Honour seems highly capable of softening the asperities of our Gothic custom.

I have not any communication with the Edinburgh Reviewers but I dare say Mr Constable will take the trouble to send them a Copy of your

works. I have not read the book yet as I have not had a copy stitched up I am sir

Your most obedt Servant

Walkerfield

Edinburgh
3 March —

Joseph Hamilton Esq
Annandale Cottage
Philipsburgh Avenue
Dublin

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Penkill Castle, Girvan. Ayrshire.
29 September 1877.

Dear Sir

Your note of the 17th has been forwarded from my London address (92 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea) to this place "The Old Scotch House", where I spend some summer months. Pleased to hear of your making a volume of selections such as you indicate. I give you permission to extract from my book at once. The selection ~~you~~ must, no doubt, be left to you as Editor, and to say the truth, I have little objection to the list you send. The one called "Assistance Delayed", however, I fancy, might, with advantage be exchanged for some other, as it is a Sonnet only in the English sense, the authority of Shakespeare having made a poem of

three quatrains ending with a couplet, pass as such.

For my own part I should fancy a narrative or ballad would be desirable, such, for example as "The Witches' Ballad." This has been given in a vol. of Selected Poetry pub.d in America - not the 2 volume work called "Poetry & Poets of Scotland", but one edited I believe by Whittier, but this fact w.d not, I presume disqualify it for your purpose if you choose.

You will find Clerical errors as well as Errata in my book, which I left to a young friend to see through the press.

Will you have the kindness to correct the words "eves" and "quoins" in sonnet "Below the Old Home", lines 7 and 12 into <u>eaves</u> and <u>coigns</u>?

May I ask you also, if my book is at hand before you lay this note out of your hand, to correct a singular error of importance in another poem? P. 159. the title of the piece should be

"To the Sphynx
considered as the Symbol of Religious <u>Mystery</u>"

Dear Sir, I remain
Very Faithfully yours
William B. Scott.

W Davenport Adams Esq.

Drawn by J. Thomson. Engraved by C. Rolls.

SIR CHARLES SIDLEY.

From an original Picture in the Collection of Her Grace the Dutchess of Dorset.

London, Jan. 1, 1811. Published by W. Miller, 7 Orange Row, Square.

(1662)

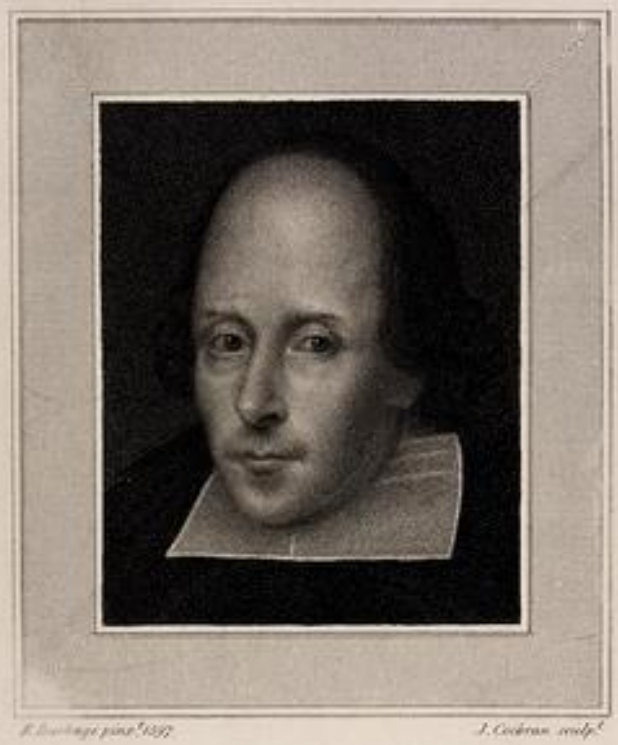
To all Xpian People

to whom this present writing indented shall come Sir Charles Sedley of the Mote in the County of Kent Baronett sendeth Greeting in the Lord God everlasting. **Know yee** that the said Sr Charles Sedley hath had and received at and before the ensealing and delivery hereof of and from James Smith Citizen and Draper of London the full Sume of three thousand Six hundred and twenty pounds of lawfull Money of England over and besides the Sume of fifty pounds of like money formerly received by the said Sr Charles Sedley of the said James Smith Comprising together to the Sume of Eight Thousand Fourteen hundred Threescore and Tenn pounds for the Manors of Gorrey otherwise Gotts Hall and divers Land Tenements and Hereditaments in Gatinghy Yoxfordy and Stanisford and situated in the County of Suffolke Do hereby the said Sr Charles Sedley doth acknowledge that he hath had and received at and before the ensealing and delivery hereof of and from the said James Smith for the absolute purchase of the said Manors and all other the Messuages Lands Tenements and Hereditaments with their and every of their rights members and appurtenances of him the said Sr Charles Sedley in the said County of Suffolke the said Sume of Eight Thousand Fourteen hundred Threescore and Tenn pounds of lawfull Money of England being the Consideration Money mentioned to be paid unto him the said Sr Charles Sedley by the said James Smith in and by Our Indentures of Bargaine and Sale of the said premisses intended to be acknowledged and enrolled in the high Court of Chancery bearing date with these presents and expressed to be made between the said Sr Charles Sedley of the one part and the said James Smith of the other part. **And therefore** the said Sr Charles Sedley for the Consideration aforesaid Hath remised released and for ever quit claimed and by these presents Doth for him his Heires Executors and Administrators and every of them remise release and for ever quit claime unto the said James Smith his Heires Executors and Administrators and every of them the aforesaid Sume of Eight Thousand Fourteen hundred Threescore and Tenn pounds and every part thereof shall and all manner of Actions Suites claimes and demaunds whatsoever for fortilling and recovering the same and every or any part thereof in any manner of wise howsoever. **In witnesse** whereof the said Sr Charles Sedley hath hereunto set his hand and Seale the fourteenth day of March anno Domi 1662 and in the fifteenth year of the Reigne of our Soveraigne Lord Charles the Second by the grace of God of England Scotland France and Ireland King

Charles Sedley

[illegible] in fide
[illegible] Tomlin

Will. Chapman
Will. Burdell
Geo. Perye
John Goffe



R. Burbage pinx.t 1597 — J. Cochran sculp.t

Shakspeare

The property of George Nicol Esq.r

London Publ.d by A.W. Cooll, 40, Castle Street East 1877.

John Sheffield, duke of Buckingham, was born in 1645. He served in the fleet during the Dutch war, and afterwards made a campaign in France with Turenne. Charles 2nd with whom he was a favourite, gave him the command of the fleet which was sent against Tangier. The duke wrote Essays on Poetry and Satire; and several poetical pieces, all of which were published in 2vols. qto. 1723. He was a friend to the revolution, and died in 1721.

Buckingham, John Sheffield, Duke of., [1649-1720] Served under Marshall Turenne, and took part in the Revolution of 1688. He distinguished himself also as a poet

Record' 15 April 1708

Numb. 175

The 21 Day of April 1708

REceived then by me John Duke of Buckingham

by Order dated the 2 Day of Decem 6 1704 of the Honourable Francis Robartes Esq; One of the Four Tellers of the Receipt of Her Majesty's Exchequer, the Sum of fourty one pounds eight pence farthing being for Three Months Annuity, due the 27 Day of March 1708 by Virtue and in Pursuance of a late Act of Parliament, (Entituled, An Act for the Better and more Regular Paying and Assigning the Annuities, after the Rate of Three Pounds per Cent. per Annum, payable to several Bankers, and other Patentees, or those claiming under them;) And in lieu of £5471 : 7 : 11 Principal Money: And to be paid Quarterly out of certain entire Weekly Payments of Three thousand seven hundred Pounds, arising and issuing out of the Hereditary Rates and Duties of Excise upon Beer, Ale, &c. as by the said Order does more fully appear. I say Received by me

£41 : 0 : 8¼

Bankers Annuities out of 3700 l. per Week Excise.

Buckingham

Witness
Russell
Morse

John Duffield Duke of Buckingham

See over

Drawn by J. Thomson. Engraved by T. Engleheart.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

From an original Picture in the possession of William Roscoe Esq.re

London, Sept.r 1st. Published by W. Walker & Engel Pall Mall.

The handwriting of Shenstone the Poet. written f. his beautiful residence the Leasowes in Shropshire.

My Compliments to Mr. Hylton — My spirits neither were nor are extraordinary — will let Mr. H. know the Result, so soon as I have spoke with Aaron's wife; or with dismiss her from hence to Mr. H. if he chuses it — Desire to be affectionately remembered to Mr. Philip Hylton, who is welcome to read these Books of Clark at his Leisure; as he is also to read any other y.e my poor Collection can supply. would advise Him, by all means, to attend the Lectures he mentions

in no wise lose an opportunity which Coventry may not again afford him.

W. S.

March ye 8th ——— 1755.

When Mr Hylton returns the News-paper, I should be glad to borrow the Museums.


From a curious Limning in the Collection of Dr Richard Mead.
drawn by Isaac Oliver
The Right Honourable
Sr Philip Sidney,
Knt
To William Perry of Penshurst Esq. this Plate is humbly inscribed by
G. Vertue, 1745.

1 3 — The xxiij^th of June 1577

Order of my Lords my father & Lands of Robert Walker for the fee of the Dynbowe and for one halfe yere ended at the Annunciacion Laste paste the some of xlj^li xiij^s iiij^d wch was allowed for fees in Ireland

xlj^li xiij^s iiij^d

Sidney

This m^r Sydney wrote wthe
his pretence was nothing

Mr Phillips Order for your
Abs of ~~attachment~~ Imprisonment at your
Chambers 1577

77

My Dear Elder –

I am all anxiety about my books – and I write this to say that if you can possibly have them ~~se~~ sent to me early on Saturday, you will very much oblige me. Now attend to this "like a dear creature" – I also wish to see my account. I am not afraid of the Devil, and should like to reduce the sum. I hope you have sent "The Royal Mariner" to the other periodicals, and you will oblige

me, by sending me a list of them. Should you see any reviews that are favourable in the papers send me copies. Should you see any unfavour=able, - give them a wipe which they dont anticipate, I mean a fundamental one, when shifts are ex=posed, and naked facts laid open, and reports made, in the little house of common.

I am,
My Dear Filder,
Your Sincere friend
Charles Dayne Filleny.

4 Piccadilly –
28 February 1834.

P.S. If you dont send my books in time – you know what Shake=speare says, "I could cut you into little stars, and set you in the heavens" – but I'll tell you what, I'll cut out your haggis-bag and sell you for "cats meat" in rotten row, you Devil!

C. D. S.

476

A. Duncan Sculp.

Nov. 24th 1793.

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I am very much obliged to you for the favor of your Letter — which to say the truth I had ceased to expect, & have now subdued my mind to that state of Quiet & hopeless languor wherein I can say — "Blessed are they who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed" — Lost as I am to every ray of what might yet be called pleasure, there is for me no alternative, but between this state of hopeless languor and actual suffering, & gradually I have compounded with my miserable destiny & make a sort of negative happiness (yet happiness is not the word surely) out of not being immediately tormented with some new suffering of the mind or some bodily pain — That you have been deprived by illness of the power of executing sooner your friendly intentions in my favor, I most sincerely lament; & shall be truly rejoiced to hear that you are returned to Earlham quite recovered; this is a satisfaction that I hope you will give me, as soon after your return as you can spare an Moment for that purpose —

I am not much hurt at Cadell's coldness — nor much disappointed about the sale of the Farm — I thought of the publication relative to which you have had the goodness to apply to him, as a possible resource — I do not now believe I shall apply to it — that that any other resources offer — tho I think I am farther off than ever

from the restoration I have so long been attempting of the property given to my family by their Grand father — Mrs Allen having tried her cause in Chancery in regard to the detention of the Eighteen hundred pounds — which he has kept in his hands between two and three years, (I mean Robinson when I say he) has cast him with infinite disgrace — And obtain'd a decree, by which he is ordered immediately to pay up 1800£ with interest; and to give up what he had also detained on sundry pretences, the produce of her Estate for the two subsequent years — In consequence of this decision and of the strongly marked disapprobation of the Court, I was confirmed in my resolution of trying a bill against him & his infamous Colleague — for which I accordingly gave directions, but, as it seems this cannot be done, without including Mr Smith and the old Lady, it is no sooner done & expences incurred for it, which I have made myself liable to than my children who are of course the complainants are afraid by their Father who is in London again and the old Woman, & tell that they are doing at my request what is to imprison their Father & their Grandfathers Widow for life — and they refuse to continue the Bill that is Miss Smith & poor Charles, whom his father after having driven him into the Army now makes an incessant worry about — So that I must give the matter up, and suffer the property to remain in the hands of persons who entirely share it among them — Even the old Lady herself has now no income — for the last year they have paid her nothing — The Estate which till these Men took it produced from 700, to 1,000£ pr annum has for these two last year brought only thirteen hogsheads of Sugar — 4 one year & 9 the other — And even of these

last I have no account nor will they answer any enquiries I make about them — The Man himself in whose hands they have put the Estate valued the Crops of this year at 900£ St.g — Yet he sends home 9 hogsheads; and no account of what is become of the rest: nor do they ask it of him — Thus I and my children are reduced to beggary — for In fact no term short of that can express the state we must be reduced to, when the relief my William has sent us — (of which I have sent 40£ to Charles as Government has not even paid his expenses) is exhausted —

I shall probably be relieved soon from such a state of suffering for I have had one of those dreadfull pains in my stomach to which I have occasionally been subject some years, and have been compelled to take such a dose of Laudanum for immediate ease, that I have never been well since — And I never sleep — & have exhausted all the medicines that can be used — With all this I am compelled to unite to fulfil my engag. with Bell of which I have still ab.t 150 pages to do & far from finding the tranquillity I hoped here I am ten times more harassed by domestic plagues than ever I was at Brighthelmstone for in the deserts of Arabia it was less difficult to provide for a family than here — But these the they wear my Spirits are certainly mine & such as I c.d bear ~~lightly~~ gayly once: but now every thing is heavy & my days are but Labour & Sorrow — I dread seeing my poor crippled boy. He is not yet come down, waiting for letters from Bruges from his Colonel — recommending his case to the Kings Majesty God bless him! & he is to go to the Leave to which he has a great aversion — He talks of joining his regiment maimed as he is, or if he cannot walk to make an exchange

and get into the House — So little have his sufferings discouraged him, & yet they were more severe & singular than is usual even in such terrible cases — I have had the courage to hear from Lionel how it was; & as I know you do not dislike the great trouble I will tell

Williams Bayley Esq.
at George Ramsay Esq.
Lauriston Hotel Queens
London

PAID

you when I write again — The post goes out so early after its arrival, that, having been hindered by a visitor — a very unusual thing at Steventon, I have hardly time to repeat my thanks for your friendly Letter — to-day I have nothing to trouble you with, while you remain in town — I entreat the fav. of hearing from you how you do — when you arrive at Eastham — The Chevalier desires to be remembered to you — I am ever your most obliged Serv.

Charlotte Smith

Lines address'd to Ella Digby -
" By an early and Unchanging Friend. "

" I do remember thee - sweet Flower!
When in thy youth's first Spring
Ne'er blossom in Life's fairy Bower
Such brightness round could fling!

I do remember Thee! when All
Who felt thy Beauty's spell
Were eager at thy feet to fall
And their devotion tell! - - -

Yes! it was ever sweet to me
To hear the general praise
The homage which alle follow'd thee
In those - thy girlish days! - -
But sweeter far to see thee now
Within thy happy Home
Where calm the tranquil hours flow
Beneath its peaceful Dome!

To listen to the merry tones
Of thy fair Children round! - -

And know the bliss thy bosom owns
Is heightened by the sound! -
The thrilling tones of their birth
As light those footsteps fall -
Lending Heaven's joy to light up Earth
Within their Father's Hall!
And long may'st thou - dear Being - live
To gladden and to bless
His lot - to whom thy Love can give
Such soul-felt happiness! "

Bath.
April 23rd
1841.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

From a Drawing by Hancock 1794 in the Possession of Mr. Dodd.

PROOF.

To the Revd Wm. Gurden Moore
at Barkwith
Dragby
Lincoln.

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Keswick 6th ~~October~~ March. 1837

Sir,

Your little volume has reached me long after the date of its accompanying letter. In observance of a resolution which necessity has long since compelled me to form, I can do no more than thank you for it. It is far from my intention to imply any unfavorable opinion — But I am advanced in years; my time is fully occupied; I waste none, and have none to spare; & criticism, except where self-improvement is the sole object, is of all employments the most thankless & the most useless.

This I can say, that if you love & cultivate poetry for its own sake it will bring with it its own reward, and you will be the better & the happier for improving the talent with which God has blest you. — But it is one thing to write, and another to publish; and you will not commit your own comfort by composing verses with a view to the press, unless you are proof against the mortification of finding yourself neglected, and can moreover afford to venture in a lottery in which the largest prize would fall short of what the ticket costs.

I remain Sir
your obedient servant
Robert Southey.

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Painted by T. Phillips, R.A. Engraved by E. Finden.

for every truly a in hers
Robert Southey

FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF Mr MURRAY.

London, Published 1830, by J. Murray, & Sold by C. Tilt, Fleet Street.

My dear Sir Robert

For some time I have been intending to ~~write to~~ ~~you & to thank you~~ thank you for very kind intentions & exertions on my behalf & to explain ~~[illegible]~~ more ~~fully~~ clearly than could be done in a hasty reply to my brother's letter. The motives upon which my decision in that matter was formed were ~~[illegible]~~. The event has proved that ~~my decision~~ it was fortunate, but I wish you to be satisfied that it was rightly ~~[illegible]~~ formed: I may say deliberately also, for the little expectation to be invited in such a manner, & even that the prospects of ambition or advantage should induce me to enter into have often, public life.

In replying to my brother I spoke only of unfitness for ~~the election~~ Parliament, & disqualification for it, — which was on the circumstances sufficient reason. I did not speak of the necessity, nor of the probable effect upon my health, — separation from my family for four or five months in the year, which would have been pursuits which from other causes have been & are already too much interrupted.

If I had taken ~~the~~ seat in Parliament ~~it would have been on~~ the express condition of doing my duty there, — & of this a pretty regular attendance ~~would~~ must have been an indispensable part. But Early hours are necessary for my constitution, which is not strong, & have been shaken. And I have neither the habits nor feelings of a valetudinarian, but some management is required to keep me as well as I am; — & the loss of regular sleep is what I could not bear. — Separated from my family I must have been during the session; — this would have interfered with the education of my little boy; would have been some loss to my daughters, & would have still more depressed the spirits

of my wife which are constitutionally low, & have received shocks from which I fear there is little hope of their recovering. The motives therefore must be very strong which could overpower these considerations: in these times I know of no public duties which could be strong enough, — nor is there any thing on the score of private advantage which should lead me to change the whole system of my life. It is very possible, that by my in Parliament I ~~could~~ might have made my way into some minor office which would have given me a good income. There is ~~very~~ considerable ~~probability~~ likelihood, because I have friends who would have helped me there, they too in the in a situation ~~to~~ than I could help merely, & because my capabilities & fitness for such business ~~would~~ might have been ~~felt~~ appreciated. But in that case no leisure would have been left for my own pursuits, & all hope must have been given up of completing those projects upon which, & in preparing for which, the greater part of my life has been employed. ~~But~~ Thus I should have done worse than buried my talent, — I should have thrown it away.

That my ~~course~~ way of life has been directed by a merciful Providence, I feel & verily believe. I have been saved from all ill consequence of error & temerity, & by a kindness ~~which might easily have terminated in misery~~ & temerity, & by a kindness ~~which~~ have been led into paths of pleasantness & peace. — a sufficient ~~indication~~ indication that I ought to remain in them. Throughout this whole business I have never felt any temptation to depart from this conviction. I may be wrong in many things but not in the quiet confidence with which I know that I am in my proper place. — Sorte natum — Fiat et fortune valete. The only change to which I look forward is a prospect ~~of~~ more to the world when my lease expires — if I should live so long. ~~But~~ But for so to me my obligations

in the way of this that I may ~~very~~ probably be spared from that to me would be a very painful & unwilling removal. ~~if it should depend upon my not deserving~~ ~~but there is some danger that I may be more away~~.

This is an egotistic letter. I felt however that some full explanation was due to you, — but I should seem either to have acted unreasonably, or to feel mistrustfully, but for this strange odd episode of my life there is nothing which I shall remember with more pleasure than the very kind & friendly part which you have taken in it

Believe me dear Sir R
yours very truly RW.

— I must not forget that I have a favour to ask. On the previous for which I have a very high & well-founded regard is to be balloted for at the Athenaeum on the 5th of Feby. Kenyon is his name. — Upon the list of members I see the name of the Dean & that Mr. C. Franks. Will you say that I shall feel the personal reality obliged by their votes on that occasion & that they will be bestowed upon a man better qualified in all respects for the situation should he be successful.

Mingling their tears with hers. Humanity
May boast this proud expenditure, begun
By Britain in a time of arduous war;
Thro all the efforts & emergencies
Of that long strife continued, & achieved
After her triumph. While the unworthy voice
Of parsimonious policy unwise
With the senate even as with the multitude
Prevailed. Such cost is best economy.
Behold in growing industry & wealth
Its fruits immediate. And in days to come
Fitly shall this great British work be named
With whatsoever of most magnificence
For public use. Rome in her plenitude
Of power effected, or accomplished Greece,
Or Egypt, mother-land of all the arts.

At Clachnacarry

Athwart the island here, from sea to sea
Between these mountain barriers, the great Glen
Of Scotland, offers to the traveller,
Thro wilds impervious else, an easy path.
Along the shores of rivers & of lakes,
In line continuous, whence the waters flow
Dividing east & west. Thus had they held
Thro untold centuries their perpetual course
Unprofited; till in the Georgean age
This mighty work was planned, which should unite
The lakes, controul the unnavigable streams;
And thro the bowels of the land deduce
A way, where shepherds which must else have been
The dreadful Cape of Wrath, & have essayed
The perils of the Hyperborean sea,
Might from the Baltic to the Atlantic deep
Pass & repass in safety so when the storms
Careers abroad, may they securely here
Thro birchen groves, green fields, & pastoral hills
Pursue their voyage home, & children there
Welcome their parents glad return, who else
Had clung around a widowed mothers knee

Petenian, Lunedì

Al Illustrissimo, dottissimo, facondissimo
Signor Ugo Foscolo — non so dove!

"L'Arabo Fenice —
Che ne cià sia nessuno due,
Dove sia nessun lo sa"

Il Foscolo somiglia
A questa meraviglia
Essendo impareggiabile,
E di fatto non trovabile.
In questo dubbio e guazzo
Ricorro al buon Murazzo —
Da mi la letterina,
E quella cartolina
Mi sembrava un raggio
Del tuo Sol Orientale

Che lustra il nostro viaggio
Tra l'oscuro Boreale.

Mais voici le diable de Français qui
ne reprend bien que j'en aie! c'est
vraiment une maladie pour moi
que cette vilaine langue.

C'est de votre art puissant que j'espère ma cure.
Esculape Italien, à mon aide avances,
De votre beau Toscan l'adoucissant Mercure
Peut seul guérir mon — mal Français!

Je ne partirai que Jeudi, si vous voulez
bien m'envoyer votre dépêche par le
Twopenny Post, addressée à moi
Petersham, Surrey, à la nouvelle

a tous — Dans tous les pays et dans tous les tems je serai toujours votre admirateur et votre dévoué ami.

W. R. Spencer.

1119.

Mon adresse en Allemagne sera, Poste restante, Darmstadt —

Hugh Fosbrooke Esqr

[illegible]

The Examiner of Letters

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Mr Spencer requests Mr Standing to send a proof copy if possible directed to Lord John Townshend, directed to him at Lady Mountague's, Queen Anne street West. Mr S. wishes Mr Standing to send him his account, and if he collects them all, the duration of the different copies he has sent for him —

Richmond July 31st — 96.


Pay Standing
Pall Mall
London

Carlisle July 20. 40

My dear Sir

My illness still continues but I hope I shall get better. I think you to keep the pictures for me in your house if not inconvenient till both can be sent to Dear Lady. I note what you say about Landseer & fear that it will not be easy to get a picture from him but please let me know whether he will do one or not that I may turn my views accordingly. Under your guidance I wish every year to have a picture of the modern School in first style of first artists and when you yourself have any thing extra fine let me have the preference. You are the Raphael of your walk of art & your works will last as long as his but you stand alone. Landseer has the following amongst other rising Rubens Potter's Velasquez Wouvermans Snyders Cuyps all of whom rise in value every day. Old Brackey you see before this he takes on Jobs to the Queen & arts come back Sir John. I wish they would give him something better than a Knighthood that

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is something in the shape of provision for himself & family. Wilkins has given up features but is quite well. I am building an house in which ~~which~~ ~~[illegible]~~ a good one very much as this will I hope induce travellers to frequent the town which with the fall of Cadiz has received quite a new ~~[illegible]~~ stimulus. In your next send me a receipt that you hold the two paintings. Having been thus dangerously ill for 3 months I am fearful lest any thing happen to you — Excuse God forbid. But is one so mortal? Yours truly

J. W. Thomas

S

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3 Dear Sir,

Not having heard, I presume, as is most probable, that you have not been able to make arrangements. In case, however, that you may still be ~~there~~ at liberty, & in order to leave you additional time, I write to say that my address after Friday will be at

Frayston, Ferry bridge – a fort the days which wd. suit us best wd be towards the end of next week & the

lying of the week after
(excluding the 5th) — But
I will point out that
you have not been able to
alter your plans at so
short a notice, & will,
I trust, as I hope, reserve
myself for a more
convenient time.

Yours faithfully

A. P. Bailey.

Oswiegatchie

Newark Oct 28 70

Your sincere friend
H B Stowe

Engraved by H. S. Ball from a Daguerreotype

London: Clarke, Beeton & Co. 148, Fleet Street. May 1853

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Edinboro Apr 22. 1853

Dear Sir

Accept our thanks for the Volumes you were so kind as to send us.

C. E. Stowe

Very truly Yours

H B Stowe

Alex. Wallace

Harriet Beecher Stowe

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Drawn by J. Hopp, June 1848 — Engd by J. T. Lemon, Engr to the Queen

Agnes Strickland

London, Henry Colburn 1848

Dear Mr Rossloe

I had proposed myself the pleasure of bringing for my sister Catherine's illustration of the plate this morning, and was indeed as far as Clarendon Square, on my way to Camden Town, when I was overtaken by the rain, and forced to retrace my steps, somewhat hastily. Catherine has I see gone somewhat beyond the prescribed limits in her illustration of the design but she is perfectly willing to permit any compression that may be suggested by your judgement. I am desired me to give you unlimited power for curtailment of any passage or passages that you might consider superfluous or by any means compress

ible therefore you must
use your own discretion
in that matter. I hope the
sketch will meet your approbation, if it should not let
me know forthwith and
she shall give it another
trial; because we are
mutually anxious that you
both should have the advan-
tage of our happiest produc-
tions in the juvenile line.
Thate says that she could have
produced something very
superior, had sixteen pages
been allotted for her share
of the work, but she found
great difficulty in concen-
trating her ideas to the
brief compass to which
she was confined by her desire
of conforming to your
arrangements. She
has placed the journal

between the leaves of the
Mss at the passage we here
the lamb is mentioned.
In respect to the title,
she says you can substi-
tute any other that may
appear to you more suit-
able either to the tale, or
the plan of your book, if
you do not approve that
which she has adopted.
With sincerest wishes
for the success of this, and
every other undertaking
of yours, I remain
Dear Sir
Your obliged friend
Agnes Strickland
Bedford Square
Monday evening

Thos. Roscoe Esqr

Lord Albert.

What ho! my page Lord Albert cried,
Bring out my gallant grey,
I cannot bide these castle walls,
I must & will away –

He galloped forth, he knew not why,
But where he knew full well,
And soon he reached the castle wall,
Wherein his love did dwell –

"Alcove is me! thou gentle knight,
"Thy Lady-love is lorn,
"For she must wed Count Grafenstein
"Before tomorrow's morn –

"Go take him now my last farewell",
With thousand tears she cried,
"And give him back this fatal ring,
I cannot be his bride –

"But tell him that my heart is true,
"Her love has not forgot,
"May heaven have mercy on my soul,
"For death must be my lot –"

Like rolling thunder came the news,
Upon his startled ear,
He clench'd his fist, he grasp'd his sword,
And cried in wild despair;

"Go say, by all the powers in heaven,
"This match shall never be,
"Go, say, that from a thousand chains,
"This hand shall set her free –

"And say, that at the midnight hour,
"Be life or death my lot,
"Below her window will I be,
"Upon the accustom'd spot –"

Away, away he dug his spurs
Within his horse's side,
Away, away, o'er hill & vale,
He gallop'd far & wide –

Attast he blew his silver horn,
To east & west & north,
And suddenly on every side
His merry men came forth -

Each man he called him by her name,
And whisper'd in his ear,
I pri'thee friend keep watch to night
My bugle-horn to hear -

And now the shades of night were come,
And all were fast asleep,
Except the maiden in her bed,
Who lay awake to weep -

When lo, beneath her window high,
A whisper soft arose;
"What ho my love, thy knight is here
"Arise, & don thy clothes -

"Come down, come down, the rope is safe,
"No danger can betray,
"For lo, my horse is close at hand,
"To bear us far away -

"Ah do not ask me, Albert dear,
"I dare not come to-night,
"For Oh, the envious world will hold,
"My maiden honour light –

"One kiss, one parting kiss is all
"That you or I can have,
"Before I lay me down & die,
"Within the silent grave –

"What ho, my love, you cannot doubt
"My knightly word & faith,
"Before tomorrow night the priest
"Shall join us both till death –

"Hark, hark my love, what sound was that?
"Our plans will soon be crost,
"Come down, come down, the night has ears,
"And all will then be lost."

But still she stood 'twixt hope & fear,
Betwixt a smile & frown,
When Lo! he seiz'd her lily hand,
And drew her ~~down~~ swiftly down –

One spring & on his charger's back,
He plac'd her safe & sound,
One spring, & on his own good steed
He vaulted from the ground –

Away, away, he dug his spurs
Within his horse's side,
Away, away, o'er hill & vale
Full gallantly they ride –

Alas! Alas! the night had ears –
For close against the wall,
Her old Duenna lay awake
And overheard it all –

And loud she call'd, "Awake my Lord,
"Thy daughter's fled away
"With young Lord Albert has she fled,
"Alas the fatal day!"

The old man heard, in angry mood
He thunders through his halls,
He draws his sword, & loud upon
His son-in-law he calls –

"Arouse, arouse, Count Grafenstein
"Thy bride has fled away;
"To horse, to horse, while I behind
"Will follow as I may —"

He gallop'd forth, & soon beneath
The moonlight he espied,
The Lady & her lover brave
Who gallantly did ride —

"What ho, what ho, thou midnight thief,
"What ho! thou craven knight,
"Set down thy prey, & turn & stay,
"I dare thee to the fight —"

"And art thou then so fain to die,"
Lord Albert he replied,
"Then take thy chance, a challenge fair
"I never get denied —"

And down they leap'd, & out their swords
Like sudden lightning flash'd,
And on each other, blow for blow,
The blades descending clash'd —

But soon the foward Count he fell
Beneath Lord Albert's blows —
When lo! upon a rising hill
The father's spears arose —

Tarah, tarah; Lord Albert blew
His bugle long & loud,
When straight his vassals started forth,
In crested armour proud —

"Look here, my Lord, behold these men
"All waiting at my beck,
"Behold your daughter how she clings
"Around her lover's neck —"

"Say must you tear our hearts in twain,
"And risk your daughter's life,
"Have mercy ere it comes too late,
"And let us stay the strife —"

And lo! his lovely daughter fell
Upon her bended knees,
And tried with lifted hands & eyes
His anger to appease —

"Oh do not bid me kneel in vain,
"My heart's already riven,
"Forgive me, as you hope to find
"Forgiveness e'en in heaven –

"Remember how in former times
"You nurs'd me on your knee,
"And how I hop'd in coming years,
"Your comfort still to be –

"Think who will close your dying eyes
"If I shall not be there,
"Oh Father, Father, think on this,
"And bid me not despair –"

The old man turn'd away his head
A starting tear to hide,
His father's fondness bade him yield,
His knightly honour, chide –

But soon affection's gushing stream
O'r all resistance drove,
He raised his daughter from the ground
And bade her live & love –

"There, there, a father's blessing take,
"A foolish father's kiss,
"May heaven forgive me all my sins,
"As I forgive thee, this" –

Then turning round Lord Albert's hand
He took within his own –
"Thus let us heal an ancient feud,
"Henceforward be my son –

"Your father was my deadly foe,
"But let the future prove,
"That though we all know how to hate,
"We still know how to love" –

Robert Surtees

Dear Sir,

I shall be extremely happy to take a family dinner with you at 4 on Tuesday. I trust you will excuse me should I be unable to pay my respects to you sooner.

I am with most sincere respect

yrs very truly

Robert Surtees

Crouch end
Thursday 20 Apr. 1820.

N.B. I had the pleasure of meeting Mr Surtees on this occasion — and do not recollect to have spent a more agreeable day

W. Upcott

Hornsey

John Nichols Esq
14. Highbury Terrace
Islington.

Manchester. 13 Decr 1830.

My dear Sir,

I have to thank you for many kindnesses, and especially for your elegant translation of Kotzebue ("The Patriot Father") It is indeed a most interesting and highly dramatic Play; capable of great scenic effect, and I should think, well calculated to succeed on the British Stage.

The lofty virtue and patriotism of "Wolf" would be certain to elicit applause. That heart must be sealed to all the better feelings, which could remain unmoved during its representation. Should it ever appear on the boards, I must

To
Frederick Shoberl Esqr.

heartily wish it success.

I postponed addressing you expecting every week I should be able to inclose you the accompanying little volume, of wh I beg your acceptance. Need I say how truly happy I shall feel if it is found worthy of your approbation.

If you ever visit Manchester I trust you will give me the honour of your Company; believe me, at all times, I shall be most proud to

cultivate your personal acquaintance.

In a short time I hope to send a few contributions to the Family Magazine, till then

I remain
My dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
Chas Swain

Frederick Shobert Esq.

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Freshwater Park
26 April 72

My dear Mr Alfred

What is the happy gentleman's name?
Arthur McNeil
Albert ——
or what in the name of Adonis is it? —

I wonder whether
he dreams of Heaven
and finds himself in
the arms of an Angel! —

Ever, excusing this
nonsense,

Faithfully Yrs

Irwin.

Thus in her spring of life
Sweet as a rose of May,
Beauty around her rife
Passed one away! —
Loved was she — ah! so well —
Words were but vain to tell: —
Vain — as the tears that fell —
O'er her cold clay! —

But where departed bloom
Finds an eternal shore,
Safe from Earth's wail and gloom,
Life's trials o'er:
She from the sainted sky
Bends where her loved ones lie,
Waiting God's promise nigh
All to restore! —

Charles Swain.

July 3. 1845 —

The Drum.

Bellona sought the field
With helmet, lance, and shield,
And fierce to Battle sprung! —
But not a foot advanced,
No fiery charger pranced
Till the Drum's rough music rung! —
Then the Warrior's spirit rose,
Then he rushed amidst his foes,
That sound entranced his ear
And with a Victor's cheer
He hailed the martial Drum.
The Drum — the rallying Drum —
Hurrah!

Britannia o'er the main
Resumed the warlike strain
Brave hearts to battle, come! —
See the billows as they go
Their ocean-trumpets blow,
And the thunder is our Drum! —
Then the Seaman's spirit rose
Then with cutlass amidst his foes
Shrill fife and bugle near
Mixed with the Naval cheer
And rolled the rallying Drum!
The Drum — the Conquering Drum —
Hurrah! W. Sandman

Sir W. Beechey pinxt. Robert Graves sculpt.

Charles Symmons, D.D.
Prebendary of St. Davids,
Author of the Life of Milton, Translator of the Eneis, &c. &c.

Chiswick March 12th 1816

Sir,

Nothing can be more honest & honourable than the professions of your letter; or more perfectly consistent with the character, which I had previously conceived of you. I can only say, Sir, that I feel perfectly satisfied; & that, relying on your promise, I will either bring or send to you a short memorandum of my biography, on the authenticity of which you may depend. I by no means wish to obtrude myself on the public; & am not so solicitous of praise, as to be willing to catch it in any bye hole or corner, where my hand might accidentally grasp it. My sole object is to vindicate so much of my story, as may be produced to the public, from false facts; & that, rather for the sake of general truth than for my own. It is a strange & rather a lamentable circumstance that one writer is seldom to be trusted with the interests

& fair fame of another, who happens to be on the stage at the same time with him; & that in the commonwealth of letters, there every man might reasonably expect to find a friend in a brother, we are almost certain of experiencing enmity from those who avow the same common cause with ourselves. But so it is, & it cannot be helped; & poor human nature must answer for the inconsistency & offence. I am, Sir, Your faithful & obed: servant

Charles Symmons.

Mr. Colburn Bookseller

Conduit Street

Hanover Square

T R Telford

From a Painting by K. Meadows Esq.

Temple, 17 April 1835

My dear Miss Mitford,

I am very sorry that I have made such arrangements for the next two or three days as will prevent my coming to Reading at present. I have, however, a letter this morning from Barnett asking me to expect a play — which (if my monitor — "guide philosopher & friend" — of Broad Street see no objection) I shall do; — and then we shall have a little scene of our own in your green house. In the mean time, I have places for Monday night, & enjoy the idea of being once more in a Theatre and witnessing the first night of one of your creations in company with my wife — of whom I do not see much. I have commended Sir Th. Clerical Prep of my friend John — of course for private circulation only — and have no doubt but that I shall bring you copies of it when I

much visit Reading. I am sure (though you will not confess it) that when you read the play in print you will find it only a piece of gentlemanly composition. I propose to visit it to Dr Valby — it is hardly worth to dedicate an unpublished poem — but the good Doctor is not particular in such matters, and it will hurt no body else.

Ever your faithfully,

T. N. Talfourd

Friday
Rome 8 Decr. 1843

My Dear Sir

I have been much disappointed at not receiving here the proofs which I had expected to be addressed to me at Nice, & which I had left directions with the Postmaster there to forward to me at Rome; & as it is very possible that there may have been a neglect to forward

them on the part
of the Postmaster, I
lose no time in letting
you know that no
proof subsequent to
his I has yet reached
me. I returned I. for
Genoa on the 21st Nov.
I returned H. for Nice
on the 16 Nov. & I
returned G. for the same
place on the 11th Nov.
If a fortnight elapsed
after your dispatch of
I leave another short

was ready to be sent off, you will probably have rec.d my letter of the 16th accompanying it & requesting you to direct to Naples; & in that case ~~the~~ no miscarriage mayhaps occurred. But I had supposed that you wd dispatch a successor to I hope y.u rec.d my letter of the 16th Nov.r.

We have had rather severe weather in the Appennines - but exept colds & toothaches & the inconveniences of

Our journies in short days
we have not had much to
complain of. We leave Rome
on Monday the 11th & hope to
reach Naples by the 16th & then
we stay for the winter. If anything
happens

W. H. Taylor

Rev. Alexander
Dallas
Dean Sq.
Philadelphia
Lisbon

PAID

ROMA & FIRENZE
9 DEC 43

PAID 20
1843

Dec. 3. 1819
Sun Office 112 Strand.

Dear Sir

I have felt much regret that having received your valuable Magazine so long I have had no opportunity of making any return. If you will at any time send me a few lines introductory to any extract from it I shall have great pleasure in inserting it in the Sun, and will do so as often as you may think such extracts will be of service to your work. — I have long wished to have the pleasure of being acquainted with you, and perhaps my friend Mr. Laird who does me the favor of leaving this note at your House, will find the means of producing an interview between us. —

I am, dear Sir
Sincerely yours
John Taylor

H. Colburn Esq.

Private

Henry Colburn Esq
Pall Mall

By favour of Mr. Laird.


Sr. WILLIAM TEMPLE

Bruxelles Avril 2e
S.N. 68

Monsieur

J'ay receu l'honneur que vous m'avez fait du 3me avec une offre si obligeante de vostre maison pour me loger a Lisle que je ne scay pas comment je me dois acquiter de l'obligation dans laquelle je me trouve a un personne que j'en ay pas l'honneur de conoistre. Mais puisque je voy que vous prenez tant de part au service du Roy mon maistre, que de vous vouloir mesme interesser aux commodités de ses Ministres, je ne manqueray pas de le faire sçavoir a sa Majté afin qu'elle vous puisse remercier de la grande affection que vous tesmoignez a sa personne Royale aussi bien qu'a ses affaires. En attendant je chercheray les ouasions de vous tesmoigner combien je ressents en mon particulier une si grande civilité, et de vous assurer que je suis

Monsieur

Vostre tresheumble serviteur

Temple.

Anno: 1669: 5: April Brussel
van dem Heer Ambassador
Le chevallier Temple ontfl
G.G. brantwort vuter Quenta
van Hl. Baron de Bergh Lijst
Ambassador de Spanien

[illegible]
Aip

ne 1620
Mort 1690

515

Farringford,
Freshwater,
Isle of Wight.

Mr Hallam Tennyson presents his compliments to Mr Archibald Adams and begs to say that Mrs Adams has (Mr Tennyson's) permission to include 'The Wood Rose' by Mr Tennyson Turner in her selection.

Jan 13/03

ALFRED TENNYSON.

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Recd. 4th July. 1865.

Tuesday morg

Dear Lady Franklin

Brother & myself will have great pleasure in coming to you on Saturday i.e. if I am not quite knocked up with London ways. I write on the only bit of paper I can light on – my host being engaged in his studio I dont like to disturb him

Affectionately yours
A Tennyson

C/o J. W. Barrs Esq.
Forest Edge
Kirby Muxloe
Near Leicester

Wedy. 6 July 1881.

Dear Sir,

The above will be my address for some days to come. I am kept here longer than I expected, by the kindest of hosts & hostesses, with unforeseen appointments & freshly invented excursions. In the meantime I am storing up health & spirits for a good half year's work up to Yuletide. Dobell has no doubt told you something about my doings, as I answered a letter from him forwarded to me from London.

I am taking advantage of a wet & gusty morning after three splendid days (two devoted to Belvoir Castle & grounds) to clear off some arrears in correspondence. Weather fair. I am left small time for letter-writing. You will I fear think me very selfish to write only for favours, but I shall have the pleasure of calling upon you when I return to town, & one can chat more in an hour than one can speak in six.

First, I shall be much obliged if you can spare me two or three pounds, as I am getting drained in spite of hosts' manoeuvres to save me expence.

Secondly, I shall be also much obliged if you can send on my a/c. three copies Essays & Phantasies addressed as follows:

Mrs Thomson [my sister-in-law.]
Fern Villa, Stratford, Manchester.

John Fraser Esq., Messrs Cope & Co,
10 Lord Nelson St. Liverpool.

W. M. Rossetti Esq. 5 Endsleigh Gardens, N.W.

These copies I have promised, & meant to send with letters. My sister-in-law I have written to; Fraser & Rossetti I will write to. Of the four copies Dobell brought me I had to give three away before leaving London.

I write in some doubt whether you are still in town yourself. Percy Holyoake, son of Mrs Wright, told me he had called on you in the Strand but found you very busy.

With friendliest regards to yourself & family & Dobell, & remembrances to the Turners,

Yours truly
James Thomson

W. B. Reeves Esq.

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9. Gt Cumberland St
Septr. 18th 1848.

My dear Sir.

I have to acknowledge the safe reception of Etty's father – the Head. & the charming small landscape by Collins & Goodall – It was very kind of you to forward them all together & I have had much pleasure in receiving them – I enclose a cheque for sixty eight pounds – that is 63 for the

female figure & five omitted on the Stanfield. - This will leave me still your debtor 55 £, which, as you so kindly accommodate me, I will avail myself of your liberality to say - shall be settled in February next -

The Autographs are most interesting - as containing much that appertains to the history of Art - & I again thank you for them - I already had begun to form a regular series of Artists

and this will amazingly help me on —

Requesting you will be so good as to let me know of the safe arrival of the cheques, stating, at the same time, that I still am your debtor 55£ for the Head & the Collins,

I am, My dear Sir,

Yours very sincerely
C. Hare Townshend

Ac. Tribute No. 56

Printed by Day & Haghe Lith. to the King

London, Pub.d May 1846 by Thos. M.c Lean, Haymarket.

Baltimore, Aug. 5th 1819

My dear Nolan

I have repeatedly begun a letter to you, but as often destroyed my Pages for the school boy reason that I thought my sentences were not properly worded. When the Paysan respects to the great, we always appear in full dress: on the same principle I wished my thoughts and opinions to appear before you properly clothed. If however I persevered in this plan, I find I must write that sort of an Epistle which of all others is most absurd and contemptible, that is, an affected letter sent to a friend, but addressed to the Public. I shall neither care for syntax, Grammar, nor any other requisite for elegant composition: I must write to you, as if I was conversing with you; your answer must be only a continuance of the conversation.

You may be surprised that I appear thus complimentary. My dear Sir I tell you, on the real truth. You quite annihilate me when I converse with you. The very last time when I met you at New York, you overthrew one third of my most beautiful theories. I had read with much diligence several works on Idolatry among others Bryant & Faber. I had shewn myself, & thought I should prove to others where each was right. I had proved that Faber in practice

was correct in his opinion that the Idolatry of the Papal World was derived from one chief source, but he was wrong in many of his details: but when I unfolded my scheme to you I was stunned by a few facts respecting the Sacrifice of Isaac; & the Reversion of their knowledge of that fact by the Egyptian & Phoenician. I am now indeed recovering from the effect of my surprise, & shall soon resume my intended article on the subject, for the Quarterly. But I must first discuss the whole question with you, at great length. The other theory we will talk over too, in future: you did not overpower me, so much when you discussed it with me at Mr Watsons. But I must proceed to business.

I was disappointed in not meeting with Mr Gifford at Murray's. I wished as you of course remember to speak with him on your proposed review in the Quarterly. Mr Gifford had gone from Murray's five minutes, & left a message for me, that he hoped he should see me on his return to Town. That the business might not drop, I wrote a note in due form, soon after, and sent it to Mr Murray. I there stated that Mr Nolan, who &c &c &c would review Volney's ruin of Empires (in the Original), Dupuis Origine des cultes; and to shew that strange hypotheses can be always supported if coincidences may be termed arguments, Mr Nolan in conjunction with the two above mentioned works would review the Œdipus Romanus if the whole article would be acceptable – As Mr Gifford had left town to stay for the recovery of his health, as

He is very asthmatic, and for entire idleness at the sea side. I did not expect an answer to this note like his return: when I intended to have written to you. — Unfortunately, Murray did not tell me when Mr Gifford was going. I have been with Mrs Townsend & the children for the last month at Ryde, in the Isle of Wight; about five days before I was compelled to return, we were walking on the Pier and observed a gentleman whose look, appearance, manner, &c seemed to mark him as superior to the commonality. Had I room I could enter into a long and fanciful account of my conjectures & the readiness thereof. Silent homage compelling serenity, which induced both Mr Townsend & myself in spite of the deformity of his person, to conclude that he was worthy of being enquired after. I was Gifford's who had been three weeks near me, and from whom I was daily expecting a communication thro' Murray. I made every effort to be introduced. He is a man of very retired habits, and unable at any time to come to town. He had admitted none by Mr Croker the Lord to the Admiralty & his own relation, to be near whom he resided visited the Isle of Wight, in preference to other places. A friend of mine, applied to this relation. Gifford received the very kindly & we talked over, at great length, Armageddon, my proposed article, you intended review, & many other topics. He will be very glad to see you & says of your assistance: He knew you well by names. He seems to be well acquainted with every literary man & subject. I was much pleased with him. He thinks you can scarcely write on the subject you propose, without making your article very humorous. I mentioned what I remembered of the conversation I had with you, & the singular astronomical coincidences you stated. I trust you will complete the review, and I hope you will not be disappointed in forming a permanent connexion with the Quarterly. Gifford says he much wishes for articles on the Belles Lettres: I think

receives nothing from the Universities. In fact I believe your aid would be very acceptable; and I know in a pecuniary matter you would be amply rewarded. Finish your review & let me hear from you. — I have much to say on the subject of my own reading, and the great obligation you would confer on me, if you would favor me with the perusal of your Boyle lecture, & other Manuscripts. Yet I have another favor

ask. I am a Bachelor. Mrs. J. & the Children will be at Ryde for several weeks. Will you come & see me as long as your affairs permit you. I shall be very very glad to see you. I can give you non ebur, neque aureum it is true; but you shall have a quiet bed, you shall read

Palace Dublin

Jan 7. 1868

Dear Sir

In your Collection of Old Memoranda & Old Scenes of English Poetry there is on page ~~27~~ 27 a remarkable poem by Herbert Knowles — lines written in Richmond Church yard; which I never saw before. I have

been for some time past
preparing an English Anthology
though on a somewhat different
scheme from yours. — &
I should feel much obliged
if you wd. inform me from
whence the lines are
drawn, & if you should
know them, when & where
they first appeared — as
the writer is to read

equally unknown with his poem. I am sure you will pardon me for this trouble. I remain

faithfully yours

N. C. Dublin

Charles Mackay Esq.

November 18. 1864.

Dear Sir,

[Whom I once met at Pettigrew's, ni fallor] — Joseph Burden your friend & mine — everybody's friend who is worthy of friendship — tells me that I am beholden to you for a kind eulogium on my Byronic indignation reproduced in your St. James's Entr'acte. For this, — thanks: but my errand also is

Then, for "Some 50 years", – read "And" for continuity's sake. Then for "You gloated" read "Thou satest". – after "we denounce thee" it is all but bad grammar to say "You gloated".

There is also a better version of my lines – called 'A Word for Byron': if I can find a copy you shall have it. / Do not, please, notice

to tell you that somebody has
sent you an altered copy of
said verses; & so altered further
that I must ask you in any
permanent form (I see your Bill in
vol 1. p. 4 - & so is possible to be made
a book of) to see to these corrections:
to wit, for "penny papers" say
"posts & papers": who but a fool
would object to penny papers? * Swear by
the Standard & the Telegraph,
any & the 1/2d Echo too. —

either this note or my request for alterations in your said
Bill: as indeed too for your name mentioned by
Dunham aforesaid I would not have noticed the mat-
I didn't send the line to Mr. James's, — it's no
concern of mine: but your book may as
well be correct. / How interesting it is to
see & laugh at Goldsmiths' 100 yrs. old Comedy.

Truly Yours
Martin F. Tupper.

J. Planché Esqr. —

What we want.

I.

—More bishops?—more traitors abroad & at home,
Apostate apostles who truckle to Rome?
More lordships & aprons & shovels & sleeves,
And the pride that disgusts even more than it grieves;—
More sham pro-cathedrals, by vanity planned,
With abject appeals to the rich in the land?
More bishops?—Why, no! for the bishops we need
Must be humble in heart, & of Protestant creed.

II.

—More clergy?—What? Jesuits, who hope against hope
To win church & state once again to the Pope?
Who scoff at the methodists' heavenly birth
Yet boast of themselves as if gods upon earth;—
Lawless of course, set on high above laws,
And vain of the feathers of peacocks on—daws!
More clergy? well, no! they are shamed as a class,—
And—some good & true ones! where are ye, alas?

III.

—More services?—Ay, & more moneybags too,
Judas's perquisite all the week through!
Fakirs may famish & dervishes pray,
But claim for each service perpetual pay:

And what are men bettered, nor rather made worse
For vain repetition, the formalist's curse?
More services? – Constant mitoring at church –
But duties outside it all left in the lurch.

IV.

– More churches? – some architects' glory or shame,
New Gothic on credit built high for his fame, –
With everything starved but the chancel at least
all gorgeous to honour the altar & priest?
More churches, – restored for old Popery's gain?
Forbid it, ye martyrs, who perished in vain,
If all the idolatries symbolled of gore
With lies mediæval are tricked-out once more

V.

No, no! what we want is far other than these;
Not bishops or priests settled down on their lees,
Not grand gothic churches, not musical prayer,
Not clerics alone, – though some true men be there, –
But honest lay-preachers of Protestant heart
From all Romish leanings aloof & apart,
With worshippers crowded wherever they can
And loving heartservice for God & for man!

Martin F. Tupper.

Upper Norwood.

2 Proofs to be sent to

M. F. Tupper Esq.

Underhill. Cintra Park.

Upper Norwood. S E.

Turner

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Sir

I had the pleasure of calling on you this morning with Mr Dilly's compliments to mention the death of his relation, the Reverend Mr Davies, but I was not so fortunate as to find you at home. As I owe to Mr Davies an important part of my education and have always found him an affectionate friend, I am desirous of paying a tribute of respect to his memory by requesting the favor of your inserting the inclosed in your next Monthly obituary in the Gentlemen's magazine — of course as anonymous — in your usual series. This will much oblige

Sir

Yr. most obed. & faithful Ser.

Sam. Turner

9 Featherstone Building,
Bedford Row
12 July 1804

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Teddesley
2d Oct 1829

My dear Mr Moore

I was in hopes I should have the pleasure of seeing you by the end of the 1st week; but having stayed with my sister in Derbyshire longer than I intended, I shall not be able to get through my other visits by the time I originally

proposed, I have left the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth, & am now with the Littletons at Eddisbury: From thence, I go to Lord Anson's at Shugborough. My next visit will be to Lord Bathurst at Cirencester; & in no way thwarted I shall certainly come to Cheltenham for the purpose of seeing you & your bright-eyed daughter,

which I trust will not be much later than the middle of next week, probably Thursday or Friday.

Believe me, my dear Mrs Moore, to be

Your most faithfully yours

Alexander Tweedie

Patrick Fraser Tytler.

Athenæum Portraits No 53.

Printed by Jas E. Hughes Lith^r to the King

London, Pub^d May 1836 by Th^s Mc Lean 26 Haymarket.

W. Tytler

520

Devonshire Place
January 22d. 1840

Dear Sir

No 3

The enclosed poems of the Admirable Crichton were sent me by Mr Fox. They are curious, and as far as I know unique. Crichton is stated by Aldus to have been slain by Vincenzo Gonzaga on 4th Nov 1583; but Serapion in his life of Manzoni (pp 126.127) proves that this is impossible as he had them before him, when he wrote an Elegy on Cardinal Borromeo written by Crichton and printed the day after the Cardinal's death. which happened on the 3d Nov 1584. These two poems carry the matter still further, the first showing that Crichton was certainly alive in December 1584, the second (that on the marriage of the Duke of Savoy to Catherine of Austria daughter to Philip the IId) demonstrating that Crichton was living on the 11th March 1584/5. ~~Some~~ the day on which the marriage took place - (L'Art de Verifier les dates Vol 3 p 627. I am sure you will be interested in these poems, and as I believe them to be unique it would be a pity they should not be added to the rich stores of the British Museum -

Believe me Dear Sir
Very Truly Yours
Patrick Fraser Tytler.

I enclose also Mr Fox's letter to me.

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Antony Panizzi Esqr.
&c &c
British Museum.

P. F Tytler.

Dublin 1st Jan.y 175

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Dear Sir

By a Letter dated the 25 of Dec.r from my friend Mr Baspet, I am informd my Manuscript is at last lodgd by him in your hands; and that an Advertisement would go from you to the News papers on that day Sennight, which would be the 2d day of this Month, which, I doubt not, will be accordingly done. I will not doubt of this Instance of your Friendship, to serve Me to the best of your power in this affair; which I shall for Ever acknowledge. I hope you determine to print One Thousand in the first impression; and to keep the Press ready for more — for I am greatly deceived if there is not a large demand even for the Country Sale.

I suppose you may have heard that Sir William Wolseley has compromis'd the Affair with Mr R.. ns, for one Thousand pounds - to stop the prosecution that was going against him. Now it is as unlikely that the Persons who could give so large a sum to stiffle an intended prosecution, will be willing to go a little further to stiffle all publication of so so remarkable, and so iniquitous a Story - especially as the Relations on all sides are persons of condition. If they do apply to you — and will lodge Two hundred Guineas in your hands, on your Receipt, apply to Me to stiffle and suppress the publ

n you stop the publication with any Safety to
e. I will accept of that sum; and not one Shill
less. — as I am sure the English and Irish impressions
will produce Me near that sum. — If it is something
less — the pleasure of seeing it in Print will be worth
something to a simple, vain, Author.

My friend George Faulkner will put the same
advertisement in his Journal on Saturday next the
5th Instant — — speedily will be publish'd &c — —
from which I hope the Impression will be secured
from Piracy in both Cities.

I must depend on your friendship to Me
to assist Mr Barset in the correcting the Work as
the proofs come from the Press, because He most
unluckily lives at so great a distance from you.
I beg the favour of you to write to Me soon after the
rec^t of this — and let me know your Opinion of the
Work, and how I have acquitted my Self. I wish
it may be in your Power, with a safe conscience, to
send Me but one quarter of the commendations that
I cannot pay to you on reading your fine Poem
just reprinted here. It gave me infinite pleasure;
and is justly admir'd by All Men of Sense and Learning
but alas! it is too Elegant, and Sublime,
for the Million.

I most heartily wish you many
Healthful, and happy Years, and remain

Dear Sir

To
Mr Dodsley
Bookseller in Pallmall
London

July 6 1863

My dear Sir

It is very kind in you to attend to my advertisement in "Notes & Queries"

I have begun to despair but – your contributions will make my Vol. less incomplete.

I find in my memorandum 10 – and 12 not – 11 arranged – the beginning

difficulties perhaps you have written.

I am so glad your letter reached me today as I am off early in the morning to Germany & shall be unavoidably detained some weeks longer.

The papers Hamerton will come presumably by ten o'clock post.

Yours truly

R. E. Gordon Warburton

WILLIAM WARBURTON.

Bishop of Gloucester.

Engraved by J. Neagle from the original Sketch made by Mr. Hoare of Bath in 1763.

Published Nov.r 12. 1808. by Cadell & Davies Strand.

Bristol, where I happen to be for two or three days. Decr 24 1750

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Dear Sir

I should have waited a little longer in expectation of hearing of your health before I troubled you with another letter, had not my obligations of gratitude to a noble friend called upon me to use every possible means of discharging a little of what I owe him. You will easily guess I mean the Bp of Durham, whom his friends at Oxford push forward at this vacancy of the Chancellorship. And I guess your regard for him needs little solicitation to excite it: yet I have had experience enough of you to know that I am not indifferent to you, and that you would gladly do at my request what I shall always take a singular pleasure in doing at yours. I will therefore take the liberty to beg the application of your interest for the Bishop on this occasion. I am, Dear Sir, with the truest esteem Your most Affectionate & faithfull humble Servant

W. Warburton

Alaric A Watts.

THE EDITOR OF "THE LITERARY SOUVENIR".

Published by James Fraser, 215, Regent Street, London.

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J. Howard R. 10 A.M.
Weedy.

Dear Sir

Not having heard, indirectly or otherwise from Mr Colburn Lowelinda either that some misapprehension has occurred as to my place of abode or that he is perfectly indifferent as the subject you mentioned to him

Nothing were farther from my wish.

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than to have been into any
final arrangement with me
but if he has any wish to
especially with me half an hour's
conversation with him before
Hence time is indispensable. an-
should have asked a few
days hence I not felt a repugnance
to appearing to thrust my proposal
upon his attention. or I feel myself
sufficiently encouraged from

in any future arrangement I make,
provided I can do so with my present letter
by any interests or those of my copartners
in the work. But I claim for corrections
which need not be finally post to give
me or rather my whole stand.

Also sure you should write frequent
with, in that any one else I have
not to day & I could get to answer
& hopeful Dear Sir Yours

Hare & Hyde.

Thank for you to or the business

Private

S. Bentley Esq

Dorset St. Lakeside Esq

Fleet St.

A. & R.

ISAAC WATTS. DD.

Musas colimus severiores.

Printed for Rich. Hett at ye Bible & Crown in ye Poultry. MDCCXXXI.

T. Vander Gucht Sculp

Dear Sir

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Your long letters of ye Moravian Churches are very entertaining. Tho you glad me wth ye hopes of seeing you shortly, yet I can't refrain from sending you my thanks. Mr Coward sent me a Message this day of your spending a — month or two wth him. I suppose I shall see you first, & in this Expectation I break off now, wth all Salutations to Mrs Doddridge, & wishes of large Success in all your Labors.

Yours affectionately

I Watts.

Newington. Jan. 19.
1737/8 —

To the Revd Dr Doddridge

in

Northamton

Dr Walks. 19 Jan. 37

J. Walks

Black Rock,
Giant's Causeway,
Ireland,
5th October, 1869.

My dear Gibbons,

Your letter of Saturday is to hand to-day. I also received the two letters before that; and I am ashamed that anything has made me neglect them. But I have had several friends over from Lancashire, and that, with some other absorbing influences have led me to leave undone many things which I ought to have done. You must excuse me as well as you can. I have also overlooked Bun's kind offer to insert the advertisement of the Readings; and it is now too late for this number. I wish you would give him my kind regards, and thank him for me, and tell him that I will prepare an advertisement for the November number.

I am really very sorry to hear of your illness, — but you have a kind nurse, and "Young Man's best Companion" by your side, now, and, no doubt, under her care, you will soon be right again. Give my kind regards

to her. Our people all returned to Manchester a few days ago, and I have had a few quiet days to myself. I shall be in Manchester early next week, and shall turn up in the old corner next Saturday but one, where I hope to find you thoroughly recovered. I am sorry to say that my trip has not had quite so good an effect upon me as it had last year; but then, I am getting older — nearly fifty-two now — and I feel it.

I begin to long to see the good old town again.

All or well, — believe me,

Yours faithfully

Edwin Evans

Thomas Gibbons, Esqr

H. KIRKE WHITE.

Thesis

0/107-

24

In Heaven we shall be purified so as to be able to endure the splendors of the Deity

---

1.

Awake Sweet Harp of Judah - wake
Retune thy strings for Jesus' sake
We sing the Saviour of our race
The Lamb our shield and hiding place

2.

When God's red arm is bar'd for war
And thunders clothe his cloudy Car
Where - where - Oh where - shall man retire
To'scape the terrors of his ire

3.

'Tis he the Lamb to him we fly
While the dread Tempest passes by
God sees his well beloved's face
And spares us in our hiding place

4.

Thus while we dwell in this low scene
The Lamb is our [illegible] unfailing screen
To him tho' guilty while we run
And God still spares us for his son

5

While yet we sojourn here below
Pollution must our hearts overflow
Fall'n abject mean a sentenc'd race
We deeply need a hiding place

6

Yet courage! days and years will glide
And we shall lay these clothes aside
Shall be baptized in Jordan's flood
And wash'd in Jesus' cleansing blood

7.

Then pure – Immortal, sinless – free
We thro' the Lamb shall be decreed
Shall meet the Father face to face
And need no more a hiding place

Henry Kirke White

I cannot say any more tho I intended as the parcel is going off

I cannot send the Flageolet as King has got it to wrap the Jewels

Yours

Truly yours

F R White

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Drawn by J. Thomson. Engraved by W. Daniell.

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD.

From a Picture by Wilson in the Collection of the Right Honorable the Earl of Harcourt.

London, March 1, 1811. Published by W. Miller, 5, Upper Fitzroy Square.

(22)

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March 17th 1749/50

Rec^d of Mr R Dodsley one Hundred and five Pounds, in consideration of which I do assign over to him his Heirs Executors Administrators & Assigns all my Right & Title to my Tragedy entitled the Roman Father

W: Whitehead.

Doctr Lamont

2	1
6	12
5	9
0	10
4	19

London Published by Macmillan & Co 1874

John G. Whittier very
much regrets his absence
when Sir Chas. Reed
called on him. He
does venture to substitute
his last-taken photograph
for the one Sir Chas. Reed
presented for separation

Amesbury, Mass
31st 10mo 1876

200

J. H. Griffin

Published by Henry Fisher Caxton, London 1824

550

Frosfield, 12 th mo. 10 th. 1833.

My dear Mr Bryce

We were truly glad to find, by thy letter received on Sunday, that we are to have the pleasure of thy company on Saturday next. I think thou will find the "Leighton Accommodation" Coach from the Cross Keys St. Sidwell Street, the most convenient coach to come by, because it will allow thee the morning till ½ past 1 to attend to any office business. It is a good travelling coach: at Hocklife thou will get into a Branch Coach for the last 3 miles, and thou will request to be set down at the Duke's London Entrance; where my

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chaise shall be waiting to bring thee here, either by my servant or myself. Thou wilt get in there by 8 o'clock. But thou hadst better send a messenger to the Crop bags to ascertain the precise time when the coach starts. I believe at 2 o'clock - but I cannot speak positively. Put a Literary Gazette into thy pocket for me. I am obliged by the last, and my wife begs me to return her best thanks for the beautiful Book of Beauty - which is a gem in Illustration & Typographic elegance: and I think thou hast always the art of doing handsome things in the handsomest manner.

My Cousin Mr. Tubbeen is at No. 4 Hyde Street, Bloomsbury. I should have given his address, but I thought it would be tasking too much on thee to subject thee to so long a walk to

call upon him. I am sorry however that I did not, - as he would, I am sure, be most gratified to have been introduced to meetings of the Geographical Society as well as to the Society of Arts. Our friend Mr Britten will no doubt be glad to avail himself of Mr. Tschudi's ~~me~~ when he leaves England, to write to his friend De Caumont, as he writes me word he medicates doing so, & that Gentleman is well acquainted with De Caumont.

My "Juvenile Friends", one at least, is much amused by her new designation: I feel truly obliged by thy kind expressions relative to the above gentleman: he will ~~soon~~ perhaps have called on thee before the receipt of this:- ~~Good~~ Wiffen joins me in kind regards to Mrs Meyer, and thyself - and remain, dear Sir Mr. Thine most faithfully

J. H. Wiffen

Yours
Oscar Wilde

Oxford
1875

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Magdalen
Oxford
March 7 1879

Dear Robert

Thanks for your charming letter. In the sequence and during my departure from London my whole time almost was spent in his company. It was for me a new and joyous life an unending feast of the soul and each day my admiration for my new friend grew more enthusiastic. By nature, heredity, and environment disposed to melancholy, viewing man, thing and life as Calvin may have viewed them, this joyous Celt showed me the gladness of things, suggested

the possibility of great and buoyant happiness in the world and with his exuberant vitality scattered the black butterflies that enclouded my spiritual vision. I did not flatter him in his views and tendencies were there divergent from mine. It was this quality perhaps that attracted him to me.

Write soon and let me know about the portrait

Yours

Oscar Wilde


John Wilkes Esqr.
North Briton Number 45
gravé par Bause à Halle d'après l'original du Sieur Hogarth à Londres.

THESE Are to Certify That at the Session of General Gaol Delivery of Newgate holden for the County of Middlesex at Justice Hall in the Old Bailey in the Suburbs of the City of London on Wednesday the Thirteenth Day of September last before us whose Names are hereunto Subscribed and Whom His Majesty's Justices Assigned to Deliver the said Gaol of the Prisoners therein being Henry Jordan was Tried and Convicted of Feloniously Assaulting Henry Hoare Esquire on the King's Highway on the Twenty Second Day of January last at the Parish of Saint Pancras in the said County of Middlesex putting him in Corporal Fear and Danger of his Life and Taking from his Person Goods and Moneys to the Value of Five Pounds and upwards the Property of him the said Henry Hoare AND it is hereby further Certified That he the said Henry Hoare Nicholas Bond Percival Phillips and John Haley were the Persons who did Apprehend and Take the said Henry Jordan and did Prosecute him until he was Convicted of the said Felony and Robbery AND Pursuant to an Act of Parliament made and Passed in the Fourth and Fifth Years of the Reign of Their late Majesties King William and Queen Mary Intitled an Act for the Encouraging the Apprehending of Highwaymen We do hereby Direct and Appoint the Sheriffs of the said County of Middlesex to Pay unto the several Persons before Named or their Order for a Reward to them upon such Conviction the Sum of Forty Pounds in the Shares and Proportions following (That is to say) To the said Henry Hoare the Sum of Fifteen Pounds To the said Nicholas Bond the Sum of Eight Pounds Six Shillings and Eight pence To the said Percival Phillips the Sum of Eight Pounds Six Shillings and Eight Pence and To the said John Haley the Sum of Eight Pounds Six Shillings and Eight Pence. DATED this Eighteenth Day of October in the Fifteenth Year of the Reign of Our Sovereign Lord George the Third King of Great Britain and so forth And in the Year of Our Lord One Thousand Seven Hundred and Seventy Eight

John Wilkes
Mayor

John Glynn
Recorder

Jordan £40

Received 23 October 1775 of the Sheriff of the County of Middlesex by the Hands of Mr John Reynolds the Sum of Forty Pounds on the within mentioned Conviction We say Received by us

Witness
Tho Wilkinson

Henry Hoare
Percival Phillips
John Holey
Nich: Bond

Engraved by D. J. Pound From a Photograph by Messrs. R. Millard, Dublin.

H. E.

CARDINAL WISEMAN.

No 79

St. Mary's College

2 June 1843

557

Dear Sir

As you told Dr Logan that a Sunday would be the most convenient day for you to pay us a visit, could you come to us tomorrow, and spend next Sunday with us? If not when can we hope to see you.

Yours ever sincerely in X

N. Wiseman

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John Walcott

Sir I have met with many crosses
Suffered considerable losses
By those damn'd respites, pardons &
reprieves
No purse of Gold no watch, no ring
No hat ~~nor~~ boots, cloaths, ~~&c.~~ no such thing
From genteel Murderers, Rovers & Thieves
Ah! me, Sir I may now go bellow
with that poor Blackamoor Othello
"Othello's occupation's gone"
For ~~really~~ ~~Firing the house~~
~~I'll~~ at Coffeehouses I could dine
afford to drink my pint of wine . . .
But by this Mercy Sir thereafter
all revellings ~~off to~~ ~~[illegible]~~
eet Firendol.

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Yes Sir; thank God, I'm proud to say
they respectable ~~my~~ indeed my friends
and that no Artist of the present day
Has turn'd off finer Gentlemen & Ladies
Like yours, my actions too is voluminous full
and many are th' encomiums on my skill.
"But I who once was greater as Cyrus
am now reduced to Nebuchadnezzar."

Mr Gentleman of the Prot
Lords letter [illegible] to be [illegible]

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My dear Sir

Pray accept my thanks for the ch: which you kindly sent. —

Very truly yours

T. Woolner

When the Maurice is completed I will ask you to see it. —

29 Velluccia St.
June 20

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Sir,

It was not my intention to trouble you with regard to any change effected or meditated in the Curate of Beffingly, but simply to beg you would favour me with an account of what still remained due on account of it from the L. Ann's Bounty Office — As I have a memorandum by me, transmitted by Mr. Shannon's young man (who see?) for me, on Mr. Trevelyan's Receipt, the last 16£ stating that the last previous payment was 8£ to John Stowton, Jr Moorstreet, in 1802 — If that were up to Lady Day 1802 6 years have since elapsed, of which 16£ only acquits 2 — if up to Michaelmas, 1½ yr still remains on account. I beg your excuse for the trouble I am giving you, but as by a letter from the Archbishop of York, I learn that Beffingly is to be further augmented, I take the liberty of adjusting the ~~the~~ account, that I may know for what sum Mr. Trevelyan is to frame his next receipt, and whether the interest of sums laid out is paid more properly up to Lady Day or Michaelmas in each year — also when any interest will accrue upon the new sum. I remain, Sir,

Your respectfully
Fr Wrottesley

April 16. 1806.

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— To Miss Moore, — on returning her elegant Album wherein W.H. had been requested to write something of his own...

While this precious Album the more 'tis review'd,
Like its' Owner, excites Admiration renew'd
Let its' Lock be a vigilant Guard to protect
From worthless Intruders the pure and Select!
—If in that Museum, where Judgement combines
The choice, varied, Treasures from Intellect's Mines,
(Render'd sacred by many an Autograph's Name,
which Genius cover'd on the Records of Fame)
My Pen's too presumptuous, unhallow'd, Intrusion
Dar'd Regard of Rhyme, or of Prose, an Effusion,
Wit, Sentiment, Feeling, Expression, and Taste
Would root out such Weeds among Flowers so misplaced:-
The Monk's Tomb from like Profanation to save
*STERNE plucht up the Nettles infesting his Grave.

W.H—n

Feby 16th 1827—

* See the Sentimental Journey.

Mr Moore

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ANN YEARSLEY,

The Bristol Milk Woman & Poetess.

Septr the 13 1786

Madam

I shall begin by avowing what my feelings will never allow me to be insensible of; your goodness in protecting my publication, had your subsequent conduct proved that protection had arisen from the humanity my situation and the distresses of my family naturally would awaken in the breast of a woman sensible of the feelings of a mother and conscious of the charms of having dependants; my gratitude would have known no bounds, to have ones children dependant on us is a natural desire; it is a laudable one; to wish that power over individuals either by imposing on their generosity or ignorance, is most degrading;

I wished not for money but to enable me to bring up my children in comfort and improvement and had you been actuated by a disinterested desire to gratify my wishes, my sense of your benevolence could never have been erased, but your late treatment has set a narrow bounds to my gratitude, which cannot be avowd for favours those circumstances convince me arose more from your vanity than generosity. you tax me with ingratitude, you reproach me with obligation; for why? you

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found me poor yet proud; if it can be called pride
to feel too much humbled by certain obligations
and above submitting to servility
you helped to place me in the public eye; my success
you think beyond my abilities; and purely arising
from your protection. I wish not to lessen your
favours; but granting this to your vanity; surely
mine does not soar in thinking the singularity
of my situation would have secured me some
success; this will be soon tried
And let me ask you what I have gaind by your
profest friendship? I find my self deprived of
the money which my poems and the torturing
tale of my distress have raised; my feelings
and gratitude is traduced but the public may
yet discover my depraved situation
I wish not to squander the money my every
hope of future pleasure this side eternity; centers
in my children; but I wish not to divest
myself either of the pleasure or right I have
by nature; and I repeat it, as the money was
collected in my name and for the purpose of relievin

My Children's wants; the right was mine to
Educate and set them in life as their Dispositions
may in future determine; the public generously
intended the money for this benevolent purpose
and I cannot think it ingratitude to disown an obligation
a proceeding which must render me & my Children
your poor dependants forever; I have trusted more to
your probity than the event justifies; you have led me
to sign a Settlement which defrauds me and my family
of our right (and make it if ever received your peculiar
Gift, (you are too sensible there is no fund specified where
it is placed nor do I know how it is disposed of, there
is no time assigned when my Children shall call it out
your bankruptcy or death may lose it forever, and let
me ask you Miss More what security you have ever
given my Children whereby they may prove their
future claim? I am very remote & should be careful
or your motives left bare to doubt or suspicion
My mind is haughty, but too justly so not to glory
in being ever grateful for obligation it could stoop to receive
if I have misjudged your conduct; 'tis yours to confute
my opinions; it depends on this, my raising a
monument in my second publication either to your
just or unjust proceeding; the choice be yours
I am yr humble servant
Ann Yeardley

Drawn by J. Thurston. Engraved by W. C. Edwards.

EDWARD YOUNG D.D.

From a picture by Highmore in the Hall of All Souls College, Oxford.

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