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THE LEADBEATER PAPERS

VOL. II.

THE LEADBEATER PAPERS.

THE ANNALS OF BALLITORE, ' 1

BY MARY LEADBEATER,

WITH A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR:

LETTERS FROM EDMUND BURKE

HERETOFORE UNPUBLISHED :

AND THE CORRESPONDENCE OF

MRS. R. TRENCH AND REV. GEORGE CRABBE

WITH MARY LEADBEATER.

VOLUME II.

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PART I.

LETTERS FROM EDMUND BURKE

TO

RICHARD SHACKLETON.

LETTERS

FROM

E D M U N D B U R K E

TO

RICHARD SHACKLETON.

LETTER I.

Dublin, April, 1744.

Dear Dicky,

Since I am deprived of your company that was so agreeable to me, and the sweet hours that I spent in Ballitore in your conversation, and condemned to noise, smoke, and Dublin town, all I can do is to alleviate the pains of absence by an epistolary correspondence; but here I am stopped by the expiration of privilege, which, though a bar to us, yet it may be remedied in some measure by the carman and co.*

Without further prologue I shall acquaint [you] with my adventures since I left you, which, though perhaps not

* The carman, the driver of a primitive two wheeled vehicle, drawn by one horse, was the common carrier of goods, small parcels, and frequently of letters throughout Ireland, previous to the introduction of railways.

so entertaining nor so full of surprising events as those of Don Quixote, may serve to let you know that Dick Chidley and I arrived pretty safe at this city rather of the latest, for the *ρασκελλει* watchman had the impudence to inform the town how bad travellers we were, by crying, "Past twelve o'clock!" I was, however, let in, went to bed, slept, and was sent in company with Jack Baily immediately after breakfast next morning (*i. e.* Monday morning,) to Dr. Pelissier, Fellow of Trinity College near Dublin, a gentleman (since it falls in my way to give his conjectural character) accounted one of the most learned in the University, an exceedingly good humoured, cleanly, civil fellow. (N.B.—I judge by outward appearances.) We were admitted into his rooms, and he has three very grand ones; he and Jack Baily had a good deal of chat, and a couple of men were setting up a barometer in his room, so he could not for a while examine me. At last he brought out Francis's Horace, Dauphine's Virgil, and Homer with I don't know whose notes; he made me construe *Scriberis vario, &c.*, *Eheu fugacis*, *Postume, &c.*, and in Virgil I began the 103rd line of the sixth Æneid, and in Homer with the 227th line of the third Iliad and the 406th of the sixth; and he was pleased to say (what I would not say after him unless to a particular friend) that I was a good scholar, understood the authors very well, and seemed to take pleasure in them (yet, by-the-by, I don't know how he could tell that), and that I was more fit for the College than three parts of my class; but he told me I must be examined again by the senior lecturer. He was

sent for, but was not at home ; therefore Dr. Pelissier told me I must have the trouble of calling again. He was going out, and introduced me (according to custom, I believe,) to the Provost, who is an old, sickly looking man. To be short, this morning I was examined very strictly, with another young lad, by Mr. Aubins, or Robbins (I don't know which), the senior lecturer, in the Odes, Sermons, and Epistles of Horace, and am admitted. I cannot express, nor have I the knack of doing it, how much I am obliged to your father for the extraordinary pains and care he has taken with me, so as to merit the commendation of my tutor, and all I can do is to behave myself so as not to bring a scandal upon him or his school. I've nought more to say, but that yesterday I went to J. Fletcher's to invite your mother ; she was not at home. I left the letters for her. Pray remember my love to all my school-fellows, and to Mr. Burn in particular. Tell Master Pearce for his comfort that I was examined in *As in præ.*, and give [my] service to all the girls, and inform Nanny Morris that I have thought of her once or twice, and that if she has a mind for a coach and six let her tell what coloured horses she will have, and it shall be sent her by the first opportunity ; but in the meantime give her a box, and place it to account, and this shall be sufficient warrant for so doing ; and it is almost night, and I must write to the master, so I must conclude without more ado, all-a-one now,

NED BURKE.

P.S.—I saw your friend Herbert at his shop-door as I went to the College to-day, and I stood awhile to speak to him. I went to see Mr. Brugh, but he was gone out of town. The Microcosm will leave town the 28th, so consider what to do. Send to me the next carman that goes, and I'll send you something, or send Harry Bawne.

LETTER II.

Dublin, May 10th, 1744.

Dear Dicky,

I thought to have had the pleasure of your conversation longer in town, and to that end called at Mr. Kearney's the morning that you went off; but, without saying any more, you very well know the consequence without my telling it, such as usually happens on such occasions. But perhaps you're now thinking that the next word that comes out will be, with all the marks of wild despair I tore my flowing robes and rent my hair, bid woods and rocks be witness of my grief, and gods and men implored to my relief, &c., &c., and such like stuff, which people are apt to father upon Apollo and the Muses, though God knows that several children are called by the names of those that never got 'em; nor did I faint, but very calmly said, as usual, that I was surprised at the suddenness of your departure, was sorry for it, got my wig, and went to the College. You said, if I don't forget, that you would read the same authors that I do here, which in my opinion is as

useful a thing as you could do. Consult your master about it, and see how he approves of it. If he does, you had better take it in hands immediately. It is as follows :—nine first chapters of Burgersdicius, the six last Æneids of Virgil, the Enchiridion of Epictetus, with the Tabula Cebetis, which my tutor recommended as a very fine picture of human life. It is the work of one Cebes, an ancient Theban philosopher, written in the allegorical way. I have no more to say, because, to tell the truth, I have scarcely any subject to talk about.*

LETTER III.

May 29th, 1744.

I can impute your letter but to two causes—the one, want of a subject to write on, and the other, bad humour or the spleen ; which begot, as I suppose, the scolding or jarring that runs through your disagreeable favour, or rather is the very essence of it ; and I assure you, that if I had the least time to spare I would search your favour, and would certainly find something which I would take *δαμναβλυ ἰλλ*, and afford me a subject very proper to shew how excellent I was in the Thersitical way. Enough of this; proceed we now to take notice of the remaining part of your favour. I find that the all-conquering power of death is continuing to manifest itself among you, and that you have accompanied to

* The remainder of this letter is torn off.—*Editor.*

their last habitation a couple of your neighbours; and the next we shall hear of is, alas! how can I say it, poor Mrs. B——. Ah! how uncertain is human glory, how unstable is the greatness of mortals! To-day they are exalted high, surrounded with pomp and glory; to-morrow they fall by the hands of unrelenting Death (oh, what a victim!) low, low into the cold and melancholy grave! Poor B——, who could equal thee in the chase? Thou wert the faithful servant, indeed; thou wert the only solace of thy master in all his afflictions: when he sees thee dead, how he will tear his hair, curse the day of his birth, and wish to die! I must too, I think, sign the death warrant; but, seriously, I would not have you kill the poor beast for the fault of his brutal, Popish-Huguenot master. I will, however, send the thing if you wish. Indeed I'm heartily sorry for poor Mr. Noel, because I wished him well on the score of his innocence, and that nothing hinders but what we may be so, or worse, ourselves, one time or another; and I wonder that he should so entirely give himself over to despair for a thing that is noways out of the common road of life. To-morrow, my dear Dick, when you are performing that agreeable task of forming the hands of the fair to express in a pleasing manner by the pen the soft ideas of their breast, think, I say think, (and forget your pleasure awhile as you let loose one friendly sigh) that I stand examination before a parcel of old fellows, whose business is to examine and cross examine me; then pity, and let your pity draw one sigh, a tribute to your friend, which will cheer and animate

my heart. I will the next post after the receipt of your answer to this, give you a full account of my manner of spending my life, because I have small time now—so conclude your sincere friend,

E. B.

LETTER IV.

Eight of the clock, Tuesday, June 26th, 1744.

Dear Dick's agreeable favours of the 21st and 24th instant lie before me, which I will endeavour to answer as well as I can.

Sir,—The cause of my sending you that high and mighty epistle proceeded from your styling me "Esq.," a title that I have not the least right to; but as you, the humblest of my humble servants, have been pleased to confer it on me, I should think myself highly blamable did I not make use of my just prerogative. Yesterday, about a couple of hours before I received your favour, I had the honour of meeting the Hon. Edward Sands, Esq. going to see the militia of this city reviewed (who made a very handsome appearance, and in my opinion could deal with an equal, if not a superior, number of men); so I saw Mr. Sands a little too late, but you may assure yourself, as I see him very often, I will not fail to make all possible enquiries into the youth.

Night creeps on apace, so that though I have abundance to say I must here break off, ardently wishing for the happy time in which I shall see my friend, with

whom I may *et novas audire et reddere voces*. I hope no longer time shall separate us than the middle of next month, and till then assure yourself that I will, and always will, continue your sincere friend,

E. B.

LETTER V.

Seven o'clock, from my own room, just
returned from College ; June 29th, 1744.

Since I received dear Dick's last favour I happened to meet an old acquaintance of mine very unexpectedly, and thus. After morning lecture, as it's my custom, I walked with two or three of my acquaintance in the College Park, and sitting on the wall chatting about one thing or other, I saw one I thought I knew passing me, along with the park-keeper ; he stared at me and I at him, when we immediately knew one another to be honest Mr. ——— and N. Burke. He told that he had lost his testimonium, and was coming to get another if he could ; he told me that your academy was in a flourishing condition (in which may it long continue), and that he was in some haste, and desired me to call on him that evening. I charged him not to disappoint me, knowing what an odd sort of a man he was. He did, however, notwithstanding my frequent admonitions and his frequent promises. I met him by chance next morning in Chequer Lane ; after taxing him with breach of promise, he informed me that he

was going that minute to the bishop to be ordained, and was to pass some examination, for which he told me he was but little prepared, but desired me to come to him this day and he would tell me all. I went, and was once more disappointed; thus you see I can't give you any certain account of him as yet. But have I not been too prolix, and related trivial circumstances that I need not? I think I have, and been guilty of the same fault often before; but I won't transgress again, and will endeavour to be a little more concise for the future. I can't, however, help telling you for my life, that I sometimes see M. Ramsey in the College, but I shall say no more of him. I must by this send what I hope soon to say by word of mouth; I desire to have my best respects to your father, whose goodness and care to me was boundless; but I will omit here all I have to say, because I shall better express to himself the remembrance I have of all his favours, a remembrance which only death will efface. No, I mistake; I will never be able to express myself, for when I would tell him the dictates of a sincere heart, I am dash'd, and look more like a silly calf than a grateful scholar. But let dear Dick be assured that, whatever my appearances may be, I am his sincere friend,

E. BURKE.

LETTER VI.

Dublin, July 5th, 1744, from my own apartment.
Thursday, half an hour after 12.

Dear Dick I hope is convinced that I sit down to nothing with so great pleasure as to write to him, and that there is no enjoyment that I would not most willingly sacrifice unto it; and though I must confess my inability to entertain him with anything which is not trifling, I hope he will excuse me when he considers that I buy his correspondence at a dear rate—even at the price of being ridiculous, which will show how much I prize it; but this is not to the purpose, therefore I now proceed to answer your letters (alias, agreeable favours). You hope I am genteel, you say, and impudent. As for the first, I have not the least pretensions; but I really think I have such a stock of the latter that I may well say, “From more of it, good Lord, deliver us;” but I am very much afraid that I never shall be able to attain to that becoming confidence which renders a person so agreeable in all companies he converses with. Another thing, dear Dick, to tell my own imperfections, is, I am quite dumb in mixed company, for there the discourse is more confined, seldom extends farther than news, the weather, and dress, which, as Mr. Addison justly remarks in the *Spectator*, is wonderful, considering as there are a greater number of persons by, that more ideas should not start up among ’em to furnish topicks for conversation; but this I am endeavouring to wean

myself from. Never fear my losing your letter in the College, for it would be a terrible thing for me, indeed, if such a treasonable paper should be found after me ; besides, I am too fond of dear Dick's letters to expose [em] after that manner by carrying 'em in my pocket. The things you ordered me to buy I will bring with me when I go towards your regions. Your criticism on your writing is both judicious and witty, and since you give such hard names to such an excellent piece of penmanship as yours, pray what title will you give mine ? And now to conclude the answer of your favour, my sister, alias your Dulcinea, protests she will not have the least compassion on your sufferings, or favour you in any sort, unless you act the true knight-errant, and obey these few commands which she desires me to give you, and,

1st—That you immediately take horse, attended only with one trusty squire, and go in search of adventures until you arrive at Scarecroania, a great island in the Caspian Sea, where King Chrononhotonthologos keeps his court ; and when you come there you must without delay march to the castle, the first gate of which is guarded by a giant with a mighty club, called Hurlo-thrumbo. Him if you pass, you go into an open court, and thence to another gate which is guarded by two dread griffins who stand with open jaws ready to devour you. If you kill these, you have free access into the next court, in which stand five hundred valiant knights, all cased in armour of shining steel, and above them in a gallery 150 dire enchanters with envenomed spells, all

which you must conquer before you can come near the apartment of King Chrononhotonthologos ; and even then you must penetrate through fifty thousand brazen doors, lock'd with inexorable bolts, before you can touch the monarch of Scarecroania. Him you must kill, take out his heart, which is hairy, and in it you will find a little drop of blood call'd Cupido ; this you must put in a phial, which is on the summit of a tower in his castle sixty thousand yards high, the walls of which are as smooth as glass, without a ladder or step. You see the danger ; undertake it if you will.

2nd—She desires you to take Ægypt in your way, and you will find ranged among the Pyramids 800,000 millions of valiant soldiers and 60 millions of enchanters, headed by the chief magician, Kalistopoiomenos of the Square Cap. These you cannot destroy, for their number, any otherwise than by throwing down the Pyramids upon their heads. After this, that your mistress may see your conquest, you must vanquish the giant Poluphlosboiomenos, who is seventy thousand cubits high, and has 20,000 pair of hands, and make him carry to her all their heads. . . . So much for your fine flourish at the end of your favour. Now I proceed to your last, and inform you that I am perfectly easy on that score, and receive very few set-downs. I wrote to Dick about cleanliness ; desire him to show you the letter, and you will oblige me if you read it to him, and take occasion from thence to recommend cleanliness to him. I beg of you (as I am well assured of your friendship, I know you won't refuse) to acquaint me of Dick's behaviour ;

whether he is changed for the better or the worse, or whether he is as cross as usual, or whether he endeavours to please your father or those put over him impartially. As you choose to represent yourself as a considerable man in the republic of Dullness, I shall endeavour to exceed you by being king of it, and styling myself

C. CIBBER, Esq., Laur.

LETTER VII.

Dublin, June 11th, 1744, 12 o'clock ;
without knowing any of your astro-
nomical devilmets.

Returning yesterday from the college I met my father's clerk going to the post-office, and thither with him I went, and with the utmost pleasure received your agreeable favours ; so that without your calculations I can inform you that they blest my hands in due time ; but unluckily (as such usually attend me) I opened your last one first, in which I perceived — But now let us omit it until its proper place, where we will treat more fully of it. I am pleased to hear that your aunt and sister arrived safe at your mansions. I had not the satisfaction of seeing 'em before they went ; though I can't attribute it to myself, as I was at Fletcher's to enquire for 'em, but the birds were flown. I therefore left the Cowshed with Slator. But here, since I mention him, it won't, I hope, be amiss to give you an

account of those I met the day I went there, and, by way of an appendix, the state of their affairs. But now I was just going to invoke some sacred Muse, who should, in a pompous style adapted to the greatness of the subject, describe the manner in which the state of your affairs lay ; but wisely considered that you should think all I say spoke metaphorically, and so not believe a word of it ; therefore I am resolved to confine myself to the strict truth of the narration.

As I came from Fletcher's, in Thomas-street by the Market House, who should I meet ? You would not guess if you were thinking this hour ! Guess if you can without looking any farther—Josey ! What Josey ? Why, Josey Delany ! Him I met in that juncture with no better clothing than his old waistcoat which he wore so long in Ballitore, exactly in the same *cu* [*sic*] that he was there, in all things about him, except a basket full of some wooden things or other which he carried under his arm. *Veterem agnovit amicum* ; we knew each other at first sight. After mutual salutations, questions about Ballitore, &c. I asked him whether Dublin air agreed with him. These were his words : “ Very indifferently,” replies Josey. “ Why so, Josey ?” Here he answered nothing for a good while ; at last out it came—“ Sure I'm married !” “ To whom, pray ?” “ To a girl of this town !” “ Where do you live ?” “ In Dolphin's-barn Lane.” Thus we parted. He looks very thin and melancholy, so it seems his affairs are but in a bad situation ; the waistcoat he wore was at least five or six inches too wide. But now I come to what troubles

me sincerely, and to him I think the most unfortunate of the two, though not in the poorest condition—I mean Slator. Poor Johnny! where now is that liveliness, sprightliness, or even madness that was so agreeable in all your sportive actions, which rendered so diverting your every thought, your every word? “Oh the devil!” No, no, not such a word to be got now from him, but a most dejected melancholy and sadness. I met him in the street, where indeed I think he could scarcely walk; so pale, of a yellowish paleness I scarcely ever thought he could be. I went with him to the shop; he spoke very little, and that exceedingly low and faint. I ask’d him was he sick? He answered no, but he did not speak his mind. I believe if his condition does not be speedily mended, he will not live a half year, for he is a mere backleton [*sic*], and has a very sickly look; and this may be, I think, attributed to his devil of an aunt; of whom I will give you, when I see you next, a full description of. I observed upon this that those who are most lively and mad that way, are usually quite sunk and dispirited in adversity, as —— is the most dispirited lad I ever saw. But not to detain you longer with a long digression equally disagreeable to us both, for you can’t but be grieved for poor Johnny as I am—I’m sure if the first part concerning Josey was something comic, you have the tragic in the latter—and to return to your fair

“ Hills, vales, and rocks with shifting Io’s ring,

“ Io Ricarde! Io Pean, sing.”

So the two boobies have left Ballitore, as they did Edenderry, as it's probable will soon quit Portarlington, and then where the devil will they go? Their travels are thus. The boobies finding France too hot for 'em they retired to Holland, from thence to London, thence to Dublin, thence to Edenderry, thence to Ballitore, thence to Partarlington—and where next?

LETTER VIII.

June 14th, 1744.

No malicious person, no sprite deceived you under the borrowed name of your friend; the letter you say you got under my name was originally intended for my brother, so that will serve for an apology for it. I have just made an epigram on that, for I think an excellent one may spring from it. But because I think the point which essentially constitutes the beauty of writings of this kind was not justly placed, I showed the malice of my teeth to it. I am sorry I could not hit it for your amusement, but it can't be helped; it is a pity it was not the hand of a better. . . . I perceive by the date of your letters that you are a great proficient in the noble science of astronomy. I could hardly understand it for a while, and indeed I think you're highly to be commended for your application to it. If I were to speak about it, you are so well versed in all its parts that you would perceive a thousand errors in one sentence, and as you are so well acquainted with all the beauties of the heavens. I call 'em beauties, for beauty

consists in variety and uniformity, and is that not abundantly shewn in the motion and form of the heavenly bodies? What grander idea can the mind of man form to itself than a prodigious, glorious, and fiery globe hanging in the midst of an infinite and boundless space, surrounded with bodies of whom our earth is scarcely anything in comparison, moving their rounds about its body, and held tight to their respective orbits by the attractive force inherent to it, while they are expended in the same space by the force of the Creator's almighty arm! And then let us cast our eyes up to the spangled canopy of heaven, where innumerable luminaries at such an immense distance from us cover the face of the skies—all suns as great as that which illumines us—surrounded with earths perhaps no way inferior to the ball which we inhabit, and no part of the amazing whole unfilled, systems running into systems, and worlds bordering on worlds! Sun, earth, moon, stars, be ye made, and they were made! The word of the Creator sufficient to create universe from nothing! Pursue the noble task, a nobler theme was never sung!

Oh may some heavenly muse place you upon
 The lofty top of towering Helicon,
 Remove the mist that clouds your mortal eyes,
 Discover all the secrets of the skies;
 Show you these orbs that man has never seen,
 Of largest tubes assisted by the ken,
 While the great view, in harmony divine,
 You sing, assisted by the tuneful Nine

This shall be my form of prayer till I hear from you again, and receive these strains with which the divine Mantuan declares he was so enamoured. Herbert has desired me to beg of you to write to him, and to keep up your old correspondence ; and he says he would write if he had any time, for he goes to school every day, and attends at other times a shop full of business. However, if you will favour him with a hebdominal line, he will contrive a way to answer it rather than be deprived of your agreeable correspondence.

Your sincerely affectionate friend,

E. BURKE.

LETTER IX.

Dublin, June 21, 1744. Thursday, 'twixt 2 and 3,
from my own bureau. You are hereby ordered
to date your letters from the place you sit.

Honest Dick,

That letter of yours came by post to my hands, and if I could spare time on such business I don't know but I might answer it particularly ; but as I have affairs of much consequence to trouble me, as you know (being wholly taken up with attending one thing or other which it is not material to tell you) since my election, it were needless to inform you of more than that I am well, as are all here ; and that I desire you to be diligent in your business, take care not to let people lavish my substance, mind the hay, and inform me how the har-

vest goes on. If it be good, they will be well able to pay the rents this year; and whether your wife spins better, for the last I received was extraordinary ill. Take care once more; be diligent, and you shall see the effects of my munificence (an old coat or so); and, on the contrary, if you turn out idle or dishonest, be sure to feel the marks of my highest displeasure, so as to be reduced once more to the wretched condition my extensive charity has taken you out of. I wrote more than indeed I intended, but because I find you careful and honest, I grant you this favour extraordinary, and hope that you will not grow conceited on it, nor assume airs that don't become men of your condition, for this and all the numberless favours and kindnesses heaped upon you by your imperious and haughty master,

EDMUND BURKE, Esq.

P.S.—Tell Tom Lawless that if I don't hear a better account of him than heretofore, he must no longer hope to have the honour of being my servant. Answer this in humble submission.

The foregoing I wrote as I am an esquire. But this I address to you as I am your sincere friend, plain N. B., and therefore beg one favour of you, that is to burn the letter I sent you about I. B., and to inform me whether you shewed it to any one. I once more desire you to commit the paper to the flames, for reasons I will tell you when I have the pleasure of seeing you, which I hope may be shortly. The error about Dick Long was

insignificant, and I thought at first the mistake was mine, supposing I had directed both to R. S.; and on that foundation I built the Esq., but was mistaken, and if it were right (for, not liking, I tore it in pieces) I can't remember a word on't. I met Mr. Ramsay twice walking about the College; he looked miserably, and told me he had got no place. I saw Sands when I went last to receive your letters; he got one from you, and I was luckily at hand to testify the truth of your assertion that the mice eat the books in your own bureau. As to the Muses being fled, I believe it is a sham, to deter me from compelling you, by the authority you have invested me with, to write such a poem as you were ordered to do. I would not, however, have anything forced; write burlesque if you will. I am sure you have an ample subject in so bad a piece as that I last sent you; and if you have a mind for a little more of the Muse's company, you must not study so hard. Omit it for a few days, for she is a dame that hates hard labour of any kind.

Now I have stuffed my devil, I can write no more, but that I am, dear sir, your exceedingly honorable servant,

COWSHED.

Excuse these dashes, for Garrett is boxing my ears, and desires to give his respects to you.

LETTER X.

Dublin, July 7th, 1744 ; from the usual
place ; past 6 o'clock.

Dear Dick,

I received both your favours at the same time, *i. e.* on last Wednesday, and answered them, and since that am favoured with another which I have now before me, and promise you not to forget bringing along with me (for I am pretty sure of going) the things you wrote for. I have yours. I shall never forgive you if you don't send me enclosed in your answer to this — Here the dancing master interrupted me. How long he staid! How disagreeable were his tunes! because they delayed me from conversing with dear Dick. I shop in Dame-street, where he bought as much white am not very merry this evening; my usual gaiety has forsook me for a while, and left me in a serious mood, which naturally inclines my thoughts to something melancholy; and among others of the kind that entertain me now (for I am wholly idle this afternoon) I shall — because I have nothing else to fill up this with at present—pen you down my reflections on a pretty tragical accident that happened the other day. Mr. Harding, a gentleman with whom my father is intimately acquainted, had a clerk, a lad untainted in his character with any sort of crime, and universally beloved by all that knew him. There lived in the same

house a servant maid who took care of the children, to whom he had often proposed marriage, and was as often refused. As he had conducted the matter privately, no one knew anything of it, so it was hushed entirely for a while, when a Frenchman who used to teach his native language to this gentleman's children, and who, it seems, had a higher place in the girl's affections than the clerk, lands from England. Generous minds would sooner die than gain their ends by a dishonourable method. He saw that his rival had come to supplant him ; he scorned to manage matters with that low and mean dexterity that it was in his power to have done. As he lived in the family, he saw that nothing was left to cure his unhappy passion but death ; to effect which, in the greatest despair he went to an apothecary's arsenick as would send him to the other world. To shorten this melancholy story, the effects of the poison soon became visible, and notwithstanding all the efforts of a family who laboured heartily for his preservation, he died after a great deal of struggling in unexpressible torments. This accident has altered my sentiments concerning love, so that I am now not only convinced that there is such a thing as love, but that it may very probably be the source of as many misfortunes as are usually ascribed to it. This may, I think, be a sufficient example to show to what lengths an unrestrained passion, though virtuous in itself, may carry a man, and with how much craft and subtlety our great Enemy endeavours by all means to work our destruction ; how he lays a bait in every thing ; and how much need we

have to care lest he make too sure of us, as is the case of that unfortunate youth.

Amidst this gloomy prospect of unhappy love, let me style myself, with a pure and sincere affection, dear Dick's assured friend,

E. B.

LETTER XI.

Tuesday, past one o'clock ; July 10th, 1744.

Dear Dick,

I assure you that I think your treatise on Self-love a very curious and judicious piece, which was entirely pleasing to me, not only for the lively and natural lines of poetry (which shone among your morality like diamonds set in gold) but for the curious remarks you made on that passion which we vulgarly call love of women, though you have plainly proved it to be love of ourselves. But if you had read a little more of that sprightly Dutch author, Burgersdyck, he would have taught you to have thrown your syllogisms into a more concise method. You desired me when I had nothing else to do, to sit down and write a great big panegyrick on Damer, and what did I do? I immediately took slate and pencil, and fell to scribbling not any panegyrick, but a moral treatise forsooth, and I writ of that perhaps ten or twelve lines ; but, foreseeing that I could not do it in less than two hundred lines at least, and the Muse being in a very bad humour, I left it off. Here take what I wrote :—

Almighty Self-love and her power I sing,
Of all we do first mover and first spring ;
By her command I undertake this song ;
Be it her care its labour to prolong.
Let me, my friend,* arrest thine ear awhile,
Deign on this work propitiously to smile.
As your epistle and well writ Essay
Serve as a torch to light me on my way,
While I explore wild Self-love's mazy course,
And trace the passion to the common source.

I utterly detest all sorts of flattery, and therefore you must not think that I would in any wise employ the Muse to any such mean ends. I am sorry I ever wrote any such to him, but I am glad that they are now in the lap of oblivion. I deny not but that the gentleman has abundance of virtues sufficient to make him loved and esteemed by all that know him. Were he a peer, or one who possessed any eminent employment in the state, I would think ~~no~~ crime in giving him a little spice of that flattery ; but as he is a private gentleman, had he a million a-year I should scorn for the sake of the finest presents he could possibly make me to send him a mean scroll of lying verse. If he could [make] me any other present, I would be ready to show my gratitude in plain prose. This morning, before I was out of my nest, (having lain longer than usual, not being very well) I received yours by Harry Bawn. I have not bought the books as yet, but will not fail to bring 'em with me when I shall have the pleasure of seeing

* I intended to send it to you.

you. Your Treatise of Self-love puts me in mind of Pope's Ethick Epistles, which I lately bought on Herbert's recommendation, and I assure you they are very fine. I'll bring them with me too. Give my love to Murray, and tell him I long to see his sweet face. Who is your chum ?

LETTER XII.

Dublin, July 14th, 1744 ; from my usual place,
almost eleven o'clock.

I don't in the least doubt but that before this time there has been a court called in dear Dick's breast ; and that I have been therein accused, found guilty, and condemned to the most rigorous punishments which the law inflicts on such crimes. But oh ! how vain and how little to be trusted are appearances ! I, that Ned Burke, that perfidious wretch, that criminal who was so deservedly found guilty of that most terrible breach of the laws of friendship, even so far as to neglect answering his friend's favour, and to have no excuse for it but his unpardonable laziness, what ! neglect so fair an opportunity of cultivating so delightful and improving commerce !—that Ned Burke, I say, that so deemed unpardonable villain, is entirely innocent of all the crimes laid to his charge. He has answered your letters punctually, and would not [neglect] doing it on any consideration but [for] accidents, unavoidable accidents, which all the skill and cunning of man could not pre-

vent or foresee. To be short, I gave the letter to my brother to carry to the post-office, but he forgot to do it; therefore I must send it along with this, per to-day's post. Upon the whole I hope you will be prevailed upon to repeal the sentence, and your petitioner, as in duty bound, shall for ever pray.

I am glad to hear that you have parted with the noble Chevalier Aimé,* whose good qualities, engaging behaviour, and inimitable politeness has gained him the esteem and love of all those who had the honour of his acquaintance. I am at a loss whether to prefer the noble sincerity, unaffected love, and noble greatness of soul and goodness of heart, qualities of which this charming youth was possessed of in so eminent a degree, or his agreeable and humble politeness, which gave a lustre and additional value to his virtues, and which rendered him so justly the darling of the people. Go, dear youth, be happy in whatever part of the world you shall range; let the angels who guard the just be your protectors among your enemies; let them guard you sleeping, and attend you waking, and spread their pinions for your shield; let 'em convey you midst nations inhabited by fiercest barbarians, that you may by the innate mildness and sweetness of your disposition tame their uncultivated morals more sweetly than the divine Orpheus, though the woods followed and listened to his song! Fly, generous soul, from the power of envy, and you will subdue it; leave those who

* A French boy, who had just left Ballitore school.

not knowing your noble qualities, despise 'em and hate you for 'em. Go forth; show yourself to mankind, nor hide from 'em that light which was destined to shine at once the delight and wonder of the world! Hah! I think I have penned the Chevalier's elogium, which I hope will always be a good answer to the satirical farewell of my friend, and herein I have proved the famous logical thesis to be a lie, *i. e. Contraria non possunt simul esse vera, sed possunt simul esse falsa. Negatur pars prior satyræ, enim elogio est contraria.* And here I fling away my syllogisms and devilments that I was going to make; for the noise I just heard made me go down to know the occasion, and found that my mother is just, after all this day's suffering, brought to bed of a girl.

I am in haste, but not in too much to assure dear Dick that I am his sincere friend,

E. B.

LETTER XIII.

Arran Quay, October 15th, 1744.

The hurry of examinations is at length over, and I sit down to write to my dear Dick with much greater pleasure, since no business interrupts or hinders me speaking my thoughts with the freedom of an undisturbed mind. I am entirely of your opinion concerning being diligent; I know that it's the gate by which we must pass to knowledge and fortune; that without it we are both unserviceable to ourselves and our fellow-

creatures, and a burthen to the earth ; knowledge is, doubtless, the greatest acquisition we can make, because it is what denominates us men, and, as you remarked, is the most essential difference between us and the brute beasts. I shall say no more about it for fear I should be asked the question why I don't follow what I so much approve, and be more studious. Perhaps *bona videoque, proboque ; deteriora sequor*, is applicable to me. I know what is good, like the Athenians ; but don't practise like the Lacedæmonians. What would not I give to have my spirits a little more settled ! I am too giddy ; this is the bane of my life ; it hurries me from my studies to trifles, and I am afraid it will hinder me from knowing anything thoroughly. I have a superficial knowledge of many things, but scarce the bottom of any, so that I have no manner of right to the preference you give me in the first. As to the second, I told you my opinion when I had last the pleasure of seeing you. I have no relish at all for that sort of life, so that I may say with Cowley, "If e'er ambition did my, &c., &c." What made you stop short in the middle of your discourse. I am sure I should not be displeas'd at hearing all the praises you could possibly bestow on a belief which you profess, and which you believe to be the true and pure doctrine of Christ. We take different roads, 'tis true, and since our intention is to please Him who suffered the punishment of our sins to justify us, He will, I believe, consider us accordingly, and receive us into that glory which was not merited by our own good deeds but by His suffer-

ings, which atone for our crimes. Far be it from me to exclude from salvation such as believe not as I do ; but indeed it is a melancholy thing to consider the diversities of sects and opinions amongst us. Men should not for a small matter commit so great a crime as breaking the unity of the church ; and I am sure if the spirit of humility, the greatest of Christian virtues, was our guide, our sects and our religions would be much fewer. Give me leave to add also, that since it is our misfortune to have so many different opinions, we should not hide our talent in the earth, but exert it with all diligence in the great affair for the accomplishment of which we were sent into the world—to witness salvation. God, all merciful, all good, has given us a guide, a talent to direct us in the slippery paths of the world ; let us then, my dear friend, earnestly and heartily set to work, praying the Divine Being of His infinite mercy to help us in our undertaking by the saving and enlightening assistance of his Holy Spirit, while we seek what manner of serving Him will most please our great Creator ; for it is impossible that all can be equally pleasing to Him who has declared that as there is but one God, so there is but one faith and one baptism. Oh, my friend, what an account will those have to give, who, as if they were asleep, pass their lives without the least consideration of this ! Will it be a sufficient excuse for them to say that their intention was to serve God in that way ? No, no ; it is the business of every one to search whether their way be good ; and if any man who knows this to be his duty—as there is no Christian but does—if (I say)

he willingly neglects this and be found in a wrong way, he will not be held guiltless before God. Then, my dear Dick, let us take this into consideration (for indeed it is a serious affair, and worth the attention even of our whole lives) and implore the assistance of the Holy Spirit which leads into all truth, and endeavour to walk piously and godlily in the path our Great Redeemèr has showed us; confiding very little in our strength, but casting ourselves upon Him who died for us, and with great humility asking His assistance in knowing what manner of serving Him will best please Him, that we may not be in the number of those whose ignorance is justly imputed to themselves. If we do this, I do not in the least doubt but that God, of his great mercy, will guide us in the right road. I very much approve of the method you laid down for our correspondence; I will, as much as I can, observe it. I must own that I can't, with any freedom, write better; so you must excuse me in that part, and in point of style, but I hope to improve in that by degrees. I do not know to whom I could write with greater freedom and less regularity than to you, for as the thoughts come crowding into my head I cannot forbear putting 'em down, be they in what order or disorder they will. You will excuse me for this, and for what mistakes and incongruities you may find in my future letters; because you will believe that whether what I say be well or ill expressed, it comes from a sincere heart, and from one who is sincerely your friend. God gives me good resolves sometimes, and I lead a better life; they last for a time or so, sometimes more,

sometimes less, and then through the fickleness of my temper and too great confidence in myself, I fall into my old courses ; aye, often far worse. You see my weakness, dear Dick, and my failings ; plead and pray for me ; we will pray for one another reciprocally. Praise be to his holy name for all things, for every impulse of his grace he gives me I praise him, and trust that he will continue 'em to me, and make me persevere in 'em. Let us lead the best life we can, and make it our study to please him the best we can, both in faith and works. I could write a great deal more with pleasure ; I dare not say you would be tired with reading, but that I find my paper almost gone.

I would have wrote to you last Sunday, as you expected, had not the boy been returning with the horses, and I thought it a convenient opportunity of answering your favour, and sending a hat and a couple of books to Mick Kearney from his father. I went to visit him as you desired me, and find him no way backward of the character you gave me of him : I breakfasted with him this morning. Do not forget my best respects to the master, all whose favours to me and all the advantages I received under his tuition I shall never forget. The same to Mrs. Shackleton and to Mrs. Barnard, and my love to Dick. Tell him I am in a great hurry, and will write next opportunity. Yours unalterably,

NED BURKE.

LETTER XIV.

Arran Quay, Saturday, Nov. 24th, 1744.

I despatched the business you were so kind as to favour me with, and shall always think myself obliged by your commands. Kerby has the boots and spurs safely locked up (as I saw), and therefore thought it would be needless to remove 'em ; but if you would have 'em sent to Mr. Jackson's or my lodgings, they shall, with the greatest pleasure. It but just this moment came into my head that you desired me to go to Grierson's to enquire about the books ; but, before I seal this, I'll go, and give you an account in the P. S.

My dear friend, when last I had the inestimable satisfaction of his company, was pleased to appoint a subject for our correspondence (you chose, if you remember, astronomy) that might in some measure compensate for this tedious absence we are to endure, and make our converse as well useful as entertaining, though I am sure nothing can come up to the sweet manner of passing our time we proposed : but

“ — frustra comprehensa manus effugit imago,

“ Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno.”

So we have no remedy but patience, and must endeavour to make it up by our correspondence, though I can't think that will answer near so well ; for how might we, if we had the happiness of being once more

together, mutually reciprocate our thoughts, our difficulties, and our pleasures in what we read, smoothing by that means the rugged path of knowledge, and deluding the tedious way by a friendly talk ! For I know by my own experience that nothing gives one greater assistance in their studies than discoursing of them with a friend, who they are sure will rather assist than deride the weakness of some notions they may have, while employed in the dark and difficult scenes of nature, scanning her ends and designs, and tracing the Almighty Wisdom through his works.

I have not seen such a flood in the Liffey as is now for some years ; and our cellars, as well as all on the quay, are full of water ; and I, like a good child, spent most of the morning sailing on it in a tub ; and I believe I should be at it till now, had not the water grown too deep and an accident befallen me, which was this. After having made two or three pretty successful voyages into the Ocean of our street kitchen, I had a mind to try my fortune in the Back Sea ; but to be short, as soon as I entered it, I perceived at a distance two bottles in a terrible condition ; who making signals of distress, I made what sail I could to their relief. But lo ! my ballast leaning starboard sunk me to the bottom, so I was thrown ashore at a great distance from where I foundered, and having changed clothes (my courage, as you may guess, being pretty well cooled) I sat down to write to my dear Dick.

The society, if you remember, we had thoughts of erecting goes on slowly ; for, as Herbert informed me,

and I know myself, members for our purpose are very scarce ; 'and though we had the number, we shall always think it imperfect while it wants you.

L E T T E R X V .

Arran Quay, February 25th, 1744-5 ;
past 4 o'clock.

Not guilty ! This is my plea to the indictment which now lies before me, and I hope to have a fair trial before sentence passes on me, to enjoy at least that happy mark of our liberty. I am indicted by the name of Edmund Burke, &c., of feloniously, treacherously, and maliciously, as not having the fear of God before my eyes, carrying with me to a place called Ballitore, a book, the property of M. Kearney, and of then and there I, the said Edmund Burke, like a false traitor, did lend the said book to one of the servants, to the detriment of said M. Kearney, his master's liege subject, &c. To all which, except the carrying the book to Ballitore, I answer as above. I am really very much surprised that any of your girls should have the confidence to assert such an abominable falsehood of me. The book, if you remember, lay in the room we slept in ; and, if I don't mistake, you read some part of it, as did your sister. But I never looked into it after I left it with you ; much less did I presume to lend it to any one. Pray tell me which of the girls says I did. I told M. Kearney that evening I brought him the book,

to which he answered, "It's very well." However, if it be not found, I am willing to pay for it. I sent the belt to Paddy Byrne per Dick.

Herbert informs me that Booth will give another course of lectures before he leaves town; and if the senses conduce to fix anything in our memory, if they strengthen and clear our ideas, if the conversation of our friends can [make] our studies agreeable, I am persuaded you'll receive the greatest benefit imaginable from his lectures. I dare say the last is one of the motives that will bring you to town, not to say the principal, if I may judge your breast by my own. You don't forget the society we proposed. I hope to see it once more flourish, heightened and adorned by the presence of my friend. We have slept too long; come and rouse us. You see how essential you are to our happiness. Be not then cruel; but since you have raised our hopes to such a degree, do not at once depress them!

The famous Dr. Taylor still continues to lecture on the eye, and has a prodigious number of auditors. Last night he endeavoured to explode the opinions of the most famous among the ancients and moderns concerning the seat of vision, and to set up in their stead a new hypothesis of his own; but what it is he has not as yet declared.

Herbert is angry you don't answer his letters. I believe I shall subscribe to Booth's next course.

Dear Dick, in haste, your sincere friend,

E. BURKE.

LETTER XVI.

Arran Quay, February 1744-5 ; received yours.

I can't say I have much to divert with this day ; my ideas is almost spent with the constant and unthrifty use I make of them ; but perhaps you'll say anything from a friend is welcome, though it were no more than that he is well. Not so neither. I should always give my friends the best in my power, and therefore that I may find something both to divert you and employ myself, I'll cast my eyes back to the time when we could find matter enough for conversation in the enjoyment of one another. I'll revive some of our old discourses, which will recall to our memory the time and place they passed in, and so render 'em more agreeable by the remembrance of the pleasure we then enjoyed. There is implanted in us, doubtless for a good end, an insatiable desire of truth ; we spare no pains in search of it ; and when we have found it, or at least its appearance, we are again as uneasy to communicate the fruit of our labours to others. There is no one more troubled with this failing than myself. It is against my nature to see people in an opinion think without endeavouring to undeceive 'em. I'd willingly win the whole world to my own way of thinking ; a failing it is, yet such a one as with all my efforts I can't get rid of. Let this be a sufficient reason for what I am just going to say.

We have often discoursed concerning that part of the creation called brutes, whom you [do] not allow to have reason. 'Tis true, most people of late are of that opinion, for all the books I have read which touch on the subject are on your side of the question; yet, we are not blindly to follow the common opinion of the world, which is often the most false, as is evident from a thousand examples. How justly do we admire at the credulity and sottishness of mankind, who for many ages, without further examination, swallowed down all the errors and absurdities of Aristotle, and those not the mean and vulgar, but even the greatest and wisest men. I am persuaded that if you throw aside prejudice, the greatest obstacle we meet in search of truth, you will, upon hearing my reasons, incline to think more favourably of your fellow creatures. For I assure you it's no manner of discredit to man's reason for others to share it with him; and lest you should misunderstand me, I don't believe that the souls of brutes are any way equal to that of man, but that their reason is in an inferior or subordinate degree; nor can it ever arrive at the lowest perfection of man's. Neither am I a Pythagorean, to think it a crime to kill and eat animals; no, they are a link in Nature's chain, and as we serve them, so they serve us. I shall begin with endeavouring to answer some objections which I believe will take up all this paper, and reserve the proof to another opportunity, having already almost transgressed the bounds I prescribed myself at first. The first and most common objection is, that those creatures act all after the same

manner in the building of their nests, care of their young, pursuit after their prey, &c., in which they seem to be guided by something greater than reason ; else they would differ according to their different occasions. But this is impertinent, because we build not upon it, but freely own and allow it to be performed by instinct, which is likewise to be found in men. This being quite out of the question, let us tell what is said against one in "Chambers' Dictionary," under the article "Soul." And really I am amazed that men of sense should swallow such miserable reasoning. Now, pray hear it: "As to the souls of brutes, the Cartesians "deny its existence in the sense of the word, stripping "it of all its powers and faculties ; the Peripatetics, on "the contrary, endow it with most of 'em." Now pray attend : "The Cartesians argue that they have no perceptions or notices at all, or that they feel any pain "or pleasure ; and that all they do is by the mechanism "of their parts. The maintainers of the contrary "opinion assert that the appearance of sense, caution, "and love for their young, &c. argue that they have "reason. . . . And it's true that all the actions of "beasts plainly express an understanding ; every thing "that is regular expresses it ; even a machine or watch "expresses it . . . all the motions of plants and "brutes express it But the intelligence does not "reside in the matter thereof ; it is as distinct from the "beast or plant, as that which made the wheels of a "watch is different from the watch itself." Now comes the best part, if you are not already surfeited : "Thus,

“in brutes there is neither understanding or soul ; they
“eat without pleasure, and cry without pain, and grow
“without knowing it; they fear nothing, know nothing;
“and if they act in such manner as shows understand-
“ing, it is because God, to preserve them, has formed
“their bodies to avoid whatever may hurt 'em mechani-
“cally ; otherwise it might be said that the vilest in-
“sect or smallest grain may be said to have more un-
“derstanding than the most knowing man ; for it is
“evident that either of 'em contains more parts and
“produces more regular motions than we are capable of
“understanding. Thus does the great Malebranche
“argue against the souls of brutes.” Really these argu-
ments scarce deserve a confutation, yet you shall see an
attempt towards one in my next. Send me some more
objections.

LETTER XVII.

Arran Quay, March 12th, 1744-5 ; past 5 o'clock.

My last long unanswered.

I can attribute your long silence to nothing but the dislike you have taken to my letters in general, or to my last in particular ; indeed I was afraid to undertake such a subject. I could not, had I my senses about me, but have remembered how disagreeable it was to hear the defence of an opinion you thought so absurd ; and doubtless it was my duty to have submitted to your better judgment, instead of vindicating my errors ; but if we believe the astrophilosophical sons

of Urania, there are times wherein we have not the least command of ourselves, but are entirely at the will and pleasure of the star that then has the ascendant over us—without control its slaves, and susceptible of any impression it is pleased to give us. In that condition I don't in the least question but I was, at the time of my writing the last ill-fated billet. Leo, or some other of the bestial constellations,—highly affronted at the indignity offered them of late, of stripping them of their rationality (a privilege that they have been peaceably in possession [of] time immemorial), having the ascendant over me while I held the pen in my hand, not knowing what to write, they compelled me, sore against my will, to undertake a defence of their prerogative against the most learned and judicious of their enemies ; but with what judgment you may guess. Therefore, considering my case, I hope you will pardon me a fault I committed by compulsion ; and, since I am now free from their malign influence, and have power of acting as I please, I retract all [that] has been said, as I am sensible it offends you, with a faithful promise never to trouble you more with the least mention of so disagreeable a subject.

I am, dear Dick, yours, &c.,

NED BURKE.

I have something to say to you of Dr. Brugh, but I have no time.

LETTER XVIII.

Office ; March 15th, 1744-5, six o'clock.

Received yours both [by] the post just this moment ; no sooner.

As my father and mother are to leave town to-morrow, I believe I shan't have time to answer yours, and therefore, sooner than leave one of your most agreeable favours a moment unanswered, I'll snatch this little opportunity from my business, and have this ready to send by tomorrow's post. I am pleased that you can so readily excuse a fault I was afraid I had committed, and the more, because you encourage me to go on, by promising to give me your objections, and not (as some, perhaps, would have done) pass me by with a malicious sneer on my ignorance. But you don't use me so ; you look on my weakness with moderation, and endeavour to remove it by reason and mildness. You desire me to throw aside prejudice ; I do freely and candidly, and expect the same from you. Let us not think that because an opinion is ours, that therefore we are obliged to defend it against all reason and arguments that can be urged against us. It is no shame to own that we have been in the wrong ; it only shews that we are wiser now than formerly ; whereas, to persist obstinately in an opinion because it is ours betrays that we gain nothing by the length of our lives, or at least that we are unwilling to do it.

You tell me in the first of your favours, that you believe it is the pride of being thought superior to you in understanding inspires me with such a desire of bringing you to my opinion. Perhaps it's true; our passions have springs that we are utterly unacquainted with, and though it might not result from a pride of being thought superior to you (as it did not) it might from the pride of having such a one as you to back my opinion. Do not think that I take at all ill that you advise me for my good; just the contrary, you could not do me a greater pleasure, and I beg you to continue it from time to time as you see convenient. But, not to digress farther upon the subject, I beg you, before we proceed any further, casting aside all partiality, carefully,

1st. To examine the actions of these creatures, as the best rule we have to judge whether they have reason or not.

2nd. To observe what agreement theirs have with those of men, and then to search their causes.

3rd. To compare both; observing this grand maxim, that like effects spring from like causes.

I might here enumerate more methods, but leave it to your better judgment and maturer consideration, only desiring you (contrary to the manner of most disputants) not to be more intent on opposing me than finding out the truth. Therefore, reason with yourself, resolving neither to be guided in it by the general opinion either of the learned or illiterate; for I had much rather you should be brought to my way of thinking by your own reasoning than mine. Goodnight, dear Dick, yours,

E. B.

LETTER XIX.

March 19th, 1744-5; from my study.

Dear Dick's favour of the 17th instant brought me the agreeable news of his father's having hired an assistant, together with the character of said assistant; who, by your account of him, seems to be an agreeable companion, and in my opinion a dangerous one, too, at least to your friends in town; whom probably his alluring stories and gilded lies (as he is a traveller) will make you forget, and entirely take away your desire of visiting the metropolis, to the great loss and grief of us who title ourselves your friends, and promised so much satisfaction to ourselves from your company. But Jove avert the omen!

I am of your mind concerning some of our discourses, whether God can sin; it looks a little presumptuous, but yet is useful, in case a person should be attacked on that side. The syllogism you made, however, is faulty, or is rather a sophism. I will (I beg pardon for my presumption) shew you its faults, because I will, after, make a few observations: "God cannot lie; to lie is to sin; therefore God cannot sin." The sophistry is apparent; for lying is not every sin, though all lies may be sins; and though a man may be a murderer, yet it does not follow that he's a thief; or that because he's no

thief, that therefore he's no murderer. The next piece of sophistry in it is a quibble on the word sin ; for in your minor proposition it's taken particularly, and in the conclusion universally ; *i. e.* its extension in that one is restrained by the particular lie, and in the other is quite undetermined. Neither is the conclusion the effect of the premises, which is necessary to the syllogism's being good. Pardon me, dear Dick, for accusing you of sophistry. We must bear with one another when we tell our errors ; but perhaps you only made it to try me. Did you ?

There is nothing a man abhors more than being deceived ; and really nothing often may do him more prejudice, and therefore nothing he should endeavour more to avoid. What multitudes of things conspire to deceive and blindfold a person in the pursuit of truth ! He imbibes prejudice with his milk ; those he converses with impose on him ; his parents, and the very books he reads (which should be the repository of truth and reason when banished from the rest of the world !) all join to hoodwink his reason, and make him see with eyes not his own ; but, above all, himself. He has in that respect no greater enemy than his own person. How fond are we of our own opinions, of our own reasonings, purely because they are ours, the product, the children of our own brain ! How often do we invent false reasoning and arguments to uphold 'em ! and who to deceive but ourselves ? I think it's like the story of the miser, who is reported to have robbed himself when he could not do so to any one else. You

would hardly believe this, had you not experienced it yourself ; just so it will be with me in our controversy, for if I should happen to fall into any fallacies, I will deceive myself as well as you. Conscious of the goodness of my cause I long the trial should come on, and desire you to prepare your evidences, and let it begin either next post or the one after. How does my father and mother ? When did they [see] you ? Your sincere friend,

NED BURKE.

LETTER XX.

Dublin, July 4th, 1745 ; from my own bureau.

B. to S.

Dear Dick,

Your neglecting to answer our last letter has very much surprized the whole club, but as we are fully assured that you are incapable of forgetting your friends, we impute your silence to some laudable study that's too precious to be laid aside for answering our nonsense, which, like a noisy intruder, breaks in upon the charming retirement which seems to take up so much of your thoughts, and which you have so finely described in a former favour. If that be the case, had I more than Captain Brazen's confidence (which you will allow is pretty sufficient for one) I could not presume to disturb you now ; but come, frankly and "ingeniously," as a certain author has it, confess that you have still some hankering, some desire for this smoky town. If not, I

am sure you are as great a convert as ever I knew. True, indeed, I never knew an admirer of the town as you have formerly been, express himself in such raptures on purling streams, shady groves, and mossy banks ; so that I am apt to suspect your last visit to this city has given you at once a surfeit of the town, and a true relish for your rural pleasures. But where am I running from the matter in hand ? In short,—we are a little angry, and take this as a reprimand, that we may have no more occasion to accuse you.

Another reason for troubling you with this (without the rest of the club) is a report that John Dillon was lately killed in a duel by Maurice Keatinge, jun., and that the provocation was given by Mr. Dillon, who would not be reconciled, though Mr. Keatinge endeavoured all that in him lay to pacify him, representing to him his having a wife and children, which himself had not, and the value which he himself and father had for him. Yet, nothing but by a bullet to be sent out of the world would satisfy the other, which Mr. Keatinge very obligingly gave him. But as such stories are usually told to the disadvantage of the slain, I wait to hear the account with all its circumstances from you.

My third, last, and principal reason is to let you know that your advice was taken, and has succeeded in effects as you foretold ; for this day judgments were given out for last examinations, and I have got the premium in my division ; and perhaps would have answered better than I did, had we not had Wilder for our examiner. Please to acquaint your father with this, for I

am persuaded that [as] my improvement while under his care gave him pleasure, it will continue to do so though I am not immediately so at present, and that this account won't be disagreeable. I'll either choose the Modern History, or the Spectator and Rollin. What do you think ?

Bosswell has got the fellowship ; and since there is in effect a fellowship vacant, for a living worth £670 per annum in the college gift has lately fallen, so that your friend Maguire may go in again. This living is worth the acceptance of a senior fellow, so that I'm afraid Pelissier will resign.

Jack Bayly t'other day desired me to ask your lowest price for a couple of boys that he says are intended for your school. I told him twenty-four pounds a year, two guineas entrance, and a couple o' pieces of plate ; but he was not satisfied with that, but desired me to desire you to desire Mr. Shackleton to acquaint me with your price. The boys' name is Ways, and believe me to be every *way* and *always* your friend,

E. BURKE.

Remember my love to Dick, and tell [him] I'll write to him next post.

LETTER XXI.

Balliduffe, August 16th, 1745.

Dear Dick,

I never had the name of a very punctual performer of my promises (to my shame I say it), but now I shall be quite outlawed. "The very next post without any restriction" was the word, but I believe I have mist a good many, and if I may be allowed to make any excuse I could tell you in my own defence, that since I left you I had not time sufficient to write one line. This may seem a paradox to you, but when I explain myself I am persuaded you will not only believe what I say, but pardon me for my seeming forgetfulness. First, then, I did not come into this country nearly so soon as I expected, but was delayed by the gentleman who travelled with us, who was sickly; and after I arrived, the races of Mallow took up three days of my time. After this the assizes of Cork, during which I had scarce a moment's time on my hands, called me from performing my [promise] to you in due time. But why do I trouble myself with making trifling excuses, when I can't even now perform my promise, as it is just now supper-time, and the boy who is to carry this to the post is teasing me to give it him. I therefore send you this as an excuse, that I may use no preamble to what I will write next post, without fail. Yours,

E. BURKE.

LETTER XXII.

Dublin, October 16th, 1745.

The hurry I have been in since I came to town from Ballitore prevented my performing the promise I made of writing to you at my arrival, and though I am sensible that this is not the first excuse of the kind I have made, yet as it is the most comprehensive one I could think of, I hope you will accept of it, and impute it not to my neglect, &c.

Your letter I delivered to Sisson, with whom I have not often been since I had the pleasure of seeing you. He seemed very well inclined to begin a correspondence with you, and told me that he was thinking to write before he saw your favour, which he promised to answer per the next post ; so the Triumvirate is again complete, and the place vacant by the departure of our friend Herbert is filled up by a successor, who, I hope, will make us some amends for all the good qualities we lost in our departed friend. Indeed in Herbert we have lost everything that could make a person agreeable, for besides a sprightly wit of which he was master, he had a particular evenness of temper which made him appear constantly the same, and hindered us from those disgusts that a thorough knowledge of those we have a regard for, without it, gives us. But we have lost him, and must endeavour to fill the chasm with new acquaintance,

new friendships. This is the way of the world, and valuable a treasure as a friend is, none is so soon forgotten; none, at least in experience, so easily made up for,

ὡς φύλλων γενέη, ταίηδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν.

Session continues still a little melancholy, as I told you; I dare-say you'll find a spice of it in his letters. I am going to excuse myself for leaving off so soon, and believe me I say the truth when I tell you that downright necessity makes me. I conclude hastily, your friend,

E. BURKE.

Your last frank did not pass.

LETTER XXIII.

November 2nd, 1745.

I am at a very great loss to account for your long continued silence. I did not think my dear Dick would so soon forget his friend, in whose company and whose correspondence he used to express some pleasure in those happier times. Sickness could not have been the occasion; I should have heard that from my brother; what then should be the occasion? I believe I have discovered it at length: palled with the long and insipid converse of a person with all whose inmost thoughts you are acquainted, the depth of whose notions you have tried, the fund of whose knowledge you have exhausted, with whom, had you corresponded any longer, you must have heard nothing but tedious repetitions of

the same threadbare stuff which has exercised your patience so often before ; you have resolved to make yourself amends by entering into a correspondence with some one who will have something new to divert you, something solid to improve you ; in whom at once you may find an agreeable friend and wise instructor. And I believe you are not deceived in the person you have pitched on ; you have had a part of his character from me before, and I have not the vanity to suppose myself any way his equal. Far from condemning your conduct in this point, I highly applaud it, and am glad you had resolution enough to shake off a troublesome correspondent, who might have been some obstacle to your converse with a person in whom I am sure you will find all you have mist in me. As for myself, I have not the confidence to expect you will often write to me. All I shall desire will be a line once in the twelve months, perhaps ; to let me see that though I am unworthy your correspondence, that I still retain a place in your friendship. This shall be enough for me, who am still your friend,

E. BURKE.

LETTER XXIV.

Arran Quay, November 12th, 1745.

Silent, solitary, and pensive, I sit down to answer your letter, and though I am not so much master of my temper as to say I shall be quite cheerful, yet I hope the remembrance of the many gay though innocent

hours passed together which the present occasion recalls, will inspire me with sentiments proper to keep me from being dull or tedious to you.

I am not at all surprized at what you tell me of ———. I always thought his character bore a near resemblance of Tigellius, which Horace so finely and harmoniously describes in his third Satire. Inconstancy seems the basis of it; as it gives rise to a great showing friendship, so is it the cause of their dissolution. In vain do we complain of ill-offices, neglects, and jealousies; whom we love for novelty, use will make us hate, and then excuses will easily be found. The very actions which were at first so very delightful will now perhaps be the very cause of the misunderstanding. In vain do we endeavour to keep up such a friendship; all the endeavours or good sense in our power will only serve to heighten our dislike. This is the case, I believe, of your cast off friends. You are yourself (pardon the freedom of a friend) a little touched with this foible, as I have experienced, but is ——— nothing else? What variety of characters have I known in him when we were school-fellows! Tired of being diligent and sober long, with the least provocation he fell into odd courses, from which a little indulgence reclaimed him, till he thought proper again to change. He was, in short,

“ Every thing by fits, and nothing long,”

when he left school, at a time when the little follies which show themselves there, if not worn out by good sense, influence our conduct, and frequently much to

our disadvantage. The same inconstancy showed itself at the university. The letter he wrote your father was very inconsistent with the accounts you had afterwards of him. When he had some years applied himself with a great expense to such studies as qualify a man for a physician, he suddenly changes his mind and prepares for the army; and ten to one but he may turn himself another way yet. Thus far I have, I believe, accounted for your falling out with your friends. But as I have said something concerning friendship, and given one of the causes of it, perhaps I may sometime else say something more of it, for I have not time now. Pray, if you have any hints on that, or any other head, let me be favoured with them in your next. You remember the preliminaries. Pray let me have a place in your affection; you never are out of mine.

EDMUND BURKE.

L E T T E R X X V .

Dublin, December 7th, 1745. *Dr. H.*

It would have given me the greatest concern to have been deprived of the pleasure I flattered myself I should enjoy in your company, were it not allayed by this reflection, that I should only see you constantly in the great grief you gave me a specimen of, and which it is not in my power to dispel. And, to tell you frankly my mind, much as I value that happiness, I confess I would not buy it at so dear a rate. I would much rather not

see you at all than with a disturbed mind. I am surprised at the malice of your enemies, which how you have made I confess I cannot understand. You must be strangely altered, sure. But there are those who do mischief for mischief's sake, and are directly the reverse of those to whose honour it is said, that they love virtue purely for her beauty: these love malice for its deformity. Nor has this ill-will ended in abusing you to your face; there are some things reported here not much to your advantage, did I say—not to your advantage? They are really so full of malice and folly, as no one that has the least acquaintance with you can give any sort of credit to them. Why may I not be a partaker of your sorrows? I am sure if you had any secrets they are with none safer. I am very desirous of knowing a full account of your troubles,—how they began and how they ended. This will be a satisfaction to me, and perhaps an ease to yourself. The accounts you gave me in town were very short and unsatisfactory, and really I did not believe you would leave us so soon. How did you rid yourself of your enemies? How does your father take all this? I am afraid, but indifferently. I believe the way you fell into those troubles was by making too free with such as Pope describes—“the politic and wise:”—

“ Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
“ Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.”

E. BURKE.

LETTER XXVI.

Dublin, December 28th, 1745.

If to sympathise with you in all your afflictions, and to bear a friendly part in your sorrows could in any measure alleviate 'em, I believe I must claim the merit of being no indifferent comforter ; but alas ! we every day feel how little that avails, and how much greater we will find the number of those that will insult us in our miseries than those will pity us. I know how ill qualified I am for a comforter, and how disagreeable and unnecessary an office it is in itself ; therefore I will say nothing on that head, nor will I send you to books, or the sayings of philosophers. A mind at ease may improve by them, and Seneca will infinitely please in speculation ; but experience will inform you better than I, that in time of affliction they are but sorry comforters. The tide of passion is not to be stopped by such feeble dams ; even the thoughts of reasoning with it adds new flame to the fires, and gives an additional vexation. 'Tis because most of these books are written in a reasoning and expostulatory manner, and sorrow is a passion and a strong one, and must not immediately be opposed by a direct contrary, which is reason, the product of a calm and undisturbed mind. Indulge your grief ; I am sure you have great occasion ; the malice of your enemies has set every engine at work to torment you ; and no one can so well see the effects they have worked as

yourself, for you alone have felt 'em. But at the same time, believe me, their power is not inexhaustible ; the storm has been at the highest, and must soon end ; the time is come, or is at hand, when all will be over, and your former peace be restored as fully, or more so, than ever. When small misfortunes afflict us, or when we receive them with intermission, it is impossible to judge when they will end ; but when they fall upon your head at once, and that in the strongest manner, and when there is nothing left to complete your misery, cheer up your heart, hope the best, for then it will surely end happily. There was a great man highly favoured by his prince, and possessed of all that is usually thought to constitute the happiness of a man ; but as all human affairs are full of instability, his enemies plotted against him, and made him suspected by the king as one who had bad designs against his person. By degrees he lost favour, and fell step by step from his grandeur. At last his enemies prevailed so far as to have him entirely disgraced, his estate confiscated, and himself cast into a loathsome dungeon, destitute of food and raiment other than the prison commons, bread and water. In this dismal condition he was informed his death was decreed ; and while he lay under sentence, the keeper took compassion on him, and brought him a vessel of some food he was very fond of. As it lay by him while he prepared to eat, a rat ran by and fell into the victuals, a creature to which he had a violent antipathy. Immediately he wiped his eyes—both before in tears for his misfortunes—and cast away all sorrow.

“Now,” says he, “my misfortunes are completed, now they end !” Next day the king sent for him, convinced of his innocence, restored him into favour, and punished his accusers.

LETTER XXVII.

Dublin, January 16th, 1746.

Dear Dick,

I am greatly afraid that my prediction has proved false. Indeed I shall never trust again to any general observations if it has ; since I am taught by your example, after having given you so much time to recover, that your troubles shall still torment you. Are you really still in sorrow ? Pray answer ; pray keep me not any longer in this perplexing uncertainty. What misfortune can be so strong, so lasting, to make such an impression on you ? It may be some consolation to you to impart them and their causes to a friend who, though he could not remove, might partake them—

“ Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.”

Would you take a sincere advice ? Pray indulge yourself in a little gaiety. I am afraid that by reflecting on your crosses other melancholy thoughts have come on you, and those have introduced others, and have thus, beyond measure, lengthened out your sorrows. The mind, as the Spectator excellently observes, communicates a tincture of its present disposition to everything it con-

verses with, as a man in the yellow jaundice fancies everything is yellow. Thus, when melancholy overspreads the mind, we place everything in a disagreeable view, and indeed to consider and reflect on things, it needs not that cast to make them appear disagreeable. Pascal tells us that nothing engages men to apply to business or diversion, but to drown thought, to hinder us from sinking into ourselves, and seeing in what an unhappy and foolish condition we really are. Would it be amiss to use this remedy to dispel a little of that gloominess that clouds you, and, secured by a good conscience, say with the poet,

“tristitiam et metus
 “Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
 “Portare ventis.”

The cure is pleasant, and I am sure unexceptionable. As I hope the storm is now pretty well o'erblown, I wish you would in your answer give me a full account of the rise and progress of your troubles, as there is no one wishes them a conclusion more than your most sincere friend,

E. B.

If the News is any amusement to you, you shall have one every Thursday if the packet comes in.

LETTER XXVIII.

My father's office ; Thursday, 31st January, 1746.

Half an hour after 12.

Dear Dick,

I expected to have had the pleasure of a line or two from you in answer to mine of the great flood,* but we who live in such a changeable climate must not be surprized to meet frequent disappointments. Perhaps the change of the weather has likewise changed my friend, who, I hope, is no barometer. Oh ! I recant ; I forgot that I am very much to be blamed on that score myself ; but let my friend excuse the little sally of my passion, which I assure you was grounded on my affection for you. We have a charming fine day here (I hope you are blessed with the same) in recompence of all the bad we were troubled with for some time past, which did inconceivable damage to those who had any goods in their cellars. As for us, we have received little or no damage, for as the water soon invaded us, it as soon left us. But it is melancholy to see the poor people of the other parts of the town emptying their cellars—a labour not unlike that of some, I don't know who, in hell ; for as fast as they teem out the water, so fast does it, through some subterraneous channels, return again.

* A letter dated the 25th January, 1746, which has been published in "Burke's Correspondence," edited by Earl Fitzwilliam.

You have doubtless heard of Doctor Taylor, the famous oculist, who gives lectures on the eye. I have one of his tickets, and was at his lecture. Would you have my opinion of him? I think he is an arrant quack; he is like a posture master in the pulpit whereon he stands, and I often lamented he had not the cups and balls; his fingers were so nimble, I believe he would have done feats. In short, his lecture was more diverting than improving; yet he has performed some cures, so that his practice is in my opinion contrary to his words. I have a ticket to attend Dr. Baylie's lectures on the Civil Law. Take this in good part; let it put you in a good humour; and let it, for my sake, excuse any poor wretches for this whole day. Yours eternally,

ED. BURKE.

LETTER XXIX.

Dublin, February 15th, 1746.

I received your favour, which I am much concerned to find in the usual strain. Alas! how are our letters changed of late, and instead of jests, merriment, and congratulations, now they are filled with nothing but the narration of misfortunes and condolences for them. Not that I am a bit displeas'd at your manner of writing; I only lament the cause of it. The style of the heart, though ever so melancholy, is more agreeable to me than a forced calmness, which only serves to aggravate your own affliction, and keep me in ignorance of it.

Indulge, then, your sorrows, I beg you, in what you write to me ; but pardon me if I am so curious and impertinent as not to be satisfied with what you have already acquainted me. I cannot thoroughly sympathize with you, I cannot make your case my own till I am informed of its cause ; and though the whole narrative may be too long for the compass of a letter, I beg you'll abridge it, omitting no material circumstance in your next. Conceal not the villain's name who is the cause of your afflictions, that I may always hate the idea of the wretch who dares betray the secrets of his friend. Is it —— ? Is it —— ? Who is it ? Fear not to write the whole, for no one sees your letters but I. But let us wave this.

I was told the other day by Rhames that our old friend Herbert was taken by the French ; I was informed since that he was re-taken and brought into Portsmouth. I sometimes see Sisson. I told him that some misfortunes had befallen you, without mentioning what they were. He seemed much concerned, and always speaks of you with the greatest affection. I believe he's good natured ; if so, you have a friend more than you expected. There is no evil, I believe, but carries some good along with it, and if you make a proper use of the present, though it does no more, it will give you a little experience, and teach you more caution and reserve in trusting your acquaintance. We live in a world where every one is on the catch, and the only way to be safe is to be silent ; silent in any affair of consequence ; and I think it is not a bad rule for every

man to keep with him what he thinks of others, of himself, and of his own affairs. I wish the next account I hear from you may be a good one. No one more sincerely wishes it than he whom you may believe your friend,

E. B.

My love to brother ; I hope he's a good boy ; my respects to your father and mother.

LETTER XXX.

Cook's Hill, February 16th, 1746.

Past four ; fine evening. Received yours.

Dear Dick,

I was informed you were to come to town, and I was desired to make diligent inquiry for an usher, which I have since done, but I cannot find any who would engage for the wages the master usually gives ; so I have been to wait on Michael Kearney. I gave him your best respects, and told him you were to come soon to town ; he answered that he would be very glad to see you, and desired me to return you the same compliments. Come then, my friend, my genius ; come along, let us once more see you ; dispel our fears. Let us have certainty instead of hope. Come, banish the night, and bring on the day ! Oh, my friend, then I shall be completely happy. Then (swift glide the hours and bring on the glorious day !) shall we as formerly discuss together the difficulties of our studies ; then—but oh ! how unable am I to express my sentiments to

you on that head, nor if I was, would these babes about me suffer me; let it be sufficient to say that my dear Dick is well acquainted, if possible, with the joy such an event gives me. Let me hear from you on Monday in the meantime. Forgive this rascally letter, for it is not possible for me to write a better.

LETTER XXXI.

February 21st, 1746.

Dear Dick,

Your letters gave me abundance of pleasure, for besides the ordinary one of hearing from you, I had the additional satisfaction of having a very great uneasiness removed which your long silence, for which I could give no reason, caused in me. During that horrid interval you can hardly think how many melancholy suspicions I had. One while I thought you sick; then dead; then that the same had befallen my brother. At last I knew not what to think. But, thank God, your letter has at last dissipated all these gloomy clouds. Your poem I think an excellent one, and much better since the last correction. In short, it shows itself to be true gold; every time it goes into the fire it comes out brighter, but not better; it had all the intrinsic value before; the fire but removes the dross and makes it display itself. I send it, if I can get a frank, to-night. As for my own scheme, it is going on, *bonis ominibus*, but slowly as yet. I seldom write half an hour in ten days.

I shall now give you some news, but not as news, for I fancy you heard it before. I mean the grand theatrical squabble between Mr. Kelly, gentleman, and Sheridan the player, which has divided the town into two parties as violent as Whig and Tory ; and because the scholars of our university have engaged themselves on Sheridan's side, possibly some reports may have been spread as far as you, to our disadvantage. To prevent them from having any influence on you, I shall relate the affair as impartially as I can, and with the utmost regard to truth. First, then, you must know that some time ago there was a play performed here which greatly pleased the town, called "Æsop." During the performance Mr. Kelly comes in flushed with liquor, and going into the green-room where the players dress, grossly insulted the actresses. This was represented to Sheridan, who is manager of the theatre, upon which he ordered Kelly out of the house ; who, enraged at this, goes into the pit, and as soon as Sheridan came on the stage, pelted him with oranges, &c., and called him a thousand ill names, bidding him go off the stage, and quite interrupting the performance. At length Sheridan advances to the front of the stage, and tells him that unless some gentleman takes care of him, he would be obliged to turn him out of the house. Ten times more enraged at this, he goes after the act to Sheridan's room, and insults him again. Sheridan represented calmly to him his abuse of the female players and of himself ; and he, persisting in his ill-language, Sheridan gave him a good flogging, which he bore with christian patience. Not, however, without

vowing revenge, which he perfected the next night by bringing such a party as hindered Sheridan from playing, broke open all the doors, and would very probably have killed him had he not escaped. These doings made him shut up the play-house and indict Kelly, who also indicted him. During this time thousands of "States of Cases," answers, replies, &c, flew about from both parties, and a great deal of dispute concerning the word "gentleman," for it seems Sheridan had said he was as good a gentleman as Kelly, or, as others will have it, as any in the house. This gained Kelly a great party, who called their cause the gentleman's quarrel, taking it extremely ill that a gentleman should be struck by a player, and insisted that Sheridan should never play till he had publicly asked Kelly's pardon. The scholars, who had till now stood neuter, seeing how ill one who had been of their body was treated, and the town deprived of their diversion by a private pique, took the affair on themselves, and encouraged Sheridan to open the theatre again, which he did, and acted "Richard the Third," where a numerous body of the scholars appeared to keep the peace. At the beginning the party began to be riotous, but by menaces they were kept quiet, and one or two of the principal turned out. Thus the play went on regularly, to the satisfaction of the audience. Next night was to be acted "The Fair Penitent," for the benefit of the Hospital of Incurables. The scholars were persuaded that common humanity, on account of the charitable design of the play, would keep the faction quiet, so not above seven

or eight went there that night. But they were mistaken ; no ties of honour or religion could bind 'em ; they raised another tumult, called for Sheridan to wreak their vengeance on him, and drove the actors off the stage. Not content with this, some of them abused the few scholars that were there, pelted them with oranges, declared there were no gentlemen among them, but that they were all a pack of scoundrels. The scholars being inflamed of this, early next morning searched the whole town for Mr. Martin, the principal offender, and not finding him returned to the College, when about 10 [o'clock] they were informed where he lay. At that time I came to the College and joined the rest. They immediately went for him, and found him in bed ; then made him rise and brought him to the College, when, after making him sensible of his crime, he kneeled down in a large circle of us, owned his fault, and begged pardon. Then we agreed to seize Captain Fitzgerald, and went to the number of about one hundred, well armed, to Capel-street where he lived, and as they opened not the door, went in at the window, and brought out Mr. Fitzgerald, whom they put into a coach with John Brown, Esq., of the Neale, and two scholars well armed, and conveyed the coach under a strong guard of us to the College, where he was obliged to make a submission. Kelly, then, to avoid ill-usage, came off himself and did the same. That evening came a letter from the Lord Justices, desiring in a very polite manner we should not go out in large bodies, and that they would look into the affair, and give us due satisfac-

tion. In the meantime, those abovementioned gentlemen, notwithstanding their promise of better behaviour, threatened the lives of the scholars when they met any of 'em alone, and hired ruffians to assault them at night. The scholars, incensed at this, once more were resolved to punish 'em ; but the Provost, to avoid bloodshed, ordered that none of the scholars should be suffered out, and in the meantime sent those whose lives were threatened to my Lord Chief Justice, who sent a tip-staff for Martin—so that affair ended. Kelly's and Sheridan's trial came on a Thursday, in which Sheridan was honourably acquitted, and Kelly found guilty, and fined this day £500, a month's close imprisonment, and to give security for his behaviour for seven years. So ended that affair, in which justice took place. Farewell ; your franks don't pass. Yours,

EDMUND BURKE.

LETTER XXXII.

March, 1746.

Young Phaeton, as poets tell us,
 Fell in with some hot-headed fellows ;
 Where, boasting Phœbus was his sire,
 The board immediate smoke the liar.
 Expel him their society,
 Until he proved his pedigree.
*Stung thus to see his grandeur sunk,
 And forced to own his birthright stunk,
 Home to his mother goes the squire,
 With downcast eyes and all on fire.*

She asks what means that thoughtful brow
 Which he had never worn till now :
 For study never broke his prime ;
 With horse and hound he spent his time.*

I assure you, my dear friend, I find an infinite deal of difficulty in making verses to supply those of yours which must be left out, with any spirit; for where the subject is not our own, and we are not warmed with the chain of thought, it is exceedingly hard to make new, and, as if it were, interlining verses; and I believe you will find it so when you make lines for those you have here. I know they are extremely bad, but they shew you the correction that I think should be made. Don't scruple altering 'em out of any compliment to me, for by it you will hurt yourself and disoblige me. But you must be speedy, and make a last copy, which send by all means by Sunday's post, for they must appear before the Pretender grows stale, or they won't do so well. Let this consideration induce you to pay me no compliment, but make your poem as good as you can, and as soon; for were we to trifle the time away, we would be too late. As for the rest of the poem I think it is extremely good—except this line,

“ The car he mounts with glad surprize.”

“ Glad surprize ” seems a little unintelligible. I wish

* These verses are the commencement of some rhymes submitted by Shackleton to the criticism of Burke, who suggests the lines printed in *Italic* in place of others which he thinks inappropriate.

you'd mend it, for I protest, after turning it twenty ways, I can do nothing I liked so well as the original. The the pun of Skye, though a pun and a false one, will do very well ; for the precise place is not requisite, and because among those I have shewn it to, it has met many admirers.

Farewell. I expect to hear from you impatiently, for, the very post after I receive yours, Phaeton mounts the chariot. I am, dear Dick, your affectionate friend,

EDMUND BURKE.

LETTER XXXIII.

March 12th, 1746.

Shall I never hear from you ? or are you resolved that we never shall correspond on equal terms, but one or other must flag ? For no sooner had I repented of my negligence, and began to make some amends for it by a long letter, than a tedious and painful silence on your side ensued. This conduct makes me imagine our correspondence very much resembles a club law, where, as long as one party runs, the other most swiftly and courageously pursues ; but no sooner do they face about, and begin a vigorous defence, but the pursuers in their turn take to their heels, and so on to the end of the chapter. If it continues as it has hitherto done, I think I shall always fly, and then I shall have the pleasure of receiving all your letters without giving you any interruption by mine ; for I receive such a pleasure from your letters as I would from the company of some great

man, whom I could always hear without desiring to have any part of the conversation myself. This, I grant you, is not like myself, but you know I always distinguish between a man's talkative and *writative* character. Seriously, if you knew how much trouble your silence gives me, after a long letter from me you would never disappoint me. When I write but a little to you, then, as a punishment, you may defer answering me a post or two ; but after a great deal 'tis quite unpardonable in you. 'Tis, upon my word ! Make me proper amends in a sheet close wrote as this ; for, let me tell you, though you generally send me paper enough, you seldom fill it. Can you believe that your letters can ever be too long, or that I ever can think anything tedious that comes from you ? Say something to me. Let me, if you have any troubles, lessen 'em by bearing my part ; or if anything is extraordinary agreeable to you, sure you won't be so ungenerous as to deprive me of so much pleasure as I shall have in hearing it. Do you study and improve in learning ?—it will be a good example to me. Do you give your mind and time wholly to your boys ?—I shall rejoice at their happiness, and particularly at my brother's. Or if you entirely devote yourself to rural sports, I joy in the stock of health you are laying up. Tell me everything, so that I may say of you, *absens, presens ut fies*, whether thou choose

“ Cervantes' serious air,

“ Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair ;”

whether you write sonnets to Armida, or lash your enemies with Hudibrasticks. Now I touch on this string,

as a madman, when you happen to hit the cause of his distraction, can talk of nothing else. Tell me have you any work in hand, what it is, and how far it has proceeded. Prepare something to succeed Phaeton, which will come into the world more opportunely. Brennan has finished his comedy; when printed, you shall judge of it. I believe it will soon come on the stage. He has lately published a thing called Fleckno's Ghost. Another of my acquaintance, one Dennis, has published a paper on this occasion also, called "Brutus's Letter to the Town"—a good thing, I think; and on what occasion wrote you shall hear soon. Adieu, dear Dick. Remember me.

LETTER XXXIV.

March, 1746.

Dear Dick,

I received both your epistles, which, though of very different natures, were equally welcome to me, because one reminded me of my faults (a friendly office), and the other healed all my rancour by a seasonable and well-timed praise, for which (to speak the truth) I very much longed.* 'Tis a great deal for a poet to receive applause for his work when finished, but to receive it before, is more than he possibly could expect; and, as unexpected, must be the more agreeable. It gives him a kind of foretaste of what he is to receive here-

* Here the writer alludes to a letter and poem, Feb. 3, 1746, printed in Earl Fitzwilliam's collection.

after, and inspires him with courage to proceed. It is (if I may use such a comparison) as when a saint, to encourage him under his afflictions, gets a transient view of heaven. Slight as it is, he sees that all human sufferings are but trivial to attain such an enjoyment, and he cheerfully finishes his course. I confess you had good reason to assure me you had not taken a glass when you wrote your last ; for, upon the first reading of your most sublime and oriental period, I immediately concluded you intended it as a jest on me, or was the effects of a certain fluid. From the first opinion you will scarcely batter me ; the whole has something of burlesque on me ; but if I am mistaken, and must answer seriously what you wrote, let me assure you my vein (such as it is) will never be esteemed by me so great an honour or happiness, as that I had so deserving and so ingenious a friend,—one who can perform so well himself, and (I know) so well [able] to judge of the performance of others ; and my highest ambition [is] that the world should know it ; or if any of my writings can conduce to that end, or to one I have more at heart, that is, to please you, they shall never be wanting *dum cœptis adspirat Apollo*.

We have early commenced our friendship, and I am confident will end it late ; very late, I hope. All I desire is that we may continue as we are, and that you will love me while you live as well as you do now, and as I do you. If so, I am absolutely contented it should be no greater, for then it would be violent, and you know how likely to last things violent are ; nor think

me the less sincere because I scribble, nor believe what that rogue Pope says,

“ Each bad author is as bad a friend.”

I continue scribbling that thing, the specimen of which you say pleases you so much. If so, I have some hopes, for in my opinion that is far from being the most shining part of it, and indeed 'twould be sad if the invocation should be the best part of the poem ; but such as it is, when finished, you shall have it. I am sorry it is of such a nature that it will by no means admit of what you desire, and this is what I shall always think a very great defect in it. I had once a thought of printing it, but I have entirely dropt all thoughts of that ; for even supposing it good, there are so many discouragements in this town to a man's turning author, that 'twould be almost madness to do it. To mention no more, 'tis ten to one (good or bad, the same) whether you shall be read by ten in the city. The people here are the very reverse of the description St. Paul gives of the Athenians, that their whole business is to hear or relate something new. They have no sort of curiosity that way, further than party leads them ; and no wonder, for books either in prose or verse seldom enter the conversation of even people of fortune and those who have leisure enough ; so that an author's first cries cannot be heard, but he is stifled in his birth. And what can be the cause of this ? I'll tell you—the only passion which actuates the people high and low are these two—avarice, and an abandoned love of sensual pleasure. Wherever

these entirely take possession, they entirely exclude everything else great and laudable, and bury them in a lethargy to whatever pleasures are above their own sordid level. I wish your poem may fall into better hands, as it deserves to do, and indeed it has taken its flight in a happier clime; if so, you need not desire to be taken notice of by me. You yourself will sufficiently shew your own merit; or will you have it, as I have elsewhere expressed it,

“As merit which can ne'er be long concealed
By it's own lustre always is revealed.”

As to the part of your poem that was criticized I find no fault in't. You soon shall have Blackball and Longinus. I wish we could read him together. Write no more to Edmund Burke, Esq., but to your humble servant and friend,

EDMUND BURKE.

Longer letters; as long as this at least.

LETTER XXXV.

May [I don't know what day], 1746.

In the last I received from you, you complain of my neglecting to continue our correspondence, and I have now a thousand times more reason to reproach you with the same fault. I answered your favour, and apologized for my neglect in the best manner I could and in as fair a hand. All this I thought was sufficient

to induce you to forgive me, and favour me with your thoughts as usual; but I see you think me unworthy your notice. I am sorry for it—but, to be serious, I can't conceive what can be the reason that our correspondence is become so slack of late. If our friendship was to be judged by it, I believe very few would have any great opinion of it. I answer for myself, there is not the least decay of it on my side; absence and time only rivet my affections more strongly. I could wish to see things established on their former foundations; I shall not be backward in performing my part towards it, if I have done nothing to make you averse to it. My father has put Dick to school in town; you will send his trunk and whatever things he had to town; he tells me Houlden has the key and some of his books. Desire him to put them into the trunk, and send the key. I saw this day your aunt and sister for the first time, though I hear they have been sometime in town. I hear, too, that the master has been in town, but has not been so good as to call to see us. My father is very angry with him for it. I am very *je-ne-sais-quoi-ish* to day—probably staying within all this fine day. If I am dull or too sententious, attribute it to that. You will wonder when I tell you I have not left off poetical scribbling yet. I have done the other day the latter part of the second Georgick, *O fortunatus*, &c. into English. It was always a favourite part with me. Maybe I'll send you it some other time. This is very badly wrote; but for love of truth I would have excused myself by haste, and made my apology accordingly. I

shall, however, mend as I hear from you. But, by-the bye, I am in a little haste, as examination for scholarships come on next Thursday. All this is but trifling, I know. However, as they come from a friend and go to a friend they are excusable. I am, with all sincerity, yours unalterably,

E. B.

LETTER XXXVI.

Dublin, May, 1746.

Dear Dick,

Your long silence gives me the greatest concern, as I can attribute it to but one of these two accidents, either of which would give me a very sensible affliction, namely, that you are sick or have forgot me. If the former, I heartily wish for your recovery and forgive your silence, but methinks you might have employed some friend to give me an account of it; if the latter, which I can hardly believe, notwithstanding appearances, I must acquiesce and trouble you no more. If it be not so, you will, I hope, satisfy me by writing the day you receive this third letter from me since I was favoured with the like from you. There is another possible case which I have not mentioned, that is, you might not have got 'em. If so, the contents of the last were to the best of my knowledge partly the same with this, and partly to desire you to send my brother's books, as my father sends him here to school. Let me

know in your answer whether your father would have a bank note sent him by post in payment of Dick's bill, or whether he would appoint any one here to receive the money, as my father did not see your aunt while in town.

I answered the examinations for scholarships ; whether I shall get any thing or not, I can't say yet. Fellowships are over too. Mr. Leland gets one, and I believe Stokes and Hasting get the other two vacant. All answered exceedingly well.

Pray answer this ; for till we renew our correspondence on its former footing, I have not spirits to write any thing. I am your almost forgotten, though sincere friend,

E. B.

LETTER XXXVII.

Dublin, June 1st, 1746.

Dear Dick,

I should not have delayed one post to answer your most agreeable and long expected favour, had not the scholarship (as I believe the News informed I was elected) I got taken up my whole attention those few days past ; for what with bargaining for a room in the College, and doubts whether I should accept the scholarship, and buying another sort of gown, I have had very little spare time. If I had, you may be sure I should have dedicated it to our friendship. You may perhaps be curious to know what advantages we have by a

scholarship. We have our commons for nothing, fifty shillings a year in the cellar, are members and freemen of the University, and have a vote for a member of parliament ; the ground rent of our chamber ; our decrements between three and four pounds per annum forgiven ; and when we take our degree, have a good chance of £15 per annum more. The manner of making and swearing a scholar you may see in the University Statutes, which you have. We were examined for two days in all the Roman and Greek authors of note. Dr. Foster, who examined me [in] Catiline's speech in Sallust, seemed very well pleased at my answering, and asked me from whose school I came (a question I did not hear asked besides), and I told him.

I come now to your question about Dick ; and here, laying my hand to my breast, I declare without circumlocution, most sincerely, that there was no sort of fault found with Dick's education, nor could ; but, on the contrary, I heard my father express the greatest satisfaction at it ; and really he could not do otherwise, for never were boys so carefully and well instructed, so well both fed and taught as yours. But if I may guess at the reason of my father's bringing him to town (for you know I'm not his privy counsellor) it was a desire of having Dick with him and my mother in town, for really he is fonder of him than he will own. I'll tell you a story. T'other day Garrett met Stratford, and after some discourse says the latter, "By G—d, I-forget-his-name in Athy is ruining Mr. Shackleton's school ; he's destroying it, by J—s—s, he's taking

away all his scholars—why there's Matt Cullen and every body." Says Garrett, "What can be the reason? What fault do they find with Mr. Shackleton to prefer Mr. ——?" "It's true, by the L—d," replies t'other, "for look ye, d—mn me, he mends Shackleton's faults; he gives abundance of play; this will bring him Shackleton's scholars, by G—d, for we were with him like galley-slaves, by heavens, book—book—book," &c., &c., and a vast deal more of stuff, and all this seriously. From another it might seem ironical, but a true genuine fool will always be one, you know. Pray lengthen your future favours to your friend sincerely,

E. B.

LETTER XXXVIII.

July 25th, 1746, (Caranatta).

Dear Dick,

I am here after a tedious journey, and have, joined to that, so murdered sleep with dancing these three nights past that I can hardly hold up my head, which you will doubtless say I never did. Nothing but my inviolable regard for you could prevail on me to write with so bad a pen; and nothing but the great confidence I place in your candour and forgiving temper could prevail on me to send you the produce. But so much by way of digression at the beginning, to try your patience.

Could this tongue, the poor representative of my generous soul, could this pen even faintly express half

what I feel, it would assure you how passionately I have lamented the bitter absence which tore one soul in two, and hindered that charming, that transcendantly divine and transporting pleasure (“transporting” to round the period) of communicating every thought and movement of our breasts.

This is the 31st of the month, and I am now at Ballyduffe. The preceding nonsense I was forced to break off where you see the writing changes, by my mother’s calling me to go away with her, since which I had not time to finish it; and really it was a relief to me, for I was quite stupid and at a loss what to say, though you gave me a subject; but I was then unequal to it, and was obliged to write the nonsense it began with, as an essay in the Cullenian style; for, to tell the truth, I was capable of nothing else. If you remember, you proposed me two subjects to write—on what I thought proper for you to read, and my thoughts on the education of boys. The second I believe I must reserve for winter, as privilege is almost expiring. You have confined your study to that part of learning they call humanity, I believe very justly, for it contains the most essential and most pleasing part of all sciences; besides the continual pleasure we receive in reading the authors by the happy turn of expression with which they are adorned, and as they convey those precepts which will be of most use to us in common life in the easiest manner. Your office of a schoolmaster throws you amongst the ancient authors, who are generally reputed the best; but as they are commonly read and

taught, the only use that seems to be made of 'em, is barely to learn the language they are written in—a very strange [application] of the use of that kind of learning—to read of things to understand words, instead of teaching words that we may be the better enabled to profit by the excellent things which are wrapt up in 'em. I would therefore advise you to be less inquisitive about the grammatical part of the authors than you have been, not only for the abovementioned reason, but because you will find it much the easier way of attaining the language. And you will be pleased to consider after what manner we learn our mother-tongue. We first by conversation (to which reading, when the language is dead, is equivalent) come to know the signification of all words, and the manner of placing 'em. Afterwards we may, if we will, know the rules and laws by which they are to be placed so and so ; which will then be quite easy to us, as they are only the laws of words reduced to writing. Poetry and history are the chief branches which are taught. I would have you read less of one and more of the other, if you have a mind to have your Latin pure, and not like me, who, when I attempt to write prose Latin, 'tis prose on stilts, or poetry fallen lame. In Latin, I would have you read Virgil's Georgics, Juvenal's Satires, a comedy or two of Terence ; in prose, Sallust, Cicero's Orations for Archias the poet, for M. Marcellus, for Pompey, for Milo, and the first Phillippics ; in Greek, the first six books of Homer, the embassy to Achilles, and that part from the death of Hector to the end of the poem ; what

I showed you of Lucian, Tabula Cebetis, and Xenophon. You should read with abundance of care (I don't mean as to the grammatical part) the Georgics, Sallust's *Cataline*, and Tabula Cebetis. I have been very tedious in saying very little ; but you must forgive a defect I cannot mend. I think often of our dispute about murdering sleep, and as I have since read that excellent play of my favourite Shakespeare, I am rather more in love with the passage. Observe with what horror it's attended. Macbeth, immediately after murdering his royal guest and all his attendants, and describing the stings of conscience that afflicted him during that horrid work, speaks thus to his wife :—

Methought I heard a voice cry, " Sleep no more !
 " Macbeth doth murder sleep, the innocent sleep ;
 " Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,
 " The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
 " Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
 " Chief nourisher in life's feast."—

Still it cried, " Sleep no more !" to all the house :
 " Glamis hath murdered sleep ; and therefore Cawdor
 " Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more !"

I was not in Cork ; so you may judge I had not the pleasure of seeing my friend Sisson. Farewell ! the rest to my brother.

E. B.

Dear brother,

We arrived in this country after a tedious journey of six days in the worst weather in the world ; but I have the satisfaction to acquaint you that my

mother is greatly recovered. She rides out every day, and will, I hope, soon be perfectly well, as are all your friends here, who enquired very kindly for you. I have a piece of news for you. Your sister, Miss Polly Henaessy, has been married this fortnight to a gentleman of Cork. I have not yet seen that family. My mother desires her blessing to you, and all your friends here their compliments. I am your affectionate brother,

EDMUND BURKE.

LETTER XXXIX.

August 19th, 1746.

Dear Dick,

I confess our correspondence has of late been a little upon the stand, and I as freely own through my fault, for it can't be denied that you wrote last. I beg, however, that we may renew it with as much alacrity as before, for I am now pretty well got over an indolence which has of late possessed me to that degree that I have been lost to myself and to all my friends. A bad excuse I know this; but I had far rather you should think me lazy than ill-natured. I shall say no more on this head now, because I know too minute an enquiry into it will be but little to my credit; only, like a good child—I shall do so no more.

Believe me, my dear Dick, I could not think my time spent so agreeably and profitably as in your company; but there are so many invincible obstacles in my way,

that I cannot think of it, at least yet a while. I am now just after examination, and in less than a month others far greater are to succeed than ever I had. My time is very short, and my business very great; yet, notwithstanding, I would be very willing to forfeit whatever profit might accrue from them for the sake of spending a week or two with you, did not some disgrace and some anger, perhaps, from a certain quarter, attend it.

Your father's watch shall be sent by Dick, who will be with you in a few days. He desires to be remembered to you. Greek is a plant that thrives as ill in Dublin as Munster, and the soil is as unpropitious to Latin. I hope by this time you have pretty well got over your troubles; as for me, I am *in statu quo*.

I spend most of my idle time with Sisson; he has a great regard for you, and I assure you I like him as well, if not better, than ever, notwithstanding some appearances, which a thinking man should never judge from. I have the pleasure, too, to inform you that he has of late no despicable share of business; he has now in hands, and finished almost, the Speaker and his family, the Lord and Lady Skerries, &c. I think it a pity that so good a painter has not better encouragement. Your last was very laconick; I hope this shall have as much honour as the famous queen (I forget whom) in making you lengthen your sentences. Believe me to be yours,

EDMUND BURKE.

* LETTER XL.

Dublin, Tenth Month [October] 5th, 1746.

The fate of mankind, and mine in particular, is so uncertain, that I can hardly depend upon anything. I flattered myself, nay, I was certain that I should have the pleasure of spending this Christmas with you, which hope was grounded on an assertion of my father's that I should not live in the College; but he since changed his mind, and as the foundation begins to fail, we must suppose the superstructure will tumble of course; so that I am under some difficulties on that head. If I come at all, I may stay three weeks. Brennan will be so far from hindering it that he may stay as long as he pleases, but I cannot. I believe you will not have many books from me, if you limit them to what new ones come out that I approve. Believe me, dear Dick, we are just on the verge of darkness and one push drives us in. We shall all live, if we live long, to see the prophecy of the *Dunciad* fulfilled, and the age of ignorance come round once more,

“Redeunt Saturnia regna,

“Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo.”

Is there no one to relieve the world from the curse of obscurity? No, not one! I would therefore advise more to your reading the writings of those who have gone before us than our contemporaries. I read for my

College course Tully's Offices, a blameless piece. I got yesterday Waller, whom I never read before, nor did you, I believe; for it would be needless to tell you, if you had, that he is one of the most charming poets of England. 'Tis surprizing how so much softness and so much grandeur could dwell in one soul; his panegyrics are wonderfully fine. His chief excellence lies, I think, in making apparent defects of persons become their greatest praise, and that in a manner quite new. All his thoughts by the surprize they give us seem to have something epigrammatical in them, and in many places he is guilty in that respect; but that proceeds from their being expressed in the strongest and most concise manner, and so formed that his thoughts are not interwoven so as to form a continued discourse, but each is by itself, and strikes you full alone. Take for an example those lines on the King's navy. What shall I say now? As I put my hand to my pocket to look for the book, I found I left it at home (for I am now at the office), but I will make it up in my next. This has struck me so blank that I can say no more than that I am, dear Shackleton, yours affectionately,

E. B.

I can't forbear laughing when I think how you will be baulked when you come to the quotation—how you'll put your mouth in form, and begin in a lofty theatrical tone to read, "What shall I say?"

LETTER XLI.

Dublin, December 11th, 1746.

Dear Dick,

Bawn was with me just now. I shall take care to obey your commands by him. Your man disappointed me the last time he was in town, for I had not your letter till near nine at night. I had the black-balls ready for him at two next day; but he was gone. You won't be displeas'd that I laid out some of your money on the books you have per bearer. I found 'em as I thought sold cheap at an auction, and as I thought they might be useful to you I bought 'em. Voiture's character is, I believe, known to you for one of the finest geniuses France ever produced, and a pattern for that way of writing; price 1s. 7d. The other I bought on the credit of the great man of whom it treats, price 5s. 6d.

I have seen your dear friend Cullen at the coffee-house pretty often. I knew him perfectly, but [have] not as yet condescended to speak to him; he is grown a great count. I shall let you know the day I shall meet you, which will be I fancy sometime before the holidays. My father will go your way in about a week—next Thursday or Friday, I think. In my first letter I did not give you the quotations from Waller. Hear them now, and think whether I was right—part of the poem “To the King on his Navy:”—

" Should nature's self invade the world again,
 " And o'er the centre spread the liquid main,
 " Thy power were safe, and her destructive hand
 " Would but enlarge the bounds of thy command.
 " Thy dreadful fleet would style thee lord of all,
 " And ride in triumph round the drown'd ball.
 " Those towers of oak o'er fertile plains might go,
 " And visit mountains where they once did grow.
 " The world's Restorer never could endure
 " That finished Babel should those men secure,
 " Whose pride designed that fabric to have stood
 " Above the reach of any second flood.
 " To thee, his chosen, more indulgent, He
 " Dares trust such power with so much piety."

In his panegyrick on Cromwell, preferring [him] to Alexander :—

" He safely might old troops to battle lead
 " Against the unwarlike Persian or the Mede,
 " Whose hasty flight did from a bloodless field
 " More spoils than honour to the victor yield.
 " A race unconquered, by their clime made bold,
 " The Caledonians arm'd with want and cold,
 " Have by a fate indulgent to your fame
 " Been through all ages kept for you to tame."

I am greatly obliged for the spy glasses. 'Tis unreasonable you should always be giving and I never returning any thing. Vale, amice lector. Thine in the Lord.

Will Shine.

LETTER XLII.

Dublin, December 27th, 1746; almost '47.

The prospect I have, dear Dick, of seeing you so soon keeps me from being able to write you much. Were I to tell you after this manner my opinion on the points you proposed, it would be quite unsatisfactory both to you and myself; for while I should be writing, my thoughts would be entirely taken up with the pleasure of your approaching presence, and I should cry out, "What the devil do I write, and puzzle me to express myself wretchedly on what I shall have my friend so soon to help me out, and mature my imperfect and abortive conceptions?" So I shall now only tell you that I shall set out early on Monday morning (God willing) towards you. I shall be glad to meet you that day either at Kill or Kilcullen; by no means at Naas. Till then, God be wi' you. I heartily long to see you; if you have an equal desire, we shall meet half way, for you know the power of equal forces meeting in the same direction. Brennan cannot come. Once more farewell. Yours assuredly,

R. S.'s E. B.

LETTER XLIII.

Dublin, January 24th, 1747.

Dear Dick,

The silence I have kept so long has been as painful to myself as it could possibly have been to you, and the cause of it was almost as troublesome as the thing itself, for the short time I had to read hurried me so much as to deprive me of the common consolation of all the unfortunate—to think over my old pleasures and lament their loss. The utmost I could do was to steal a sigh now and then from, and immediately return unto ——

So you see I paid the best tribute of sighs I could to your memory, for

“ A sigh the absent claim, the dead a tear.”

If you think that not sufficient, blame my fate, not me ; for at that time, were I to chuse, I had rather have sat lamenting myself, and composing sad ditties “ all the day long.” However, I have succeeded far beyond my expectations, not to say well. The good success I have had from my small reading gives me hope that if I do it more diligently for the future, I shall have still more success. The few acquaintances I have here and your absence dispose me very strongly to study and throw aside my old laziness ; not that I make any merit of this, for had I my old inducements and you in town,

I doubt not but all my fine resolutions would fall to the ground; for 'tis I fear with me as (to use a very threadbare comparison, for I find no better at present) with those who quit the world not from devotion, but because they can no longer enjoy its pleasures. I wish sincerely that it may be always the reverse with you; that you may never want all the pleasures it is able to give, and at the same time that your desire for sharing may be as great as ever, and, what is more than all that, you may know properly how to value each.

I have not had time yet to correct the flights and prune the wing of your Phaeton; what I think now should be done is to soften the burlesque at the beginning, and changing it so as to come near the grave severe satire, for by that means it will be like the rest which is in that way; for of that burlesque there are not seven lines in the whole, and these at the very beginning. I really think a poem should be all of a piece; though yours, I must confess, is like the subject, for he kept not the middle path, but came so low as to endanger burning the earth, and then all at once rose up into the heavens again. You will find the truth of this by comparing,

“ The trembling boy with dire amaze

“ Sees all the world around him blaze,”

and

“ He wipes his eyes and blows his nose.”

I showed it to Brennan and many others, who all greatly liked, and found the same fault with it. I will

send it to London when I can get an English frank, for they don't take 'em in here. I could not get e'er a secondhand Longinus, but rather than you should want it, I bought a new one—2s. 2d. 'Tis, I think, a very good translation and has no bad notes. There are no "Davidson's Metamorphoses."* Exshaw will soon have home your books. I wish you all happiness, and am, dear Dick, your affectionate friend,

EDMUND BURKE.

LETTER XLIV.

London, 20th February, 1750.

Dear friend,

It is so long since we have had any correspondence, that I really forget whether I am indebted to you for a letter, or you to me. Perhaps I am in the fault; if I be, I can say with a great deal of truth that it did not proceed from my having in the least forgot you, or the obligations I have to you (if any such thing ought to be named among friends); or, if you have omitted to write in your turn, I give you with all my heart the forgiveness I should myself expect in the same case. I shall, however, be always willing to attribute your silence to anything rather than to incon-

* Davidson having translated Virgil into English prose, Shackleton probably asked his correspondent to procure for him Ovid's *Metamorphoses* by the same translator.

stancy, and while there are so many thousand things that may cause such an omission, I shall chuse any rather than that which would wrong you and make myself uneasy ; for my part, I am in my writing in the same case that I am in my conversation. If I am in company with a silent person, I repay his silence fourfold ; but if, on the contrary, I happen with a man who talks, he incites me to do so too. I could wish with all my heart to hear oftener from you, nor can [you] want of matter while you have affairs of your own. To make me by letter (as you were so good formerly to do by discourse) acquainted with them would be very agreeable to me, as a confidence would show that your good opinion of me still continues the same. I wish that nothing worse than want of somewhat to say—that want of health is not the cause of your silence. I hope my fears are without foundation, but I must beg leave to observe that your great application to business both in and out of school, as well as your so close reading at night, may impair both your health and eyesight, neither of the best. I therefore pray you as a friend, and as one that has an interest in your life and welfare, to indulge yourself more in [a] little amusement and cheerfulness, if you have a mind your life should last ; or, whilst it lasts, be easy. I have had some trouble for a good while, on account of the almost general illness of our family, of which I suppose you may have heard, as well as of their recovery. I had a letter, after a long intermission of writing, from Dennis : I believe him to be the same worthy man I

always thought him. He tells me that he spent some days lately at your house, and seems very sensible of your friendship and civility to him. Thus far I wrote before dinner, and I am now prevented from writing more by a gentleman's coming in upon me. I have only to desire you to remember me very kindly to your spouse, to your father, and all the good family there, and still think you have a very sincere friend in

EDMUND BURKE.

A Bill was brought into the House of Lords yesterday by the Earl of Chesterfield for altering the style. 'Tis thought it will pass.

LETTER XLV.

[London] 5th April, 1751.

Dear friend,

I received your letter with more pleasure than you may think from my having delayed so long to answer it; but the true cause of my waiting was that I might have the satisfaction of seeing your uncle and cousins, and by that means make my letter more welcome to you, by some account of them; but I failed in my design, for I could hear nothing of your uncle at the East India House, whither I went according to your directions. About O'Neill's affair, I must advise that gentleman not to appear so solicitous about his brother's health, lest he (as all men are not of the most unsuspecting nature) should think he has a greater love

for his effects than for their owner, nor to promise to persons here half of them to recover the whole for him ; for he is too good a scholar not to remember the case of the huntsman that sold the bearskin before he had killed the bear. I no sooner enquired concerning a chaplain at Bencoolen, than the person I asked (judge you whether he was a conjurer) informed me about what business I came ; and that some others had been there on the same errand ; observing that this gentleman seemed to long for his brother's death, at the same time telling me for his comfort that nothing but a constitution of steel could keep the body and soul together in that climate ; however, that the chaplain had a pretty good one, was a sober man, and had lived with pretty tolerable health in the Hundreds of Essex. Our friend is a divine, and may take the good and bad of this account together. When they heard last from Bencoolen, he was well, and [they say] that about next August they shall have a further account.

I am much obliged to you, my good friend, for your desire of knowing my affairs ; really they are such as nothing but friendship could have any delight in hearing. My health is tolerable, thank God ; my studies, too, in the same degree, and my situation not disagreeable. I intend soon to go to a good distance from town, in hopes of bettering all three, as well as lessening my expenses. If you are desirous of knowing anything more particularly, let me know, and you may be assured I shall take pleasure in satisfying you.

I am glad your family continue in good health. You

will in return for her kindness give my best respects to your spouse ; the same to your father and all friends as though I had named them. I saw Kennedy at a coffee-house a few days since ; he has been at the East Indies—in what station I cannot tell, and intends for the same quarter again ; he is much improved both [in] his appearance and behaviour since I saw him at Ballitore.

Farewell, dear Shackleton, and believe me with great sincerity yours,

EDMUND BURKE.

LETTER XLVII.

Dublin, March 29th, 1764.

My dear Shackleton,

Though I have been long silent, I don't think it necessary to say a great deal now, as I hope to be with you in a few hours after you receive this. I could hardly flatter myself some time ago that it would be in my power to spend a day or two with you, and it is not easy to say how much pleasure I have in the idea that I may now meet Dick in our old head quarters and talk over old times. Mrs. Burke is of the same sentiments with me, and is to accompany me. Adieu. Give our love to Mrs. Shackleton, and believe me, dear Shackleton, affectionately yours,

E. BURKE.

LETTER XLVIII.

Ballitore, 19th October, 1766.

My dear Shackleton,

I am sorry to be obliged to correspond with you from your own house. But we cannot help it; had we been able to fix a time for being here, this very mortifying accident would not have happened; however, it was not in my power. This day we proposed having the happiness to spend with you, and came tolerably early. But another day is absolutely out of our disposal, as we have already outstayed our time very considerably. Since it is so determined that I must go to England without seeing you, to my no small vexation, let me at least have the pleasure of hearing from you whilst I stay in Dublin, which will be but whilst I wait for a ship. My horse (not mine, indeed, but borrowed from a friend) has fallen ill upon the road. I must, and I think I freely may, commit him to your care until I can send for him. Adieu! my dearest Shackleton. Think how vexatious this accident is to us; but do not add to it by yours or Mrs. Shackleton's vexation. We are all most truly and ever affectionately yours,

E B.

Sunday—From some wild chat of Brockleby's with Will Burke I am given to understand that you had re-

ceived at some time a letter from England some way relating to me. Have you ever received such a letter ? Now I must say one word as conclusion, *which must be peremptory*. You desired that Sisson should *not* come hither to meet us. I did not appoint him, not because you desired it, but because I could not fix the time ; but I must insist upon it as a favour, which I would be very uneasy to be refused, that he may come hither and finish that deed without a name which he has begun.* It neither is nor can be wrong ; nay, it must be right in itself, and as it is at best but decorum to avoid it, sacrifice decorum to friendship. I am sure it is the lesser to the greater virtue. Adieu !

LETTER XLIX.

October 28th, 1766.

My dear friend,

I am sorry that you should think me capable of being offended with any letter which you could think proper to write about me. That which you did write, replete with the feelings of the most sincere friendship, and a partiality which arose from them, can displease me in nothing but in setting me up so high as to make

* This alludes to a portrait of Richard Shackleton (now at Ballitore in the possession of his great grandson) which Sisson painted for Edmund Burke. At the time at which this letter was written, and indeed until very recently, strict members of the Society of Friends objected to have their portraits taken.

it very difficult for me to give it any sort of credit by my conduct. However, I am glad to find you think of me in such a manner, and for this piece of knowledge, at least, I am indebted to the malice of my enemies. Their purpose was, since they were not able to find wherewithal to except to my character for the series of years since I appeared in England, to pursue me into the closest recesses of my life, and to hunt even to my cradle in hope of finding some blot against me. It was on this principle they set on foot this enquiry. I have traced it as far as Mr. Strettel, who refuses to let me know from whom in England he received his commission. The want of suspicion of their ill designs, and want of an exact knowledge of what affects a man in the world, made you enter into a more minute detail about my father, mother, and wife than was strictly necessary, or than I believe those who wrote to make the inquiry expected, or could flatter themselves they would receive; especially in the affair of religion, which being a leading part in your account, though not in the general thoughts of men of public business, they will therefore think could not have taken up so much room but for special reasons, and these they will take to construe into such as are not the most favourable. I think, too, that your manner of stating the condition of my father is, by the mode of expression, made to convey, to the ears in which it will sound, impressions different from [what] you intended and from the reality. You say he was an attorney of the province of *Munster*, in moderate circumstances; and this (from the evident

partiality which reigns in the whole account, and which seems to *soften* every thing) will be saying he was a hedge country attorney of little practice. Now you know that the upper part of this profession is very reputable as any can be ; the lower absolutely otherwise. The fact is that my father never did practise in the country, but always in the superior courts ; that he was for many years not only in the first *rank*, but the very first *man* of his profession in point of practice and credit—until, by giving way to a retired and splenetic humour, he did in a manner voluntarily contract his practice ; and yet, after some heavy losses by the banks, and living creditably for near forty years, (one time pretty expensively) laying out something on Dick's establishment and on my education in the Temple (a thousand pounds or thereabouts for me), he died worth very near six thousand pounds. This I mention, as poverty is the greatest imputation (very unjustly, I think) that is ever laid on that profession ; one or two other mistakes of fact there are of little consequence. But, in general, the rule is certainly right, when enquiries of this kind are made, to confine oneself to the person as much as may be, on every account ; for, as accounts of connections are multiplied, so are occasions of cavil too, on the part of the hearer, and of mistakes on that of the relater.

I have read over what I wrote, and am surprized to find how long I have talked on this nothing, but I am alone, which I seldom am, and my pen runs on. Be assured, whatever little mistakes there may be, it evidently can do

me no kind of prejudice whatever. Strong declarations of esteem from an early friend who knows you entirely are the fullest presumption in your favour. The rest is one's own conduct, on which nine tenths of every thing depends. Be assured, my dear Richard, the account on the whole will much disappoint the enquirers. The only anxiety I have is to discover those enquirers, that I may not in my mind lay the charge on those who may possibly be innocent of it. So much for that ; but, returning on my steps, I again and again caution you not to give yourself a moment's uneasiness for a most trifling inadvertence which came up amidst the effusions of affection, and which nothing but great affection could have caused. Let me add, too, that no piece of writing can be more spirited and elegant.

I propose going immediately. We are all, Jenny, Dick, and I, most sincerely and with the truest regards yours. Salute your wife for us, whom we value on her own account as well as yours. Your father, I hope, believes we love him, with a great mixture of reverence to his truly venerable character. Adieu ! God Almighty bless you ! Yours ever,

E. BURKE.

After all, on talking this matter over with Dick, I am far from clear that the enquiry may not have been from a friend.

LETTER L.

RICHARD SHACKLETON TO EDMUND BURKE.

Ballitore, 16th of 3rd Month, 1769.

My dear Ned,

I have been extremely deficient in not supporting a correspondence which gives me so high a pleasure; I will not say—for that would be too like the insincere world—does me so much honour. Since I received thy very obliging letter I have been almost daily thinking of writing, but I wanted to put this and then that disagreeable thing out of the way, that I might be free for the conversation of my friend. But I find I may as well put my employment out of the way and give the boys a perpetual holiday, like my brother at Naas, as be free from perplexity while I am a schoolmaster. The weight of the charge requires such a solidity of patient firmness to support it, and the minutæ appertaining to it such a divisibility of attention, that it's hard to say whether he may be more properly called more than man or less than man that can be equal to the burden, or stoop to the drudgery of it. This picture of myself, which I may well draw with tolerable likeness, for I have long sat for it, will, I flatter me, bring my situation to thy recollection and procure my pardon.

I am much obliged by thy compliance with my re-

quest to promote Counsellor Dunkin's subscription. I find the ready way for me to hear from thee is to ask a favour from thee. I have since heard no more about that affair, only thanks from the parties for my application to thee. I am glad of thy casting root in Old England. Were I to travel near Beaconsfield, I would be very apt to give thee a call, and diversify some grand company (possibly) assembled there, with my uncouth figure. Their good breeding would doubtless prevent their staring, though not their wondering at such an appearance there ; but should any one, proud of a title or any thing else, ask me who I was, I, proud of my own title, would tell him that I was the friend of Ned Burke.

The declaiming about the badness of the times is in my opinion as useless as trite. I have not read nor conversed enough to know whether these times be better or worse than the past. Every age has its own colour and complexion, and the present, I hope, not the worst. But as these countries in their turn have come to be more civilized than formerly, and the lights of reason and religion are still rising higher and higher, so less allowance should be given for folly and vice. In the uncertain twilight there may be a deception ; but he is blind or drunk that stumbles at noon day. I don't think I am very splenetic, and yet I confess I am not quite pleased with what little comes to my knowledge of my country and rulers. I am afraid some of them are blind, and others drunk. Now though these are objects of pity and ridicule more than fear when we

have no connection with them, yet we are in a deplorable and very dangerous situation if we must, whether we will or no, be led or drove by them. The blind we must leave to Providence to work a miracle upon; but for the people that are intoxicated with self-conceit and with an exalted station, to which fortune, not merit, has raised them, I would willingly have the danger brought home to themselves. Nothing so effectually makes them sober. One thing in particular I have often thought of late is much wanting, and the medley of government will never be right without it; put in whatever other ingredients ye can, and still there will be death in the pot, the mess will not be wholesome food for the people, till a *disinterested love* of our country, be infused. Call me, as very probably thou thinkest me, an enthusiast, if thou pleasest; but suffer me to say that till there be a stronger mixture of this virtue in public counsels and conduct, they are not likely to be blest with the approbation of heaven, whose overruling and mediation alone can guide them to a prosperous issue. Self interest is too generally the beginning and end, the author and the finisher, the first spring and ultimate aim in church and state. Nay, it is now become so general that it is a garb publicly worn, and the man would be laughed at that would venture to be out of the fashion. In my opinion, however, one little spark of true genuine disinterested virtue will do more good in diffusing light and heat around, and burning up the rubbish of ignorance and corruption, than a thousand of those pitiful fires that are

smothered up with the filth and the ashes of sordid gain—*ignes suppositos cineri dolosi*. I wish for thee, my dear friend, to be one of those lights shining in a dark place. I crave it for thee in my solemn petitions, and I trust I am heard and answered. God Almighty incline thine heart to seek after that wisdom by which “princes rule, and nobles, even all the judges of the earth,” that this heaven-born gift may extend and exalt thy faculties, and influence thee to act so as to answer the just witness in the consciences of all men, both friends and enemies ! Nothing but an unbiassed, single view to the honour of God, and a noble disinterested love to mankind will, through all the changes of men and measures, and all the capricious turns of favour, draw down the sanction of the divine blessing on thy endeavours for the public good, ensure to thee that present and future heartfelt joy which results from a conscious sense of an honest discharge of duty, and transmit thy name and example in sweet memorial to posterity. This probably is not the proper style of a letter. Be it so—it is the language of my heart, and if this beats higher than the proper tone, 'tis the pulse of friendship, and a friend will pardon.

As to family affairs, no material alteration has taken place since my last. My father cultivates the land at home, when he is not cultivating the minds of the people abroad by the excellent precepts which he is qualified to give, enforced by that sanctity of manners and unsullied reputation which give weight and authority to good counsel and adorn a long and well spent life.

Hobbs has buried his wife, let his house, and is come to live [as a] servant with me, his old panegyrist. I had lost a good deal of my esteem for Hobbs after I grew farther in years and experience. While he was very poor I observed him very idle and drunken, so that I was afraid to take him into my family; but now that the fellow has plenty of meat and drink every day, he seems very temperate and diligent, and is of great service to me. He has a profit rent coming in from his tenement and good wages from me; so that his virtue and his happiness have returned together. In short, let them all say what they will against riches, for my part I think poverty is almost if not quite as bad. The rich man is luxurious, indolent, forgetful of his almighty Benefactor, and has many sins of omission to account for; but the poor man is hopeless, spiritless as well as pennyless; he cannot be worse off than he is. Necessity drives him; the devil himself drives on necessity; the man has lost his hold of principle; he grows desperate; all the vices of corrupt nature crowd in, and complete the ruin of soul and body. Like the snake that in the drought of summer, perishing for want of sustenance, is bloated with tenfold poison,

“*Sævit agris, asperque siti, atque exterribus æstu.*”

Well, therefore, does it become a wise legislator to adopt plans which may tend to make people rich, that it may make them virtuous. But if in any age or country there should be legislators who study only to enrich and aggrandize themselves, and care not what becomes of

the property and the morals of the people whom they represent, from such *libera nos, Domine!* for they are the scandal of the age, and the ruin of the country that they live in.

Will the length of this rhapsody, my dear friend, make some atonement for the length of my unjustifiable silence, and wilt thou favour me with a home-spun line, when bustle and business and distraction are asleep, and Ned Burke can step forth collected in himself to converse in native familiarity with his old friend? Dick owes me the visit of a letter still. I wish him all happiness and less laziness. My hearty respects to thy spouse. *Quid puer Ascanius?* How does young Richard go on? My son is grown a brave lusty boy. My wife loves thee with sincere respect, and has given me many a scold for not writing sooner to thee. Her best regards to thee and thine. Accept my father's warm wishes, and believe me thy truly affectionate friend,

RICHARD SHACKLETON.

LETTER LI.

Gregorics, April 19th, 1770.

My dear Shackleton,

You will be so good to excuse me for having so long delayed an answer to your letter. If I could have served your friend I would have done it. But nothing could have been more improper than any application, on the footing of friendship, to Lord Rocking-

ham, in what relates to the disposal of his private fortune ; or to ask that, as any kind of favour, which ought to be left to the principles of common dealing. Believe me, my friend, that this, and no want of an earnest desire of doing what might be acceptable to you, prevented the application you desired.

I confess a little weakness to you. I feel somewhat mortified at a paper written by you, which some officious person has thought proper to insert in the *London Evening Post* of last night.* I am used to the most gross and virulent abuse daily repeated in the papers—I ought indeed rather have said twice a day. But that abuse is loose and general invective. It affects very little either my own feelings or the opinions of others, because it is thrown out by those that are known to be hired to that office by my enemies. But this appears in the garb of professed apology and panegyric. It is evidently written by an intimate friend. It is full of anecdotes and particulars of my life. It therefore cuts deep. I am sure I have nothing in my family, my circumstances, or my conduct that an honest man ought to be ashamed of. But the more circumstances of all these that are brought out, the more materials are furnished for malice to work upon ; and I assure you that it will manufacture them to the utmost. Hitherto, much as I have been abused, my table and my bed were left sacred ; but since it has so unfortunately happened that my wife, a quiet woman, confined to her

* This document will be found at the end of the present letter.

family cares and affections, has been dragged into a newspaper, I own I feel a little hurt. A rough public man may be proof against all sorts of buffets, and he has no business to be a public man if he be not so; but there is as natural and proper a delicacy in the other sex, which will not make it very pleasant to my wife to be the daily subject of Grub-street and newspaper invectives; and at present, in truth, her health is little able to endure it. It is true that you have said of me ten thousand handsome things, which are infinitely beyond anything I have deserved or can deserve; but this is only the language of friendship, which is always interpreted down to its proper level, possibly below it, by the severe scrutiny of the public. Indeed, what you have said of my modesty and moderation in debate will, I fear, take off not a little from the authority of the rest. It is but too well known that I debate with great vehemence and asperity, and with little management either of the opinions or persons of many of my adversaries. They deserve not much quarter, and I give and receive but very little. Do not think, my dear Shackleton, that this is written with the least view of upbraiding you with what you have done with the best and purest motives, and in which you have erred from a want of knowledge of the evil dispositions of the world, and of the modes in which they execute their malice. I only write that if your friend Pike, in whose hands I found there had been a copy of this paper, and who I suspect transmitted it to the newspaper, intends anything more of that kind, that you would quietly

restrain him. I mention this because the newswriter desires a farther correspondence with him. I can hardly think Abraham Rawlinson could have been the publisher. As to the former gentleman, after what passed when I was last in Dublin, I hardly thought he would have let any copies out of his hands. I just forgot to mention that you are mistaken in some circumstances ; where you speak of my being made easy by patronage, &c. I assure you that if you allude to a small pension which I had for a time, and resigned upon an overstrained point of honour, I can inform you I got that from the patronage of no man living. It was indeed a defective performance of a bargain for full consideration. Nor have I had any advantage except my seat in parliament from the patronage of any man. Whatever advantages I have had, have been from friends on my own level ; as to those that are called great, I never paid them any court ; perhaps, since I must say it, they have had as much benefit from my connection as I have had. This for your private satisfaction. Remember us all most cordially to Mrs. Shackleton and to your father. Poor Richard is ordered to the Grenadas ; no pleasant place, nor pleasantly inhabited for him. I have not interest to prevent it. Adieu, my dear friend, and believe me most faithfully and affectionately yours,

ED. BURKE.

I am down for a day to see how things go on. Mrs. Burke is too weak to come along with me. Adieu !

The following is the document referred to in the preceding letter :—

“ Edmund Burke is a son of Richard Burke, who was an attorney-at-law of middling circumstances, fretful temper, and punctual honesty. Richard was a protestant, originally from the province of Munster in Ireland, and married a wife from thence. Her name was Nagle ; she was of a popish family. I cannot say whether she legally conformed to the Church of England, but she practised the duties of the Romish religion with a decent privacy. Her husband was more concerned to promote his children’s interest in the world than to trouble himself about controverted points of religion ; therefore brought his sons up in the profession of that which he thought the most public road to preferment—the religion of the country, established by law. His three sons, Garrett, Edmund, and Richard, were educated at Ballitore school, and there fitted for their several destinations in life ; they constantly went with the other protestant boys to their place of worship, and betrayed not the least inclination to the errors of the Church of Rome, about which they seemed to concern themselves no more than the rest of their school-fellows.

“ Edmund was a lad of most promising genius, of an inquisitive and speculative cast of mind, which was improved in him by a constitutional indisposition, that prevented him from suffering by those avocations from study which are the consequences of puerile diversions. He read much while he was a boy, and accumulated a stock of learning of great variety. His memory was extensive, his

judgment early ripe. He would find in his own mind, in reasoning and comparing in himself, such a fund of entertainment, that he seemed not at all to regret his hours of solitude ; yet he was affable, free, and communicative, as ready to teach as to learn. He made the reading of the classics his diversion rather than his business. He was particularly delighted with history and poetry, and while at school performed several exercises in the latter with a manly grace. The day after he left Ballitore he was admitted into the University of Dublin. Though the course of study which then obtained there was not at all adapted to his taste, yet he went through his college exercises with reputation and success, and seems to have extracted from every science whatever was fine and useful in it, leaving the rest to the mere scholars and pedants. From the University he went to the Temple. He read the law for a time with that intense application which it necessarily requires, but he found that it would neither suit his habit of body or mind to adopt that profession for a means of livelihood. He therefore followed the bent of his own inclination in those literary researches and productions which could not fail to recommend him to the distinguished notice of those who had ruminated on the causes of things, and gone somewhat farther than ordinary, though perhaps out of the beaten track, into the extensive regions of knowledge. By these he was introduced to the acquaintance of men in power, who made him easy in his circumstances, and on whom he reflected honour, as long as they were worthy to be his patrons. The rise of his fortune neither made him forget his friends nor himself. Conscious of the fallacy of human reason, as well as of the uncertainty of human condition, he is neither elevated by his learning nor his situation ; he is neither opinionated

nor proud ; he argues with an irresistible cogency, yet with a modesty and gentleness which is more persuasive than any argument ; he has studied the English language with a surprising accuracy, and speaks it with fluency and propriety. He is rather too precipitate in his speech, for his ideas crowd so fast upon his imagination, and his judgment ranges them so quickly in order, that he has not the delay of deliberation and recollection. The innate goodness of his heart thinks more of informing his audience of that which he believes it will be their advantage to know, than of acquiring to himself the fame of a fine speaker. And as he is not tinctured with that self-complacency which acquiesces entirely in itself, but bears about him that modest diffidence which every accompanies true genius, he is in haste to finish his own speech, that he may hear and be better informed by that of others. Rarely in one man does there happen such an union of good qualities. There is combined in him the contemplative sagacity of a philosopher and the easy politeness of a courtier ; the prudent reserve of a man of business and the open frankness of a friend ; a profound knowledge of books and universal acquaintance with men and things ; a most delicate and lively invention, a most exact and refined judgment. He has a person and parts which command our admiration and respect ; he has a manner and disposition which win love and esteem. Though deep now in scenes of political business, and conversant in the intrigues of state, that *amor patriæ* which warmed his earliest youth still predominates in his soul ; neither a consideration of his own temporal interest nor that of any other can check its flame. In his public life he is noble, wise, and steady—in his private, just, benevolent, and humane. The great, the good, and the amiable qualities are most happily blended

in his character ; and into this composition enters a certain unaffected simplicity of manner and conduct, which characterises the whole man with a peculiar pleasing distinction. He was of a speculative, yet he is also of a social cast. He took to wife the daughter of Dr. Nugent, born also in Munster, but educated in England ; a genteel, well-bred woman of the Romish faith, whom he married neither for her religion nor her money, but from the natural impulse of youthful affection and inclination, which guided his choice to an agreeable object, with whom he promised himself happiness in a married state. This connection has given rise to an opinion that he was addicted to the errors of that Church, but without any foundation in reason for such a conclusion. He is well satisfied that there are many errors in the principles of that Church, but at the same time thinks there may be some also in his own. He thinks the clergy of the Church of England to be, in general, a very worthy class of people ; attends them at their places of devotion and no others ; is intimately acquainted with several of the first rank in that body ; yet he believes in religion, as he does in politics, that no human system is on all sides perfect, and as there is a mixture of good and bad people among the professors of every religion, that so there is a mixture of right and wrong tenets among the principles of every profession. He knows the prejudices of education are strong, and human understanding is comparatively weak. He believes the Papists wrong, he doubts if the Protestants are altogether right. He has not yet been favoured to find that Church which would lead him to the indubitable certainty of true religion, undefiled with the mixture of human inventions ; to which his own spirit, as a man, though truly excellent, can no more guide him, than their fine

powers and reasoning could guide the ancient poets, philosophers, &c. who, notwithstanding their noble exertion of the rational faculties in investigating the works of nature, remained in the grossest ignorance and absurdities respecting the truths of Christianity. And surely in the matter most essentially necessary and interesting, it is not to be imagined that divine wisdom and God's goodness should leave us destitute of the means of infallible certainty."

LETTER LII.

RICHARD SHACKLETON TO EDMUND BURKE.

Ballitore, 28th of Fourth-month, 1770.

My dear friend (if I may take the liberty still to call thee so),

I have received thy letter, written in the vexation of thy spirit, cutting and wounding me in the tenderest parts, and ripping open a sore which I thought was long ago healed !

I know nothing in the world about the publication of that unfortunate paper, but what thou tell'st me, nor who could be the publisher of it. I have used thee and thy family grossly ill. I acknowledged it as fully as I could. I am covered with grief, shame, and confusion for it. It was done in the simplicity of my heart. I mean, the writing of it. The giving a copy of it I will not call indiscretion, but madness and folly. With the same simplicity I before let thee know how I came to write it, and why I gave a copy of it. When I had

given it to my friend, and he had given a copy to his friend, it very probably circulated out of the power of either of us to recal. It passed like money through the hands of people, good and bad, friends and enemies; and because the matter was gold, though bunglingly coined, and possibly still more defaced in the circulation, it was too precious to be lost. I am sure I had no more thoughts of its spreading as it has done, nor of its ever being published, than I have of the publication of this letter. If what has been published varies at all from the copy which I sent thee, or if I can do anything by way of atonement or amendment, grant me this last favour of putting it in my power to do it. In a few days I expect to see Dick Pike, and purpose to make all the inquiry, and give all the charges necessary. I said thy letter cut and wounded me; it did indeed effectually. It was dictated by a perturbed mind; it was calculated to punish and fret me; and it has obtained its end. Thy family, thy circumstances, thy conduct, thy bed, thy board—I am indirectly or directly charged with defaming and vilifying them all, not indeed as a false friend, but as a very foolish one. I could bear even all this, whether deserved or not, from thee. Thou art so used to lay about thee, and give and take no quarter with thy enemies, that it is unsafe for thy friends to be near thee. If there be any of the language of friendship in thy letter, it is only like oil to make the edge more keen. If the voice be any where like Jacob's, the hands are Esau's. Thou art grown "a rough public man," sure enough. I say I

could bear even this from thee (for I know both my own heart and thine), and if the affair lay only between ourselves, there might sometime be an end of it. But thy mention of my interfering in thy domestic connections, and dragging the partner of thy bed and the softener of thy busy scenes of life into a newspaper, is wounding to the last degree. Whatever thou art pleased to think of me, I have, perhaps, and (for aught I know) ever had as great delicacy in these matters as any man. Look into that ill advised impertinent paper which I stupidly wrote, and see is there anything that offends against the nicest delicacy. The truth is, this paper and conduct of mine will, like most other things, bear a double construction. Taking a full view of it altogether, I cannot be reckoned exceeding criminal ; view it in a partial light, *luce malignâ*, and it will be deemed thy great misfortune that in the early part of thy life thou happened to have had any connection with such low companions, such indiscreet friends. I do in the sincerest and most earnest manner beg forgiveness of thy amiable companion—the bosom friend of my friend—for having written anything that could give her the most distant cause of uneasiness. As to any of her house being offended with me for taking the liberty of delineating thy character, be it known to them that not one of them all, nor, I believe, any man living, more zealously, more affectionately, more assiduously seeks and desires the welfare of Ned Burke than I do ; and though in a way which neither he nor they may know much about, I am sure it is in sincerity, and

I trust not altogether in vain. What is flattery to fools is plain-dealing and truth to a man of sense, and a man of sense will not be hurt by it. The talents which God has given thee, the powers which thou hast displayed, the high ground on which thou standest, have rendered thee an object of public admiration—they that hate thee yet admire thee. Hence naturally follows envy. Why shouldst thou expect to escape it? Thou know'st far better than I how the greatest men among the Gentiles felt and lamented it. The first apostle among the Christians says that he approved himself in his office "by honour and dishonour, by evil report and good report, as a deceiver and yet true." Wert thou my inferior or my equal, I might indulge in expatiating on this and such topics; but when I look up to thee, thou seem'st so thoroughly to have anticipated in thy observation and experience all that I could say upon the subject, that any thing that I could drop would appear to myself more like the trite commonplace declamation of a conceited country pedant who loved to hear himself prate, than the pertinent and seasonable remarks of a rational friend. I will therefore have done.

I am sorry we must lend Richard to the barbarians on the other side of the globe.* Every one of us has his own perplexity. His remote destination, my home-confinement, thy complicated arduous engagements em-

* Edmund Burke's brother Richard, who was about to sail for Bermuda.

bitter our several cups of life, and fully prove to each of us that it is a cup of mixture. To live in the awful fear of our Creator and keep a conscience void of offence helps much to sweeten the draught. Tell him my love and good wishes attend him there and back again. Remember me most affectionately to thy household, or rather desire them to forget me. My father and my wife are well, and preserve a sincere affection for you all. I am entirely convinced (and thought before) that thy application to Lord Rockingham upon the subject of my last would have been quite improper. I mentioned in that letter why I could not, nevertheless, well avoid moving it to thee. I am quite satisfied about the propriety of thy conduct respecting it, but not of my own, for I was a blockhead to meddle in it. I wrote thee a long letter before that, but thou dost not give me the satisfaction of knowing whether thou received it or not ; and its like that if thou hadst not been heartily vexed, I would have known as little for a long time to come about the fate of my last. However, this be assured of, that whether ever I see or hear from thee again, or whether this letter closes our correspondence for life, I am, with unabated, undiminished affection, thy sincere and faithful friend,

RICHARD SHACKLETON.

LETTER LIII.

Gregories, May 6th, 1770.

My dear friend,

I am now in the place from whence I was weak and blameable enough to write you a very angry, a very cruel, and in all respects a very improper letter. I will not be more dilatory in making all the amends in my power for the offence than I was in offending. So I write immediately on the receipt of your letter. But let my apology be, if it be one, that a spirit not naturally over-patient had about that time ten thousand things to mortify it, and this coming on the back of them did for a while put me beside myself. I assure you I am so concerned for what you have felt, that I could not bear to read through your description of it. A little trifling—mere imprudence, at worst—did by no means deserve anything like a reproof, much less so harsh a one. As to my wife, you needed to make no apology at all to her ; she felt nothing but good wishes and friendship to you, and is by means liable to those spurts of passion to which I am unfortunately but too subject. In truth the publication was soon forgot, produced no sort of effect, but was borne down the torrent of such matter, where one succeeds and carries away the other, *velut unda impellitur unda*.

Pray forget it, as the world has and as I do ; burn the letter I wrote, which deserves no better fate ; and

may I beg—since it is one of the drawbacks on those who get a little consideration in the world that every little matter relative to them, how unfit soever for the public eye, is dragged before it by one means or other—that you would commit to the same flames any letter, letters, or papers of mine which you may find and which you think liable through some accident to be so abused. It is hardly credible how many people live by such publications, and how hard it is altogether to escape this interested diligence. This week has been laborious and busy enough. The bank scheme still predominates ; though every name in the kingdom respectable for public virtue, public service, or public talents is against it. The pamphlet which I sent to you, and which has been well received, will explain to you the grounds of our proceeding better than I can do in this place. It is the political creed of our party. Many parts will be unintelligible to you, I confess, for want of knowledge of particular persons and facts ; but on the whole I think you must enter into the design. Read it with attention.

My brother is to leave us shortly, but I trust in God his stay in that disagreeable part of the world will be short. Mrs. Burke is recovering ; she is now in the country, and desires to be most sincerely and most cordially remembered to you, to Mrs. Shackleton, and to your father. My little boy joins us in the same good wishes, in proportion to his knowledge and remembrance of you. He is a boy of good dispositions and no bad parts ; he is now forward in Homer and Lucian, and

makes Latin verses that are not altogether detestable for his time. Adieu! my dear Shackleton; forgive one who, if he is quick to offend, is ready to atone; who loves, values, and esteems your abilities and your virtues; and never can think of your early and continued friendship but as one of the chief blessings of his life. I am, my dear friend, once more truly and affectionately yours,

EDMUND BURKE.

Have we no hope of seeing you this summer?

LETTER LIV.

Beaconsfield, January 3rd, 1773

My dear Shackleton,

You take me on my weak side when you desire me to talk about corn; though not so large a consumer as you, I am considerably so. However, I sell far more than I use, so that the dearness is not to me, as a farmer, quite so affecting for my personal share of the distress as it is to others. Until some weeks hence it will not be very easy to come at the true state of last year's produce. Not much has been hitherto threshed except for seed, unless by such poor farmers as are obliged to get to the earliest market, and their supply is very limited. About us the wheat harvest has been tolerably good; mine the best I ever had. But the failure of the spring crops has been almost universal in this southern part of the kingdom, and the high price of one kind of grain will operate upon all the rest more

or less. In the north the corn yielded well, but they got it in wretchedly. On the whole, I conclude that the price of wheat will keep up very high the whole year, though the importation and the successive home threshing will somewhat lower it from its present price. But if the price is now moderate with you, that importation which will bring it down with us will raise it in Ireland ; and Mrs. Shackleton is right in her economy, if you have good granaries.

What shall I say about Lord Bellamont ? I do know him, but hardly enough to ask much less to expect any favour from him. Indeed about people's private concerns and the management of their estates any interference is generally not very kindly taken, nor likely therefore to prove very successful. However, let the matter take its chance, and if you look for any good from it, I will take your letter to him with all my heart.

I thank you for your very kind enquiry about my Richard. He thanks you, too. He is a good boy, and for his age is forward enough. Last week he returned to me from Oxford. He is entered in that University a student in Christ Church. The Dean was very much pleased with him upon his examinations. I have some thoughts of getting him a leave of absence for half a year, and taking him into France. This is the time for forming him to that language, while the organs are limber. I have found the greatest inconvenience in the want of it. Mrs. Burke desires a very affectionate remembrance to you and Mrs. Shackleton, and believe me most sincerely yours,

EDMUND BURKE.

LETTER LV.

Beaconsfield, August 11th, 1776.

My dear Shackleton,

Since I could not have the pleasure of your company longer, and particularly since I was so unluckily circumstanced as to be obliged to stay in London at a time when I earnestly wished you here, my comfort is that the rest of your tour was so satisfactory, and your return to your family and friends so safe and pleasant. I hope you will be tempted to such another trip next year. We shall not then I hope be confined in such a manner as we were this year. We may contrive a few pleasant evenings in walks about our hills and woods.

You have sent me a letter directed only to *Woodbridge*, without so much as mentioning the county in which this illustrious town stands. I really do not know where it is, so that if any ill fortune happens to the letter you must not charge me with it.

We are deeply in blood. We expect now to hear of some sharp affair every hour. God knows how it will be. I do not know how to wish success to those whose victory is to separate from us a large and noble part of our Empire. Still less do I wish success to injustice, oppression, and absurdity. Things are in a bad train, and in more ways than one. No good can come of any event in this war to any virtuous interest. We have forgot or thrown away all our antient principles. This view sometimes sinks my spirits.

Adieu ! my dear friend. Mrs. Burke, who highly esteems and values you, wishes to salute you and Mrs. Shackleton. My son does the same. So ~~does~~ Will Burke. My brother is in town, but always greets you with a most cordial affection. I am most faithfully ever yours,

EDMUND BURKE.

LETTER LVI.

Beaconsfield, September 11th, 1777.

My dear Shackleton,

You may be assured that there is none in this house capable of forgetting you, however appearances may seem every now and then to the contrary. I am neither very busy in my occupation, or excessively idle in my nature ; but I have got some habits, that I ought to be ashamed to confess, since I have used few endeavours to mend. Be assured, my very dear friend, that if I had any matter very pleasant, either of a domestic or public nature to entertain you with, you should have it as soon as any body. But things remain with us all just as they were when you were here, other than that one of our closest friends is divided from us by a great portion of the globe. Will Burke is gone to India. You have some franks, and I shall send you more. I have only one favour to beg relative to this matter, which is that you will contrive in some obliging way to let me know whether the person I am to direct to be

called, if male, Esq. or plain Mr. ; or if a woman, whether Mrs. or Miss ; for you know as well as I do, that Quakers are at least as punctilious in the use of these distinctions as any others, when applied by those who they know do not scruple them ; and don't forget that it is I who direct the letter, not you, and that when I mean to please them with franking the letter, I may affront them by neglecting that civility which they know I employ in common. So much for the direction, which observing this, the more you give me the more I shall be pleased. Adieu ! my dear Richard, your namesakes both and my Jane B. desire to be most cordially remembered to you and Mrs. Shackleton and your son, of whom we hear all manner of good things ; nobody can wish you all the happiness you deserve. I am ever yours most faithfully and affectionately,

EDMUND BURKE.

LETTER LVII.

RICHARD SHACKLETON TO EDMUND BURKE.

Ballitore, 2nd of 5th Month, 1782.

My dear friend,

The newspapers, almost my sole intelligencers, have informed me of the sudden and wonderful change in our political world, and obscure as I am, yet I could not avoid rejoicing at it ; nay, nothing would serve me but I must after this manner express my joy. Sequestered in my humble department of life, I have neverthe-

less found my mind dipped into deep concern for the public weal ; and the happiness and prosperity of the empire of Great Britain in particular, and, indeed, of mankind in general, have been often near my heart. I have sown in tears, and therefore I reap in joy. I joy that those affairs are at length wrested out of the hands of men who seem to have been altogether inadequate to the conduct of them, and are committed to those whom even the Almighty himself hath thought proper to distinguish by extraordinary gifts and talents. My dear Edmund, I cannot but rejoice with a mixture of the pride of friendship, which elevates me in idea to thy own rank, that the veil is rent which made a separation between royalty and loyalty, between the crown and its own true interest and dignity, between the king and the affections of his people. I perceive in my own heart a great alteration in its feelings respecting the king. I now love him sincerely, and am persuaded that it was not want of capacity or good disposition, but errors originating in those prejudices to which all men from education or habit are liable, that induced him to give a sanction to measures so unfortunate and ruinous. To be called at such a time as this to the preservation of the state is like a physician being called to a patient whom quacks have resigned in the last stage of his disorder ; it is like being placed at the helm when unskilful pilots have run the ship aground ; but they are situations such as these which show forth the saviour of a country. Knots so complicated such men only can loose. I presume, my dear friend, from thy present

station, that thou hast now frequent opportunities of the royal ear—this is what I wished for thee. Kings are objects of compassion, and should be subjects of tender sympathy. I am fully persuaded of thy personal attachment to the king, because I know thou lovest simplicity and sincerity, and canst make allowance for accidental circumstances. Thou art possessed of a disinterested virtue very rare amongst the qualifications of statesmen. I trust that in the conferences of the members of the administration thy sentiments, springing out of the ground of an honest heart, and delivered with that native candour, fervour, and integrity which demonstrate their original, will in a great measure sway your councils. Truth and honesty are ponderous things; when they force an entrance for themselves into the consciences even of their enemies, they are not easily dislodged. I am well aware that to act uprightly and all in concert with men differing in their views, their opinions, and their comprehensions, is attended with complicated embarrassments, and to agree on a measure is often more difficult than to carry it into execution. Coadjutors are sometimes more perplexing than avowed opponents. But when a person recommends himself by the whole tenor of his conduct to the consciences of all men, when he speaks his sentiments on important subjects with firmness and wisdom, and when a succession of events justifies those sentiments, such a man, like truth itself, must prevail. Not only the sort of friends but the sort of enemies which he has will confirm the rectitude

of his character. He is exalted a public spectacle between both, like Milton's golden scales,

“ hung forth in heaven, yet seen
“ Betwixt Astræa and the Scorpion sign.”

But hold! I am soaring to another region. I must descend from “the sublime and beautiful.” Politics and poetics were not wont to cohabit, though perhaps they will now lie down together, like the lion and the lamb in the gospel times. The newspapers mentioned thy being gone to the Continent to negotiate a peace. I was delighted with the thought of thy being employed in that godlike work, the most noble and glorious occupation which can possibly fall to the lot of man. The value of peace is best estimated by contrasting it with the effects of war—inhuman, irrational, brutish, cruel, destructive war! And yet I believe this dreadful evil, with all its concomitant horrors, often depends on the capricious will of a few vain and selfish individuals. I am persuaded, from long and intimate knowledge of thy heart, that it would be its principal joy that thou should be instrumental to procure this capital blessing of peace for mankind; and Edmund Burke would that there should be no occasion for a standing army in the British empire, though the Paymaster of the Forces, having no forces to pay, should lose his office.* Oh! how beautiful are the arts of peace!

The yearly meeting of London is approaching—it is held in Whitsun week, not in commemoration of the

* Burke at that time held the office of Paymaster of the Forces.

time, but for general convenience. I know not yet whether I shall attend it. If I do, my secondary attention, it is probable, will as usual be to thee. We are all, thank Providence, tolerably well here. We wish you all long health, and heartily felicitate you on every prosperous event which contributes to your happiness. I am, my dear Edmund, sincerely and affectionately thine,

RICHARD SHACKLETON.

LETTER LVIII.

Charles-street [London], March 3rd, 1783.

My dear friend,

Your letters for Bristol came to me when I was in the midst of business and company. If I don't mistake, one was for Mr. Rutter, the other for Mr. Tucket. I laid them both, or thought I did, on the table among my papers. When I came to prepare covers for them, I could only find the latter, which I sent. I am sorry if any accident has happened to the former. It is possible that in my haste I threw it into the fire with several covers which enclosed letters from my friends by the same post. You must be at the trouble of writing again. I am sorry that you are to have it by my neglect, or that a very worthy man, as Mr. Rutter is, should lose for any time the satisfaction he must have had in hearing from you.

We are here in a condition by no means agreeable for the present, and, I am afraid, threatening worse things for the future. We have demolished the Earl of Shelbourne; but in his fall he has pulled down a large piece of the building. He had indeed undermined it before. This wicked man, and no less weak and stupid than false and hypocritical, has contrived to break to pieces the body of men whose integrity, wisdom, and union were alone capable of giving consistency to public measures, and recovering this kingdom from the miserable state into which it is fallen. To destroy him was a necessary preliminary to everything that could be desired beneficial for the public. But whether the proper results will be suffered to follow, I know not. I greatly fear that they will not; and for once I confess I apprehend more from the madness of the people than from any other cause. If things fail, *αὐτῶν ἀπασθαλίησιν ὄλοντο*. Things are in great confusion. They all resign to-morrow, as I hear and believe; by that time they will have settled their pensions. Adieu, my dear friend, and know the value of the sweet spot of the world and the sweet state of life in which God has placed you, far from these storms! Remember us all to Mrs. Shackleton, to your excellent and ingenious daughter, and to my friend, I had almost said my old friend—Abraham. Adieu! adieu!

Yours ever and ever,

EDM. BURKE.

LETTER LIX.

[No date.]

My dear Shackleton,

We shall wait for nine to-morrow with impatience; and shall be happy to see your *whole* self without any distinction of parts. The snuff I have presented. Mrs. Burke wishes heartily to see the presenter. Yours ever,

EDMUND BURKE.

LETTER LX.

RICHARD SHACKLETON TO EDMUND BURKE.

Ballitore, Tenth-month 18th, 1785.

My dear friend,

I feel myself in a very awkward situation when I begin to write; the cause of my writing is that the newspapers here mention the son of a "Mr. Burke" having lately been lost in his passage from Harwich to Holland, and subsequent papers give us to understand that the father is since deceased. This intelligence is no trifling matter to me and my family, and we are earnestly solicitous to know what credit is to be given to any part of it. We know that information by this channel is seldom to be relied on, and as a "Dominick Burke" has died lately, we are willing to hope that

these events relate to *his* family. Do, if there be one among you alive, in charity and compassion be so humane as to take us out of this state of grievous suspense. As I can never hear from any of you, I should have waited awhile in expectation that this *must* be shortly cleared up, but my daughter Mary is so exceedingly uneasy and impatient, that she will not let me delay longer making this enquiry. I hope and trust that the great Controller of events has not permitted this dispensation—that the intelligence is false or erroneous—but most certain it is, that sooner or later most trying afflictions from one quarter or other overtake us all—trials and sufferings which no human aid nor consolation, nothing but the favour of heaven and a sense of it communicated to our spirits, can effectually support us under. As we draw towards the awful close of all, may we with more sedulous attention cultivate this favour by the performance of every duty which we think requisite for that purpose; and chiefly by having the general tenor of our lives regulated by the grace of God, his immutable, irreversible law in the conscience. I pray from my heart that his blessing and protection may surround you all. We all join—we all join in most affectionate greetings and wishes for a speedy and happy reply to this. My dear Edmund, farewell. I trust not yet for ever.

RICHARD SHACKLETON.*

* The answer to this letter is printed in Lord Fitzwilliam's collection.

LETTER LXI.

RICHARD SHACKLETON TO EDMUND BURKE.

Ballitore, Twelfth-month 5th, 1785.

My dear Edmund,

We were all exceedingly glad to have it from under thy own hand that thou art in the land of the living, and that thy son was still upon the earth, and not under the waters. We shed among you those kind congratulations which we have received from our numerous friends on the occasion. Our Mary, who would have been chief mourner if the report had unhappily been true, takes the lead in expressing our common joy. As every one has his own way of uttering what he feels, she follows that which is most easy and natural to *her*. The effusions of her heart are herewith sent. Thy partiality to her little productions encourages her to present them to thee.

We are all, thank Providence, very well, enjoying, I hope with gratitude, the domestic happiness and tranquillity which we are favoured with. *Deus nobis hæc otia fecit*. If at any time I grow tired of myself and my wife, I step over to my son and *his* wife. If they should be busy with their own concerns, and cannot afford time to chat with an idle old man, I am pleased with their diligent attention to their business, and turn to their children, who run up to me, climb atop of me,

bring me down to their own level, and we are all children together—joys which grandfathers only know. If, like a man of pleasure, I want variety in my enjoyments, I take my horse and go to other children and other grandchildren, and diversify my gratification in such mutual endearments. Such are my recreations and amusements—I hope not unbecoming a *man*. As to my engagements and occupations, I wish them to be such as are becoming a *Christian*. I often regret that I cannot have the pleasure of exchanging sentiments oftener with thee. Life will be at an end before we allow ourselves time to enjoy the best comforts of it. In the youthful spring of it we seemed to enjoy one another; the summer and autumn we gave to the world and to business in our respective lines. Now winter is coming on us, we should be social, warm, and comfortable. May you all be happy in yourselves, and one in another; and principally in the experience of the Divine blessing! Do let us hear now and then from thee. Say whether this gets to hand. I shall be glad to hear of my *young* friend Richard's safe return. How is my *old* friend Richard? he was indisposed when I was last in England.

All our affectionate regards attend you all. My dear Edmund, farewell!

RICHARD SHACKLETON.

LETTER LXII.

College-green [Dublin], October 10th, 1786.

My dear friend,

I am in Dublin, and am most seriously mortified that I cannot go further, and, as I wished, embrace you and the friends that we have so much concern in at Ballitore. My son feels this mortification as sensibly as I do. He has reason—as he has been honoured and distinguished by your daughter's genius in a manner in which it is in the power of few indeed to honour any of those whom their partiality wishes to distinguish. Our coming hither at all is at this moment a thing almost incomprehensible to me. But the fact is, the weather has been dreadfully bad; and that has narrowed, as well as made very unpleasant, the little time we have had to spare. We cannot give ourselves a fortnight here; a session earlier than I expected calls me to London, and Richard must appear in his bar-gown at Westminster Hall on the 9th of next month. Alas, my dear Shackleton, that I should be driven to apologise for not seeing Ballitore after so many years! I think you will not believe that I want this natural inclination to give myself pleasure, and to renovate myself by the view of the friends, amidst the scenes, of my earliest youth! Embrace for me your excellent wife, your worthy son—your successor and the successor

of my old master—and your daughter, who makes the pleasantest, the most classical of all grounds.

Adieu, my dear friend, and believe me most faithfully and affectionately yours,

EDMUND BURKE.

LETTER LXIII.

[No date.]

My dear Shackleton,

I am just come to town after regaling myself with a mouthful of good air. Your letter from Bedford came to me in the country. Please God you will find me at leisure. My work is over this day, having carried my twentieth article to the Lords. Can you breakfast here to-morrow morning? Mrs. B. will rejoice to see you. Both the Dicks are at Bristol now.

My dear friend,

most truly yours,

EDMUND BURKE.

LETTER LXIV.

Gerard-street [London], 9th May, 1788.

My dear friend,

I was very unlucky not to have been found at Beaconsfield when you called; I ought to have been

present at the planting of the poetical potatoes ; they will flourish and grow, *sunt enim sata ingenio*.

I really long to see you, and the lady who accompanies you and cheers you in your journey. Have I ever seen that daughter of yours ?—it is a shame that I should forget.* This day will be the last of my *very* busy days for a week, but I do not expect that we shall be *up* this day (to use an Irish expression) until six at soonest to-morrow. We have an India law fox to hunt,† but he will earth in strong ministerial and professional party ground, and we shall not be able to dig him out. If you can call this evening, you will find Mrs. Burke and the Richards (one or both, if they can hear of your arrival) ready most joyfully to receive you. Our best regards and respects to your daughter. I am, my dear Shackleton,

Most truly yours,

EDMUND BURKE.

* Richard Shackleton's youngest daughter, Sarah—generally called "Sally" in the "Annals of Ballitore."

† Warren Hastings.



PART II.

CORRESPONDENCE OF MRS. TRENCH

MRS. LEADBEATER.

CORRESPONDENCE

OF

MRS. TRENCH AND MRS. LEADBEATER.

I.—FROM MRS. ST. GEORGE, AFTERWARDS MRS. TRENCH.

Ballitore Inn, 1802.

Indeed, my dear madam, you are too good to me, and I hardly know how to express my thanks. Your *prose* "Ballitore"* resembles a highly finished Dutch painting, in which one of the best artists has represented village scenery and manners, and where one is not only struck by the general effect, but amused and interested by the details, which all bear to be separately examined. Your minutest touches have their value, and the whole wears the stamp of truth and nature. Many parts are very affecting. As a faithful portrait of a small but interesting circle, it is really curious, and will become more so every day, as those minute particulars, neglected by the historian and exaggerated by the novelist, increase in value as they increase in years. They throw the strongest light on the progress of luxury, and the changes of modes and customs; so perhaps many of

* Referring to the "Annals of Ballitore," as contradistinguished from Mrs. Leadbeater's poetical description of her native village.

the most trifling circumstances you have recorded may furnish matter whence our great grandchildren may draw important conclusions.

It is scarcely necessary for me to add how greatly flattered I am by your remark on the mutual attraction of some minds. As to the "difference of personal circumstances" you allude to, it does not exist, for I am unencumbered by rank or precedence of any kind, and surely your friendship would throw a lustre on the highest.

Your faithful and attached,

M. St. G.

II.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 7th of Seventh-month, 1802.

The note which thou, my very kind friend, favoured me with on thy leaving Ballitore, did not reach my hands as soon as was intended. I resolved to accept the liberty given me therein to write to thee, because I have no reason to think that thou wilt not be pleased to hear of those humble friends whose affection and esteem thou hast so much engaged.

I have now an additional motive to take up the pen to acknowledge the receipt of thy gift, which was handed to me this morning. I was not quite ignorant of thy poetical talent, and I longed earnestly for some of thy productions; how then was I rejoiced when on opening the little volume I found my wishes gratified! If I should express all those poems have already made

me feel, I fear thou would not be pleased. That something which cannot be described, but which is

“ Warm from the heart and to the heart addressed,”

never fails to charm ; simplicity clothed by elegance is irresistible.

About two weeks since I received a letter from my much valued friend Juliet Smith ; I know thou art much interested about her, and shall give thee an extract :—“ I have often heard of Mrs. St. George from my “ friend Lady Eleanor Butler, and I have always understood she was a woman of uncommon talents. My “ retirement has been illuminated by the company of a “ Miss Hamilton, a countrywomen of yours. She is “ the author of several works, all as conspicuous for “ their purity and benevolence, as for their wit and “ literary merit. She has taken a lodging beside one of “ the neighbouring lakes, within seven miles of us, so “ that she is within reach of a walk, and comes to partake of my cottage fare for a day or two.”

I ought to have informed thee sooner about the little commissions respecting thy tenants. It was no trouble to me to distribute these things ; it gladdens my heart to be made the instrument of dispensing benevolence.

Thou must indulge me in speaking a little more of the contents of thy little volume. My nephew, Richard Shackleton, seems as if he could not be tired of reading “ Mary Queen of Scots,” nor I of hearing him. Our critiques might amuse thee if thou heard us unseen. I love critiques ; and though I have no right to aspire to be a critic, yet I may remark on what pleases myself.

The opening of the poem is, one would think, as interesting as possible, but the interest increases with its progress. Our grief at the fatal termination of Mary's sufferings is converted into admiration at her magnanimity. But alas for poor Elizabeth, whom I have been early taught to respect, though always to consider the execution of Mary as a blot on her illustrious reign. I fear posterity will view her with detestation.

I did not intend to send thee a few lines I wrote in the blank leaf of "Mary Queen of Scots," but William desires me to do it, and, though I never promised to obey him, I should the more readily now, did I not fear that what was only the effusion of an overflowing heart might be mistaken for the detestable voice of flattery.

While Melesina wakes the living lyre,
 And Truth and History guide the moral song,
 The raptured heart is kindled at her fire,
 And quaffs the harmonious tide which rolls along.

Wealth, Beauty, Genius, all combine to pour
 Their brilliant gifts upon their favourite fair ;
 Wise was the choice and happy was the hour
 In which those brilliant gifts united were !

Not hers the joy to bask in Fortune's glow,
 Her simple taste from purer springs is fed ;
 'Tis hers to bid the golden current flow
 Where the bleak wilds of poverty are spread.

Seek not in courts—you shall not find her there,
 She proved the pomp of courts and found it vain—
 Behold her seated on the rustic chair
 Surrounded by the little lowly train !

The uncouth accents strike her patient ear,
 Oft is the tedious task repeated o'er ;
 Whilst winning smiles his wondering bosom cheer,
 The little peasant learns the artless lore.

Thus in her breast ennobling virtues shine,
 While meek humility inhabits there—
 Wealth, Beauty, Genius, well did you combine
 Your brilliant gifts to grace your favourite fair !

Thy affectionate friend,
 M. LEADBEATER.

III.—FROM MRS. ST. GEORGE.

Paris, March 8th, 1803.

My dear friend,

I am not quite so faulty as you may suppose when you recollect the date of your last letter ; and I have been the whole winter in a state of health which gave me a distaste for my most favourite occupations. Nothing else could have detained me so long in Paris—a place which in cold weather I think excessively disagreeable and peculiarly unwholesome. In fine weather, when a stranger can visit the various works of art which the tempest has assembled here from every quarter of the globe, it is highly interesting ; and it is encircled by so many delightful gardens, that one may pass the summer here without feeling one's absence from the country. Yet I have never seen a spot where I should more grieve at fixing my residence, nor a nation with

which I should find it more difficult to coalesce. A revolution does not seem to be favourable to the morals of a people. In the upper classes I have seen little but the most ardent pursuit after sensual and frivolous pleasures, and the most unqualified egotism and contempt for intellectual enjoyments, with a devotion to the shrines of luxury and vanity unknown at any former period. The lower ranks are chiefly marked by a total want of probity, and an earnestness for the gain of *to-day*, though purchased by the sacrifice of that character which might ensure them tenfold advantages on the morrow. You must not think me infected with national prejudices ; I speak from the narrow circle of my own observation, and that of my friends ; and I do not include the suffering part of the nation, who have little intercourse with strangers, and who form a society apart.

I have been presented to Buonaparte and his wife, who receive with great state, ceremony, and magnificence. His manner is very good, but the expression of his countenance is not attractive. Curran says he has the face of a gloomy tyrant. Another has compared him to a corpse with living eyes ; and a painter remarked to me that the smile on his lips never seemed to accord with the rest of his features. I have the pleasure of sending you a little picture very like him, which may enable you to form your own opinion.

Let me thank you a thousand times for your favourable reception of my little volume, and your flattering and beautiful verses, in which you have decked me

out with merits that I owe entirely to your partial friendship and lively imagination. I do not, however, wish you to awaken from the illusion; on the contrary, I feel a pride and pleasure in reflecting that, strong as is your discernment, your affection for me is still stronger. I should consider it as a favour if you would lay out the enclosed sum for the benefit of my poor cottagers, in any way you think most likely to relieve distress or animate industry. Believe me ever faithfully and affectionately yours,

M. S. G.

IV.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 11th of First Month, 1806.

I had no idea, my dearly beloved friend, that it was practicable to convey a letter to thee, else I should long ago have written; believing that it is not in the power of circumstances, time, or absence to change that kind heart.

I received the picture thou wast so kind as to send, which is looked upon as a great curiosity; it was accompanied by a very polite letter from thy son. We are grieved that thou did not return from France in time. Permit me to congratulate thee on thy marriage and the birth of thy son. Again to share with a kindred mind the sweets of domestic life must be a source of happiness to thee as well as to thy fortunate consort. A letter from thee would be delightful to my heart as well as elevating to my vanity; for it would reinstate me in

that consideration from which I have sadly shrunk, since I can give the inhabitants of Ballybarney no account from "the lady." Thus it is with borrowed splendours!

Farewell, my friend; may all happiness attend thee and thine.

MARY LEADBEATER.

V.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

Orleans, March, 1806.

My dear Mrs. Leadbeater,

I now flatter myself from many political appearances that our return cannot be long delayed; and even should affairs take a contrary turn, and Mr. Trench be forced to pass another year in this country, nothing but some unforeseen event shall prevent me from being in Ireland next summer. As, however painful it will be to me to leave him, particularly in his present disagreeable situation as *detenu*, the state of our affairs from an unexpected and unforeseen absence of nearly four years makes my return absolutely necessary.

I shall present you with a new acquaintance in the person of a little boy now two years old, who appears to me very intelligent, and is universally called very handsome; but as the wit and sense of infants are problematical, and their beauty of uncertain date, you will be better pleased to hear that he possesses the advantages more essential at his age, of health, strength, vivacity, and good humour. I hear as often from my

son as the distance between us will allow; and he writes as to a friend and confidante as well as to a mother. Everything I hear from or of him tends to console me for having given an unwilling consent to his entering on a career I would not have chosen for him, and removing to what may almost be considered as another world. Adieu, my dear Mrs. Leadbeater, yours faithfully,

MELESINA TRENCH.

VI.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

Dublin, September, 1807.

My dear Mrs. Leadbeater,

I shall hope to see you any day most convenient to you, and at any time after one o'clock, as I am still confined to my room, and in some measure an invalid. I have suffered many sorrows and escaped many dangers since I last had the pleasure of seeing you, and you will find me changed in every thing, I fear, which formerly pleased you, except in the esteem and affection with which you inspired your faithful friend.

The "Remains of Henry Kirke White" I only know from reviews. I have had for the last four years a debility of mind for which I find all melancholy reading unfavourable. At some periods of life it may conduce to mental health; at others, when we rather require tonics, it is injurious, and more a foe than a friend to virtue.

VII.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

I am an instance of our liability to do those very things against which we have exclaimed. I thought nothing could induce me to print by subscription, and it was not till I had pretty much determined on printing, that I adopted this mode in compliance with the advice of several intelligent friends, who assured me that the risk of printing on my own account would be very imprudent, and strove to remove my reluctance by argument. But they have not been fully able to remove it, and I was ashamed when I recollected that the letters I had given thee would discover the fact to thee, though I might have reflected that it will soon be generally known, that thy assistance is most valuable, and that we should never blush to receive the favours we solicit.

I am, with sentiments of gratitude and affection,
thy obliged friend,

MARY LEADBEATER.

VIII.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

I congratulate myself and your readers on the intended publication of your verses, and I feel for the embarrassment you suffer in giving us so much pleasure. I am a little affronted at your not employing me

in the same way as your other friends, and beg you will now do so. Though I have at present few acquaintances in Ireland, yet it is possible I may be of some use. * * * Be assured I think that as a wife and mother it was your duty to publish in such a way as left no possibility of your family's suffering any pecuniary loss by the bad taste of the public. The naiveté of your little girl's telling you "*how very snug she has been since you went*" shews a degree of sincerity and confidence worth all the professions that could be invented by the most polite governess.

I know not how to express my thanks for the affectionate manner in which you enter into all my little plans. I hear continually from *each* of my poor people of your goodness to them, collectively and individually, as well as of your general humanity to all your poor neighbours. Indeed, my dear madam, you are "a blessing to the country," if you will allow me to borrow from the poor that common but expressive phrase.

Thanks for your recommendation of "Letters from the Mountains," which I shall begin immediately. In return let me beg you to read "Corinne, ou L'Italie," by Madame de Staël, if you are a French as well as Latin scholar, for you positively must not see the brilliant "Corinne" in her unbecoming English dress. It is most wofully translated, but in French is a delightful work, and, though full of faults, so much more full of beauties, that you who are as candid a reader as you are capable of being a fastidious one, will admire.

Dear friend, remember, no name of mine except the

heathenish one I received at *christening* may appear in those lines by which you have distinguished me. As to the verses in which your kind partiality has placed me in a sphere far above my merits, I must beg you to do exactly as you please. The partiality of a friend is always excused, and this idea alone would prevent me from apprehending great censure on their appearance. Excuse great haste. I also "am in the fermentation of domestic bustle." I thank you for that phrase—it is so good I cannot resist adopting it.

IX.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

My dear Mrs. Leadbeater,

Your kind letter found me safely deposited in London with my babes, and in hourly expectation of my son's arrival. A heavy cold, in consequence of travelling through roads *dug* out of snow, combined with other circumstances to delay my answer. We set out in the softest, finest weather possible, but the very day our journey began, the snow began also, and locked us up in a small and solitary inn, in the wildest part of Wales, during four days—which, however, I passed very pleasantly. I need not explain this to you, and to many I could not explain it—for I assure you that the excess of pity which has been lavished on Mr. Trench and me, for having been four days wholly dependent on each other's society for amusement, has raised in me many an inward smile, as being, while intended for

politeness, the very essence of rudeness. "Dear me! "so you were four days in that terrible way! how you "must have suffered from ennui!" &c. In vain I tell people that I am not subject to ennui; they will continue to pity till I am more tired of them than they could be of retirement. The only event of my journey, was passing on the road one of my earliest female friends and nearest relations, who, with her husband, four children, and their tutor, were returning to Ireland after about two years' residence in England. We did not meet, and she was as long shut up by the snow as I was in some neighbouring inn. We were in a great measure brought up together, and have been faithful friends our whole lives, so our meeting in that patriarchal way—each accompanied by almost her whole family—would have been a very joyous circumstance.

Now for a little trouble to you. * * Will you be kind enough to explain this to — once more, for you know how mentally hard of hearing some of our countrymen appear. I certainly agree with you that they are not ill-natured—but at the same time may I hazard an opinion that though they are ever willing to relieve the pressure of actual distress, they will not act as generously in preventing it as our English neighbours. Nor are the higher classes in Ireland by any means so liberal to their poorer relations and dependants; they will jovially feed them—in England they pension, set them up in business, &c.

I know that you will share in my expected happiness when I tell you Charles is safely arrived and will pro-

bably reach London to-morrow. My anxiety and impatience are at present more painful than pleasant, and I know of no better mode of calming them than by writing to a friend. I thank you much for interesting yourself so warmly about a school at Ballybarney. At the same time I would much prefer *uniting* with others in any scheme likely to succeed for a school on Mr. Lancaster's plan, because I am conscious a simple absentee can do very little, whereas my assistance and subscription would be of tenfold benefit when aided by the good sense and efforts of some persons on the spot. If a school could be set up equidistant from Ballybarney and Ballitore, I think there are many in the neighbourhood would unite in assisting and conducting it. I wish you would think about this, and try whether any persons whom you know are zealous on the subject, and whether a school-room could be hired for the present, as one would not build till one saw how it succeeded.

I have read Mrs. Grant, and am charmed with her letters.

X.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 25th of Sixth-month, 1808.

Every pulse of my heart seemed to beat in unison with thy proposal of the school. I do expect there are many persons here zealous on the subject, and I cannot help foreboding much good from the success of this plan. I know there is a thirst for learning

among the lower ranks. There is a young man here who has, these several winters, after his day's labour, kept a night-school in his father's house ; the lads who wish for improvent assemble there in the winter evenings, furnished with their own implements for learning, one bringing a candle one night, another the next, and so on, without paying anything for their instruction.

Thine,

MARY LEADBEATER.

XI.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

Bognor, August, 1808.

My son is now with me. He has entirely given up the army, and resigned his captain's commission, though he had the certainty of present promotion ; his tastes, views, and strong spirit of independence not perfectly according with that profession. He has entered Cambridge, and will, I hope, be an assiduous student. He is everything I could wish, and though he has lived so long absent from me, not one of the slenderest fibres by which his early affections were bound has been broken. In short, I am very thankful for the great domestic blessings I enjoy.

A very strong alarm about our little Francis brought me to the sea-shore, and I have been there two months at one of the few bathing-places at once convenient and retired. Bognor Rocks, as it is ambitiously named, without an atom of romantic beauty, or a rock but what is completely covered when the tide is in, is a

sweet, tranquil, sheltered, verdant spot, as yet uncontaminated by the frivolous habits of similar places of resort. I live the life of a marine plant, vegetating, and enjoying the feelings of renovated health both in myself and child. I am now thoroughly convinced that there are cases out of the reach of medicine in which the sea-air alone may be a complete restorative. I at least have felt it so, and I dread leaving it, as an infant dreads quitting its nurse, and I think it very probable that we may pass the winter months on some part of the southern coast. Bognor is ill adapted for a residence after October, and therefore the pilgrims who seem doomed to ramble will then seek out another abode. Two of my treasures are in Ireland. Since their departure I have had a visit from a long tried friend, who is peculiarly pleasant as an inmate from her powers of amusing herself with work, books, exercise, and a very extensive correspondence; so that she never feels the necessity of being entertained as a visitor. Indeed our present retirement affords no extraneous source of amusement. We went last week to see Goodwood, the Duke of Richmond's, and were particularly pleased with the pheasantry. It is a little *dip*, if you will allow the phrase; nearly oval, almost on the top of a high hill, and thickly planted all round with trees and shrubs, the ground rising from it abruptly opposite to the entrance, and more gradually at each side. In the bottom lies the neat cottage of the protector and guide of a most beautiful race of gold and silver pheasants, who wander about apparently

free from restraint ; but alas ! a few unseen feathers have been clipped, which completely robbed them of the liberty of quitting the little circuit allotted to them. Goodwood is a very fine place, but its only distinctive mark is this pheasantry and a dog kennel of such magnificence as makes one blush—and also, which I had forgot, the foolish freak of a dog's burying place.

Faithfully yours,

M. T.

XII.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 2nd of Tenth-month, 1808.

My kind friend's letter felt to me like a beam of light shining through the gloom of the sick bed on which I lay. I have had a kind of bilious fever, I believe not dangerous ; but having been favoured with health, seldom interrupted all my life, my friends and myself are more alarmed than is needful ; however, I am now recovering.

I gave notice of the continuance of the garden premiums, and of the additional guinea for the neatest house, which I told them was not difficult to win. I also warned them that I should not wait for the time of judging gardens, but should come upon them without any further warning, that so we might see who was most habitually decent. I am in great hopes this spur to emulation will have good and lasting effects, for who that has once tasted the comfort of cleanliness can sit down contented in dirt ?

I could not read thy description of the pheasantry, &c., at Goodwood without recollecting Peter Pindar's severity on the late duke, and his touching picture of the poor soldier. I have just got a loan for an hour of my friend Juliet Smith's daughter's book. It is entitled, "Fragments in Prose and Verse, by a Young Lady lately deceased, with some account of her life and character." The book is a picture of the lovely writer. I have also got "Corinne, ou l'Italie," and have made some way in the second volume. I am not mistress enough of the language to read it with rapidity and ease; at the same time the interest of the story hurries me along, and I can discern very striking and peculiar beauties, whether in the description of Rome, its environs and its antiquities, &c., which are placed before us in a most lively manner, or in the singular characters. I cannot but regret the story and the fate of Corinne. Why should not she be united to Oswald? She is a charming creature, but might not her example be dangerous? Might not a young, beautiful, and vain woman, ungifted with Corinne's mind, imagine herself the counterpart of this enchanting model, and long to exhibit to public gaze her graces and accomplishments?

Thy stock of medicine for the poor is far from being exhausted. It is surprising how little assistance, when joined with faith, is useful. I intend, however, to make some additions, and also to procure some useful seeds. Hast thou read the "Antidote to the Miseries of Human Life"? I think it is a tale capitally told. I wish all Quakers were such as the heroine!

Farewell, my highly esteemed friend.

XIII.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

October, 1808.

My dear Mrs. Leadbeater,

It grieves me to hear you have been indisposed. When any of my friends enjoy habitually good health, I am apt to forget they are vulnerable to pain and sickness. I hope you have not taken much medicine, and that you will be in the situation of Madame de Sevigné, who says that, having had no physician in her illness, she had only to recover from her sickness, and not from her remedies; or, as she much better expresses it, "Je n'ai qu'a me guerir de mon mal, et non pas de mes remedes." Your short criticism on Corinne appears to me to go more directly to the point, and describe more exactly the real danger of the work, than all the pages which have been spun out on the subject. I cannot but acknowledge its perfect justice. The other work you mention I was delighted with, and often applied the character of Mrs. Placid, saying to myself, "I have a Mrs. Placid of my own, who would be as much admired as this one, if she were as publicly known, and is still more highly gifted by nature and education." I took the hint of pickling cabbage from the "Reports," which mentions it as being done advantageously by cottagers; I send you the receipt. Corinne and pickled cabbage!—did she ever expect to be so paired? She

who says waste lands are an interesting sight, and that she loves a noble uselessness : “ J’aime cette noble inutilité.”

I have torn off the page which followed what you have just read, as it contained nothing but a *croak* upon the mischief I feared I had been doing. I had seen a sensible and well-intentioned person, who gave me a very gloomy picture of Ballybarney ; told me I had spoiled labourers, without making artizans or farmers, and had rendered land almost useless and unproductive, which in good hands might have been cultivated to the highest state of improvement, from its favourable situation as to markets, &c. ; in short, that I had added to the poverty and idleness of poor Ireland, at a great loss to myself and family. However, if this be true or even half true, self-reproach will not mend it, and therefore I will spare you the pain of seeing the uneasiness this exhortation gave me at the moment. I approve very much of your purchase of seeds. Medicines, seeds, any books they can understand, and little premiums to industry and prosperity, which in that class is almost always a proof of good conduct and sobriety, are the channels in which I should most wish to try my powers of being useful. Believe me unalterably yours,

M. T.

XIV.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

Dublin, 13th June, 1809.

My dear Mrs. Leadbeater,

I will not trouble you with an account of the various mishaps which deprived me of your Poems till my arrival here. It was, indeed, a great pleasure deferred. Their softness and refinement, both of ideas and language, are delightful, and they abound with strokes of the true pathetic. Burke's letters to you are highly interesting, and I am glad you have found such suitable niches for them. The address you have honoured me with is so gratifying to my feelings, that all vanity at being over-praised is lost in more pleasurable sensations. Our friends may commend us above our deserts without corrupting our hearts, because we know their opinions must be attributed to partiality, and cannot be shared by any indifferent person. I am sorry to hear your feelings have been hurt by criticisms. Remember to "consider them only as burrs thrown on us in the way of holiday foolery," and also that "if we walk not in the trodden path, our very petticoats will catch them." Is not this overbalanced by having stepped into an untrodden path of greater beauty and fragrance, and collected in it a very delightful choice of sweets?

Why should we not have a Friendly Society on the plan of some of the English ones, where labourers and

artisans might deposit their savings, and others be admitted as honorary members? I think your neighbourhood might furnish such an association. The "Reports of the Society for bettering the condition of the Poor" give us models, which we might alter at pleasure.

Yours very faithfully,

M. T.

XV.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 15th of Sixth-month, 1809.

My much esteemed friend,

To receive undoubted assurance that thou art in the same island with me, and that I have a chance of seeing thee in the course of the summer is indeed very gratifying.

I hope soon to judge the houses; the change of weather has been unfavourable; they must have fair play and sunshine. I am quite a friend to planting a few trees in the vicinity of the cottages. Each occupant will protect his own, and they will greatly improve the look of the village. The propensity of our peasantry to destroy young trees will thus be checked, for he who plants a tree generally loves it. The Benefit Society, or Friendly Society, has long been near my heart. Another valuable friend of mine, William P. Le Fanu, is anxious also for such a society, and to have a school established here. W. P. Le Fanu is a most extraordinary

man. He receives the sick poor three times a week in a room in this village; he spends hours with them. They are ready to break in the partition, for he admits but one at a time, and that one he hears with the patience of a Job.

I am highly flattered by thy opinion of my book, and perceive with gratitude thy kind endeavour to reconcile me to my fate of being roughly handled by the *Eclectic Review*. I have been censured for inserting Edmund Burke's letters to me, and I do not wonder I should, but I did so by persuasion. Thy approval is a consolation. I have read the reviews in the *Cyclopedian* and *Belfast Magazines*. While I turned over the leaves of the first I met with, I found that one may live long in the world and yet experience new sensations; I could not define mine at the time. I am now on the point of stepping into public view in the form of "Anecdotes taken from Real Life, for the Improvement of Children." This little book, which is now in the press, will not be printed by subscription. A few cuts are to embellish it. They were designed by some young friends of mine, the charming daughters of the rector of Dunlavin, and cousins to my friend W. P. Le Fanu. Their father is a clergyman of celebrity and worth; he has educated them himself, and has cultivated their understanding by classic lore; but there is such youthful modesty, perfect simplicity, and freedom from affectation in their manners, that one would not suspect their rare attainments, though it is easy to see through that charming veil the lustre of genius. The engraver

has not done their sketches all the justice they deserve, but he has succeeded pretty well. W. P. Le Fanu encouraged me to publish this little work, has written the introduction, and superintends the printing of it.

MARY LEADBEATER.

XVI.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

July, 1809.

Many thanks, dear Mrs. Leadbeater, for your offer of ornamenting my present of forest trees by your kind addition of "laburnams, lilacs, and tall shrubs," which, however, I fear will prove pearls before—I will not say *what*, out of respect to my village, which never was dignified by that name till now.

I am sorry your friend Mr. Le Fanu gives up so great a portion of his life and health as thrice a week's indiscriminate reception of the sick poor must dispose of; and I regret it for the following reasons: first, because they have so great a love of talking, that many feign sickness, or exaggerate trifling complaints for the pleasure of being listened to; and next, because the hope of receiving charitable aid produces the same effect; in both which cases the listener devotes much time and anxiety, capable of being better employed. I knew one of the best of women who lost numerous hours in this way, which, if devoted to the encouragement of industry and education, would have sowed the seeds of infinite good; and, on clearing away a quantity of weeds

(which no one expected would be removed) in the neighbourhood of her house, the greater portion of the medicine, pills, and blisters which she had given for a considerable time were found thrown away; and often, as was acknowledged by the servants, with abuse to the donor, "for putting off poor people with such things." If the Irish were the most sickly instead of the most healthy people in the universe, I hardly think the environs of Ballitore would furnish patients for an attendance so close as your friend's. Do prevail on him to save himself a little.

I cannot conceive on what grounds any one can blame your publishing Mr. Burke's letters; every fragment of him must be precious. I have not met a single person who is not delighted with it, and particularly pleased to see the great man in an easy attitude, affectionately conversing with the daughter of the friend of his childhood. You have the sanction not merely of custom, but (if that were necessary) even of fashion; for almost every card of compliment written by a person in any way remarkable is now given to the public, and read with an avidity excited by no other species of literature. If you possess any more such, I beg we may have them.

Pray let me know Mr. Le Fanu's address when he comes to Dublin, that if he cannot find time to call on me, Mr. Trench and my son may wait on him. I feel very desirous of his acquaintance, and thankful to you for having procured it for your so often obliged,

M. TRENCH.

XVII.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

23rd of Seventh-month, 1809.

As to my excellent friend, William P. Le Fanu, I have not been without my fears that he was running his race early, and that it would too soon terminate; yet may not the activity of benevolence injure the health less than the activity of what is generally called pleasure? This young man, with talents and accomplishments fitted to shine in any circle, and with much native vivacity and pleasantness, devotes at least twelve hours every week to the exclusive service of the sick poor. I think he might be in danger of his life from the press did he not admit but one at a time into his reception room, but they thrust against the partition so as to endanger its safety, and gaze in through the chinks at him. Sore sorry should I be if the immediate neighbourhood of Ballitore furnished patients for such an attendance; but they come many miles on horses, on cars; and a man who comes ten miles for advice, and who pays for his drugs, can have but one motive for the journey. My friend has taken every precaution against imposition. He has accurately studied the science of medicine, by which he knows whether their complaints are real or not; and he makes those who can afford it pay for the medicines. He sees everything with his own eyes; he mingles with the people he assists, enters into their feelings, investigates their

wants, and appreciates their claims; and he is happy to say that, after some thousands of experiments, the result has been favourable to the Irish character. Even in his absence, the advice which he communicated to me concerning some sick persons was the means of restoring them from the brink of the grave. So, my much valued friend, thou mayest see that those medical hours are truly well and usefully employed.

Yesterday afternoon, I went to Ballybarney with a guinea-note in my pocket, and some friends beside me, to assist me in adjudging the premium for the house. We had a beautiful evening, and our spirits enjoyed unalloyed delight, which, when I set my foot upon the Ballybarney estate, was mingled in my mind with a proper sense of my own consequence as Vice-Roy or Vice-Reine, and I was hailed with pleasant looks and smiles. "The Queen of the May" had her new house finely got up and very decent; her garden is bedecked with flowers, arbors, cherrytrees, and a sun-dial, near which several sun-flowers are raising their heads, and I imagine that planting them there was judged a happy thought, and their defeating the intent of the dial has never occurred to her. We were enraptured with the appearance of industry, neatness, content, and independance which thy village affords. Leaving this house, I left my consequence behind, and shrunk into the original insignificance of thy much obliged friend,

MARY LEADBEATER.

P. S.—Hast thou read Colonel Hutchinson's Life,

written by his admirable Lady? I suppose "Gertrude of Wyoming" has met thy approbation? How touching is the silent agony of the husband, over whom his Indian friend throws his mantle!

XVIII.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

September, 1809.

My dear Mrs. Leadbeater,

The gloves you have sent me are like the work of fairy hands, of the most perfect neatness and finish. Shoemaking was the work of the ladies where I have been visiting; and, as it is managed, is neither troublesome or dirty. All the implements are contained in a round box about one foot in diameter and one foot high, and the art is very easily learned. It is the fashionable work at present, and I wish this whim may in time lead to throwing it into female hands, to which the making of neat shoes for women and children is particularly suited. Indeed employment of this kind is much wanted for our sex. As a piece of female economy in families who live much in the world, it has its use, as a pair of shoes which would cost nine shillings is made for three in about two days. Your ideas of "Gertrude of Wyoming" accord exactly with my own. It is a delightful poem, and speaks powerfully to the heart and imagination. I was greatly disappointed in "Madoc," which I have but just read. What a strange delight Southey takes in wounds and tortures. I would almost

as soon visit the inquisition or witness a boxing match as read it again. I have been much interested in many of your "Anecdotes." The preface bears the marks of being by another hand, and I think I should have known it untold. Persevere, my dear friend, and let the approbation of a Burke console you for the illiberal criticism of the *Eclectic Review*, for it is surely illiberal to dismiss a work with a general criticism, which might be made by one who had not read or heard of it ; and, as it neither introduces any discussion, nor makes any remark, can in no way serve the cause of literature. I have seen an interesting letter from Hannah More on the subject of "Cœlebs," and was greatly pleased with the candour and simplicity of her sentiments and style. She says it has gone through ten large editions, and has been the means of sending many readers to "the best of books ;" but she apologises for the marks it bears of having been written when her health and spirits were somewhat impaired, and she owns that the lady may have been right who said it was "a bad novel, and a bad sermon." Faithfully yours,

M. T.

XIX.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 25th of Ninth Month, 1809.

My dear friend,

I am glad the gloves pleased thee ; the hands which made them were long unskilled in the business

of the needle, and better used to planting and picking potatoes ; but their progress in this art proves the aptitude and ingenuity of our country folk. I wish the scheme of female shoemakers may succeed.

I never read "Madoc." I read "Thalaba" hurriedly, and it appeared to me very confused. I don't know what to think of Southey. I have admired some of his little detached pieces, but others of them are shocking. Hast thou read "Henry Kirke White's Remains" ? We are much pleased with it here. After having mentioned those eminent writers, let me descend and request thou would consent to peruse in manuscript a series of "Dialogues" which I ventured to write for the instruction of the lower classes. I have taken two characters whom I know for the models of Rose and Nancy. The dialogues are for the most part between them ; now and then the husbands *get leave to speak*, and the children. Fairs, wakes, tobacco, whiskey, and many other subjects are discussed. After these come dialogues between the ladies Seraphina and Charlotte.

Thy ever affectionate,

MARY LEADBEATER.

XX.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

3rd October, 1809.

I am very much pleased with the prospect you give me of co-operating in an undertaking so useful as yours appears to be ; and having now a little leisure, I shall

be happy, dear Mrs. Leadbeater, to devote it to offering you some additions to your volume, if any remarks happen to strike me which have escaped your more exercised and better judgment. At all events I beg you to favour me with the manuscript, and I will promise you my sincere opinion. I am glad you are about to appear again before the public. Your verses in Miss Bowdler's "Fragments" breathe that softness, taste, and refinement which characterize all you have written. What a character is drawn in that little volume of your angelic friend Elizabeth Smith, who shines a bright luminary amongst our brightest females. Even without her learning she would have been admirable. Miss Bowdler has cheated the London world into reading two improving and religious works, while they only sought for memoirs of an interesting girl, and a little gossip relative to Klopstock. Meta's letters to Richardson, the novelist, I had already selected from his correspondence, as precious stores from a bundle of remnants, and I am glad they are now placed amongst their peers. Your admiration of "Gertrude of Wyoming" is not greater than my own. There is an exquisite sensibility in some passages, and a pomp of poetical diction united with apparent truth of descriptive painting in others, which cover all the faults of its meagre, disjointed, improbable narrative, and its occasional obscurity. The long suspension of the meaning of the sentence from the beginning of a stanza to its conclusion occurs too often to suffer it ever to be a popular poem; those to whom verse is not familiar are constantly obliged to seek for his meaning.

However, the condensed beauties of "Gertrude" are numerous, and particularly to be admired at present, when the art of saying much in few words seems almost forgotten. How stupid and narrow-minded my remarks on Mr. Le Fanu must have appeared to you, who being in the habit of seeing him, cannot be surprised at the rare combination of knowledge, prudence and energy he seems to possess. I have myself, in spite of an early introduction into the world, so much reluctance to form new acquaintances, and a great degree of *mauvaise honte* at a first meeting with those whom I have been taught to respect, that I felt precisely the same feeling about an introduction to Mr. L. as you describe in him. However, like all cowards, I grow insolent on finding others afraid of me, and therefore am now even more impatient than before to make his acquaintance since my feelings of apprehension are neutralized. If the assurance that I did *not* write a play will divest me of some of the terrors I inspired, I can give it most safely. I once arranged some scenes on the story of Palemon and Lavinia, to be played by Mrs. Sheridan and me, and our children. Its literary merit did not entitle it to the name of a play; and it never reached the honours of performance, as a violent influenza fell amongst us while it was in preparation. Through Mrs. Sheridan I have often heard of the family of Le Fanu, and always as persons of distinguished talents. You have shown them to me in a light still more attractive.

I must tell you of a little school in Portarlington, and give you an exact account of its management and ex-

penditure, as many people are frightened from undertakings of charity by ignorance and exaggerated ideas of their expence. My friend hired a lodging room in an upper floor, and a school-room on a ground floor in the same house, for six pounds a year—the lower apartment for the school, the upper for the mistress. She allowed the mistress six pounds a year for her time on all week days from nine o'clock in the morning till three in the afternoon. Reading, writing, and plain work were taught. The girls, twelve in number, were soon ready to take in plain work, of which they got abundance, but at a very low price, as the work was not so critically good as in the shops. The profits of this formed a fund to assist in clothing them; and they were also employed in making up baby linen and other articles of dress, which were sold at low price and proved a great accommodation to the neighbouring poor, particularly the cheap baby lincn. To this fund my friend added what was necessary to purchase the materials of plain clothing which they made up for themselves, and the total expence was from thirty pounds to thirty guineas annually for twelve girls, none of whom left the school till fit to be apprentices or servants. Ever most faithfully yours,

M. T.

XXI.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

1809.

My dear friend,

Your last work is delightful, and I am charmed to think we shall have you again in print. The press gives one a firm property in the mental exertions of those we love. I hope my eyes will allow me to finish the "Dialogues" to-morrow. I presume Rose and Nancy are to be published separately, and without a preface. It were a pity they should not produce their full effect by appearing alone, and a preface to a work of instruction generally diminishes its utility by letting the instructed too much behind the curtain. The dialogues for ladies and gentlemen should certainly not be in the same work. I have a fancy some one at Ballybarney should open a little shop, and sell a few articles of daily necessity. If lending five pounds to Mrs. Costello to begin with would be necessary, I have no objection, provided you take her husband's note for it; as I neither intend it for a gift, nor wish she should suppose it to be one. You see I am, like Frederick II., Buonaparte, and various *tyrannical great men*, endeavouring to force a trade.

I have just gone through your second series, and think it a very admirable and useful work. It cannot be so much so as the first for obvious reasons. It is one of many other excellent productions of the same

species, while "Rose and Nancy" is a work that stands alone, and is perfectly original both in design and execution. I am charmed with your last poem, in which there is much sweetness, grace, and novelty. One or two of the subjects have I believe been hitherto untouched in poetry, and offered no small difficulty—particularly the description of the little chimney sweeper, where you have completely vanquished all the obstacles that lay in your way, and presented a picture equal in fidelity and pathos. I now speak only from a first perusal, as my time has not been my own since I arrived here, but I hope soon to read it again, with the difficult task before me of searching for something to find fault with. Your too favourable introduction of your friend Melesina I am not capable of discussing as I ought, having seen that it brought tears of pleasure into those eyes where I have sought for the principal part of my happiness during the last seven years. Accept, however, my grateful thanks for the warmth of those feelings which have thrown around me a portion of their own lustre. Your description of the chimney-sweeper reminds me that Mr. F. T. told me that a child of this description had in his house been so entangled in a heap of rubbish, which fell on him in the exercise of his dreadful task, as to be unable to move, and threatened with immediate destruction. It was after he had been long in this situation that the master of the house was informed of it. There appeared to be no possibility of assisting him from above or below. On his ordering the wall to be broken on the outside, so as to release him in that

way, the servants remonstrated strongly on the folly of injuring the house and taking so much trouble for one who was "only a little sweep!" He was released before any fatal consequence ensued, but a few minutes longer of confinement would probably have terminated his existence. This is a shocking story, particularly in the indifference it displays to the life of a fellow creature, so often shown in the uneducated class of this kingdom. Thank God the new machines for sweeping chimneys are making their way in London. I know of their having been successfully used in a very great, and a very small London residence—at Carlton House, and at the comparatively humble dwelling of Mr. Smart the musician; so I hope they will be found universally convenient. We want an institution in Ireland similar to that formed in London for this unfortunate class. When I once mentioned to a French gentleman of some consequence, that the late Duke of Bedford was at the head of a society formed for the relief of climbing boys, his reply was, "What a mean and low occupation for a duke!—*fi donc!*" I know you like every anecdote, however trifling, that gives you an idea of what France appeared to be when I left it. May I beg if the school has really commenced, that as soon as it arrives at *four* scholars you will procure a bench fit for the purpose, to be *lent* by me to the school-mistress. I think I had better give her a small stock of needles and thread to start with, and, if she can teach marking, half a dozen samplers. I know you will provide them for me if you approve.

If you should see any of the —— family, except the poor dying father, it would be kind to strengthen the assurance I gave them that it was only so long as *he* lived they could remain rent free. I find he has a son grown up, yet the wife hinted a hope of remaining on the same terms, and it would be a very weak encouragement, on my part, to want of exertion. Indeed I am so sure the hope of it would diminish even now the industry of the family, that I wish them not to indulge it for a moment. I think it in general a baneful species of charity, and have an instance of it in a family who have held gratuitously four acres of good ground longer than I can remember, under my grandfather's will as well as in his lifetime, and yet they have never risen above the level of the commonest labourers about them. I think you would perform a good action, which, being habitual to you, would probably give you pleasure, and I should be much obliged. Farrell's wife came to me on Sunday, and showed much equivocation and artifice, but till more general pains are taken with the education of our poor, we cannot expect them to be truth-tellers, and while we leave the formation of their principles to the priests, we must be prepared to find them bigots.

Pray be so good as to let me know when my little deposit is out, that I may send more. All I beg, my dear friend, is that you will follow your own excellent judgment, and not burthen yourself with more trouble than what unavoidably attends on the part you have accepted, therefore do not teaze yourself with asking

my opinion except when it falls in your way to do so accidentally, for you may be sure I shall think all you do better done than it could have been by me.

I have just seen, on a visit to Lord Clancarty, the most *ornamental* effects resulting from his not permitting holes or dunghills before the cabin doors. His brother is justice of the peace, and regularly enforces the law by fining the owners ; the fine being applied to a fund for purchasing clothes for the poor. But I believe this can be done only in towns or villages ; and at all events, as ours is a labour of love, we do not wish to enforce, but to persuade their removal ; we must constitute them utter disabilities to receiving any premium.

XXII.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

January 2nd, 1810.

I have never seen Miss Edgeworth, which I do not very much regret—having been invariably disappointed, whenever I have greatly admired a book, on being introduced to its author. This may partly be my own fault, but I believe it is so common a feeling, that those to whom admiration gives pleasure ought rather to wish to retain their idea of a favourite writer than to exchange it for reality. You might say this was “Sour grapes !” if I did not also acknowledge that if an opportunity offered of making acquaintance with a person so distinguished and of such eminent talents as Miss Edgeworth, I should certainly embrace it. So my little theory will never deprive me of any positive pleasure,

and only serves to save me from unavailing wishes. I am just going to read Sir Jonah Barrington, which being a borrowed book admits of no delay. I have lately read an extract from it in a new Dublin Magazine, "The Monthly Panorama," containing the character of Lord Clare. It bears a great resemblance to the style of "The State of Ireland past and present," and I feel a strong conviction that both are from the same hand. You know the author of the last publication has never been discovered; and it is asserted Sir Jonah did not write his own work.

You will smile at my Irish bull, but you will comprehend my meaning, and I will not correct this proof of my being a true-born Irishwoman. Ever your attached,

M. T.

XXIII.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

February 7th, 1810.

My dear Mrs Leadbeater,

There is a species of consolation to be extracted from dwelling on the merits and even the graces of departed friends, and it is easy to see that it is implanted for the wisest purposes; and that if it did not exist, the memory of all those virtues that adorn private life would rapidly decay, instead of proving, as it often does, the seed of fresh and perhaps superior merits in the survivors.

Last October I made a visit to Heywood, the beautiful demesne of which you have heard so just an account,

and in despite of hearing much previous praise lavished on that enchanting spot, I found it exceed my expectations. Nothing that the hand of taste can execute is there omitted, and though some complain that art has been too lavish, and too nicely trim in her embellishments, yet I own she did not appear to me to overstep the limits of taste. The beautiful and comfortable cottages the proprietor has built for his labourers do honour to his heart. To these his four daughters are daily visitors. Praise when due, and silence when blame is deserved, is their favourite maxim of police ; and I believe where daily inspection is practised, the rule may be a good one. They are very active in the encouragement of manufactures amongst their cottagers, and have found stuffs and wicker-work succeed best. Miss T. has got a loom, and wore a stuff of her own wearing while I was there, in order to show that it is an employment suitable to women.

I had the pleasure of hearing at your bookseller's that the whole edition of your "Anecdotes" was sold. If you print a second edition perhaps you will omit the second picture, as it tends to connect in a child's mind the association of fear with that kind and faithful animal, the dog. Perhaps, too, the ideas relative to death recur rather too frequently. Young minds cannot be too strongly impressed with ideas of the power and goodness of God and of our being accountable beings ; but it may be doubted whether we should lead them to the contemplation of the last scene of existence till a more advanced period.

I found great amusement in Hayley's Life of Cowper, though it is easy to see the writer has not made the most of so very interesting a subject.

You will have looked in vain for my name at the Irish court.

“ She proved the pomp of courts and found it vain,”*

is literally true, though surrounded by so many errors in judgment, arising from the partiality of friendship, that being in bad company may make its truth disputed. I had intended to be presented this winter, but forgot the date of the drawing-room till it was too late to make up the appropriate dress, and without being presented at a previous drawing-room I cannot go to the birth-day, which I now intend to pass with my good and pleasant friends Mr. and Mrs. La Touche. Faithfully and affectionately yours.

XXIV.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

February 25th, 1810.

My dear friend,

Perhaps few have ever written thoroughly good and musical prose, who did not at some time or other exercise their pens in verse. Experience seems to corroborate this, and it is a strong motive for encouraging poetical attempts.

You will see that Mr. Wellesley Pole interests him-

* Quoted from a poem by Mrs. Leadbeater ; see page 146.

self about our prisons. While here he was most active on the subject, and exerted himself in liberating from Newgate females confined for small offences, twelve of whom he removed to the Penitentiary, and employed in weaving, by which they now earn something considerable, and enjoy the hope of being restored to society as useful members.

I saw Mrs. Disney yesterday, and she wishes to know whether, if the Association took 250 copies of "Rose and Nancy," it would encourage you to publish. She admires the work very much, and thinks it would be the most useful that has yet appeared. I could not collect from her any sort of criticism, except a wish that you had "entered more upon those broad truths of Christianity which are common to all denominations of Christians." I said I supposed you feared the priests might discourage its general circulation if it bore in any shape the character of a religious work.

XXV.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 28th of Third-month, 1810.

I have the pleasure, dear friend, of informing thee that this day I paid a visit to Ballybarney. I hope in the conclusion to mutual satisfaction, though at first the inhabitants were startled lest I was coming as a judge; and this being the busy time of planting potatoes, they had not time to set their houses in order. They, however, looked very decent upon the whole, and the gardens are much improved.

I wanted to prevail upon Esther Costello to accept casement windows for her cabin, but could not effect my purpose—"four panes were so much prettier;" so four panes she is to have, but I insist upon their opening. I believe my partiality for the casement window originates in the association of ideas; for my aunt Carleton's and my aunt Fuller's kitchens were thus lighted; and one of these used to admit the light to each end of our meeting-house, and has often beguiled the "longsome hours," by throwing the shadow of the trees in the grove in a fanciful manner into my view when seated in silence. Sometimes I thought those reflections of light and shade belonged to heaven or heavenly things, and I looked upon them with awe.

XXVI.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

April 4th, 1810.

After a most prosperous voyage, both by sea and land, your friends, dear Mrs. Leadbeater, reached their home as expeditiously as the youth of their fellow-travellers would admit, considering also that they do not adopt the fashion of hurrying through every common journey as if the fate of empires depended on their speed. I have found my son quite well. He left Cambridge for two days in order to pass them with me. Nothing shows more strongly the fallacy of common opinion on the mode of life calculated to make a very young man happy, than his present animation and

cheerfulness in a college life of study and comparative retirement,—and his low spirits while a boy, aid-de-camp to an uncle in one of the highest military situations in India, where he was surrounded by pomp, luxury, and festivities of every kind, and, according to the usual habits of oriental living, attended by fourteen servants, when he was little more than so many years old. Now he derives amusement from every passing occurrence, and his pencil continually furnishes him with scenes of humour, and, at times, of just and legitimate satire.

You have beautifully and poetically described the origin of your partiality to casement windows. I believe the reflections of light and shade from waving foliage to be universally captivating to persons of an awakened fancy. My little Frederick, at about two years of age, was so struck by this reflection on a sunny floor, as it suddenly appeared on the opening of a door, which at once admitted the beams and the shade of the waving branches, that he cried out, with one of those looks that would have been called inspired in the days of fable, "Voilà le vent qui entre!" For the present we may as well have your favourite windows in the new house.

I am now relieved from my long fast as to reading. You know the difficulty of getting books in Dublin, even to buy; and I, who have already so many, and so little space wherein to put them, wish only to hire the majority of those I read, which is out of the question in Dublin, as it does not afford as good a circulating library as is found down to the sixth-rate provincial

towns here. In London, a guinea a quarter gives one everything one can wish. I have read "Madoc" again, and, having conquered my first disgust at its various and striking faults, I find in it so many poetical beauties, that I must atone for my fastidiousness by giving it an opportunity of being read by you. I have also taken the liberty of directing to you a copying book, which I hope may be of some convenience to you, and will certainly give some pleasure to your friends, as it will preserve a duplicate of everything you wish without any additional trouble.

You must not be angry to hear that we are in treaty for a house in Hampshire, nor think it will divide us more from Ireland; we mean to part with our London residence, and, probably, shall not live more in England than Anglo-Irish are destined to. I must place myself in this class. My most beloved grandfather, with whom all my earliest habits were formed, was English. You will not wonder that we give up our London house. The high degree of domestic happiness with which Providence has blessed us unfits us in every respect for the mode of living adopted in a great town, and I consider it as peculiarly unfavourable to the health of my children. You *must* forgive our not settling in Ireland.

Affectionately yours,

M. TRENCH.

XXVII.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 10th of Fourth-month, 1810.

Thy account of thy son does not surprise me. A heart so noble and so pure as his, even in childhood, and surrounded by the state and splendour which dazzle weak minds, would often, “distrusting, ask if this be joy.” He is happy in the examples set before him, and the love and confidence which allure youth to virtue. I believe the sternness of parental authority has done as much harm as its laxity.

I hope by this time “Rose and Nancy” is at Ardbraccan, and that I shall have not only the opinion of the Bishop of Meath and his lady, but of Maria Edgeworth. I intend to publish by subscription, and in the manner thou recommendest. Thou hast answered the objection to the want of religion to a wish. It is a holy theme, and I am afraid to touch it.

Betsy Shackleton will have pleasure in teaching the six girls from Ballybarney. This is better than employing the teacher, as Betsy’s methods are much the best. This plan is not for the purpose of saving thy pocket, but for giving the best instruction.

What can be the reason Dublin is so deficient in store of literature? I fear the Union has been an enemy to science here—it has taken so many away who encouraged it.

Thy obliged and affectionate friend,

M. LEADBEATER.

XXVIII.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 17th of Fifth-month, 1810.

My truly kind friend,

I received "Madoc" about three days ago. I had intended to read it deliberately, and husband the pleasure it gave me, but the farther I read the more interest was excited, and the difficulty of laying by the volume increased; at breakfast, at tea, the book lay on my chair, and between every cup it was taken up. I finished it, resolving to go step by step over it again.

My MS. was returned from Arlbraccan with words of decided approbation. The title is to be be "Cottage Dialogues"—suggested by the Bishop of Meath. His lady adds: "In all books intended for instruction to the lower classes, care should be taken not to let the title or the preface imply that the book means to point out their faults and apply remedies to them. Their perceiving this intention, until they read the book, I have often known to prevent them from reading it at all; or, at least, to make them so perfectly prejudiced against whatever might be the contents, as to put their being benefited by those contents entirely out of the question."

XXIX.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 19th of Seventh-month, 1810.

I present my kind and generous friend lines written with her *style*. They will show that I am not yet perfect in the use of this very useful as well as classical instrument.

I received safely thy valuable present, and for two days was pretty much employed in showing it to my neighbours, nor is the exhibition yet over. If envy was an inhabitant of Ballitore, I think her snakes would have stung me; but, instead of this, my acquisition seemed to give almost as much pleasure to my friends as to myself. This is not only a token of friendship but is in itself a friend, as I have already found and expect often to experience.

Thy kind letter contained one piece of intelligence which gave me pain. Thou wilt guess it was that England was to be your home. But can I wonder at it? This I comfort myself in believing,—that poor Ireland will still retain strong magnets to draw you often to it.

I wrote lately to inform thee of my prospect of success so far with my "Cottage Dialogues." At R. L. Edgeworth's and his daughter's desire they were forwarded to Edgeworthstown. I was most agreeably surprised on opening a packet to find it contain the enclosed:—

FROM RICHARD LOVELL EDGEWORTH.

“ 5th July, 1810.

“ Miss Edgeworth desires me, as a man of business, to write to Mrs. Leadbeater relative to the publication of ‘Cottage Dialogues.’

“ Miss Edgeworth has written an advertisement, and will, with Mrs. Leadbeater’s permission, write notes for an English edition. These notes need not be added to the *Irish* edition. The scheme which I propose is of two parts—to sell the English copyright to the house of Johnson, in London, where we dispose of our own works, and to publish a very large and cheap edition for Ireland for schools. I can probably introduce the book in many places, and a number of well informed persons of our acquaintance will join in promoting the sale of such a useful publication.

“ Our family takes 300 copies; Lady Longford, 50; Lady Charlotte Rawdon, 20; Mrs. Tuite, 20; Doctor Beaufort, 20; Miss Beaufort, 20; Mrs. Foster, 20; Countess de Salis, 30; Lady Elizabeth Pakenham, 20;—in all, 500 copies.

“ This, from one set, promises a large sale in Ireland. I therefore recommend it to Mrs. Leadbeater to be cautious in making any arrangement with a bookseller, with whom a man used to this sort of business should deal. I think Johnson & Co. will give £50 for the English copyright.

“ RICHARD LOVELL EDGEWORTH.”

JOINT LETTER FROM R. L. EDGEWORTH AND MARIA EDGEWORTH
TO THEIR LONDON BOOKSELLER.

“ My dear Sir,

“ The annexed advertisement will show the object I have in view in the intended publication of Mrs. Leadbeater’s ‘Cottage Dialogues.’ This MS. will make a volume about the size of one of ‘Evenings at Home.’ Maria generously, indeed justly, lends her name, as you see, to the advertisement, and we desire to know what you will give for the MS. I think nothing of this sort is superior to these ‘Dialogues;’ observe that the right to publish cheap copies for Irish schools is reserved.

“ Yours truly,

“ RICHARD LOVELL EDGEWORTH.”

“ P.S.—You are so punctual that I need scarcely urge you to answer immediately about Mrs. Leadbeater; but I may just mention that we are pledged not to delay her, as we actually took the MS. out of her Irish publisher’s hands to look them over and recommend them to you.

“ MARIA EDGEWORTH.

“ You are to understand that I intend to add notes, explaining the Irish idiom, as in ‘Castle Rackrent.’ ”

“ ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER.

“ Mrs. Leadbeater, the author of this little book, is grand-daughter to the first preceptor of Edmund Burke. She has in her possession several of the letters of that great man, which she at present withholds from the public from a delicacy that seems overstrained; but her motives are certainly honourable, and there are few examples of such scrupulous respect to the feelings of relations in this age of gossiping anecdote and epistolary

publicity. Mrs. Leadbeater's modesty is such that she would not venture to publish the following 'Cottage Dialogues' without consulting her literary friends. She requested to have, amongst others, the opinion of the writer of this advertisement. That opinion, however insignificant, is given without reserve entirely in favour of this useful work. It contains an exact representation of *the manner of being* of the lower Irish, and a literal transcript of their language. None of the interlocutors in these dialogues are destined merely to speak the author's fine sentiments, or to acknowledge the folly of all who are of a different opinion; one of the *dramatis personæ* is not produced to harangue and domineer, and the other to ask questions and be refuted; one is not made a miracle of wisdom, and the other a man of straw. But the following are conversations which seem actually to have passed in real life; the thoughts and feelings are natural, the reflections and reasoning such as appear to be suggested by passing circumstances or personal experience. A few notes have been added to explain the Hibernian idiom and local customs to the English reader; but the general language and sentiments must be universally interesting, for in one word the characteristic of the book is good sense. Prudence and economy, morality and religion are judiciously and liberally infused through the whole, without alarming party prejudices or offending national pride.

“ If some centuries hence an Irish Herculaneum should be discovered, and if some future munificent and enlightened prince were to employ the skill and patience of one of his ingenious subjects to unfold Hibernian libraries, this humble volume would perhaps reward his labours

better than Grecian manuscripts have yet repaid the laborious researches of our cotemporaries.

“MARIA EDGEWORTH.”

“Edgeworthstown, July 1st, 1810.”

These letters were accompanied by a very kind one from the bishop's lady. When I found “Rose and Nancy” were so favoured, I sent the Dialogues of ladies and squires to Ardraccon to meet the Edgeworths and the bishop's family together there, and I long to know their opinion of them. Thy obliged and affectionate friend,

M. LEADBEATER.

XXX.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 20th of Seventh Month, 1810.

Thou liked the “Antidote to the Miseries of Human Life ;” hast thou seen the Sequel to it ? Sequels are so often inferior to the first work that I was agreeably disappointed in this. But the writer in some places has betrayed a want of thorough knowledge of us. Such a Quaker as Mrs. Placid, a preacher too, would ride many miles on a pillion to attend one of her own meetings, rather than consult the ease of the flesh by substituting the attendance of another place of worship for that duty. Neither would a strict Quaker depart from her method of naming the months and days of the week. But what I am most surprized at in the heroine's conduct is her permitting her daughter to go on a visit to Squire Bustle's daughter, unguarded by parental care

Some of my friends blame her more than I do for being so gentle with her daughter, after her having so far transgressed as to go to a play ; but I so well remember my aunt's manner to us when we were sensible ourselves of having committed indiscretions, that I cannot censure anything which reminds me of that excellent and amiable woman.

I saw Crabbe in the year 1784 at Edmund Burke's, in London, with his newly wedded wife. He was a young man of pleasing countenance, and his manner seemed remarkably modest and diffident. He had then written "The Village," and "The Library," and I believe "The Newspaper." My father greatly admired these pieces, and my first view of "The Village," read by him to us as we sat at work, delighted me excessively, perhaps for that reason ; for my father, a nice judge of poetry, and himself possessing a fine poetical talent, was wont to point out the beauties of what he presented to us. Some time ago I was reflecting why we heard nothing of Crabbe, whose talents had promised so fair in his youth ; and presently after I met him in an *Edinburgh Review* which congratulated the public on his return to it after twenty-four years' absence. The new edition of his poems is greatly enriched by "The Village Register," and "Sir Eustace Gray."

MARY LEADBEATER.

XXXI.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

30th July, 1810.

I have longed to reply to your Edgeworthstown intelligence, dear Mrs. Leadbeater, from the moment I received it. I am delighted with the just, the discriminating praise of Miss Edgeworth, and with the active zeal of her father. Nothing can be better written than *her* introduction or *his* letter; it is curious to observe how their full minds connect with the subject in question so great a variety of instruction and allusion in the compass of half a page. The whole plan is excellent, and I am gratified to find my opinion confirmed that your work has infinite merit, when considered only as a picture, abstracted from any view of its utility; as it is in that light alone it will be read, and I am sure admired, in England. You must be sensible how much more good you do by obliging us in publishing this way, though against your own inclinations, because it is very clear it will greatly forward *distribution*, since many who would have been content with reading the work, in any other case, will now be tempted to *give* their numbers merely because they have them. Charles has wider prospects of instructing his poor tenantry than have occurred till now, and therefore must have one hundred copies. I am almost sorry they are not called "Cabin Dialogues," as more characteristic, and more likely to take in poor Pat.

M. T.

XXXII.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 20th of Eighth Month, 1810.

It is a sort of penance when I abstain from writing to my much esteemed friend, and it makes no part of my creed to debar myself of what is pleasant and profitable at the same time. Never was I more surprized than at the approbation my Dialogues have met with from such excellent judges, especially as I never wrote anything with so little difficulty. I will not pretend to dispute your opinions, but inform thee that the noble-minded Maria Edgeworth has written the notes with all her own grace and originality, and has held me up to view in as flattering a light as thy own partial friendship could desire. I believe these notes are as large as half the original book, and they are interspersed with several short anecdotes in the style of "Irish Bulls." I have at her desire added a few more dialogues, or rather interwoven them. I have committed myself altogether into the hands of the Edgeworths, who have engaged their publisher Johnson to undertake both editions. I am much obliged by thy additions to the subscribers. My list is enriched with many noble names, and it may be well that the hand of time has repressed the spirit which would else be too apt to aspire, for never was I so exalted before since the period I spent in Selby amongst my father's relations, where I was led in triumph from house to house, and introduced as "Coosin Shack-

leton's dochter frae Ireland, the lass that maks the bonnie verses ;" when, notwithstanding my own inclinations, and my father's previous injunction to sit with the family in the kitchen (called "the hoose"), I was placed in solemn state alone in the parlour ; when, wherever I visited, I saw the same silver coffee pot ; and when, after having exhausted fine walks, I was mounted upon a grey Galloway, and, attended by a train of nymphs and swains, taken longer excursions into the country. Those were indeed the days wherein they delighted to honour me, but vanity was then somewhat kept down by the consciousness that all this was for my father's sake, who was the pride of "a' his kin." I was ardent in my wish to alter "Cottage" to "Cabin" in the title, on reading thy letter, but was told that in England it would be understood to mean the cabin of a ship ; with other objections, the most material of which was that the book had been already announced as "Cottage Dialogues" in the *Belfast Magazine*.

I have lately read Charlotte Brooke's translations from the Irish. Did thou personally know her ? And

"Why has such worth without distinction died ?"

I suppose those poems, which do so much honour to our nation, have never gone through a second edition. In a letter from William P. Le Fanu to me he says : "I never heard you speak of Charlotte Brooke. This makes me think you did not know her, or perhaps her works. She was a bright gem in the diadem of the genius of our country, with much more of the true fire

than Miss Owenson, or Miss Anybody. She had a high dignity of mind, a sacred love of truth, a genuine devotion to Ireland, that sanctified her writings. Her translations from the Irish are exquisite."

My aged cottagers, Joshua and Mary Webster, have just set out on a visit to their married daughter in Carlow, eleven miles from this. These old people have long struggled with poverty to preserve independence. It is Joshua's first visit to his son-in-law; and, we doubt not, to see his affectionate, dutiful daughter settled so comfortably will bring joy to his honest heart. Mary has a farther view in this visit, namely—to point out the spot in which she chooses to be buried in the New Garden burying-ground, where her ancestors lie. As Joshua and Mary had never left home together for the last forty years, this undertaking was a most arduous one, and much arrangement was necessary, especially on the part of the anxious matron. The house is left to the care of Providence and the neighbours. Three of the scholars have charge of the pig; another has taken the chickens home with her. A band-box, with two old bonnets, a trunk, and a bag are lodged with Mary and Anne Doyle; and to my eldest daughter's care are committed the looking-glass and the "Lady's Almanac," with which she has leave to amuse herself in expounding enigmas. Most of my family were assisting in seeing them off in a hired chaise; and before "the village schoolmistress" mounted it, turning to her house, and raising her hands, she pronounced this benediction, while respectful awe preserved the muscles of her atten-

dants in due subordination : " May Goodness preserve my place till I come back !"

Thy much obliged friend,

MARY LEADBEATER.

XXXIII.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

Southampton, August, 1810.

I have read, at your recommendation, the "Sequel to the Andidote," and thank you for pointing out its variations from being a true copy of the manners it affects to pourtray. Mrs. Placid is somewhat shorn of her beams on her second introduction, having less pleasantry, grace, and spirit than on her first appearance. As to her discretion, it has quite forsaken her; for allowing her daughter to visit a silly girl, and leaving both without protection or inmates, except servants of whom she knew nothing, is wholly inconsistent with her character, or indeed with that of a commonly well conducted woman. However, the volume is interesting, and may safely be given to young people.

'Tis pity time cannot be bestowed by the victims of *ennui*, who groan under its weight, on those who never feel they have enough for the avocations of the day; what a relief to one party, and what an advantage to the other! Mine is at present occupied, or, if you will, wasted in gardening. I found here a greenhouse of moderate extent but great variety, in which many beautiful and some curious plants were languishing from

the total neglect of the last ten months, and I was irresistibly impelled to revive and cherish them. The soil and climate here are so very delightful, they increase the temptation, for everything flourishes with a spirit of vegetation rare even in this favoured part of that garden of the world, which one cannot admire as it deserves till one has compared it with other countries. We have a complete second spring here, where roses of every smell and hue are blowing in a manner I never witnessed in any part of England at this season. We have also a strawberry border, one apple, and one cherry tree in blossom. I never before enjoyed such delightful weather. Ever yours,

M. T.

XXXIV.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

Southampton, December 22, 1810.

I have just received an account of the death of Mrs. Trimmer, which I enclose. She was, upon the whole, so valuable a woman that it is interesting to all lovers of industry and virtue. Miss Ponsonby's epitaph on her housekeeper is just what I should have expected from the sweetness and elegance of her mind. I suppose you know that the good woman they lament, amongst many other proofs of attachment, gave them some years ago a field in view of their house, the only worldly property they had ever *desired*. It cost her the entire amount of her earnings through a long and laborious life, £300. *Mem.* Lord O., nephew to Lady Elea-

nor, is a *distressed* man on £8,000 a year, which is the portion of his wealth allowed to him while his debts are unpaid; and I believe he has lately received an enormous sum from the Crown. “Blush, Grandeur, blush!”

28th.—It is very *possible*, though not probable, that I may collect a few manuscripts by different hands not wholly devoid of interest, either from the marks of feeling and intellect they evince, or from having been written by persons well known in their day, and may transmit them or copies to you to dispose of as you please, whenever it shall happen that you are no longer troubled with me. Perhaps you may like to publish a little volume of selections from them, and re-publish at the same time my verses, which are only printed, but of which the copyright was reserved, and the whole edition purchased by one of my friends, so that there exists not a copy now to be had for money. Any arrangement between friends which looks to survivorship is serious, but I never was less melancholy, and I feel great pleasure in the thought of living a few years longer in the memory of those who love me through your means. Madame Neckar wrote three hundred and sixty-five letters, and left them to a person she could depend on to deliver one a day to her husband. Amongst the MS. in question there are some pleasing letters from Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby, which, if we were all three *gone*, would be very fit for the public eye, being written with great elegance, and with a degree of care not often found in the correspondence

of intimates. I need not, to one of your uncommon discretion, hint the propriety of our not mentioning this passing idea, which after all I shall probably be too indolent to execute. It darted into my mind when I wrote of my chaos of papers. I have just had a letter dated *yesterday*, 27th, saying Mrs. Trimmer was yet unburied, no *change* having taken place. It appears as if a temperate and active life preserved our mortal part, even after death, beyond the common period. Dear friend, I am ever yours,

M. T.

XXXV.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 3rd of Third Month, 1811.

I suppose thou may have heard that Anne Grant, who wrote "Letters from the Mountains," "Memoirs of an American Lady," &c. some time since opened a boarding school in Edinburgh, which at first promised well, but now declines, it is said, *because she attends more to the cultivation of her pupils' understandings than to their external accomplishments.*

Yesterday my husband returned from Dublin; the pleasure his return always diffuses was much increased when he handed me two packets from thee. The first I opened happened to be that first written and which accompanied the essays. The justness of thy criticism struck me so forcibly, that on reviewing the passages I wondered I had not written them exactly as thou pointed out; so convincing is truth. I am also convinced

of my too great partiality to old fashions, for which I am remarkable, and frequently meet with good humoured raillery. I have only drawn my pictures from my own circle, especially of the old mansions; one of which, Castletown, is entwined with my earliest ideas. It was the residence of our near relation, a woman of wit, and even of some classical learning, yet a simple countrywoman and an excellent housewife. Her husband was blind when he married her. He was one of the happiest of men, notwithstanding this misfortune, for his honest heart was imbued with cheerful piety. Castletown with its casement windows in the large parlour, sunk into walls three feet thick, the floor of black oak highly polished, the orchard, the gardens, the large trees and green fields—Castletown, where every stranger found a ready chair, comes before my mind with such accompaniments as thrill my heartstrings.

I do not think my "Dialogues" could afford subjects for drawings. If hereafter I should publish anything picturesque, I should be much obliged to thy son's pencil. But I am much discouraged from publishing by the unforeseen, unaccountable, and yet unavoidable delay in publishing the "Cottage Dialogues." It was but yesterday I received the remaining proof sheets from London. Johnson had sent six before for the Dublin printer. And what must my subscribers think of me? I shrink from the idea. This is owing to the loss of the second copy, and yet that was not a perfect one. To thy kind gift I look for much saving of time and trouble, for it is most wearying to copy the same

words often. I am not perfect at the use of it yet, but expect to be so in time. "Tobit" is but a bad specimen : I long for thy criticism. The person at whose instance I undertook it is the daughter of a woman whose natural genius was improved by learning. I believe it was a fashion early in last century for young women (Quakers, however) to learn Latin. This person, D. Roberts, wrote some complimentary lines to me when I was young, and a correspondence ensued which lasted her life. Twenty years after her death I revived this correspondence with her daughter, a woman of still brighter genius, but self taught. Her modesty has been so excessive that she has burned almost all she wrote. Her mother had sent me one piece by stealth. I had heard of her elegy on her mother's death, and, sending her my poems, I begged for that in return. She sent it with a letter which raised my admiration of her, and we are now great friends ; though, like my correspondent, Thomas Wilkinson, we have never met. I have somewhat overpowered her diffidence by getting leave to show her poems, of which she continues to send me a few, to my friend William P. Le Fanu. She is an elderly woman in an obscure station, one of the "gems of purest ray serene," which "the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear." She has sent me a criticism on "Tobit," and this enhances its value. Nothing is so kind to a writer as these efforts of friendship. Thine,

MARY LEADBEATER.

XXXVI — FROM MRS TRENCH

No date

Dear Mrs Leadbeater,

Though I have but a moment of leisure this morning, I cannot resist thanking you for your letter of yesterday, which would have given me uniform pleasure but for the melancholy account of your beloved friend's decline. This subject I shall pass over, feeling how unavailing is all human consolation, and conscious that a stranger to the object of your regrets is doubly unqualified to offer it. Whenever you are disposed to write fully, do not, I beg, restrain your delightful pen, but indulge me with the second sheet. I believe I need not say anything of its value, both *positive* and *relative*. When your kind communications reach three or four sheets, they may, when less than an ounce, be directed under cover to ———, but I should not choose to trouble him for anything less, and I must beg you to be *sure* they do not *exceed* in weight, as I have twice been unlucky with respect to him, which is not pleasant, as one cannot offer to repay a few shillings to a man of £20,000 a year, and one dislikes allowing him to pay it more than one ought.

The wreck of my grandfather's fine library is coming to me this week. Once a most valuable collection, now reduced to a few gleanings by want of prudence on my part, and want of—what shall I call it?—on that of

acquaintances and friends, who gave it house room at different times during the last twenty years. With a true Irish contempt for a lock and key, I left it packed up in open boxes, and all the books of any merit or value have made to themselves wings and flown away.

I think your plan of supporting your girls' school by its own work very good, but I believe it has never been found practicable ; it may, however, be greatly assisted by the girls being mistresses of the needle, particularly under close personal superintendance on your part and that of your young friends.

I shall read the letters on England, and recommend to you my last reading, " Prince Eugene's Memoirs " of himself ; and, if you have not yet seen it, Sotheby's " Saul," which is a poem not as much known as it deserves, being not uninteresting as a whole, and embellished by some beautiful details.

Make what use you please of this " Account of a Charitable Fund of Forty Guineas," produced by the skill and industry of five young ladies in the space of one year. Five young ladies resolved to devote their leisure hours to the service of suffering humanity. They expended, successively, twenty guineas in the purchase of materials for various kinds of fancy work, with the avowed intention of reimbursing themselves, as it was not their intention to devote more than their time and skill to the general species of charity they had in contemplation. They made every sort of fancy work, boxes, work bags, pincushions, needle books, thread cases, every thing in short of this kind demanded by

whim, vanity, and taste. They also made large square toilet pincushions of white Marseilles, fully trimmed with double rows of muslin, and watch-pockets for beds to correspond. How to sell these articles, which were exquisitely finished, seemed the difficulty. The shop-keeper will seldom give a fair price for anything offered by private hands ; and if he did, still his profit would deduct much from the charity. To be a tax on unwilling friends and perhaps uncharitable acquaintances is always painful, and sometimes excites an uneasy sense of obligation. To avoid this, our young ladies engaged a standing, as it is called, at the great annual fair of the town near them, and an intelligent person to attend it. This standing was lined with green baize, and ornamented with wreaths of natural flowers and draperies of white muslin. The words "Charitable Fund" were displayed in large letters on the top. The sale was so good as to produce a net profit of forty guineas after every expence was deducted. The money was expended in coals, medicine, and food for the most necessitous families, and in completely clothing ten poor women. They used serge for the gowns, as warmer and more useful than any other material. They bought it by the piece for 2s. 1d. per yard, and four yards made a gown.

Adieu, dear Mrs. Leadbeater, ever affectionately yours,
M. T.

XXXVII.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 10th of Fourth Month, 1811.

I was desirous to make a more speedy reply to my friend's favour, but I could not take up the pen with wonted satisfaction, because I must employ it to convey the melancholy tidings of our great loss. The first of this month our beloved Lydia White gently expired in the arms of her sisters. She was on that day twenty-four years and three months old. She was the joy of our hearts and the delight of our eyes, but I hope we have endeavoured to submit quietly to this dispensation. We have long seen her pine away without hope, and we believe her pure spirit is centered in holy rest. I will not distress thy feelings by dwelling on this subject.

The utility of Lancaster's plan is becoming more and more evident, and a school in that mode I believe would succeed well. I hope I shall soon be able to exert myself more than of late it was in my power, and I know it will do my spirits good to return to these objects. While I contemplate the unwearied benevolence which continually plans and executes those schemes for the comfort and improvement of those placed at so great a distance, my heart glows and is lightened of its sorrows. Thy obliged friend,

M. LEADBEATER.

XXXVIII.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

London, May 5th, 1811.

My dear Mrs. Leadbeater,

I will not dwell on the loss you have experienced, nor even allow myself to give way to the sentiments which naturally arise on such an occasion, as I feel it my duty to co-operate with your own virtuous efforts for resignation, and to assist in turning the current of your thoughts to other subjects and future days.

I thank you much for the two papers you have indulged me with. I think I trace your benevolent feelings in the commentary on our great rule of action. The letter on the "strenuous idleness" of those who devote their whole leisure to needlework I imagine to be Mr. Le Fanu's. My grandfather was more averse to this employment than even the writer of that letter, and could never bear to see a needle in my hands. Your friend does not go so far, and argues not against the *use* of the needle, but the abuse of it. I think he is right. But in general I own myself a friend to what females call *work*. It fills up the interstices of time, if I may use the expression. It accords with most of the in-door employments of men, who, if they care for us at all, do not much like to see us engaged on anything which abstracts us too much from them. It lessens the ennui of hearing children read the same story five hundred times. It can be brought into the sick room

without diminishing our attention to an invalid, while it seems to release the sufferer from any obligation of conversing with us. It is a sort of composer—a *calmant* peculiarly useful I believe to the delicate and irritable spirits of women. Those who can use the pen so well as the friend I have the pleasure of addressing are, I think, entitled to lay aside the “shining store;” but these are so few as to be considered merely as exceptions.

Walter Scott’s reply is a very finished and polite billet. Your animated and eloquent compliment must have pleased him much. How greatly am I obliged by your partial reception of those critiques for which I was forced to exert that unamiable power of the mind that discovers trivial blemishes in compositions of great merit.

I have never met Charlotte Smith. Her sister Mrs. Dorset is known, esteemed, and liked in Hampshire, where she has been an occasional visitor. She wrote some little *jeu d’esprit*, in the style of Roscoe’s “Butterfly’s Ball,” indeed some ascribe to her and some to him the first idea of those little playful performances, which have been so popular as to please almost every one except your faithful M. T., who in this instance much distrusts her taste.

XXXIX.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 5th of Sixth-month, 1811.

My dear friend,

Thy poor old pensioner Ally Johnson is dead. She lay at the house of a distant relation, who was so kind to her that I thought thou would not object to giving her a shawl which I have laid by for her. Ally expressed her hopes that thou would bury her, and I consented on thy part to provide shroud and coffin, these being necessary, but said that not a penny of thy money should be expended on pipes or tobacco. How pleasant must thy reflection be on the independence which thou gave to Ally's helpless old age. Thou hast rescued a respectable woman from beggary, and was the means of rendering her last days some of her happiest ones ; for, blind and poor as she was, she was an exemplary picture of content, never repining though suffering at times much pain, and when she learned to knit her comforts were increased, perhaps not more by what she earned than by her consciousness of having earned it, and by the amusement it afforded her.

Johnson, the London bookseller, has acted very generously by me. He has printed 2,000 copies of the "Cottage Dialogues," half of which are already gone, and I have his permission to print as many as I please in Dublin, of those intended for Irish readers. Sir Thomas Bernard is about getting a selection printed in a cheap manner for the English poor ; and yesterday I

received a note from Robert Gillam, Secretary of the Society for Bettering the Condition of the Poor, informing me that the Committee had resolved that a copy of each of the publications of the society be presented to me as a testimony of their respect. I know thou wilt be pleased to find that I have succeeded so well ; for this I am much indebted to my kind and judicious friends whose hints and assistance were so useful in enlarging and methodizing my little work.

We are reading Elizabeth Carter's Letters with great pleasure, and, if it is not our own fault, with as great profit. Excellent woman ! no trace of a consciousness of her uncommon talents and accomplishments. She appears to have possessed a most contented spirit ; afflicted by ill-health and the loss of friends, she was thankful for her remaining blessings and enjoyed them all.

I apprehend Roscoe's "Butterfly's Ball" must have been written to remove the dread and disgust of insects so prone to fasten upon the youthful mind, and if it could prevent this evil early in life it must be allowed to be a meritorious performance.

I have had a most kind polite letter from Sir Thomas Bernard, whose exertions for improving the condition of the poor are so well known. He expresses his approbation of the "Cottage Dialogues" in very gratifying terms. Thy obliged friend,

MARY LEADBEATER.

COPY OF SIR THOMAS BERNARD'S LETTER.

“ Wimpole-street, 27th April, 1811.

“ Sir Thomas Bernard presents his compliments to Mrs. Leadbeater, and having perused the Cottage Dialogues with great delight and admiration, is very anxious that the English poor should have the benefit of some, at least, of the excellent moral lessons it contains. This he conceives may be done by a selection (published by the Society for Bettering the Condition of the Poor) of some of the dialogues on wedded life, prudence, health, &c., &c. What he has in view would make two little three-penny publications, to each of which he would endeavour to add a preface, expressing the high opinion he has of the original work, and strongly recommending the purchase of it to all that can afford it.”

XL.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

B. L., June, 1811.

My dear Mrs. Leadbeater,

Amongst the merited distinctions you meet from a variety of quarters, I am delighted to find you have received a tribute of praise from Sir Thomas Bernard. He has long been one of my heroes. I have never seen him, nor happened to converse with those who had ; but his unwearied exertions, embracing the whole circle of human wants, and his excellent writings claim the highest esteem. I shall therefore prize the copy of his letter, which is interesting to me on account of the writer, and still more, of the subject.

Your idea of the motive for writing the “ Butterfly's

Ball" is so ingenious, one inclines to suppose it just. My dread of some insects was long troublesome to myself and others. Your favourites, the bees, formerly excited in me a degree of terror and disgust never entirely removed till I was once or twice stung. Many would say this was a strange method of cure, but *you* know enough of imagination to feel the advantage of correcting her caricatures by comparison with reality. My children, on the contrary, are pleased with every thing that has life and motion, and I find some exertion necessary when they insist on my admiring the beauties of a huge beetle, or the labours of an enormous spider.

I am glad you like Mrs. Carter's Letters. I know they are heavy, yet I *do* like them, and read them with great pleasure, and am angry when I hear them called dull, which has happened to me very often. I love the turn of her mind, and, though she may be a little tedious, it is to me like the tediousness of a friend. If you have a mind for brilliancy and flippancy, and some sense and wit mixed up with a certain hardness and insensibility and vanity very displeasing in a youthful female, turn to Lady Montagu's letters. They are vastly more entertaining for *once* reading, but you do not love the writer half so well, nor am I sure you would be so apt to return to the volume. Besides, there are a few great truths which Mrs. Carter places in so many lights and impresses so strongly, that I think her letters are highly useful in a moral view, and an excellent book for the library of a young girl.

I have conquered the false delicacy which made me object to seeing my name in print, and if you happen to make a new edition of your poems, or should chance to publish in any other shape the beautiful lines with which you honoured me, I shall be very happy to see them a public monument to our friendship, and to have my full name substituted for the appellation of "A Lady," which always gives me the idea of a silly, useless sort of a creature,—I am sure I do not know why, and I shall not be surprised if you laugh at me for this nonsensical and groundless whim. Johnson told Mr Trench that the first edition of your "Dialogues" was all sold, and he had no doubt of a quick sale for the second. If you choose to make a second edition (an English one) of your poems, leaving out the translation, I am sure at this moment, while the approbation excited by your Dialogues is fresh and vivid, they would sell particularly well. You see I am one of the slaves of Mammon, in truth, I think the mother of a lovely family, the wife of an active, enterprising husband, and the benefactress of the surrounding poor, ought to be reminded now and then of filling her pockets (if she condescends to wear those Gothic appendages) as well as extending her fame.

My plan of giving out plain work, and selling it again for the poor, did not succeed. I found no one would buy my goods. I have now got a woman to teach straw plait, and have at this moment twelve learners in my barn. You shall hear if this succeeds.

If in your new edition of Poems you could introduce

a letter or two more of Edmund Burke's (you know one may sweep them in by a note), it would, I think, gratify the general curiosity and interest inspired by all that remains of that great man, whose fame seems to grow in splendour as events have proved that he was gifted not only with "a master's hand," but with "a prophet's fire."

Adieu, dear friend ! I wish your publications might bring you to England, that I might show you this lovely spot and my fine boys.

I am ever most affectionately yours,

M T

XII —FROM MRS TRENCH.

July 16th, 1811

I sincerely concur in your opinion of Lady Mary W Montagu's last published letters—heartless, flip pant, selfish, and indelicate. Miss Seward goes so far as to call them "disgusting," and in general I think her criticisms on that lady's writings very just. Those of her namesake considerably lower the reputation she had gained as the champion of our immortal Shakespeare. It seems an insult to call any one his champion, and a hundred years hence, when his flame burns still brighter than it does now, and when Voltaire shall have sunk to his own place,—which, though still lofty, will probably be much less so than that he now occupies,—posterity may wonder that any one could have

thought a blow from him could possibly reach the great, the sublime, the inimitable poet, who, if he yields to Homer and Virgil, is certainly second to no other.

Miss Edgeworth's notes on your Dialogues have as much spirit and originality as if she had never before explored the mine which many thought she had exhausted.

A very agreeable surprise awaited me last night, on my return from a country party. On opening a packet directed to Charles, as a subscriber to the English Society for bettering the condition of the poor, I found it contained two copies of *the* "Dialogues," as compressed for the English cottager, with a preface containing in a few words the highest and most appropriate encomiums on that interesting performance. Now as Charles is but a common guinea subscriber, it is certain the work is thus distributed through the whole kingdom to many hundreds of enlightened men, which secures it the most extensive circulation, and will rather assist than injure the sale of the larger work; while it renders your name known and respected amongst the whole of that deserving class who have devoted their time and thoughts to the service of their fellow-mortals, without hope or cheer of any temporal reward.

You will have a good opportunity in your paper justifying neat stitching, to insert the following anecdote, which cannot be made too public, in the hope that the abuse when known may be rectified. A workwoman in London, who was much distressed for employment, took soldiers' shirts to make from those

who supply the contractors, at *threepence* a shirt; on taking the work home, and saying she could not exist by so small a payment, her employer told her "she made them too well," and that she might live very well by it if she made them like some he showed her, which the woman, whom I know to be a person of truth, declares must fall in pieces the first day they are put on. Is it fitting that our defenders should be thus used, to fill the pockets of army contractors? I know three daughters of one of those people, with no other means of wealth, who had each £50,000. Besides, I believe a soldier is liable to be flogged for not having "his necessaries," as they are called, in good order.

Pray indulge me with the characters of the youthful part of your family. I once heard Lady —— say, to justify herself for liking a disagreeable young man better than a sensible old one, "I have a decided taste for youth." Now, though this is not my case in her sense of the phrase, I certainly have particular pleasure in contemplating the characters and actions of those who are fresh from the hand of nature, and alive to all the enjoyments she so liberally bestows.

"Hope waits upon the flowery prime," &c.

Heaven bless you, my friend !

M. T.

XLII.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

August 25th, 1811.

Now, my dear Mrs. Leadbeater, for a little quiet consideration of your last beautiful poem, "Good Nature," and I strongly recommend its publication. It breathes that tenderness and softness which are characteristic of your writings. Its pure morality and touching descriptions must rank it high amongst poems, and it will be a valuable addition to the small number of those one may put into the hands of youth without feeling any secret wish to expunge even a line. Your picture of the boy standing on tip-toe, "to count the speckled eggs with sparkling eyes," is most pleasing; and the introduction of Telemachus, and the poetic artifice which discloses to us the poor stranger as the parent-monarch, seem to me very happy. But, my dear friend, "tears such as tender mothers shed" can alone show my feelings with regard to the lines on my beloved boy, and even those which prove the partiality of your constant friendship to me do not give me so much real pleasure. For both I sincerely thank you.

The opening of your third book is majestic, and suited to the theme. Thank you for your eulogium on Clarkson. He is not enough praised by the world. The first promoter of every good work is always less valued than he ought. Like the foundation stone, like the precious seed, does his fame too often lie buried. Ex-

quisitely just is the comparison of the mimosa to the benevolent soul contracted for a moment by ingratitude, and again unfolding. The opening of the book on old age recalls an anecdote of the late Duke of Queensbury, which I had from an ear-witness. When leaning over the balcony of his beautiful villa near Richmond, where there was every pleasure that wealth could purchase and luxury devise, he followed with his eyes the majestic Thames, winding through groves and buildings of varied loveliness, and exclaimed, "Oh ! that wearisome river ! will it never cease running, running on, and I so tired of it ?" This conveys a strong moral lesson in its picture of the professed voluptuary who had passed his early youth in the pursuit of selfish pleasures, and his age in vain attempts to elude the relentless grasp of *ennui*.

Have you seen "Miss Seward's Letters" ? They are such a mixture, one must alloy commendation with blame ; and yet they so frequently force our admiration, that again one feels as if criticism ought to be suspended in favour of such varied entertainment, mingled with exquisite sensibility, sound criticism, and acute remarks on life and manners. The editor has omitted a sketch at first sight she once drew of your friend, which I am tempted to send you, knowing it will gratify your fond partiality. My friends in Llangollen Vale sent it to me some years ago, and, from my habit of preserving papers, it has lain unseen in my chaos ever since. It is too complimentary, but will appear less so in your affectionate eyes than in those of others.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MISS SEWARD, IN REPLY TO ONE FROM LADY ELEANOR BUTLER AND MISS PONSONBY, INTRODUCING MRS. ST. GEORGE TO HER ACQUAINTANCE.

“ Lichfield, March, 1797.

“ Her powers of mind, naturally quick and strong, have energetically extracted the rich honey of mental endowment. How much merit is there in that exertion, when consummate beauty and the mere superficial of politeness and modern acquirements would have secured to her youth that celebrity and that homage which so strongly tempt our sex to rest upon the transient distinctions they confer ! Never was a first impression more lively. She absolutely dazzled me by the radiant expression of her eyes, while the grace of her address, the sweet and varied tones of her voice, attuned to partial kindness by the prepossession which you had inspired in my favour, found immediate way to my affections. A billet from herself, enclosing yours, arrived at ten on Friday morning—welcome harbingers of her lovely form. From circumstances I have not time to explain, I was inextricably obliged to pass Friday evening in a party less interesting than our tete-a-tete would have proved. Mrs. St. George was so good as to accompany me, and enchanted the little private circle of quiet females with the constellation of her talents and graces. She danced, she sung, she conversed with fascinating grace. The next day I had made a party of more than twenty, collecting the flower of our female youth. I longed to have seen Mrs. St. George adorning this circle, but she could not stay to ‘make crows of our Lichfield swans.’ Some of our officers met her in her public walks with me, so the fame of her charms had spread abroad through our city. I availed myself of your mandate, my dear Miss Ponsonby, to obtain the perusal of the beautiful

Mary Queen of Scots' disastrous fate. Very sweetly is it told, indeed, in harmonious numbers, and often presenting ideas and images that bear the stamp of genius. Seldom have the muses received a female votary more worthy of their shrine as to poetic talent, and never, I dare believe, since it first rose on Albion, of such uncommon loveliness of face and form. Had the Lesbian maid possessed such charms, the heart of Phaon had never wandered. Her boy has a lively, inquiring mind. The attentions he receives from his interesting mother are amiable, indulgent, and are given, without the least tincture of that maternal vanity which we so often see violating the delicacy of good breeding, and breaking every instant the chain of conversation."

On reading over the enclosed I feel less inclined to send it, as it is so highly coloured, but I know you will not ascribe to mere vanity what, I *hope*, is only meant to interest and amuse, though but for a moment, my kind and indulgent friend. That friend will also see with her usual quickness that as Miss Seward founds her chief commendation on those mere externals which no longer exist, it rather affords subject for moralizing on the vanity of human wishes than for any other feeling.

You will have great pleasure in conversing with Lancaster, who is communicative and fluent. He has given a great stimulus to the public mind, and as Grattan said of Kirwan, "has disturbed the repose of the pulpit," and awakened those to a sense of duty who were too long dormant on the great subject of education. That he appears not to have been able to resist that

temptation "by which angels fell," and that he has been so far intoxicated by praise as to claim the entire merit of an invention which he certainly adopted and published and fostered with more energy and success than the real parent, is to me a matter of regret rather than surprise—perfection and human nature being incompatible. Adieu, my dear friend,

M. T

XLIII —FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 31st of Eighth month, 1811

Yesterday I went to Ballybarney accompanied by an intelligent old man, his spade, fifty larch trees, twenty ash, twelve beech and twelve alders, a pair of shears, and twelve copies of the "Dialogues." The planting of the trees was a serious affair. I told all that they were "the lady's" trees, which she would not trust in any unsafe situation, and that she would be offended if they were not taken care of. I also made some difficulty in dividing them, and did so as a matter of favour. All promised devoutly to take care of them, showed earnestness to get them, and some pointed out the picturesque effect they would have. This number was all I could get at present, but I gave expectation of more if these were taken care of. The "Dialogues" were welcomed also, but the shears were hailed with universal delight. They were now under a compliment to no one; they have a village shears for clipping their hedges. I gave them in charge of Biddy Ennis, and

she voluntarily engaged that no hand but a Ballybarneyite shall wield them. Biddy Ennis, I perceive, is a vain woman, and the admiration and commendation of the coachmen and passengers as they pass her garden, and see her at work there, have made no inconsiderable impression on her mind. I do not know whether they saw her mounted on a ladder clipping her high elder hedge with her scissors, which she assured me she had done.

The *British Review* speaks well of my Dialogues, and Maria Edgeworth informs me that they have had a good effect in making a dirty family of cottagers fill up the holes in their floors; also that Walter Scott has honoured them with his approbation. I owe much to thy corrections and assistance.

Colonel Keatinge's second daughter, a fine young girl of eighteen, died lately at Shrewsbury, whither the family had removed on account of her health. The servant who accompanied her remains to Narraghmore put into my hands an affecting letter from the colonel, enclosing his note to his daughter for £500, according to her wish to do some permanent good to the poor of Narraghmore; and she desired that I should assist her in planning the disposal of it—intending to write to me, but she died the next day. I am desired to call upon the agent for £15 half yearly, to dispose of to the best of my judgment, it being the colonel's intention to charge his estate with this sum. The family left this neighbourhood just after the Rebellion, and I never saw them since. I was struck with awe on re-

ceiving this sacred trust, and I am truly desirous of being rightly directed in executing it. The colonel and Lady Martha are persons of great worth, and I believe their children tread in their steps. Thy obliged friend,

MARY LEADBEATER.

XLIII.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

18th November, 1811.

My dear friend,

I have often thought of the affecting circumstance of Miss Keatinge's bequest. It is a most beneficent dispensation of Providence that sickness and sorrow so often prove the seeds of charity and sympathy. In consequence of *one pang felt*, how often are a thousand pangs relieved or prevented. And as to the sufferers, I believe there are none of us who cannot say, "It is good for me that I was in trouble." If we perceive that now, how much more clearly shall we see it when in another state of existence, if we are then endowed with the faculty of looking back on the springs of action which gave an impulse to our earthly life.

I send with "Psyche" a copy of the short work Sir Thomas Barnard has extracted from yours, since you say you have not seen it. I am pleased that Sir Thomas has given your work spread and circulation, and paid you a merited compliment; but as it is the privilege of those who know little to censure those who know much, I must say I think he would have made it more useful had he applied to you to put it into good

English, and to adapt it for the poor of this country—in situations which he might have pointed out. It applies chiefly to faults the English are not universally addicted to, and the humorous Irish phraseology will either make it unintelligible to English cottagers, or draw down their ridicule, or both; while it unveils so much of our poverty and our errors as may make the better fed and sometimes supercilious John Bull look down on us with a contempt he is always willing to indulge where Pat is in question.

I have been much interested by your “Tobit;” this, however, is not a work that would have much chance of pleasing the public, as a scripture story is a millstone that I believe would now sink any poem. Strange it is, and unaccountable. Mr. Sotheby has struggled nobly against this prejudice in his “Saul,” but scarcely any one has read that charming poem. In the whole circle of my acquaintance I never met one who had, nor could I ever prevail on any person to do so, not even amongst Mr. Sotheby’s friends and relations, except my second self; yet it had the advantage of being introduced in an extract of considerable length in the Annual Register about ten or a dozen years since. I think Johnson did some injury in declaring religious subjects unfit for poetry.

If you would write a volume of “Nursery Dialogues,” supposed to pass between a mother, her children, the nurses and the nursery maids, it might be of incalculable utility. It is a subject so ripened in your mind, you would have little more to do than to put your ideas

into the dialogue form. From the throne to the cottage the chief pleasures of all who have feeling hearts must flow from their children, and indeed of many who have not feeling hearts; and I am very doubtful whether they are not more essentially necessary to the happiness of the poor than of the rich.

I observe in England great use made by the poor of donkeys, which, when properly fed and kindly treated, seem much more suitable to the cottage than the half-starved horse of the Irish peasant.

I cannot answer your query about the Duchess of York. I remember ten years since hearing a gentleman who was nicely attentive to his own convenience lament that eight or ten of her dogs occupied every good place near the fire, and made her drawing-rooms extremely offensive. She passes for being what is called "a good sort of woman"—a person of whom nothing can be cited remarkable enough to merit praise or blame. I was presented to her at her first drawing-room, when her manner was uncommonly gentle, and her appearance pleasing. As to the Regent, it is suspected that he will leave his wife as much in the shade when Queen as he does now; and the observers argue thus, from having always heard people say, "When the Prince is Regent, he must produce the Princess; the public would not hear of his doing otherwise; no lady would attend the court if she did not preside; I am sure for one *I* would not;" yet, after all these professions, which were general, no solitary instance occurred of a single person who refused to attend the Carlton House

fete on *those* grounds ; although Lady Hertford invited whom she pleased, and was virtually the directress of that foolishly splendid entertainment. Adieu. Faithfully and always yours,

M. T.

XLIV.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 6th of First-month, 1812.

I have received thy two franks, my ever kind friend, enclosing the remainder of the "Dialogues."

Perhaps thou knowest our manner of public worship is to sit in silence. When our friends exhort us, it is unpremeditated, and none are allowed to speak but those of good life and conversation. They must make proof of their conduct and doctrine before they become acknowledged ministers ; they then take their seat in the preachers' gallery, and may visit distant meetings or countries, with a written certificate that they have the consent of their friends to do so. Hast thou read Clarkson's "Portraiture of Quakerism" ? It is not an amusing work, but it is curious ; and, though I suppose he has represented us rather as we ought to be than as we are, his account of our discipline, &c. is correct.

We have a very interesting preacher now visiting us, Stephen Grellett, a native of France. He was an officer in Louis XVI's Guards, and fled to America in the time of the Revolution. In America he joined the Society of Friends, and, according to our phrase, "re-

ceived a gift in the ministry." He came to France on a religious visit to those of our society there, intending to come from thence to Great Britain; but Buonaparte would not permit this. He gave him a passport back to America, and from thence Stephen Grellett came to England. He is about thirty-eight years of age, middle-sized, and slender. His face is very like the picture of Buonaparte which thou sent to me. His demeanour is peculiarly courteous. He speaks English very well, though with a good deal of the French accent, and is greatly esteemed as a preacher. He has met conscripts chained together, going to join the armies. These, he says, are put in the front of the battle, having death before and behind them, which they seldom escape. Several young Frenchmen, our fellow-professors, have been thus carried away, never to return. The French he considers in general very dissipated, but he speaks well of the nuns, whom he believes to be now some of the best people in the nation.

We had lately a quarterly meeting at Carlow. Joseph Lancaster was there, and gave us an exhortation one evening, although he is not an acknowledged minister. He has grown very large since he was in Ireland last, and is a striking contrast in person and in manners to our French friend. I wish he may keep quietly and steadily to his business, and escape having his head made giddy by the favour of the great and of the many. I think thou would'st like to see one of our quarterly or yearly meetings—the older members mixing together, engaged in serious, pleasant conversation, with an eye cast

now and then toward the young people, ready to check rising levity by a reproving look—all glad to see each other and renew acquaintance, all cheerful and well dressed, and well pleased if the weather be fine, that their best clothes and their friends' houses may not receive dirt and abuse. The young girls have their little fashions, are somewhat solicitous about the safety of their silk bonnets, and perhaps the attention of the Quaker beaux is not wholly disregarded. These meetings are professedly attended on a religious account, and the imputation of hypocrisy need not be incurred if this be not always the *sole* motive. The advantage of thus mixing in more general society is not to be contemned for those somewhat advanced beyond the age of childhood. Their elder friends are on the look-out to maintain order, and they generally return home benefited in some way or other.

Thy obliged friend,

M. LEADBEATER.

XLV.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 18th of Second-month, 1812.

Many of the companions of my early life have been mown down by that scythe of destruction, "war, horrid war!" Thou mayest be surprised when I tell thee that in my father's school of over sixty boarders not more than ten were of our own society. One good woman, on committing her child to his care, humbly requested that her son might be allowed to read the

Bible. My father stared, and exclaimed—"The Bible ! —the best of books, which is constantly read in my family every morning, and every night before retiring to rest !" The mother rejoiced, for she had thought that our people had substituted George Fox's Journal for the Bible. The pupils were greatly attached to their preceptor and to their motherly mistress, and they extended their affection to all the branches of the family, whom they were always pleased to meet. Often have I looked back on my conduct when a girl, and ceased to wonder at the remarks which were then made upon it ; for how extremely odd must it have appeared to see me, a remarkably simple looking Quaker girl, in deep chat with an officer or a collegian, dressed in their respective uniforms, whilst, walking along the streets of Dublin or standing at a door or a window, we eagerly interchanged questions and replies, and delivered ourselves to the pleasure of recalling past scenes and hearing of old acquaintance. A young officer, in full uniform, once pressed my mother and a friend of hers, who was equally grave and simple to accept each an arm in the most public part of Dublin. My mother was afraid the mob would pursue and insult them, and declined his offer. This grieved his sincere and affectionate heart, and he complained bitterly that his "odious regimentals" prevented his "old mistress" from walking with him, and he never appeared before us in that dress again.

I cannot but laugh at the tale of the gentleman and the Duchess of York's dogs ; and my own sufferings

recur to my memory. On an excursion with my dear father we lodged at the house of one of our friends who had a number of beautiful little dogs. Our friend was from home. I slept with her niece, who made a slight apology for the introduction into our chamber of five or six of these animals, for those which were her aunt's companions were now, in her absence, added to her own. Shall I ever forget that night—placed nearest to the wall, in a little bed, on a hot summer's night, after having ridden a journey on horseback, these animals lying on the coverlid, barking and snarling whenever I stirred, and really impressing me with fear for my life? The pleasure of returning to our friend at the end of the next day's journey was alloyed by the dread of passing such another night; but by that time we found the aunt had resumed her station in her family, and therefore a much less degree of torture was inflicted upon me. Thy grateful friend,

M. LEADBEATER.

XLVI.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 2nd of Third-month, 1812.

I am sending a parcel which will contain the journal of John Woolman, one of our friends, remarkable for the purity of his mind and morals. He will speak for himself, I trust to thy satisfaction, and that the singularity of some of the sentiments and expressions will not displease thee; for, as our great Burke expresses it in one of his letters to my father, "Men, according to

their habits and professions, have a phraseology of their own, perhaps the fittest for expressing their particular feelings, or for conveying them in the most intelligible manner to those they usually converse with."

I mentioned in my last the arrival of "Psyche." The lines following "The Mezereon" are so beautiful, so original, and so pathetic, that it is not difficult to guess who wrote them, and they make me almost ashamed to transcribe my own attempt at a stanza :—

Genius of Spencer, dost thou hover near
 The favoured banks of Mulla's pastoral stream ?
 Or midst Rosanna's groves, to science dear,
 Lovest thou to bid thy former lustre beam ?
 Alas ! how short-lived this delicious gleam !
 How soon are closed in everlasting sleep
 Those eyes which caught new radiance from the theme !
 Now, while their tears the flowers of fancy steep,
 Sad Psyche and her love o'er the pale marble weep.

I am a little jealous of Psyche's evident attachment to the guardian knight ; it was rather too tender for friendship ; but grateful friendship let us suppose it, when there is so much to admire and approve.

Thy obliged friend,

M. LEADBEATER.

XLVII.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 1st of Sixth-month, 1812.

I must tell thee that I spent a delightful evening last week. A young woman from Dublin, on a visit to

one of our neighbours, wished of all things to see Ballybarney. We made a little party for her amusement, but I warned her to expect nothing, for it was only those who knew what Ballybarney had been that could be sensible of the effect which encouragement had upon it. We had a fine afternoon for our drive, and it is dry and pleasant walking about the village. We took our tea at Biddy Ennis's—*semper amabilem*. We never catch Biddy at a *nonplush*, for Biddy's cabin is always clean, though unprovided with what they call "tea-tackle." This her neighbours supply, and we always bring our tea, &c. But what merit escapes envy? Biddy whispered that it was rumoured I had let her know of our visit, which caused an emotion of indignation to ruffle the serenity of both our minds. The gardens are in an improving state, the trees are taken care of, and we look forward with pleasure to the time of distributing the rewards. The tidiness of most of the houses, the cultivated spots surrounding them, the marks of industry, and the unfeigned expression of happiness in the countenances of these poor people filled us with emotions which we believed were more really joyous than those which the gaiety of a ball-room could excite; and the young Dublin lass declared in effect that the half had not been told her.

I am thy affectionate and obliged

MARY LEADBEATER.

XLVIII.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 24th of Seventh-month, 1812.

John Cumming, the Dublin bookseller, who published the last edition of the *Cottage Dialogues*, lately proposed that I should write a series of dialogues between men. I caught at the idea, and framed the histories of Thady and Martin. Thady begins with playing pitch and toss, because he was prevented amusing himself with a garden; he contracts a love of gaming and idleness; gets to be servant in the families of fox-hunting squires, and occasionally associates with Larry and Kit, some of his idle companions. At last he is humbled by the death of a young woman whom he had seduced; is taken into a clergyman's family, and becomes sensible of the advantage of his situation till Larry and Kit beguile him, and take with them to Dublin under pretence of getting him a better place. Here they inveigle him into a robbery, one of his comrades escapes, the other is taken with him, turns king's evidence, and Thady is condemned to Botany Bay.

Martin loves his garden, is encouraged by his parents to cultivate it, it becomes a source of pleasure and profit, and he marries happily. Most of these dialogues are between Martin and Thady. I send thee two for a specimen.

We have extraordinary fine weather now, and I have spent much of the day watching our bees, while

our old gardener was otherwise employed, he having left near me the frying-pan and weeding-knife, to sound the alarm, according to ancient custom, should the swarm issue out. Seated in a bower, I enjoyed the sweets of solitude. I felt much released from care. I thought how peculiarly favoured I was in husband, children, friends ; I beheld the simple garden blooming in the pride of summer ; I saw the trees expanding which I had planted myself ; the tinkling of the river, the hum of the bees, and occasional voices and sounds increased my quiet pleasure. I saw old James, the gardener, coming ; I went to meet him, and we stood opposite the hives conjecturing whether or no the bees had a mind to swarm, and we stood, unconscious of danger, till I felt one of my enemies alight on my forehead. " Mistress, 'tis a bee coming home, and you were in its way ; but here's the sting, however ?" The bee made a terrible bustle in my cap. James released him, and I walked into the house, holding my hand to my forehead, which began to pain severely. My eyes, my ears, my nose, my throat partook of the venom. I sneezed, grew hoarse, one eye presently closed, and I had serious fears for the other. The pain abated, but stupor, uneasiness, and inconvenience lasted for days, and the swelling is not yet quite gone.

Many beautiful poems leave an uncomfortable sensation on the mind, from the evident anxiety, depression, or sorrow of the writer ; but the sentiments of thine accord with that of the virtuous Addison :—

“ Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 “ My daily thanks employ,
 “ Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 “ Which tastes these gifts with joy.”

My father, who was one of the best men I ever knew, was also one of the happiest; he enjoyed his comforts, and diffused around him the glow of his cheerful gratitude. While I was thus pondering on the thoughts thy lines excited, I received a letter from a friend so much in unison with them that I must quote her :—“ I doubt whether any incense is more acceptable than that which ascends from a grateful spirit. Clouds we must expect, because they are necessary for us ; but we may safely wait till they come, and I am fully persuaded we often suffer more from anticipated evils than from real ones.”

M. LEADBEATER.

XLIX.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

26th July, 1812.

Little Melesina in vigour and stature vies with the other sex, and in sweetness of temper and countenance is quite a Mrs. Placid. This is the most accurate account of her which a very short acquaintance enables me to give. Her state of beatitude would show those gloomy and ungrateful philosophers who are so fond of descanting on the miseries of infancy, a strong exception to their general positions. I find a great difficulty in substituting *she* and *her* for *he* and *him*, and often give

her the higher title, reminding myself of one of the Duchess of Rutland's maids who apologized to mine for having called me Lady St. G. by mistake, saying "she really did not know how to turn her tongue to say Mrs."

20th—"Melesina the Less" is a large, strong, plump, placid, black-eyed girl, without a single mark of delicacy or irritability; she seems to like everything that happens to her, and is just the creature I would have prayed for. I should tell you her name is Elizabeth Melesina. I had some objection to my own name, combined in *my* mind with many faults and many sorrows; and I also knew by experience that an appellation which is more suited to the pages of fiction than to real life, ministers to vanity and romance, besides its tempting coxcombs to "soften stanzas with her tuneful name," as is well expressed in some lines addressed to poor me, who can now and then be wise for others, not having expended much wisdom at home. So my daughter is now *Bessy*, under which domestic and social name I hope to see her good and contented, and to introduce her to my dear Mrs. Leadbeater, whom my boys have already learned to respect. Indeed "Cottage Dialogues" and "Cottage Stories" deserve their gratitude, for they are their favourite books of relaxation, though surrounded, perhaps a little too much, with literary food. Richard when he had a cold was read to, and when I attempted to put Cottage Dialogues into English he said, "No, no, pray let me have the pretty Irish words!" Ever most affectionately yours,

M. T.

L.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

December, 1812.

Just returned, my dear friend, from a journey. I so long to reply to your letter that I sit down to this scrap of paper torn off a petition, which is the only morsel the house affords. You ask me if I am ever angry. I am very angry that there should be any feuds about our school; and, as Mr. Trench and I meant to have assisted it more effectually, if on trial we found it had promised to be successful, we cannot think of giving up our original plan, or of admitting into a house of ours any schoolmaster but him you were so good as to select. * * * Therefore we shall have nothing to do with a school for the present. There is at this moment an effervescence for and against Lancaster schools which it may be prudent to let pass over, unless one was on the spot to moderate and counteract it. I hope finally you and I shall be able to establish a Lancaster school, as it is the best suited to the peculiar circumstances of Ireland.

Clarkson's "Portraiture of Quakerism" I read at Bognor, three years since, with great profit and pleasure. Woolman interests me much, he is so good, and describes his feelings with such strength and simplicity. At Ballitore, under your hospitable roof, I remember reading him for the first time, and some of his remarks sunk into my mind, and incorporated themselves with

my habitual train of thinking, though I knew not whence the seed was derived until I found them again. I shall always value this gift, as well for its own sake as that of the giver. The reason I have not read Clarkson on the Slave Trade again is, that it contains details of cruelty which I have not health to bear. This is a peculiarity which I have never mentioned to any one, as it looks like affectation, or at least an assumption of sensibility; but the fact is that stories of this nature affect my nerves so much that I now, in self-defence, avoid them, as I should an unwholesome dish. The management of one's mind is an art which one learns, like that of one's health, from the lessons of experience.

There is a valuable *éloge* of Miss Elizabeth Smith in Magee's excellent work on the Atonement—an admirable work for those whose faith requires to be fixed; but, from the nature of the subject, necessitating so close a view of the wickedness of our nature as renders it too melancholy for those whose belief is already established. To recommend it to them is like giving a powerful and painful, though not dangerous, medicine to a man in health.

I often wished to apply to some useful purpose the pleasure I find in composition, and to concentrate those desultory efforts which at present just disturb the repose of habitual indolence, and reproach me with the want of continued and well-directed exertion. My chief obstacle lies in the want of some plan by which I could connect the various ideas on education, manners, feeling, temper, and religion now floating in my mind, and pre-

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serve a variety of anecdotes fast fading from my memory, which might not be wholly useless to the observers of human nature. My portfolio overflows with scraps, not *all* uninteresting; and if books could be formed as females form a patchwork quilt, it would form more volumes than one. You see you have led me into egotism, as you seem to wish. Since I am embarked on that "sea without a shore," I must reply to your inquiries about the children * * * * One of my little fellows asked me too earnestly for a peach, and I said—"Do you know most people think we shall no longer eat in heaven, so take care not to grow too fond of it." "If we do not eat there," answered he, "we shall know nothing about eating." This was just the spirit of the answer made by Johnson, on being asked whether he thought we should meet our friends in heaven, and it was curious to see how my boy turned it to his own apology by proving his acquiring a taste for eating was not imprudent, even on the ground I had taken. Heaven bless you!

M T

LI—FROM MRS LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 11th of First Month, 1813

The last spring and summer were very distressing to the poor, and the populous town of Carlow presented scenes of suffering which deeply touched the hearts of many benevolent inhabitants. They contributed large sums of money to purchase provisions, they made ap

plications to some great persons which were successful; and in glancing around their eyes fastened on the profusion of wealth which fortune had showered on Miss Tilney Long, then about to marry our countryman. They applied to me to write an address, by way of epithalamium and petition joined, to the young bride, expecting that would procure a donation for their benevolent purpose. I agreed, on condition that my name should be kept a profound secret from all concerned, except those who had made the request of me. I wrote the following, and, though they thought me not quite urgent enough, yet they sent it, with a polite, explanatory prose address of their own—but nothing ensued!

From crowds of sighing suitors won,
 By emerald Erin's gallant son,
 Behold the lovely bride appear,
 Fan moving in her radiant sphere!
 The gaze of wonder and delight
 Eager pursues the vision bright
 The trifler hastens to behold
 The splendid robes, the gems the gold,
 While other eyes alone admire
 The form which needs not rich attire
 But he whom generous feeling warms
 Contemplates more enduring charms,
 Sees from those eyelids beaming bright
 Angelic pity's sacred light,—
 Beholds the snowy hand extend,
 The poor, the helpless to befriend,
 For Famine o'er the frightened land

Waves wide her desolating wand,
 And ignorance, with potent spell,
 Untutored genius can repel.
 Yet Erin's children freely share
 The humble roof and scanty fare ;
 Yet Erin's children have enshrined
 In the rude breast the generous mind,
 Where solid sense and judgment clear
 And flashing wit by turns appear.
 'Tis their's the tribute just to pay,
 Howe'er untaught the artless lay,
 To beauty, elegance, and youth,
 Superior talents, worth, and truth.
 'Tis their's to hail, with conscious pride,
 The happy spouse and blooming bride—
 To watch while favouring sails expand
 To waft the prize to Erin's land—
 The prize by Fortune's favours blest,
 The prize by Nature's favours dressed.
 Yet brighter than Golconda's store,
 Yet richer than Peruvian ore,
 Yet fairer than sweet beauty's eye,
 Yet softer than the vernal sky,
 To Erin's children yet more dear
 Are Virtue's smile and Pity's tear.

I was greatly puzzled to know whether the bride had
any pretensions to beauty. I have lately heard that she
 has not, and if so my lines may have given offence.
 It is said that she is designed in the "Absentee," under
 the name of Miss Broadhurst. If she have such a mind,
 no matter in what person it is lodged.

Thy affectionate and obliged friend,

MARY LEADBEATER.

LII.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

January, 1813.

My dear Mrs. Leadbeater,

Virtuous love, that great blessing of human existence,—I should say *greatest*, if I were not a mother,—always appears in my eyes still more virtuous when it is founded on an intimacy and knowledge of each other commenced in childhood or early youth. One is sure in this case that intellectual and moral qualities have had the principal share in producing it, for such an intercourse precludes all illusion, all deception from the imagination, and none but the truly amiable and excellent are likely in this situation to feel a mutual passion.

I have but an indifferent opinion of Miss Tilney Long for neglecting your extremely polite, delicate, and patriotic address. I have heard that she was *pretty*, even from the candidates for beauty in her own sex; so I do not think on that head you need apprehend having given offence. Her conduct to relations, friends, and dependents was liberal, but I know not whether she has a *heart*. Was the prose address signed by *real* names? Many of the English have a sort of dread of anything anonymous. I do not believe she was designated under the character of Miss Broadhurst, for I never heard she had any pretensions to superiority of intellect, and she was placed in so strong a light by the

rays of her own wealth that every perfection of hers *must* have been blazoned to the world.

I have not yet had time to do more than dip into the Belfast Magazines, but I think the articles in many respects well calculated for our country; but they abound too much in details of cruelty, which Sir Thomas Barnard places on a level with those of licentiousness as to their debasing and corrupting effect on the mind. 'Tis to be feared that, when stated merely to gratify curiosity, they are always injurious, and that the *moderately* cruel or unkind may sometimes, at least in their own minds, "approach to whiteness by the side" of the darker monsters these details exhibit. Observe how John Woolman abstains from such, even on subjects which naturally lead to them. I went to London for a few days, to see Mrs. Le Fanu's play, "The Sons of Erin." It has considerable merit, is lively, interesting, and humorous; and, though I am not very apt to be amused by theatrical representations, kept my attention awake from beginning to end. It was received with universal applause, and bids fair to attract full houses for a considerable time.

Pray do not buy Dr. Syntax's Tour, as I wish to have the pleasure of making you laugh, and I propose to make the Doctor accompany "Rejected Addresses."

M. T.

LIII.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

February 11th, 1813.

My dear Mrs. Leadbeater,

I am happy to find you once more exerting your powers for our amusement and instruction. The second part of Cottage Dialogues is worthy of its predecessor—less humorous, perhaps, and less marked by a certain indescribable *naieté*, but often pathetic, and always mingling useful knowledge with the purest morality.

How pleased I was to see the Ballitore newspaper! On few pages, however illuminated by genius, have I ever gazed with such delight. This is, indeed, in the moral and noblest sense, to “make the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose.” How useful, too, the information such a work conveys! and what an admirable method of impressing, by the slowness of its process, any technical knowledge on the mind of the young penman! Does the school possess “Lessons for Young Persons in Humble Life”? If not, present a copy from me, writing in the blank page, “In return for the pleasure afforded by the *Ballitore Weekly Messenger*.”

Do you not rejoice that the innocence of our illustrious and injured Princess, the mother of our future Queen, is finally cleared by the very arts which were used to strengthen the shade her adversaries had contrived to throw over it?

Charles begs to send you a little work, full of point and humour, attributed to the pen of Anacreon Moore. I confess it has pleased me very much. I am afraid it is wrong to derive so much pleasure from a work of satire, which has not even the pretence of reforming the culprit, but, I apprehend, will only irritate him. Perhaps we are also wrong in disseminating a work of this kind. Give me your opinion. At all events, it is a witty little production ; and if it amuses your kind and friendly mind, some good will be produced by its travel.

Affectionately yours,

M. T.

LIV.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 18th of Fifth-month, 1813.

My kind friend,

This day I received from Dublin the “Two-penny Post-bag.” I think that is the name of the entertaining volume, which my husband and daughter carried off to read in the carriage which conveyed them to Athy ; but though I could peruse but little of it, I read enough to turn my thoughts almost ever since into a channel which they do not in general occupy. By pondering on the freedom of thought and the liberty of expressing thoughts secured by our excellent constitution, the mind is naturally turned towards those despotic governments where such things durst not be whispered. Gratitude ought to arise in the heart for the

privileges of British subjects, and those inestimable privileges should not be abused. The satire appears to be sharply pointed, and some characters high in rank are aimed at boldly enough. Let these characters endeavour after virtue, let noble sentiments and actions unite with noble birth, and the satire which attacks them will be treated by the generous Briton with contempt. But if they are conscious that "the cap fits them," let them look on the faithful mirror of truth, and strip off what is so unbecoming. When satire attacks vice and folly, is it wrong to be pleased with genuine humour and lively wit? I cannot think so, and I thank thy son in my own name and the name of all Ballitore for the mirth which his present has occasioned. Dr. Syntax is the delight of the neighbours; when a party of school-boys visit us, he is regularly brought down; and many tedious moments of W. Le Fanu's confinement have been most agreeably beguiled by the natural, simple, shrewd, worthy doctor. Under the veil of simplicity and doggerel, as it were, there sparkles a rich stream of genuine poetry, enriched by many novel ideas and true wit. The bookseller is exceedingly clever, and there is some truth in the picture.

26th—It surprises me to find my days running so rapidly by, and the work of the day unfinished. Alas! I fear it will be thus with my day of life—an awful consideration. Although I arise between five and six, yet I find so many occupations, that the "sweet hour of prime," which I meant to devote to friendship, is gene-

rally employed otherwise, and the day is often broken in upon by trifles or morning callers. Besides, my husband is still a prisoner, except to drive out daily, and it is my duty and my pleasure to cheer and partake of his captivity. He is however growing better, and I hope the fine season will restore him to his fields again. Thy obliged friend,

MARY LEADBEATER.

LV.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

May, 1813.

My dear friend,

Now I am once more quietly settled in my little green nest, I can reply methodically to some of those kind queries which I fear remained unanswered in "all the various bustle of resort," where the affection of my friends, and the civility of my acquaintances conspired to rob me of my time.

I have read again the second part of the Cottage Dialogues, and I am sure I ought to like them as well as the first, but I do not find them so strongly impressed with your own *peculiar individual* character—with that slight tincture of *pleasantry* which infuses itself, one knows not how or why, where least expected, and, like orange-flower water, if you will allow a metaphor from cookery, gives to the whole a flavour agreeable and refined. The second part is as useful and moral as its predecessor. I shall send for the *Christian Observer* in order to enjoy their praises of you, but it does not please

me to find they are insensible of the *indirect* religious influence your works must have on the heart. Religion should undoubtedly be the first object of every writer who aims at improving human nature, but her lessons are often the more efficacious for not being formally announced as such ; and perhaps in your peculiar situation, professing tenets which do not wholly agree with those of the majority on one hand, or of the established government on the other, to have given any direct lessons of religion might have diminished the general utility of your admirable works. Your happy mixture of good sense and quick feeling has in this as in other instances guarded you suprisingly from anything which would excite jealousy, or awaken misapprehension.

It is so much the custom to say the Irish cottager is lazy, that I should wish much for a little sixpenny volume, "Some Account of the Industry of the Irish Cottagers," or any other name expressive of the contents. It had best be written in the plain style of those published in the "Reports of the English Society for bettering the condition of the Poor." Some of your young folks I think might accomplish it. Names, places of abode, and particulars should be given at full length, for these are what stamp interest and value on such productions. A cottage in *faithful* description has nothing attractive to imagination, so long as we think it a fancy piece, but the moment we are assured it is a *portrait* it becomes universally interesting. "James Austin the Bricklayer," and "Baker the Labourer," are read over and over with pleasure, from our knowing

they are true accounts of persons existing in that station in which are placed the larger portion of beings with the same feelings, appetites, and passions as ourselves.

The great object of curiosity now in London is Madame de Staël. The envy she excites in her own sex is painfully disclosed by their continual remarks on her total want of grace and beauty ; in short, on her being a large, coarse, and homely woman. One is tempted to say, "Who ever enquires what is the plumage of the nightingale?" but a lively friend of mine put an end to this discussion in two words by saying, "In short, she is most *consolingly ugly*"—thus by one happy epithet criticising the critics with a light yet sharp touch. She has been received with all the honours due to her genius, sought for in every society ; and the Prince Regent, with more appearance of taste than he *now* often discloses, went to Lady Heathcote's one evening purposely that she might be introduced to him previously to her appearance at his fete, where she could not have gone without being introduced before it.

Lady de Clifford was governess till lately to the Princess Charlotte, and ascribes to her the greatest openness, sensibility, candour, magnanimity and courage ; and she dearly loves her. Miss Cornelia Knight, authoress of "Marcus Flaminius, or the Private Life of the Romans," and of the only good continuation of *Rasselas*, told a friend of mine "that the Princess Charlotte had the best of human hearts, a very excellent understanding and undaunted courage." She is her sub-governess, and honoured with her chief confidence.

I remember the time when no young woman who went into "the world" ever appeared till she had tied on *before* a semi-circular cushion of a quarter of a yard long and wide, and two inches thick. How we could have been such fools is to me amazing; or how we supported that horrid composition of calico and horse-hair in crowded assemblies in the dog-days; or how we reconciled it to our feelings of cleanliness to wear one of those machines till we were tired of its form, without washing, appears now beyond my belief. This fashion was introduced by Lady Caroline Campbell (afterwards Lamb), and I think has been without parallel in false taste and absurdity since that period. I have gone into shops to choose those precious ornaments, and have seen five hundred of them at a time. I think this was about sixteen years ago. We then removed them to the opposite quarter, and all looked like the Hottentot Venus.

M. T.

LVI.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 29th of Ninth-month, 1813

My esteemed friend,

Thy apology for my "want of religion" is so kind and so grateful to me that I intend to shelter myself under it from the attacks of reviewers who in fact compliment me by noticing me at all, though I am conscious it is to Maria Edgeworth I owe this notice. Borne on her wing the first series of my "Dialogues" has crossed

the line, and is read in India, and with peculiar pleasure by natives of Ireland.

We are greatly gratified by thy mention of Madame de Staël. The Princess Charlotte affords still more gratification, especially as we had heard strange accounts of her temper. One improbable story was that she carried on a correspondence with a young man; the relater thought it was the Prince of Orange, and that one of her ladies was picking the lock of her bureau, *by order*, to obtain his letters, when the princess entered the room, and snatching up one of the candles which were being borne before her flung it at her governess. Also we heard that she was accustomed to throw her books at the heads of her tutors, and disregard their instructions. So far for royalty.

Canst thou tell me whether Lord Byron and Lord Strangford are one and the same person? and what character does Lord Byron bear? There is fine poetry in "Childe Harold;" but being, like Beattie's "Minstrel," neither narrative nor didactic, it causes some confusion in my head to comprehend it. Lord Byron seems very melancholy, and bewails his Thyrsa in beautiful numbers. Ever thy obliged friend,

M. LEADBEATER.

LVII.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

I suppose you know that Tommy Moore has lost all his prospects of advancement by publishing "The Twopenny Post-bag;" Lord Moira refusing on this account

to take him to India, where he had intended to provide for him. He has gained in fame what he has lost in profit, as, although his former works had many admirers, some disliked and some despised them—how justly I will not pretend to say; but all acknowledge the wit and humour of this last production. It is not free from blemishes, but is perhaps as much so as any work we know, entirely and professedly satirical. You like a little gossip, my dear friend, so I make no apology for giving you the desultory chat of the day. The publication called "*Edward's Edition of the Book*" has been lately in the hands of all who could buy or borrow, and has completely settled the minds of the last stragglers who were not fully convinced of the Princess of Wales' innocence. It contains Percival's defence, which blows into dust and scatters to the winds all the idle and indecent accusations of her enemies.

"Practical Hints on the State of the Middle and Lower Classes in Ireland" is a work that would sell well. Since the union, all minds here are much awakened on the subject.

I must defend Madame de Sevigné a little from your friend Mr. Le Fanu. She now and then speaks unfeelingly, I know, but it is the want of feeling of infancy which has never reflected on the subject in question. Like my second little boy who corrected some one who said we should meet all our friends in heaven, and answered with the most *satisfied* expression, and the countenance which painters gave to a seraph, "Oh no, for some of our friends will be in hell!" I am sure

Madame de Sevigné's insensibility arose from similar want of reflection, and that she was not hard-hearted either by nature or habit. Adieu, my dear Mrs. Leadbeater,

M. T.

LVIII.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 22nd of Eighth-month, 1813.

It is time that I inform my valued friend in what manner the annual premiums have been distributed at Ballybarney. After frequent disappointments of weather a day was fixed upon. It was the 12th of last month. After all it was not a promising day, it loured, and gusts of wind frequently raised clouds of dust; but John and Margaret Bonham were in the country, their stay was limited, and we were desirous to have them of our party. Two jaunting cars were filled besides my own. My own, to tell the truth, is a little car made after the County Wicklow fashion; it has block wheels, we sit on it on each side, with our legs hanging down, a quilt covering the straw, and I find it a most pleasant and safe conveyance, being so near the ground as not to dread the consequence of a fall. Humble as it is, I am not in the least ashamed of it, let who or what will be in company, especially going to Ballybarney, for my office confers dignity both upon me and my car.

An amiable widow from Cork, and her son who is at school, came with us—the youth dressed in his best habiliments, thinking he was going to drink tea with

thee !—this was one of the jokes of the day. We found Murray's garden looking very neat, though he told me "he did not give his mind to *posies*."

Our next visit was to Biddy Ennis, whose daughter sat modestly working at her needle. Biddy drew me aside, and told me *the little girl* had just been married to a young man named Donoghoe, brother to an old servant of mine who piqued herself on her family having the blood of Irish kings in their veins. I asked leave to wish her much joy, which was granted, and I added my advice to Biddy to keep the staff in her own hands. The second premium (£1 2s. 9d.) was won by her, and the third by "Queen Phoebe," who received it coldly enough. Nancy M'Cabe got the 15s. premium; she sat with a babe of two weeks old on her lap, who had every appearance of health and vigour, but the dews which the mother frequently wiped from her own face bespoke that she was not quite strong yet, though she informed me that she had been in Dublin since her confinement, to receive her wages for the foundling children; "But," added she, "I did not walk, for I have bought Dillon's mule and car." I really am afraid this poor woman will kill herself with her exertions; she has now six children of her own, beside the foundlings she has in charge, and her house is admirably neat. The spirit of improvement animates Ballybarney.

My friend from Cork, who suffered from fear of the horse which drew the jaunting car upon which she came to Ballybarney, preferred returning with me, as she saw I was so much at ease. Now those who are

not used to lowly things often admire them, but on trial are frequently sensible of more inconvenience than they expected. It was thus with my friend. She is a rich Quaker, though as humble as a poor one ; she was not used to such a vehicle, and she sat most uncomfortably, though without complaint. By an awkward mistake John Bonham was obliged to accept of a seat on my car also, and jolting over the wheel he endured it with "patience perforce" till near home, when he fell off. This was a climax ! Good humour happily kept her seat amongst the party, and all was well notwithstanding, though we were soaked with wet, and the youth's best coat was spoiled.

I have lately seen in the *Christian Observer* for June, 1813, a review of my second part of Cottage Dialogues, favourable, indeed, except that I am thought deficient in inculcating religion. That subject is too sacred for me to meddle much with, but I trust I wish most sincerely to do all in my power for its service, and am sensible that the fault lies in myself that I can do so little. "The Landlord's Friend" is published. "Now," said my friend from Cork, after reading the second part of the Landlord's Friend and visiting Ballybarney, "I can tell this is no fictitious representation, for I have been an eye-witness to it." Thy obliged friend,

MARY LEADBEATER.

LIX.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 22nd of Eleventh-month, 1813

Thou wast kind enough to congratulate us on our little grandchild. Oh! now congratulate her on her early escape from the trials and disappointments of this life. She was a pretty little creature, but always delicate, and had little animation. When we thought her getting better she suddenly expired. It was a great shock to us all, and the parents were much to be pitied. They have, however, borne it with resignation. I did not think it would have gone so near my heart, but the regret which I feel is very painful—more so, I believe, than it ought to be.

Our young Duke of Leinster not long ago visited our Lancasterian school. His intention to come with other members of the Kildare Farming Society was announced some time before. He was most punctual to the time, and walked down from this unaccompanied by his brother-in-law. Many eyes were strained to see a Duke. My children had pressed me to put on my *new poplin gown*, for they fully expected their uncle would introduce him here. I was not so sanguine, and would not put on my *new poplin gown*. If I had, the Duke would not have had the pleasure of seeing it, for I had only the pleasure of seeing him as he walked by. His behaviour was, I hear, easy, affable, and unaffected, and the school pleased him and his friends. I feel much

interested about this young man, placed at the head of our nobility in Ireland, young, unprotected and exposed. I hear he is fond of agriculture, and intends to reside at home.

XI.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

9th of Second-month, 1814.

My much esteemed friend,

We have had such snow here as I never remember to have seen. The drifts choked up the roads, and for some days no post came in from Dublin, which caused a terrible fast to politicians, particularly in these stormy times. At length three posts came together, and then, like the frozen sounds in Baron Munchausen's horn, when liberated by the thaw, news sounded all around us.

Diplomacy just now sounds familiar to me, having lately read "Patronage," but in such a hurry that, to view it soberly, I must read it again. Admirable Maria Edgeworth! With all the noble traits which mark Lord Oldborough's character, I had rather thy son resembled the accomplished country gentleman, Mr. Percy, than him.

We have just read "The Giaour." It is striking, unconnected, and rends the feelings rather than softens them, except the affecting message to his friend, and the surpassingly beautiful lines on Greece, comparing her to the newly dead. While such splendid poetry is

before the public, how foolish was it of me to think of publishing my little volume of verse ! And yet I was encouraged to do so by kind friends, and by my bookseller, Cumming ; but I felt intimidated to incur such a risk, and resolved no more to solicit subscriptions. So there it lies, and I will not deny feeling a little disappointment ; for, having tasted the emoluments of authorship, and swallowed the bitter draught of a beginning, I am not averse to go on.

13th of Fourth-month.—Let me congratulate thee on the glorious news of this day. How many a heart will leap for joy ! How many shackles will be loosed ! Even I, sober and aged, scarce know what I write.

For “The Corsair” accept my thanks. I think it outdoes all Lord Byron’s outdoings—a fine, rapid course of majestic poetry, with most brilliant touches, and some very natural ones. Was ever a tear so beautifully described as that which sparkles on Conrad’s chains—

“That starts at once, bright, pure, from Pity’s mine,
“Already polished by the hand divine” ?

I join with thee in admiring the description of his conjugal love, and his feelings in the dungeon. Besides his love for his wife, there is his humanity in saving the women in the harem, his abhorrence of assassination, and the horror which strikes him on seeing the blood which marks Gulnare’s face. I cannot help admiring Conrad, though he is said to “link one virtue with a thousand crimes.” Yet while Lord Byron’s poetry calls forth our highest admiration, I think it

wants that pathos which touches the heart, and with which Walter Scott so frequently calls forth the "unbidden tear," as when the minstrel

"Busied himself the strings withal,
"To hide the tears which fain would fall:"

when the Scottish King apologises for his hasty reproof of Angus, and the old man's tears come down like rain; when young Duncan embraces his mother, and leaves his unburied father to take the fiery cross: when James "laid the clasp on Ellen's hand:"—these, and many more exquisite paintings of nature, cannot be read unmoved. Affectionately thine,

M. LEADBEATER.

XLI.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

My pleasant friend,

For this epithet, in its softest and most dignified sense, peculiarly belongs to her I now address; your letter was reviving to my hopes about Ballybarney, which a sensible person had represented to me as being in a sad state. I hope he only viewed it as such in the light of a mercantile transaction. In that point of view I am quite satisfied. I am inclined to "show the fashions on it," and why should one's charitable plans be those alone on which one is ridiculed for having a little whim?

Your anxiety to share with me whatever you most

value is evident from the ardour with which you wish me to become acquainted with those you love—so different from the world at large, who have a strange dislike to introducing their friends to each other. What a gem is simplicity of character, and how careful in education ought we to be to weed out all *finesse* and management.

I thank you for the introduction of your friends to the Bishop of Meath and Mr. O'Beirne. I had a few hours' conversation with them, and they speak of you in a manner perfectly in tune with my own feelings. The Bishop appears a distinguished person in mind and manners. Will you oblige me with another copy of Mr. O'Beirne's impression of Walter Scott; also of your address to him, and his reply. You see, dear friend, he redeemed his word to you in portraying the Irish character in his frank and sparkling "Redmond O'Neill;" and it is you we should thank for the compliment paid to our country. Yours,

M. T.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MRS. O'BEIRNE TO MRS.
LEADBEATER.

"Edinburgh, January 13, 1812.

"Amongst the families with which we became acquainted immediately on our arrival here was that of Walter Scott. They live within four doors of us, and our acquaintance has now become intimacy. If I before admired him as a poet,—more, I confess, than I ever admired

anybody,—my admiration is not less since I became acquainted with him on another score. That a man possessing such genius, and overwhelmed with the applauses of three nations, whose heads he must be sensible have been turned by his works, should be without an atom of pretension or affectation, but gay, good-humoured, and natural to a degree not often met with, and willing to be pleased with whatever trifle comes in the way, is to me a matter of real wonder; because I have never in my life met with a similar instance of all want of vanity and self-love. He is uncommonly pleasant and lively in conversation, and his wife is a pleasing little woman, highly sensible to and jealous of her husband's fame. They have four charming children, from twelve to four years old, and live comfortably and elegantly, though not ostentatiously. We are frequently together, both in public and private, and the more I know them the better I like them. Mr. Scott has a small landed property on the banks of the Tweed, in Roxbro'shire, a beautiful part of the country. He is what is here termed an advocate, and what in England and Ireland means a practising barrister. He has an employment in the Court of Session of £1,500 a year, and his works have been most productive. The harp of the North will soon sound again, and I have been told the bookseller gives him £3,000 for the work. I must add that he is a good Christian and a loyal subject."

MARY LEADBEATER TO WALTER SCOTT.

Oh! thou who soar'st with eagle flight
To regions of poetic light,
And by the magic of thy lays
Bring'st back the scenes of former days!

Thou minstrel !—say, what bard of yore
 A harp so tuned by nature bore,
 Whether her varied charms to sing,
 Or move the heart's responsive string ?
 O Caledonia ! favoured land,
 Where genius, science, taste expand,
 Well may'st thou glory in thy son,
 And wear the trophy he has won !
 And see ! the generous bard even now
 Binds the rich wreath on Britain's brow,
 While forth he leads to thickest fight
 In gallant show a British knight.

O minstrel ! tune thy harp again,
 Let not the sister isle complain ;
 Pierce through oblivion's sullen shade,
 Where Erin's chiefs in dust are laid,
 And with thy song of potent might
 Dispel their long-enduring night.
 Loose these unworthy chains—unbind
 The struggling and immortal mind ;
 And bare, all-powerful as thou art,
 The son of Erin's glowing heart,
 Where candour reigns, and native taste
 Fair beams o'er an uncultured waste—
 Where freedom, candour, taste agree
 To pay the tribute due to thee.

Ballitore, 15th of Ninth-month, 1808.

[Sent to W. S. in 1811.]

REPLY FROM WALTER SCOTT TO MARY LEADBEATER.

“ Madam,

“ I am honoured by your beautiful verses. and
 beg your acceptance of my most respectful thanks. You

do me great honour in supposing me able to celebrate a nation in which I am so much interested as Ireland. Whether I shall ever strike the harp again my graver occupations render very doubtful ; but, should it so happen, I will not fail to consider carefully the hint you have favoured me with, especially should it ever be in my power to visit Ireland. From the mode of dating your letter, I conclude I am addressing a lady of a religious profession for whose simplicity of manners and purity of morals I have had from infancy the most deep respect,* and which adds to the sense of obligation with which I subscribe myself

“ Your honoured and very humble servant,

“ WALTER SCOTT.

“ Edinburgh, 12th March, 1812.”

XLII.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

London, June, 1814.

My dear Mrs Leadbeater,

“ Procrastination is the thief of many valuables as well as of time ;” so says Miss Ponsonby in one

* “ The Covenanters crushed out learning, as they destroyed, so far as was possible, every species of knowledge but their own narrow tenets. The steady and determined persecution directed by them against the Quakers especially deserves our notice, because a prominent victim was Walter Scott of Raeburn, ancestor of the novelist. He, like many others, was heavily fined, imprisoned for several years, had his children taken from his custody, and was fortunate in not being forced into exile, like some members of the sect.”—*Saturday Review*, Nov. 9, 1861. From a notice of Robert Chambers’ “ Domestic Manners of Scotland.”

of her letters to me, and often have I had cause to remember it. Procrastination has deprived me of the pleasure of knowing your friends at Bath during my late visit.

Business has brought us to London, and the difficulty of procuring good apartments while the great people were there detained us till after their departure. My curiosity is not lively, and I made no efforts to see them, except going one morning to Portsmouth to witness the *entrée* of Alexander, which enabled me to say I had seen the outside of a shabby coach containing an emperor within. This is "the head and front" of my knowledge of this truly brilliant and heroic spectacle. I have just heard a curious fact. Eighty guineas were actually given after twelve o'clock at night for a ticket for White's *fête*. The person who told me this said, "I have a wish to go to Wattier's masquerade, but I am stingy; I do not choose to give twenty guineas for my ticket—they are now at that price." Observe, these are *fêtes* given by clubs composed of the first people in the country, so it is a curious circumstance that the tickets should be sold for any money. There is a drawing-room at court to-day, but it was not announced till last night, I believe from some apprehensions that John Bull might again enquire of the Regent, "where was his wife?" and a desire that the mob should not know it in time to collect in any numbers, as they hissed him when going to the last. I did not see Madame de Staël, who has left an unpleasing impression in London, except on a few worth all the rest. People expected her to be

well-dressed, well-looking, soft-mannered, refined—making no allowance for the effects of study, composition, energy, anxiety, and all the disturbances which must affect a woman whose life has been employed in the pursuit of literary fame.

The Irish peasant's idea that his cow, &c. is accepted in lieu of somewhat more precious, is an added proof that the doctrine of atonement is either engraved on our hearts as a primitive idea, or, if Locke forbids this supposition, that we are so constituted as to have it inevitably grafted by the circumstances of human life. Every added proof to those already accumulated on this great truth is acceptable, whether it come from the east or the west.

I have such a charming letter to thank you for. Your account of the resigned and ancient pair who have borne affliction with so much grace, is one of those tonics which strengthen the mind and assist in repelling the contagious air of general society, where one of the great objects aimed at is the exclusion of all that can remind us we are subject to "the changes and chances of this mortal life."

You are kind in wishing us in Ireland. Superior education for my children in an atmosphere of purer virtue and deeper sense of religion, the power of enjoying all the innocent pleasures of life without injuring their future prospects by expences, and my own health all conspire to detain us here. We leave no gap, and interrupt no course of duty. No deserted mansion claims us within its ruined walls—no ancient followers look in

vain for our protection. As it is, dear friend, we have acted upon serious and conscientious grounds. But setting our own case, which is a peculiar one, apart, nothing has been more mistaken by the true friends of Ireland than the effects occasioned by the residence of some of her children in the sister country. Who are most anxious for her prosperity? Allowing some brilliant exceptions, those who have mixed with English society, who have visited England, who have seen the humanity of the English landlords, the prosperity of her peasantry, the comforts of her cottages. To improve a country by forbidding her inhabitants to witness what is done in those which precede in the race of virtue and civilization seems a solecism. Already much has been done by the infusion of English society. Allowing that absentees are truants, will lecturing them bring them home? All good wives know the inefficacy of the prescription. This does not apply to your kind wishes, my dear friend. You never lecture any one, and yet I believe you have made many converts.

If you have observed the lives of eminent persons, you have probably remarked what a considerable number have been bound to some trade they disliked, and seem to have studied with greater avidity and intenceness from temporary obstacles and interruptions.

Lord Byron is to marry Miss Milbanke, daughter of Sir Ralph, of whom report speaks highly. The marriage is suitable in every point of which man can judge. She has been educated on a much more enlarged plan than the tyranny of custom allots to women,

and he has loved her two years , but she has been cruel till now.

I do indeed congratulate you on having gained a title so dreaded by the vain and frivolous, so desired by the affectionate. You must know in the circle which calls itself the world, the word [grandmother] is nearly exploded, and grandchildren are taught to distinguish their parents in the first and second line, as "Mamma Leadbeater," &c , without using the terrific trisyllable. Ever yours,

M T.

XLIII —FROM MRS LEADBEATER

Ballitore, 1814.

Thy account of the finely dressed people surrounding the finely dressed dinner tables reminds me in a curious way of what my mother used to tell of an elderly woman, who chanced to be at my father's when Edmund Burke took a night's lodging there *en passant*. He pursued his journey at seven o'clock in the morning, and at that hour the citizeness appeared in the parlour full dressed in her richest *neglige*

We hear that the Princess Charlotte has cast off the fetters of her exalted rank, and asserts the privilege of her sex by refusing the husband chosen for her , and that the Prince and Princess of Wales were both at the theatre, and interchanged marks of respect ! We hear also that the Emperor of Russia was at one of our meetings, and shook hands with the friends after meeting

His sister the Duchess of Oldenburgh had been there before, heard Stephen Grellet preach, and expressed her satisfaction. Stephen was once a page to the beautiful Queen of France; he left his native country for America at the time of the revolution, joined the Society of Friends when there, and became a preacher. So thou sees tidings of the great world are wafted to our humble village.

At no time of my life have I looked up with respect to wealth, and the admiration with which I beheld mere beauty passed away with the object; but the mind rich in the gifts of a bountiful Giver, cultivated highly by education and research, had always a commanding influence over me; and if beauty chanced to adorn it, and wealth increased its power of doing good, I fear that influence was increased fully as much as it ought to be.

I am obliged to thee for placing in a just point of view your absence, and the absence of such as you from Ireland. I had however no doubt of it, and my wish, the wish of years, was prompted more by selfishness than by worthier feelings. Thy affectionate friend,

MARY LEADBEATER.

XLIV.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

June, 1815.

I have just received your long and delightful letter—delightful I must call it, though it contains so many melancholy details, as it shows the blue serene which smiles above the temporary clouds and storm. I saw

the death of one of the assistants in Ballitore school, and I feared you were in affliction, for I know you can always say with Miranda, "Oh, I have suffered with those whom I saw suffer." As to me, my last alarm has confirmed me in that state of constant recollection of that frail tenure of all earthly goods which some moralists recommend, but which I cannot think was intended by Providence ; as everything in nature seems designed to prevent us from dwelling on it ; and as our not thinking of it perpetually in spite of all the veils thrown over it seems to me a constant miracle, and one of the strongest proofs that the great Disposer "wills the happiness of His creatures." Madame de Staël justly says, "*La vie ne va, que parcequ'on oublie la mort.*"

Since I wrote to you we were at a morning concert of sacred music, given for a charitable purpose, in the beautiful Gothic cathedral of Gloucester. This is a truly national amusement—polished, pure, and dignified. It owes nothing to the glare of tapers, the false spirits of the evening hour, the splendour of ornaments, or any theatrical illusion. The performance of Handel's "Dead March in Saul" was singularly affecting, and as the double drum echoed, reverberated, and died away along the aisles, it had to the imagination the effect of cannon amongst distant hills—while the sounds of the wind instruments floated through the lofty roof with the most plaintive sweetness.

Sunday [June 25th]—All here are in the tears and triumph of a dear bought victory.* The ecstasy with

* The battle of Waterloo.

which it is said to be received exists but in the papers. Buonaparte abdicates, forced to this act by the senate he himself convened. This is the most remarkable event, perhaps, of this eventful time.

Your amusing packets always diffuse cheerfulness over my horizon, or rather increase that which, I thank heaven, does not often forsake me. Indeed I do consider that moment as most fortunate to me which made us acquainted. You know not of how much use you have been to my mind, nor what moral benefit is derived from intercourse with you, dear friend.

Paris, November, 1815.—I can give you no account of Paris. I came only to see Charles, and I have seen nothing else, except what forces itself on a traveller. I have seen women holding the plough, and men selling caps, trying them on their customers with the assurance of their being perfectly becoming. One of those amphibious creatures, highly dressed and ornamented, inflames a milliner's bill prodigiously—on which an English lady here said, "I never deal at shops where they are to be found, as I hate paying for the sight of a man." I inhabit an apartment that affects to be luxurious. In one of the rooms there are seven large looking-glasses inserted in the walls. But my bed-room is without a carpet or a bell, and the curtains both of my bed and windows are of unlined tambour muslin; so I shiver in state; and when I want any attendance in my bed-room, I must either run or roar for my maid, which is not accordant to the dignified appearance of the first *coup d'oeil* of my apartment. A thousand such contrasts

offer themselves. None are more disagreeable to me than those springing from affected politeness and real coarseness of habits.

You asked me in a former letter about Mrs. Piozzi. She is about sixty or seventy, lively, animated, agreeable in countenance, and, as far as I could judge in a mixed company, in manners also. You may judge of her vigor and spirits, when I tell you that two years since she went to a masquerade, disguised as a constable, attended by the Dowager Lady Bellmore and Miss Caldwell as watchmen; and they amused themselves throwing the whole assembly into consternation by pretending they had a warrant to imprison them as engaged in an illegal amusement. In my youth I used to hear that "cards were better than scandal," as if there was no *third* manner of passing the evening. Adieu, my dear Mrs. Leadbeater. Ever yours, *de pres et de loin, l'été et l'hiver.*

M. T.

XLV.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

1816.

I think these times cannot last long, for such a scarcity of money and consequent distress I believe was scarcely ever known in this country. Many have been reduced from affluence to penury. Farmers are obliged to dismiss their labourers, and the poor are distressed for want of work. Most people are put to their wits' end to fulfil their engagements and avoid ruin, and

emigrations to America are very frequent. We perceive that the agricultural interests of this country have come before parliament, and are in hopes that something effectual will be done for the relief of the farmers, on whom so much depends. The extravagant prices for the produce of land led the cultivators into expences, the consequences of which now embarrass them ; but these embarrassments, when overcome, may be a profitable lesson for future times. Even authors feel the pinch. Booksellers are afraid to venture on what there is but a chance will be purchased, and I am almost afraid this may be the case with my friend Cumming, though he has not told me so, and I am going on with my "Biography." I will give thee one specimen, describing an Irish funeral which I attended in my youth. When mentioning the ceremonies observed there, I remarked, "But much more impressive than these rites was the deep and silent sorrow visible in the countenances of the widow, children and other relatives, whose grief for long buried friends seemed roused anew. One young woman, weeping at the grave of her brother, complained that though it was ten years since she had seen him, he would not speak to her now"—a conceit which would not disgrace a polished elegy, and which I myself heard uttered.

There are trials of faith and patience allotted to us, and perhaps if we endeavour to submit our wills to the ordering of Him who orders all aright, the bitter cups may sometimes be permitted to pass from us, or we may be enabled to drink them without sinking underneath

our afflictions ; knowing that these endure comparatively for a moment, and that there is a place where sin and sorrow can never enter, and where all tears are wiped from our eyes. As to myself, my day is declining, and if my spirit becomes purified by affliction, I have reason to kiss the rod, and to bless the hand which inflicts the stroke of salutary pain. What is thy opinion, dear friend, as to our knowledge of each other in a future state ? Sometimes I think it would be inexpressible happiness to behold again those so well beloved on earth, and to think of so doing would increase the desire heaven-ward. Yet this is but a selfish desire, and tends to fasten us still more to earth ; so that these mysteries are wisely concealed from us. At present a brighter sky seems to smile upon us, and I believe it is right to enjoy it, endeavouring to chasten that hope with quiet resignation as to the future.

We have had a time of great alarm ; the uncommon wetness of the cold summer prevented the grain from ripening, and there was a blight on the wheat. Yet a little fine weather raised the farmer's spirits, and the crops were promising. When reaping time came—and it did not come in the usual course—then came rain in abundance, the sheaves were drenched, and the unreaped corn laid down by its continuance, so that the husbandman knew not what to do, whether to cut his corn or not. There was sadness on most countenances, but little complaining, and I hope no inward murmurs. Our poor are patient, and they encourage hope. “The potato crop will not be lost,” they said ; but the grain

they gave up, and said, "It is the will of God." Such weather as this I remember in the year 1782. It continued through the harvest, and a famine ensued. Lately peace and plenty were found fault with; the reverse would be dreadful. At length the skies have cleared, and He in whose hand are the issues of life has been pleased to avert the threatened prospect of famine; the crops though greatly injured are not lost, and much exertion is being used to preserve them; the priest from the altar desiring his hearers should after mass address themselves to work, and saye the food of the country.

I have not met with "the Story of Rimini;" but I do not like the story. There is something very revolting in the idea of a woman loving another man better than her husband, and this makes me look upon "Zeluco" as a dangerous book. Hast thou not traced the source of the frequent divorces in the reading of the present day—perverting the young, vain, uncultivated mind? Why, amongst the many songs which float on the gale, and influence young minds so much with the double charm of poetry and melody, are there so very few in praise of married life? The passion of love and the pleasures of the chase or the bottle are not subjects calculated to improve the mind; and what can be more pleasing among those than the simple joy at the husband's return expressed in "There's nae luck about the house," or than "The land o' the leal," and "John Anderson, my jo!" Thine,

MARY LEADBEATER.

XLVI.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

1816.

I have seen, but am not personally acquainted with that prince of modern poets, Lord Byron. It is said he has behaved unkindly to his wife. I doubt his having been much to blame, because her friends and partizans have in my hearing brought forward the most vague and pitiful accusations. She was unfortunately very young and an heiress, had moved in the highest circles, was lovely, richly endowed in mental gifts, an only child, and educated by a doating father and mother. Strike out any one of these, and perhaps she might have been more capable of soothing the irritability often attendant on genius, and bending her will to the occasional and transient caprices of one so much admired, especially by our sex, that he must have been more than man had he escaped being a little spoiled. I believe his faults have been cruelly magnified by those who lead the world ; first, from the desire of levelling such pre-eminent genius ; next, because he wrote verses satirizing the Regent, and blaming unnecessary war, and is what some are therefore pleased to call a democrat ; and thirdly, because he is of a retired disposition, lives on biscuit and water, and enters not warmly into the pleasures peculiar to this dinner-loving age.

You ask me how I approve of the Princess's marriage. I join in the general chorus of approbation, and think

everything I have heard of her and him announces good sense and kind feelings. It is a delightful thing thus to invigorate the character of a royal dynasty, by engrafting on it the sentiments and habits of one who was brought up in most respects as a private gentleman of very small fortune ; and it is delightful to those who love the Princess Charlotte to think that she has had the happiness so rare in her situation—rare in any situation, perhaps *unique* in hers—of marrying the person of her choice with the full approbation of her friends and the world.

Our prospects in England, with the wet harvest threatening here also, are very gloomy. Yet this is the moment the Prince chooses for the most sumptuous entertainments—entertainments of which the expense would fertilize a province. You sometimes desire news, my dear friend, forgetting that my general life is that of a *married* hermit. From those who do mix with the world I hear that the Regent's last illness followed an evening passed between a bottle of noyau and a bottle of alcohol. When royalty has such supporters a kingdom is on the road to ruin. You know the Scripture, "Woe to the land where the princes love strong drink ;" I forget the place, and may not be exact in the words. His daughter did not visit him in this dangerous illness ; there she was wrong, but few have such excuses in extenuation. His wicked plan of divorcing her mother must irritate her extremely, and, if it succeed, and that his future marriage produced a son, may involve the kingdom in a civil war ; for I do imagine

there is a powerful aristocracy in England predetermined to believe that any such child must be suppositious, and to treat it as another pretender. The considerable loss to the kingdom by the number of efficient hands unemployed, and supported by poor rates at present will be long felt, even were employment to recommence with its former vigor. The wild plan of quieting the demands of a whole hungry nation by a paltry subscription is seen in its true light. It is a mere little shabby fringe tagged to the poor-rates and productive of all their bad effects ; for alas ! reading, observation, and the conversation of sensible men well versed in the subject force me to retract my former admiration of them.

In whatever disposition of mind I may be when I receive your letters, their effect on me is the same :—

“ Round a holy calm diffusing,
“ Love of peace and lonely musing ;”

and none tend more to elevate and ameliorate my mind. You and yours live in a peaceable atmosphere of family affections, of well directed energies, and of pure religious sentiments, which seem so fit a preparation for a superior existence that the loss of one of your friends seems more like a sad and tender separation, than that total and frightful disruption which in other cases fills the mind with awe and terror. Tell me soon again of your dear daughter, your still dearer self, and your other treasures. How I admired the purity of mind which could dictate the words, “ There is something very revolting in the

idea of a woman loving another man better than her husband." You cannot think how this phrase falling quite naturally from your pen struck me as a sort of specimen of the golden age, for almost every modern poem, every play, every novel is so twisted and twined with the idea of a woman preferring another to him she has vowed to love, that it requires a noble mind dipt in the purest dews of delicacy, to continue to feel it "revolting" as well as guilty and unfortunate. Ever yours,

M T.

XLVII.—FROM MRS TRENCH

4th November, 1816

You are so kind to me, my dearest friend, that I should feel wanting in due respect for friendship so tender if I suffered you to hear from common report that my lovely blossom is now in her little coffin, where I have just kissed her beautiful marble brow, for she was and is beautiful, though I restrained myself from ever talking of her personal perfections. What is more important, she was heavenly minded, as far as four years and three months would admit. Her latest request was to look at the stars. The last thing she learned by heart was, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," and when, two days after her death, I wished to read the resurrection of Lazarus, and could not recollect the place, I found it marked with a little daisy she had put in to preserve. These are circumstances of no painful

recollection ; and her docility, gentleness, joyousness, piety, patience, affection gave me a practical comment on the words asserting that the angels of little children "do always behold the face of my Father in heaven."

But that her illness commenced in my absence, and was not immediately encountered on my return with the best medical advice doubles my affliction—barbs and poisons the dart. I am well in health, and I hope I am resigned. You know how the loss of an only daughter, who to the weakness of mortal eyes appeared faultless, and who had all the attractions which endear a child to strangers as well as friends—you know how it must darken the remaining years of a mother past the aged of hoping for any new blessings, but clinging too eagerly to those she already possesses. God bless you, my dear, dear friend, and preserve you from such affliction. You can never know such, for you are always the constant companion of your children, and cannot feel the regrets and self-reproach which consume one who often left hers to the care of others. This may be often palliated, but it is never right ; and when a misfortune of this kind happens it adds self-reproach, the worst of ills, to every other. She died at seven in the morning of the first of November. Her disorder was the croup, and similar to that which deprived us ten years ago of her brother, whom she closely resembled. Yours most affectionately,

M. T.

XLVIII.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

November 22nd.

My dear friend had not received my account of my late misfortune when she wrote last; but ere this my letter has reached her, and has awakened the sympathies of her kind heart. Time and religion will do much, but the loss of that lovely little being, who never gave me an anxiety, except in trying to moderate the joy and suppress the pride she inspired, must be felt as long as life endures. I allow that I scarce mentioned her, so afraid was I of exultation or vanity, and I particularly avoided speaking of her beauty, as I dreaded her being known in any way which might excite those feminine weaknesses so fatal to our sex. I was bringing her up in the simplest manner, and she never required reproof—the mildest recommendation of what was good sufficed, she was so gentle, devoted, docile, and joyous. I shall send the books, but do not be surprised at my not writing with them. I am not at present fitted for common subjects, and a continuation of this would grieve you and perhaps make me worse. I shall be pleased, my dear friend, if these prove of any use to your charitable plans. I am ever yours,

M. T.

XLIX.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 16th of Eleventh-month, 1816.

This morning, when I saw thy letter, my dear friend, I laid it aside until my morning's avocations were finished, frequently saying that my forbearance would be richly rewarded. It was well I did so, for the shock of grief it occasioned would have made it difficult for me to attend to anything but the picture of thee bending over thy lovely faded flower. Indeed, many true and sympathising tears are flowing for thee here this morning ; and, could we take a part of thy trouble to ourselves, so as to relieve one who so tenderly sympathized with us, and who has given us such a proof of her friendship in taking up the pen to inform us of this lamented event, oh ! surely we would do so.

When we consider how soon this life will come to an end, should we not be thankful for every dispensation which tends to prepare us for that state where there is not change, where the tears are wiped from all eyes, where we shall no longer see as through a glass darkly ! Even in this life a degree of this experience, I believe, is attained, when we can commit ourselves and all that is ours to Him who pitieth us as a father pitieth his children, who doth not afflict willingly, but knows the best time to call the spirit home. I have had frequently to acknowledge that the sorest deprivations I have endured were appointed in wisdom and mercy ; and so

wilt thou, my dear friend, when the smart of this wound is a little allayed by time, by thy remaining blessings, and by the balm which the great Physician will pour into it. But why need I offer any motives for consolation? These are often so unskilfully presented that they aggravate rather than comfort. May He who is the Source of Good strengthen you under this affliction!

Our dejected countries want the example of good men. I think our poor, distressed as they are, are better off than the English. The potato crop has been saved, and is a good one. One day's frost before they were dug out caused great and universal dismay, but was productive of good. It seemed sent as a warning, for it disappeared next day, and all hands went to work.

I am much obliged for "The Moonlanders,"* the most beautiful fanciful poem I have read for a long time; from beginning to end it runs a clear, sparkling stream of the sweetest harmony, the purest ideas, and most ingenious invention. Thine affectionately,

MARY LEADBEATER.

LXX.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

3rd December.

Your kind letter, my dearest friend, contains all that consolation can suggest, and I hope in time to be capable of looking on my affliction as I ought. If I said

* A poem by Mrs. Trench.

that I did so at present, I fear I should add the guilt of hypocrisy to the want of that due resignation I hope to attain. I am aware my sorrow is selfish, yet I cannot suppress it. She was my secret hoard of promised gratification and delight. I spoke of her but little, partly from not wishing to show my pride in her sweet disposition, and partly from a natural tendency in the heart to silence on what interests it very deeply.

That part of resignation which acknowledges that it has deserved punishment far more severe is mine in its fullest extent; and I have struggled successfully for outward composure, except in the first overpowering agitation of hope and fear, when, perhaps, I gave way to more impetuous grief than is permitted. My health is good, and, though my prospects in life are quite changed, I hope not to indulge in low spirits, so as to become burthensome or useless.

27th.—My sons do all they can, young as they are, to console me. The three eldest have redoubled their attention to all their little duties.

The meeting of Parliament, it is hoped, will dispel part of the clouds which hang over us. The horizon is black indeed; nothing short of wisdom scarce to be expected from man, or some extraordinary and unexpected event vouchsafed by Providence, can save these kingdoms from the worst of ills. I hope much from the illumination diffused amongst the people. Their patience hitherto has been exemplary, and has rewarded a hundredfold those who laid its foundation by diffusing the blessings of education. All parties must resign

something, except those who have already been so crushed as to have nothing to give up. If you see the *Examiner* and *Globe*, you will find a proposal of mine for public dormitories, under certain regulations, during this dreadful convulsion of distress. Is it applicable to Ireland? I do not take the papers, and have not eyes for copying, or I would send my letter. I continue well, but under considerable dejection, and an apathy very opposite to my nature and habits. Truly yours,
M. T.

LXXI.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

January 7, 1817.

I have just returned from the house of a friend where we passed some days. The quiet, sensible conversation and tranquil life of her small party has been of use to me, while total change of scene and of topics accelerated in some degree the effects of time. I do not disdain any means, nor neglect any efforts which can aid me in returning to my usual habits. To my usual feelings it is impossible I can ever entirely return. We may lose the sensation of pain where a limb has been amputated, but I know by experience that the sense of privation must frequently recur; and were affection to be much fainter than it ever has been in my heart, the very spirit of calculation on one's pleasure must ever recal the lovely, lively, blooming image of one who would have embellished the home of advancing years, and sparkled like the evening star on one's approaching night. I say not this in the language of complaint—I know, and I *best* know, that I have been favoured

by Providence far above my deserts, and that I have blessings far above the usual lot of mortality. I say it from a habit of opening my heart, with some of its weaknesses (who will dare to say they open *all* ?) to a dear and candid friend. Affectionately yours,

M. T.

LXXII.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 14th of First-month, 1817.

Ah ! what true resignation is there in those endeavours for resignation ! I doubt not thou receivest consolation from the best source, and in the reflection that the seal is now put on the perfections of thy little angel, and that thou may contemplate them without a fear of disappointment; for in this life of trial the best disposition and the best education may be overpowered by temptation ; but I do not wish to dwell on a subject so distressing.

My daughter does not lose ground, and my want of grateful feelings suitable to the deliverance from great alarm is so well expressed in the following lines, that I must quote them, as they often pass through my mind :

“ Yet oh ! I feel how feebly I adore.

“ How full, how fervent my petitions flew

“ On eagle wing to Heaven’s celestial floor,

“ For mercy at Thy gracious throne to sue.

“ That mercy gained, how cold my words, how faint,
how few !”

Thine affectionately,

MARY LEADBEATER.

LXXIII.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

March, 1817.

My dear friend,

You are most soothing in your expressions of sympathy and consolation. I do not grow less sensible of my loss, but I become accustomed to it. Sometimes a quick perception of former pleasure in that delightful gift of Heaven will return. I remember how I felt in looking at her opening beauty, hearing her gay, gentle voice, and watching her dawn of little joys and virtues ; and I recollect the hope that attended all this, and shudder at the privation, and wonder most of all that I am not more afflicted, as I cannot boast that resignation to Heaven is the sole cause of my comparative composure. If it were, it would operate in a different manner. Madame de Sevigné says truly, “*On est si faible qu'on se console ;*” and we attribute to our strength what we owe to our weakness—to our willingness, when the flower is gone, to be occupied with the weed. It is certain that there may be those whose consolations spring solely from religion. I speak only for myself and the majority who have fallen under my observation. My dear friend, your idea of death setting the seal on the fate of an innocent child is as beautiful and consoling as it is just.

Thanks for the interest you take in my plans of making amusement—I mean my own amusement, not

that of my readers—subservient to charity. Most people are more vain of their dance than their walk, their song than their speech, their verse than their prose, but I know my prose is much better than my verse ; because the want of that command of language, precision, and harmony of expression gained by a classical education, and the study of the poetry of Greece and Rome, is more apparent in verse than prose.

You say the pressure of the times affects your repository. Alas ! it has touched every fibre in the empire. I hope we may be favoured with strong hands and heads to guide us out of the darkness visible. At present we have a starving population, an overwhelming debt, impoverished landholders, bankrupt or needy traders, unemployed farmers and labourers ; but we have fine balls at the Regent's, and a strong spirit of luxury cherished and awakened by the great, and thence descending to the poor through every class of society. You know that it is three years since I lamented in my own circle the expensive and wasteful folly of the dinners, which were precisely the same, except in the value of the plate, in the house of a man of £3,000 or £30,000 a year. I do not say that this has brought us to our present state, for it is the taxes and great establishments that have done that ; but it has given a helping hand. Not a pauper in the workhouse will eat any but the finest wheaten bread ; not an upper servant in any family like my own but must have four shillings a day, and, when travelling, six shillings ; not a maid-servant, except in a farmer's or tradesman's

family, who will wear a stuff gown; not a young lady who must not have the best, *alias* the most expensive, music-master, and a grand piano-forte at eighty-five guineas. I could multiply instances through a folio sheet.

All earthly sufferings you know return in paroxysms; mine are nearly as frequent; yet I have done all that my friends wished, have seen a variety of things and persons, mingled in crowds, &c. Employment more *solid* would be better for a mind like mine; but having this depends not on one's self when one is married and a mother.

May.—Your kind letter and the beautiful poem it enclosed, my dear friend, were most soothing to my heart. They found me in the country, where, thank God, after the first pangs incident to re-visiting a scene of affliction, I have been more composed than while following the advice of my friends in seeking amusement and variety.

June.—London is full, in spite of the non-payment of rents. Many starving in the streets; yet opera boxes are so high that a friend of mine gives fifty guineas for ten nights; she has five places for each night. These are strange contrasts. No one yet knows how the state trials will end; the most clever and knowing presage opposite results. A man of great talent, Wortler, author of "The Black Dwarf," has had the light thrown on him by a prosecution for a libel. His eloquence would otherwise have remained unknown. He is a man of so vigorous and prompt a mind, that he prints

off his own conceptions without the intervention of a written copy.

Do you not think our countrymen usually fix themselves in houses and demesnes too large for their fortune, or for their pleasure and comfort? There are certain limits within which an animal six feet high can be best accommodated. These limits are in some degree variable, but none can go much too far beyond them without some sacrifice of enjoyment. Rousseau, the much calumniated Rousseau, has explained this admirably.

July.—I am once more in my green nest, with my four boys, and have been some time very anxious to hear from you. Your dear daughter's delicate health fills me with a thousand fears when there is a long interval between your letters. I hope she will soon recover entirely, and look back on her illness, as I can do on all mine, with a deep sense of its advantages; as a touchstone of the affection of those we love; a bond of union twined by protecting care on one hand and gratitude on the other; a remembrancer of the precarious tenure of earthly blessings; a new source of sympathy with those who suffer; and a dark shade which throws into gayer and purer lights all the common and therefore generally unobserved blessings of existence.

I can give you no news. Our population, though of necessity idle, and therefore hungry, are surprisingly quiet. The miseries entailed by war are now beginning to be felt all over the globe. The loans and gratuities of government are but drops in a sandy desert; and as

government must take two drops for every one they give (to pay for the machinery of taxation and finance), we, like Mr. Primrose, "never find out we grow richer by all their contrivances." In short, all are growing poorer; and though philosophers tell us that to sink all together is to keep the same place, they have not quite persuaded us this is practically true. If our time of decline as a nation is marked, I hope it may not be sudden, but so gradual as to cause as little individual misery as possible.

Oh, do not say you are "growing old." I am not good enough to bear to hear my friends say this without great pain. May every storm blow over your innocent and happy dwelling unfelt, is the prayer of your affectionate

M. T.

LXXIV.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore. Fourth-month, 1817.

Ever dear friend,

Thy letters have brought great comfort to my mind about thyself; but the state of England which thou gives me a peep at is indeed awful. These are distressing times, and I think luxury must be laid aside; if not from mercy, from shame, and from principle, perhaps necessity will compel it. Here the weather is favourable to the farmer's hopes, and he anticipates a plentiful harvest; but through how long a perspective must he view this uncertain good! The

potato crop is good here, but there is much pilfering of potato-pits, and cutting of hedges and young trees for fuel, which is very scarce and dear. There is a good deal done to alleviate the distress of the poor throughout our island, and I do believe the indigent man would break his last potato and divide it at the appeal of hunger. Our peasantry have now an advantage over the English, for I think it is literally true that they would live where the English would starve. There has been violence used on the canal, and boats have been robbed of provisions. The first offence was let pass with impunity, and the plunderers were permitted to retain the booty; this mistaken kindness has opened a door for outrage, and now soldiers are stationed along the canal. It has been discovered that not the starving poor, but some farmers were the aggressors. Associations are forming to buy food for the distressed, and sell it at reduced prices. Fuel is very scarce, the turf having suffered so much by the wet season. A banditti is about the country, and about two o'clock a few mornings since we were alarmed by their entering the village for plunder. However, after some shots were fired, they absconded. We who recollect the former horrors after the rebellion suffer from apprehension of a repetition of them; but the young folk have formed themselves into a body for patrolling the village and its environs.

The dread of famine has now passed away; the great quantities of American flour bought in have lowered the price of ours, and millers are likely to be losers.

There is undoubtedly great distress in the land, and to be able to support our own independence and assist the needy we must submit to many privations; yet hope looks forward to brighter days.

We have heard of a Thady Connellan, from Connaught, who has left the Romish profession, and goes about teaching the people to read the Bible in Irish; he pretends not to preach, but only to read the Scriptures, and this has been a means of enlightening so many that his life has been in danger from the displeasure of the bigots. He has just sailed for England, intending to spend about three months with the Bible Society in London; furthermore, he says he will translate "Cottage Dialogues" into Irish. I wish thou may meet with him; I hear that his conversation is entertaining as well as instructive, abounding with plain good sense, and delivered with the strong Connaught accent.

I am now glad I did not get thy letter so soon as I wished, for thou art recovered. I can perfectly understand the feelings thou describes, and, though thy humility causes thee to be unconscious of it, yet I believe that "comparative composure" does arise from resignation. I have found more comfort in quietly sitting down, and letting the waves and the billows pass over me, than in endeavouring to fly from them, and this I believe thou experiences. I hope the calm of the country has tended to allay those pangs which must recur but too often, but the good Samaritan is near, and the oil and wine are poured into thy wound.

One of my first griefs was the death of a little boy from Bourdeaux, who came here at five years and a half old. He took measles, consumption succeeded, and he died: My heart seemed rent asunder, for I loved him as if he had been my little brother, and I feel the scar still: but when France fell into so dreadful a state I thought often of my little David, and rejoiced at his escape from evil. In a little while our places also shall know us no more. May we be strengthened to endeavour for a place in that kingdom into which the innocent spirits are admitted!

Farewell, dear friend.

M. LEADBEATER.

LXXV.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 27th of Sixth-month, 1817.

My valued friend,

I received thine of the 10th, along with poetry of such beauty and pathos that the mingled sensations of pleasure and pain were powerfully excited by it. But what can we say but that the Judge of the whole earth doeth right? And while one wave of sorrow pursues another, let us endeavour so to steer our barque that it shall be wafted over them to a place where the tears shall be wiped from all eyes. I ought to have written to thee before, and wanted to do so ere the *Farmer's Journal* or some other paper should announce to thee our unspeakable loss; but now I need not tell thee of my dear, excellent William P. Le Fanu, that

“his bright and brief career is o’er.” We had heard he was not in danger; and a letter by private hand of the 22nd said, “William is really better, and he begins to joke again;” for his pleasantry flowed from the spring of his pure heart, and was ever and anon delighting all around him. Alas! a few hours after that letter came, another by the post announced his death, and spread over all Ballitore dismay and astonishment as well as sincere and deep sorrow. All seemed to wonder *he* should die; for those who loved him (and they were all those who knew him) clung to him with no common attachment. There are some who can descend with so much ease from the exalted orb in which they are placed, and who “bear their faculties so meekly,” that though our admiration is increased hereby, it is swallowed up in love. The affliction of all the families of which he was a most beloved member is not to be told. When his case was pronounced hopeless, his aged uncle—the pleasant, gay, benign Peter Le Fanu—fainted away. The children of a school which he has supported for the last sixteen years attended his funeral, singing hymns, which were interrupted by bitter sobbing. Have I not dwelt too long on this subject?

I have read “Manfred,” and think it of a piece with Lord Byron’s other productions, which grow more and more gloomy, like the thunder-cloud, which, though so frequently enlivened by the exquisite splendour of the lightning flash, leaves its dark impression on the mind. The other night there was a most beautiful and sublime exhibition of lightning to the east and north-east. The

clouds seemed to open and display a refulgence which we compared to the reception we might suppose given to a new inhabitant of heaven. By and bye the night-bird, our Irish Philomel, sang beside her native Griese at about eleven o'clock at night. Forty years ago we used to hear it—then she was silent for thirty years, when the song was renewed; and since then till now we have not been solaced with it.

Farewell, my dear friend.

MARY LEADBEATER.

LXXVI.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

15th July, 1817.

My dear friend,

Excuse me for having delayed replying to your last kind letter. I had only known Mr. Le Fanu by his virtues, his talents, and the impression he had made on your mind. Nothing earthly had therefore mingled with my ideas of him, and I as little conceived he could die as if he had been already a disembodied intelligence. I had always looked forward to seeing and conversing with him, as one of the pleasures of my future life, and by his "Sunday Readings," from which some seed of improvement was always obtained, he kept up a sort of influence over my mind, and suffered not the interest his character inspired to fade away. In short, I never felt so keen regret for any person with whom I had not been personally acquainted, nor did I

conceive it possible. I can easily imagine what a blank this will create for a time in the pleasures of your social circle, and how many plans of benevolence will be frustrated. Is there no one to whom his mantle will descend, who will keep his place in active charity and sympathy for the poor, in mild indulgence and yet firmness in speaking disagreeable truths when conducive to the cause of virtue and morality? Your letter gave me the first information of this public and private misfortune. I grieve for the present extinction of a light which has illumined your path, but I reflect with pleasure on the comfort you derive from the hope of seeing it burning with steady and unfading brightness.

September, 1817.—I have just read your beautiful lines on Mr. Le Fanu's death, which appear to Mr. Trench and me the most excellent of all your poetical productions. Let no one say that real grief is a foe to the charms of composition. This is one of the common-places of "gentle Dulness," ever anxious to separate what Providence has in most instances united, talent and sensibility. One of my correspondents has written to me,

" W. P. L. died on the 23rd June, 1817.
Alas! poor Ireland!"

Is not this in itself an epitaph?

I hear the Prince Regent was very much frightened by receiving a mysterious present of a snuff-box set with brilliants, in which were written in a beautiful

hand three verses taken from the 21st chapter of the Book of Ezekiel, the 24th, 25th, and 26th verses. It was sent by the public coach.

M. TRENCH.

LXXVII.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 17th of Eighth-month, 1817.

I send thee a little specimen of a collection of domestic verses for the use of cabin inhabitants, and describing their habits. It is solely a book for the peasantry—they love poetry, and even these would be better than the miserable ballads they get hold of. Tell me thy opinion of the plan. We have read *Lalla Rookh*. Our countryman is a sweet poet, and many fine passages glitter in his works, but somehow I think he is too sweet, too fine, or rather too glittering, and then that abominable, hideous, veiled prophet! The “*Light of the Harem*” strikes me as much ado about nothing, or about very little. “*The Peri*” conveys a sweet sentiment, and “*The Fire-worshippers*” is an interesting fearful story. Joanna Baillie’s “*Plays on the Passions*” have lately been lent to us. I believe they are written by a masterly hand, and with an intent to do good; beautiful poetry and beautiful sentiments intermingle with horrors which I cannot well bear, and therefore I have not read many of them. I hear a very agreeable character of the writer, and that she wrote several of her dramatic pieces early in the morning in her mother’s chamber where she slept, and

would not leave lest her parent should awake and want her, as her health was delicate. These amusements of lone hours she kept to herself for some time, at length she showed them to her brother's wife, and was surprised to see her weep. She was then prevailed on to let her brother, Dr. Baillie, see them, and thus they came to light. Thine,

M. LEADBEATER.

LXXVIII.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

November 17th, 1817.

My dear friend,

My mind is painfully pre-occupied with the melancholy details, to which every paper brings some addition, of the fate of that lovely Princess whom Providence has taken from us. Do you not feel for that awful event, which in a few hours removed so sweet a creature from the pinnacle of earthly happiness, commanding a long vista of love, and pomp, and pleasure, and good actions, and the highest worldly honours? Her spotless innocence, her warmth of heart, her preference of domestic joys to any other, her religious principles, her tender feelings, her liberal sentiments all promised us a reign as yet unknown in the annals of England. Do you not feel indignant that the misconduct of her relations should have deprived her of the solace of one kind relative, one tender female—that the barbarity before her marriage of constantly changing her attendants and the ladies about her, and her not

being allowed to have anything like an establishment afterwards prevented her from forming an intimacy with any valuable woman who might have prevented her being left entirely to a mercenary? That her grandmother's unkindness, her father's neglect, and her mother's levity should have combined to leave the heiress of the British empire without any feminine care on the night following a painful and afflicting labour, but that of a hired nursetender! It is a melancholy and mysterious story. She was perfectly safe in all respects—had expressed her entire resignation to God respecting her sufferings and the death of her child. The Prince Leopold had expressed no sorrow for that event, his joy and thankfulness to heaven for her safety was so great. Her patience, firmness and resignation were exemplary. At twelve the prince was prevailed on to go to rest. 'Tis said the physicians also left her; and 'tis said they *did not*. Which are we to believe? In a bulletin it was said they did. This is since denied. Be that as it may, she was given some gruel by Mrs. Griffiths, the nursetender, became speechless, was seized with spasms, convulsions, chilliness, and in two hours expired! What a living tragedy is the fate of Leopold, as he saw her pass away; and as he hung over her refusing to believe the assurance of the physicians, and maintaining that she still lived. He would not believe that "Death was thus made proud with pure and princely beauty." He would not believe that she could die, whose heart had so lately been entwined with his in the closest union of wedded love! No description

in the papers can exaggerate the public sympathy and the public sorrow. It is the strongest proof that neither magnificence nor expence is necessary to endear any branch of a reigning family. I believe I am justified in saying the nation would have resigned all the rest of her family to have saved her, and yet she had lived in all the unpretending privacy of a retired and domestic life.

I have been very much employed forming a society to supersede the use of climbing boys. The subscription was raised, the machine bought, minds were prepared, papers printed, and last Monday fixed on by the mayor for our meeting, when the lamentable news arrived which "broke the good meeting," and put it off to I know not when. But I was fortunate enough to excite many persons to zeal in the cause, and I hope then zeal will not cool. However, I have my fears

Affectionately yours,

M T

LXXIX —FROM MRS LEADBEATER

Baltimore, 17th of Twelfth-month, 1817

This national calamity is, like the shock of an earthquake, felt even in remote situations. In the morning the paper announced the illness of the Princess, that evening my youngest daughter returned from Dublin where she had been for three months, and we were so often disappointed of her returning that I felt restless and agitated. The rap came to the door, it opened,

and I saw my dear little girl ; but at the same moment "The Princess and her *son* are dead!" struck upon my ear, and caused such a revulsion of feeling—such a repelling sensation when I was prepared only for joy, as I never felt before, and which seemed like choking till I could weep. My dear friend, there is scarcely any event of this kind but is aggravated by our own upbraidings or those of others. Indeed it struck me as surprising that no relative was watching over a young woman about to bring forth her first-born, and the expected heir to a kingdom ; and I find such popular indignation was raised, that one fish-woman in Dublin, scolding another, as the climax exclaimed, "A bowl of Nurse Griffiths' gruel to you!" Yet I cannot think—I cannot bear to think—there were any unfair doings. Indeed I pity the royal family from my heart, but most of all the widowed husband.

I hope thy benevolent plan in favour of the poor climbing boys has been carried into effect. Are not things growing better? The hearts of men are becoming more susceptible to the impressions of philanthropy, and their eyes opened to oppression.

MARY LEADBEATER.

LXXX.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

1818.

My dear Mrs. Leadbeater,

I have had the pleasure to witness the complete success of an establishment for the protection and advantage of single women, who unite their means of

living in a manner very accommodating to those who are poor, without any inconvenience to the wealthy. It promotes the happiness of all, but it is designed peculiarly for the comfort of those of small fortunes ; and of such two-thirds of the establishment must always be composed, according to one of its laws. It has triumphed over many obstacles, and I confess my wishes in its favour were formerly much stronger than my hopes. I have belonged to the association of its friends these four years ; I was very far from foreseeing it could have been so soon and so well established. Our "sweep" plan goes on well. The "sailor and soup" plan gets on as yet but slowly ; but I have had a sort of triumph over its adversaries, for when nine-tenths of Southampton were declaring it impracticable, and *poetical*, and ridiculous, the London papers all burst forth with accounts and eulogies of a plan precisely similar, favoured by all the wisest men in London, which was arranged at the very time the Southamptonites were opposing mine. Now the mayor has adopted it, gives a night's lodging and a bowl of soup on coming and departing to all travelling paupers, who are then conducted by a beadle out of the town ; so I have carried my point through much ridicule and opposition. It has cost me much scribbling for the papers. I know you are interested in all sufferers, be they of whatever nation under the sun.

The Princess Elizabeth is to be married immediately. Prince Leopold has buried his sorrows in complete retirement.

I copy for your amusement Dr. Parr's letter to the lady he has lately married :—

“ Madam,

“ You are a very charming woman, and I should
“ be happy to obtain you as a wife. If you accept my
“ proposal I will tell you who was the author of Junius.

“ S. P.”

What have you been reading? Mdle. d'Epinaÿ's Letters to Guibert, the great military genius, whom Buonaparte acknowledges for his master, are my present study. They are written with a pen of fire, and indeed she knows how to *love*. As a literary curiosity it has merit—being very finely written, without any attempt to write finely ; but oh ! what a total ignorance of all principles of religion and morality. She does not defy, she does not renounce, she does not despise them ; she really seems never to have heard of them. Brought up in a convent, and transplanted to the society of “*les esprits forts*” at Paris, being the fruit of a breach of the marriage vow, without father, brother, husband, I pity far more than I can blame her. Ever yours,

M. T.

LXXXI.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 23rd of Eighth-month, 1818.

Thy letter was written in a strain which would have communicated its cheerful sentiments to my heart if re-

ceived at another time. It arrived the 4th of this month, that day on which we followed to the grave my brother Abraham Shackleton. I have now no brother!

21st of Ninth-month.—We are recovering and emerging from the depth of sorrow into which we have been plunged. Yet the dear idea of my loved lost brother will never pass away from our minds but with life or memory. When I lie down to rest, Oh how does it rise before me and pierce my heart with unutterable sorrow!

I have had a most friendly letter from the poet Crabbe, which gave me as much delight as I could now enjoy from most things. His new work I hope will soon appear.

13th of Tenth-month.—The kindness of thy last letter, my dearly esteemed friend, almost overpowered me; the difference between what I am and what thy generous friendship would suppose me to be ought to humble me, but I fear it has a contrary tendency. We have endeavoured to bear with resignation, when the first pangs subsided, the great and grievous privation we endure. She who is the chief sufferer, his admirable widow—she whose feeling and affectionate heart felt more than any of us could do—sets us a holy example.

I have never seen Thady Connellan, but hope I shall. I admire his zeal in so good a cause. We wish well to the Bible Societies. The intention is good, the consequences have been good, let them dispute it who will. I see you have delighted to honour Thady, or rather *Thaddeus*. I hope his head will keep steady. Alas, poor Joseph Lancaster! Spite of his follies we must

confess ourselves under great obligations to him. He has lately gone to New York, where he is well received.

Affectionately thine,

MARY LEADBEATER.

LXXXII.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

September, 1818.

My dear friend,

What you say of the resignation of the widow who had been an affectionate and beloved wife for forty years is indeed surprising. Let me hear more on this subject; though awful, it is soothing, and as an example is of the highest order. I am very much impressed by seeing how much the stroke of final separation is lightened both to the sufferer and survivors (who are often indeed the severest sufferers) by the blameless lives, close ties of family affection, and temperate natural habits which are more frequently found among those of your persuasion than any other. The stings of death arising from the recollection of those errors and crimes from which the sobriety of mind and staid simplicity of "the Friends" happily keep them at a distance—the indifference of relatives who in their career of ambition have hardly time (if their aspiring pursuits left them inclination) to watch the couch of departing life—the complicated ailments produced by the madness of luxurious tables, and studied refinements of indolence and ease—from such your society seem in general happily exempt, and they fall like the nipt blossom or the

ripened fruit, "without pain, and as free from sin as may be." Such was the end prayed for by the good Bishop Wilson, and may such be ours!

I read Buxton on Prisons last Christmas; it interested me greatly, and I was happy to see another ray of light thrown on those abodes of wretchedness. I revere Howard—Neild—Buxton—Bennett—and above all that admirable woman who has raised the character of her sex. Mr. Parnell gave me a letter of introduction to Mrs. Fry last summer, but various causes prevented me from paying her my tribute of unfeigned respect. The force and closeness of Buxton's reasoning are admirable; his introduction is a master-piece; never perhaps was so much explained and so many errors so unanswerably confuted in so few words. He gives a new idea of the duty of society towards prisoners. To me it was peculiarly gratifying, because I had always entertained the opinions he maintains, and had suffered myself to be persuaded that in *me* they arose from the weakness of my heart. I did all I could to assist in the circulation of his book, and am now using my weak endeavours to persuade a reformation in the cruel practice of making the prisoners in Winchester jail wear irons, which you see all the great law authorities decide to be "illegal except he be unruly, or has attempted an escape."

Alas! our bill for the abolition of living chimney cleansers was thrown out in the lords on the third reading. Lord Clare says it was the bishops who chiefly preponderated against it; but he is probably mistaken. Pray is there a society for the introduction of machines

and the protection of climbing boys in Dublin? There ought; and it would be worthy of "the Friends," who are ever the first to undertake and the last to abandon every work of mercy. I can furnish you with every document on the subject you can desire. We are all more eager than ever for the abolition, but I believe we must be content with a strong regulating bill next year, and proceed to the abolition by degrees.

Our Queen was estimable in essentials, but not beloved by her family, if we except her good kind husband; we cannot then be surprised if she was but little regretted by her people. Her age and sufferings had prepared the good, and the unfeeling do not see that any affectation of sorrow is called for.

London ——— Being in the land of franks once more, I cannot refrain from writing to you whenever I have leisure. You will wonder, I am sure, why I came here and why I stay here; but you must know London operates as a magnet when one is absent from it, and is full of the "glue" M^dle. Sevigne speaks of as abounding in the society of "*les devotes du Faubourg*," when one is in it. Be dissipated or domestic, good or bad, wise or foolish, London once tasted will be required again and again. This is a mystery, and I leave it to wiser heads to explain. It is a good hint to country gentlemen not to be too anxious to give their wives a sip of this enchanted cup.

Have you read Phillips's "Recollections of Curran"? It is a remarkably amusing book; also his "Specimens of Irish Eloquence," though the latter by a little trouble

and arrangement might have been made much more valuable "Undine" is a charming fairy tale translated from the German, which I recommend to your acquaintance when it falls in your way. Have you read "Maurice and Berghetta," written by Mr Parnell? Alas, that one of so much talent and feeling should be so deficient in judgment. He is admirably well intentioned Ever faithfully yours,

M T

LXXXIII.—FROM MRS LEADBEATER

Ballitore, 1819

My valued friend,

John Kirkham, a minister in our society, lately visited "the sweet recluses of Llangollen Vale" Lady Eleanor appeared a fine looking elderly woman, he supposed about sixty, with her hair cut like a man's and powdered and pomatumed. She was dressed in a blue riding-habit, with a gold chain round her neck to which hung her watch, with many seals and trinkets. She addressed him and his companion, "Oh, you are Friends. Have you got large hats? I am glad of it I hope you speak the Friends' language. Some of your people have been here, but their hats and language were not like Friends, you are very welcome to see everything here, both in the house and grounds" In every walk were little embowered recesses, in each of which were a Bible and other serious books. He says it is a beautiful spot.

Here is an extract from a letter which I received lately: "Maria Edgeworth expects to publish her father's life early next year. I feel anxious about it—her part of it. All of it till the time of his last marriage is *entirely* his own, and he left her his last injunctions to publish it, without altering or adding or taking away a single word! The circumstances of his life were so extraordinary that I am really sorry she was left as the editor, as the world will not perhaps interpret fairly, and few know how solemnly she was enjoined to give it *as he left it*." I hear that her brother Lovell Edgeworth is a very benevolent person, and active in furthering education.

Another year is about to open upon us, may it bring a continuation of peace and joy to thy dwelling. Thy affectionate and obliged friend,

MARY LEADBEATER.

LXXXIV.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

1820.

Knowing I address one who is aware of my undiminished attachment, I pass over the various causes which combine with the indolence attendant on protracted sickness to prevent communication between us as frequently as I desire. I have always avoided making my letters bulletins, as I wish neither to give pain nor excite *envidia*; and I knew how my dear friend would be affected if she heard of my illness.

While I daily return thanks for my worldly treasure,

I am at the same time deeply sensible it is lodged in vessels of clay. Perhaps I place my happiness too much in the well being and affection of my delightful family ; but I hope my constant remembrance of the frail tenure by which we possess each other may by degrees lead me to higher views and motives. At present I "love not wisely, but too well" * * * We all think, talk, write, feel, and understand nothing but what relates to the Queen, who has, you see, made me forget even the rules of my grammar. Come what may, she has been the most persecuted woman of modern times, and presents the singular spectacle of a wife condemned by her husband on suspicion of following his example and *advice*—example the most public, and advice clearly bestowed in a formal letter, as well as in repeated messages. When the storm is over, I will have the pleasure of writing to you again. I believe the Queen to be a fine tempered, good natured, spirited, fearless, persevering woman, and the offence with which she is charged I think she is almost entirely cleared from by the nature of the evidence against her. Many who suspected her fidelity to the marriage vow are now ready to answer for it, as they think it impossible, with the exertion of all the power of government and all the influence of opinion (amongst those connected with the administration), not to have found some proof against her, when it was so eagerly sought for during twenty years. As to the persecution she has endured, you know that I was nurtured by my lamented grandfather in principles of civil and religious liberty, and there

fore you know my opinion, as well as that which I entertain on the application of a bill of pains and penalties to her case. Indeed, I am doubtful whether I should think a bill of pains and penalties consonant to the principles of the Constitution. If the Queen had been guilty of one-tenth of the gross and stupid public freedoms she is accused of, the same carelessness and wilfulness would in six years have produced some positive proof to her household of actual infidelity ; so the evidence, even to those who believe it, goes to clear her of any crime cognizable by a legal tribunal. In the present case I do not think the House of Lords can be so considered ; therefore I speak hypothetically.

Hayley is loved and admired by some of the most respectable. I paid him a visit last autumn , a friend of his brought me to his little villa near Bognor, by appointment. He lives in the prettiest nutshell possible—a miniature paradise ; no *luxé* about it, except that of extreme neatness and fine pictures. Romney (painted by the artist himself), Cowper, Charlotte Smith, Gibbon, and others of celebrity graced the walls ; and he pleased himself and me by showing me beautiful portraits of his wife, his mother, and other relations. We then walked round his small garden, strolled on his velvet lawn, and returned to drink coffee, which he always does at two—the coffee being accompanied with other matters for his guests. Afterwards we returned to his drawing-room and pianoforte, where he showed me several songs, chiefly sacred, of which the words were written either by Cowper or himself. He seemed

pleased that I could play and sing them at sight, for I still retain my voice, and, though I have no time for practice, it does not seem inclined to leave me—which I wonder at. I think he said he was seventy-five. He did lately marry a young wife, but that “crime,” according to Sheridan, “carries the punishment along with it.” They soon quarrelled and parted, for the bard who sang so sweetly the “Triumphs of Temper” is said to be somewhat irritable and irascible. The lady was so too, and expected he would have done nothing for the rest of his life but sing her praises. His look and manner denote impatience, curbed by good breeding, and his nieces seemed much afraid of him, so I perceived did his visitors and old friends. I think his manner and the expression of his face create awe, rather than put one at one’s ease; at least such was the impression upon me.

I am at present busy beyond measure—in matters of utility, not ornament, no poetry, nor any of its kindred pursuits.

I have the high gratification of finding that, after fruitless efforts of either one or two years, a plan which your friend was the first to suggest through the medium of the public prints, papers privately circulated, and in other ways, has at last been adopted by the Lord Mayor of London—that of providing public dormitories, which should furnish the temporary relief of food and shelter to the houseless during the present period of unexampled distress. Had poor Cassandra been listened to a little sooner, many lives would have been saved, and

the severest distress prevented ; but my plan was scoffed at, as a silly, romantic, poetic contrivance ; and one of my neighbours said I proposed it because I was “ so used to beggars in Ireland I was unhappy without them here.” Your ever affectionate friend,

M. T.

LXXXV.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 1821.

My valued friend,

So Buonaparte is, we hear, certainly dead. “ Quenched is his light ;” but it has been long quenched, and I hope a purer light has disclosed to him a path which the vulture eye of ambition did not perceive, and that mercy has been extended to him. This death will afford a topic of conversation to diversify the approaching visit of the King and the claims of his persevering consort. I have frequently thought that the tide of Buonaparte’s fortunes began to turn when he put away from him his faithful and affectionate wife. This seems to me to be an unprecedented sacrifice to selfish ambition, thus coolly and deliberately overturning the rights of nature, religion, morality, law, and the civil usages of Christendom, that on their wreck he might ascend to his farther aggrandizement.

Hast thou observed in a late *Edinburgh Review* an article entitled “ Quaker Poetry ” ? The reviewers seem surprised, and congratulate us on the appearance of anything like taste in our sober sect.

The moving bog in the King's County gives rise to very great wonder. The attempts at embankment have increased the strength and depth of the moving mass, by confining it, but it breaks down the opposing banks, spreading desolation and mourning as it proceeds.

I should tell thee definitively that the "Memoirs of Richard and Elizabeth Shackleton" are in the press, but I doubt whether they will be interesting or acceptable to any out of the pale of our own Society, of which my parents were distinguished members, and their letters are chiefly on religious subjects, and perhaps may appear sectarian, though the hearts of the writers overflowed with universal good will. I have also a third series of "Cottage Dialogues" in preparation, and I am as deep in literary speculations as if I were half my present age—that is to say, as if I were thirty one.

Thy reference to the character of thy lamented friend, and description of those touching and natural feelings which pursue thy recollections, cannot but call forth all the sympathy which I am able to give. I think it is in the "Latler" that a widower, deploring his loss, compares himself to a man who had lost his right arm, and was continually and involuntarily trying to use it. Possessed of more happiness, perhaps, than most possess, and the more so because willing to acknowledge and enjoy it, the cup of sorrow has frequently been presented to thee.

And your gallant nephew—how did he die? Thou mentions "circumstances of peculiar sadness." Was

his death untimely? How I grudge such fine characters, with all their amiable dispositions, all their cultivated tastes, all their quick feelings,—how I grudge them to the army, often to fall a sacrifice to the detestable idol—War! A blockhead would stop a bullet just as well, and they might honour and serve their country in a more honourable sphere of action. Deeply do I regret the death of this fine-minded young man, and that another wound has been felt before the late one was healed. Thine,

MARY LEADBEATER.

LXXXVI.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

1822.

My dear Mrs. Leadbeater,

I am so grateful to you for the depth of feeling with which you have entered into my deprivation, and I know how your kind heart will form a thousand apprehensions as to the effect of such a disruption on my health and spirits. Believe me, my dear friend, that the composure, fortitude, and Christian resignation of my valuable and beloved friend have left with us a priceless legacy of an example which forbids every undue murmur, every selfish indulgence of grief. "Our little life is rounded with a sleep," and till that last sleep our character cannot be perfectly understood or completely finished. Hers has stood this test, and her departure reflects back a light on all her preceding days.

I know you will be anxious to hear from me, and I am anxious to relieve in some degree your affectionate heart, by saying that except a certain stillness of spirit, as if I had been stunned or exhausted, which hangs upon me at times, my health is unimpaired by my irreparable loss of a friend who has for near thirty years been ripening at my side. In her heart I read as clearly as in my own. But enough of this.

Call it not coldness that I so long delayed my thanks for your communication of your daughter's intended marriage. You know how inactive my pen becomes from time to time, after suffering great anxiety concluding a heavy sorrow ; but my heart is as deeply interested in your well-being and that of your dear children as it ever has been in the course of our long and unbroken friendship. I feel sure this new connexion will open to you a new vista of hopes, and wishes, and tender ties to share in those affections which are ever ready to flow into any channels presented by the events of life.

I delight in the success of your literary labours. Perhaps I have not told you how much I was improved and pleased by the Memoir of your venerable parents. It is gratifying that a second edition has been called for ; should there be a third, I will venture to pray for a few more light touches and domestic incidents, more of Burke's letters, and anything you have to tell, no matter what, of his early days. This will extend the circulation of a book which cannot be too much read. I shall go to London very soon, and shall correct your

proof sheets with the utmost pleasure, thankful to be of any service to my dear friend.

M. T.

LXXXVII.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 1822.

England is acting a noble part in thus contributing so liberally to the relief of the distressed poor in this country. I never heard of such suffering by want in this nation. In these parts potatoes are plenty, and the poor are well content if they can but get work ; but the farmer, obliged to contract his expenses, is not able to give them employment as he was wont to do.

I want to tell thee how kind I take thy interesting thyself in the Memoirs. Previous to publication they underwent much revision and curtailing, and indeed I dreaded the exclusion of some matters, such as the little sketch of Burke, notices of schoolboys, &c., which were near my heart. However, when I am no more, perhaps thou may be amused by a work which I have some thought of requesting my children then to publish, because it has pleased so many in manuscript—a proof that simple details, when possessed of the irresistible charm of truth, seldom fail to be acceptable. When first I had the pleasure of knowing thee, I showed thee what I had then written of it, and thy approbation encouraged me to proceed with the “Annals of Ballitore,” now forming three bulky volumes, and

brought down to last year ; butw hether carrying on the interest of earlier times I am ready to doubt.

MARY LEADBEATER.

LXXXVIII.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER

Ballitore, 26th of Third month, 1822

My dear friend,

In the castle of Kilkea, about a mile from Ballitore, there is a small room of a singular shape, called the enchanted chamber, where a former Earl of Kildare, to whom the castle belonged, was said to pursue the study of the *black art* I had heard the tradition in my childhood, but being desirous to be fully informed on the subject, I applied to an old man to tell me the story of the Earl of Kildare and Kilkea Castle As well as I can recollect his words I shall give them —“ The Earl of Kildare ! Why, he was an enchanter, because he was nursed by a fairy He was a likely, personable man, and married a fine young lady She begged of him to show her some of his enchantments, and turn himself into another shape He warned her not to ask the like, for if she was frightened, he would be obliged to leave her for ever She said let him take ever such a shape she would not be afraid, and begged him again and again to show her his art Then he turned himself into an eel, wound himself round the castle, and looked at her through the window of the enchanted chamber. The face of the eel was so frightful that the lady screeched out, and away flew the

earl, and never more was seen in the Castle of Kilkea, but was obliged to ride round and round the Curragh of Kildare, on a white horse with silver shoes, till the shoes should be worn out; and when that happened he would return to the castle." When I heard the story first, full fifty years ago, it was said the shoes were by that time worn to the thinness of a sixpence. Another old man added the story of a smith who was bringing a load of coals across the Curragh, and when night came on he lay down beside the *rath* to rest. By and by the "good people" (*alias* fairies) came to get him to examine the shoes of the earl's horse. Had one nail been loose, he would have regained his liberty; all were fast, and he was obliged to ride on! And this is the legend of the Castle of Kilkea.

In the little town of Timolin, one hundred years ago, lived a man by name Johnny Sherman, who kept a public-house on a small scale. Two strangers came for entertainment, and in the course of conversation hinted that they dealt in the *black art*, and could "call spirits from the vasty deep." Johnny was incredulous; he laughed them to scorn, and defied them. They agreed to prove their power, and he agreed to witness the proof. "Would he choose to see the dead or the living?" "Both. Bring me old Swanton and Johnny Byrne." Night came; the host was alone in his parlour, sitting by a table on which the travellers had placed a lighted candle, encircled by a ring, and a black-hafted knife. When the "witching time of night" arrived, the doughty Johnny perceived that the candle burnt blue, and that

the ring which encompassed it moved up and down. The black-hafted knife next began, self-impelled, to flourish about the table. Johnny's courage fell. Anon he heard a rustle among the green boughs in the parlour chimney. He turned his eyes, and saw the end of a coffin bursting through them; it glided down, and, as it lay on the floor, disclosed the dead body of old Swanton; Johnny Byrne stood at the head of the coffin. Sherman ran to his parlour door; it was locked, and in tearing it open he tore the nails off his fingers. The magicians were gone, and heard of no more in this country. Johnny Byrne vowed dreadful vengeance against them, declaring, from the agony he had endured that night, that they had drawn the life out of him. Johnny Sherman's nails never grew on his fingers again!

MARY LEADBEATER.

LXXXIX.—FROM MRS TRENCH.

1823

My dear Mrs. Leadbeater,

I rejoice in the prospect before you of reunion with so many of your family. May you long enjoy and impart those domestic kindnesses which Mr. Irving impressively says "fill the whole day with one swell of pleasurable emotion."

I am happy that I can say your daughter* is a little better. She is engaging beyond measure—with a pecu-

* Mrs. E. Shackleton (then at Bath), who died in 1829

liar expression of sweetness and innocence that awakens feelings for her like those one has for a beautiful child—her mind seems all purity and steadiness.

My son Richard has a craving for books which reminds me of Dr Orkborn in *Camilla*, as he cannot even take an airing without arming himself against ennui with one or more volumes. He delights in reference, collating, extracting, and wishes much we should purchase a polyglot he has heard of, where he luxuriates in the idea of finding fifty readings of the same passage in Scripture.

You see that a great desire is manifested in England to amend the state of the poor in Ireland. Now that the strength of the working-class in Great Britain may at any moment be diluted by the influx of *our* labourers, the matter grows serious here, even in a selfish point of view—but ever, ever, and ever, “self love and social are the same,” if we doubt it, it is only from that shortsightedness which takes in but a small segment of the circle. Adieu, my dear friend.

M T

XC —FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 1824

My dear and valued friend,

This morning's post brought me thy letter. How I rejoice in seeing thy handwriting, how I keep it snug for a *bonne bouche* whereon to regale when all my morning affairs are arranged. I find my memory some

times betrays the approach of old age; yet, ever living in the same village, I should not be surprised to be accosted by the epithet of "child" or "honey," were the old servants of the family living; but they have dropt off like autumnal leaves, and I have seen two generations clean passed away in this place.

Now that the second edition of my father's Memoirs is out, I am busily engaged transcribing extracts from his letters to his friends, which is to compose a volume in itself. Many have kindly sent me letters addressed to them to extract from; and when I see that dear, well-known handwriting, when I read those excellent sentiments often impressed with that wit which so brilliantly enlivened his conversation—my mind flies back to other days, and I seem to live in them. Why was not I better and wiser, being the child of such parents!

My breathing is very much affected, but do not be uneasy about me. I limit myself to a stated task daily, so as not to be overdone. But I must fulfil my engagement with the Education Society. I am about to send my account of Leinster to them, not without some trepidation, lest I shall not be approved. I believe I told thee that my work is in dialogues, the heroes two pedlars. Apropos, hast thou read Wordsworth's "Excursion"? We have just perused it, and are delighted with most part of it, although some parts are not clear to our comprehension.

The situation of Moone is very picturesque, and both E. and D. possess so picturesque a taste that I should have no objection to live to see the effect of their plan-

tations ; but that is not likely, for I feel my sun is near its setting. Adieu, my much respected, much loved friend.

M. LEADBEATER.

XCI.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 1825.

I have put thy indulgence, my kind friend, to the proof by my apparent negligence in acknowledging a letter so highly gratifying, and in telling thee how sincerely thy many friends here sympathized in your pleasure when such justice was done to the talents of your Francis.

When I received thy letter I was recovering from an alarming illness. After a slight indisposition I was suddenly seized with an oppression of breathing under which I sank into insensibility ; when I awakened from what I thought was a sweet sleep, I wondered to find my family about me, and that I should be disturbed, till I found my arms both tied up and cataplasms to my feet. I cannot guess what was the cause of this seizure. My head was not affected, nor my limbs. I was slow in recovering, but am now nearly as well as ever. A distressing nervousness was my greatest trial. When I was able to resume my pen and apply to my task, it turned my attention from myself and was of great use to me. I sincerely wish this new year may smile upon thee and thine, never forgetting your long absent Charles. Thine with true regard,

MARY LEADBEATER.

XCII.—FROM MRS. TRENCH.

1825

My dear Mrs. Leadbeater,

I am equally concerned to hear of your accident and impressed by that frame of mind which leads you to draw not merely consolation, but pleasure from every circumstance however outwardly unpromising. We read that part of your kind letter in full conclave, and with general admiration. Indeed I seldom withhold your letters from my family, for they form a part of the education of those I love, as well as of my own. I am perfectly aware of being less faulty in many respects than I should be had not Providence permitted my friendship with you, and I expect the same consequences in others from the beauty of your example and your sentiments.

I congratulate you, dearest friend, on the pleasure of having the stool placed beneath your foot by an affectionate grandchild. I often see a great-grandmother wonderful as to youthfulness of appearance and habits, and I never see her without being made more gay by her cheerfulness, and more pious by her conversation and example.

1826.—I had my five sons gathered under the shadow of this roof, which will always endear to me the opening of 1826. May it close in peace to us all, my dear friend, or find us resigned and prepared for the changes it may bring. Ever, ever yours,

M. T.

XCIII.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 25th of Third-month, 1826.

Alas, my kind friend, I am under the same roof with Richard Trench, and may not see him, for I am a prisoner to my chamber, and am afraid to yield to the temptation of leaving it, even to see that benevolent countenance. I am an invalid all the winter; my complaint oppression of breathing, but I seem now to be much better, and the better for being confined to a warm atmosphere; but my strength is much declined, perhaps from the mercury administered to me. "My aunt Leadbeater took too much jupiter," says little Anne White. I am encouraged to hope a revival with the genial gales of spring. I must sympathize with thee on parting from thy son; but on the good foundation which early education has laid in his mind, I hope a structure will rise honourable to himself, his family, friends, and country. How happy it is that he goes not in a military capacity!

The 13th of this month a jubilee was held, on the completion of a hundred years since Ballitore School was opened. It was celebrated with much pomp and circumstance in Dublin, at Morrisson's, where the dinner was served on plate, and Morrisson himself placed before Richard Shackleton the Ballitore rice-pudding. It was also celebrated in Limerick; and at Ballitore there was a delightful evening party in the school-room,

which was decorated with festoons of evergreens and flowers, with "A. S." and "J. W.," the initials of the founder and of the present master, formed of bunches of violets at each end of the room. There were sixty present. Thine affectionately,

MARY LEADBEATER.



The writer died just three months after the date of the above letter, and the following were addressed by Mrs. Trench to the daughter and husband of Mrs. Leadbeater :—

XCIV.—MRS. TRENCH TO MRS. EBENEZER SHACKLETON.

August, 1826.

My dear Mrs. Shackleton,

I am much obliged by your letter, and hasten to assure you that I received both parts of my dear friend's "character," and entirely coincide in your opinion of it. It does not touch upon many points which deserved a place in her portrait—such as her anxiety to improve herself and others ; her delicate * feelings, highly refined, yet never degenerating into susceptibility, or exacting from others those attentions she never failed to bestow herself ; her taste for every-

thing that was admirable in nature and art ; her polished mind and manner, which seemed instinctively to reject all that others are taught to avoid ; her quick sense of wit and humour, and her own unaffected pleasantry ; her entire absence of all self-comparison with any human being, which left her capable of doing complete justice to the merits of all ; her rare suavity, and her uncommon talents.

The writer of this "character" has also placed her "second" in the delineation of Irish manners and language. She is second to none in this. Others have taken a wider range ; others have permitted themselves the free indulgence of humour on a greater variety of topics ; but, as far as she goes, she is *second* to none.

Pray do not dwell on the idea that her valuable life might have been saved. She once wrote thus to me :— "There never was an event of this kind where one did not blame oneself and blame others." She was right. Self-reproach is one of the shapes that sorrow loves to take, and one ought to protect oneself against it. I deeply reproached myself, and perhaps I was a little, though unjustly, hurt as to others ; but this is certain, I deeply reproached myself for not having known her danger. I have been so long in a state of suffering that it seemed to me the most natural thing in the world to be ill ; and though I heard your dear mother was so, the idea of danger never passed through my mind, and the intelligence was a sad surprise, upon which I shall not allow my mind to dwell. My own severe and dangerous illness last summer also blinded me, as it pre-

vented me from writing to Ballitore, and receiving regular replies, which might have enlightened me.

My kindest thanks are due for the verses, the profile, and the dear lock of hair. The profile is a *little* like ; but I shall not show it. It would not convey the least idea of the benevolent countenance of the original to one who had not seen herself.

Will you give my kindest regards to your dear father. Believe me, dear Mrs. Shackleton, very faithfully yours.

M. T.

XCV.—FROM MRS. TRENCH TO MR. LEADBEATER.

24th January, 1827.

My dear Sir,

I cannot commence a new year without being reminded of her whose friendship has gilded so many foregoing winters, and added to the pleasure of every season since I first had the good fortune of being known to her. When she was taken from us, I respected the sacredness of your grief too much to intrude on you with the expression of my own ; but now that the lapse of time may permit this melancholy indulgence, I can no longer refuse myself what I have so long desired. Allow me to assure you of my sincere sympathy, and of my desire to hear of the health and prosperity of your family. I also wish to know from you in what way I had best distribute the premiums and small charities your incomparable wife and my affectionate friend was

so good as to render efficient by her zealous co-operation. Alas ! that fluency which attended one's communications of earlier date will not return again, though habit kept it up when once established—there is no second crop of summer flowers. With my kindest regards to you and yours, in which Mr. T. and my eldest son unite, believe me, dear Mr. Leadbeater, very truly yours,

M. T.

PART III.

CORRESPONDENCE OF REV. GEORGE CRABBE

MRS. LEADBEATER.

CORRESPONDENCE

OF THE

REV GEORGE CRABBE AND MRS LEADBEATER.

I.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 7th of Eleventh-month, 1816.

I believe it will surprise George Crabbe to receive a letter from an entire stranger, whom most probably he does not remember to have ever seen or heard of, but who cannot forget having met him at the house of Edmund Burke, Charles-street, James's-square, in the year 1784. I was brought thither by my father Richard Shackleton, the friend from childhood of Edmund Burke. My dear father told thee that Goldsmith's would now be the *deserted village*; perhaps thou dost not remember this compliment, but I remember the ingenuous modesty which disclaimed it. He admired "The Village," "The Library," and "The Newspaper" exceedingly, and the delight with which he read them to his family could not but be acceptable to the author, had he known the sound judgment and the exquisite taste which that excellent man possessed. But he saw no more of the productions of the muse he admired, and whose originality was not the least charm. He is dead—and the friend whom he loved and honoured,

and to whose character thou dost so much justice in the preface to "The Parish Register," is also gone to the house appointed for all living. A splendid constellation of poets arose in the literary horizon; I looked around for Crabbe. Why does not he, who shines as brightly as any of these, add his lustre? I had not long thought thus when, in an *Edinburgh Review*, I met with reflections similar to my own, which introduced "The Parish Register." Oh, it was like the sweet voice of a long-lost friend! and glad was I to hear that voice again in "The Borough!"—still more in "The Tales," which appear to me excelling all that preceded them. Every work is so much in unison with our own feelings, that a wish for information concerning them and their author is strongly excited.

One of our friends, Dykes Alexander, who was in Ballitore in 1810, I think, said he was personally acquainted with thee, and spoke highly of thy character. I regretted I had not an opportunity of conversing with him on this subject, as perhaps he would have been able to decide arguments which have arisen, whether we owe to truth or to fiction that "ever new delight" which thy poetry affords us. The characters, however singular some of them may be, are never unnatural, and the sentiments so true to domestic and social feelings, as well as to those of a higher nature, have the convincing power of reality over the mind, and I maintain that the pictures are drawn from life. To enquire whether this is the case is the excuse which I make to myself for writing this letter. I hope the excuse may be

accepted by thee, for I greatly fear I have taken an unwarrantable liberty in making the enquiry. Though advanced in life, yet from an education of peculiar simplicity, and from never having been long absent from my retired native village, I am too little acquainted with decorum. If I have now transgressed the rules it prescribes, I appeal to the candour and liberality of thy mind to forgive a fault caused by a strong enthusiasm.

I am thy sincere friend,

MARY LEADBEATER.

P.S.—Ballitore is the village in which Edmundo Burke was educated by Abraham Shackleton, whose pupil he became in 1741, and from whose school he entered the College of Dublin in 1744. The school is still flourishing.

II.—FROM THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

Trowbridge, 1st Dec., 1816

Mary Leadbeater! yes, indeed, I do well remember you; not Leadbeater then, but a pretty demure lass, standing a timid auditor while her own verses were read by a kind friend, but a keen judge, Edmund Burke. And I have in my memory your father's person and countenance, and you may be sure that my vanity retained the compliment which he paid me in the moment when he permitted his judgment to slip behind his good humour and desire of giving pleasure. Yes, I remember all who were present, and, of all, are not

you and I the only survivors ? It was the day—was it not ?—when I introduced my wife to my friend ? And now both are gone ! and your father—and Richard Burke, who was present (yet again I must ask, was he not ?)—and Mrs. Burke ! all departed, and so by and by they will speak of us. But in the meantime it was good of you to write, oh, very, very good, and I do most sincerely and heartily thank you for it.

But are you not your father's own daughter ? Do you not flatter after his manner ? How do you know the mischief that you may do in the mind of a vain man, who is but too susceptible of praise, even while he is conscious of so much to be placed against it ? I am glad that you like my verses, though ; it would have mortified me very much if you had not, for you can judge as well as write. . . . Yours are really very admirable things, and the morality is as pure and useful as the literary merit is conspicuous. I am not sure that I have read all that you have given us, but what I have read has really that rare and almost undefinable quality, genius : that is to say, it seizes on the mind and commands attention, and on the heart and compels its feelings. How could you imagine that I could be otherwise than pleased—delighted rather—with your letter ? And let me not omit the fact that I reply the instant that I am at liberty, for I was enrobing myself for church. You are a child of simplicity, I know, and do not love robing ; but you are a pupil of liberality, and look upon such things with a large mind, smiling in charity. Well, I was putting on the great black

gown when my servant (you see I can be pompous, to write of gowns and servants with such familiarity)—when he brought me a letter, first directed, the words yet legible, to “George Crabbe” at Belvoir Castle, and then by Lord Mendip to the “Rev. &c.” at Trowbridge, and at Trowbridge I hope again to receive those welcome evidences of your remembrance, directed in all their simplicity, and written I trust in all sincerity. But I am straying from my purpose. I meant to inform you that your letter reached me this morning, the first day of the last month, for I will lose no time in returning my thanks and assuring you of the pleasure you have afforded me, and therefore do not think I am guilty of voluntary delay. But if it has entered into your mind, “This man is ungrateful and does not appreciate the worth of my regard,” in justice, dear lady, discard the notion; believe me that the delay was occasioned by the change in my place of residence. I dwell in the parsonage of a busy, populous, cloathing town, sent thither by ambition and the Duke of Rutland. It is situated in Wiltshire, not far from Bath. At present I am by myself, but I expect a son and a son’s wife almost daily, who will rid me of domestic duties, and give me leisure for the composition, or, more truly, for the correction of another book of rhymes!—a leave-taking of my poetical readers.

There was a Suffolk family of Alexanders, one of whom you probably mean, and as he knew very little of me, I see no reason why he should not give me a good character: whether it was merited is another

point, and that will depend upon our ideas of a good character. If it means, as it generally does, that I paid my debts and was guilty of no glaring world-defying immorality, why—yes!—I was so far a good character. But before the Searcher of Hearts, what are our good characters?

But your motive for writing to me was your desire of knowing whether my men and women were really existing creatures, or beings of my own imagination! Nay, Mary Leadbeater! yours was a better motive; you thought that you should give pleasure by writing, and yet—you will think me very vain—you felt some pleasure yourself in renewing the acquaintance that commenced under such auspices! Am I not right? My heart tells me that I am, and hopes that you will confirm it. Be assured that I feel a very cordial esteem for the friend of my friend—the virtuous, the worthy character whom I am addressing.

Yes, I will tell you readily about my creatures, whom I endeavour to paint as nearly as I could, and *dare*—for in some cases I dared not. This you will readily admit; besides, charity bade me be cautious. Thus far you are correct; there is not one of whom I had not in my mind the original, but I was obliged in most cases to take them from their real situations, and in one or two instances even to change the sex, and in many the circumstances. The nearest to real life was the proud ostentatious man in “The Borough,” who disguised a little mind by doing great things; yet others were approaching to reality at greater or less distances. In-

deed I do not know that I could paint merely from my own fancy, and there is no cause why I should. Is there not diversity sufficient in society? And who can go even but a little into the assemblies of our fellow-wanderers from the way of perfect rectitude, and not find characters so varied and so pointed that he need not call upon his imagination?

Will you not write again? "Write to thee or for the public?"—wilt thou not ask. *To* me, and *for* as many as love and can discern the union of strength and simplicity, purity and good sense, which they will then meet with. "*Our* feelings" and "*our* hearts," is the language you can adopt. Alas! I cannot with propriety use it. *Our*, I could once say; but I am alone now, and thus removing into a busy town among the multitude, the loneliness is more apparent and more melancholy; but this is only at times, and then I have, though at considerable distances, six female friends unknown to each other, but all dear, very dear to me. With men I do not much associate, not as deserting, much less disliking the male part of society, but as being unfit for it,—not hardy, nor grave, not knowing enough, nor sufficiently acquainted with the every-day business and concerns of men; but my beloved creatures have minds with which I can better assimilate.

Know you ought of a family Allot?—the master of it, Dean of Raphoe. There is a daughter there I am much disposed to love, and I believe she is not much indisposed to return my affection. Age has some convenience, you find: one can profess love, and feel it too, without

that attendant apprehension which young people have. Now this, construed fairly, is merely a preface to the question, will you permit me to love you? Think of you I must, and of me I must entreat that you would not be unmindful.

Thine, dear lady, very truly,

GEORGE CRABBE.

III.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 29th of Twelfth-month, 1816.

Respected friend,

When I took the liberty of addressing thee before, I enclosed my letter to a friend, and I beg to introduce her to thee. Should I be the means of bringing you acquainted, I am sure thou wilt thank me, and I shall have repaid to her the obligation she has conferred upon me in forwarding my letter, and of course obtaining me an answer, and such a one as my hopes could not have aspired to. And she did this act of kindness when she was under the weight of a heavy affliction, having just lost by a short illness her only daughter, a lovely child four years old. I am the almoner of her bounty and benevolence to her poor tenants on an estate she possesses near Ballitore, consequently am favoured with her correspondence and with a knowledge of her angelic character. I know, sad as her heart is, she will be pleased to hear of the gratification thou hast conferred upon me. I cannot describe the sensations with which I

began to read thy letter—they overpowered me—I burst into tears—and even after I had recovered composure, I found it necessary frequently to wipe my spectacles before I reached the conclusion. I felt astonishment mingled with delight to find that I, in my lowly valley, was looked upon with such benevolence by him who sits upon the top of the hill. That benevolence encourages me again to take up the pen.

That day on which I had the pleasure of seeing thee and thy wife was the 10th day of the Sixth-month (June), 1784. It was the day thou introduced thy bride to thy friend. She sat on a sofa with Jane Burke; thou stood with Edmund near the window. May I ask how long it is since thou wert visited by the affliction of losing her, and how many children are left to comfort thee? But this is a delicate chord, and perhaps I should not touch it.

The report of my having received a letter from thee quickly spread through Ballitore, and I was congratulated by my family, friends, and neighbours with unfeigned cordiality on this distinction; for we partake in each other's joys and sorrows, being closely united by friendship and good-neighbourhood. We are mostly a colony of Quakers, and those who are not of our profession conform to our sober habits in their social intercourse with us. None of us are wealthy, all depending on industry for our humble competence, yet we find time to recreate ourselves with books, and generally see every publication which is proper for our perusal. Some of us profess not to relish poetry, yet

thou hast contrived to charm us all, and sorry shall we be if thy next visit will be to take leave ; therefore do not mar the pleasure we anticipate by a threat so alarming. In thy partiality for female society I think I discern the resemblance to dear Cowper, our other moral poet, but enlivened by that flow of cheerfulness which he so sadly wanted.

Thy commendation of what I have written emboldens me to tell thee that I am about to send to London two books to try their fortune—one in verse, of about a thousand lines, “The Art of Being Beloved”—though I can scarcely hope that, when booksellers have it in their power to present fruits of exquisite flavour to the public, they will not reject my potato-apple. I published a volume of verses some years ago, which was handled roughly enough by the *Eclectic Review*. In prose I had better success, and my “Cottage Dialogues,” written for the poor of my own country, met with more approbation than I could have expected. This was much owing to Maria Edgeworth, and to my good friend the Bishop of Meath, who patronized them. I have now written “Cottage Biography,” a collection of lives of my poor country folk,—real facts, aiming to show that there are worthy persons amongst them ; and I have better hopes and stronger wishes for that than for the attempt at poetry.

I cannot define my motive for writing to thee. I persuaded myself that it was the wish to be assured of the reality of thy characters ; I suppose I also wished to know thy own ; but I did not imagine I could give

pleasure to thee by such an address. Indeed I feared offending, though that fear was dissipated when I opened any one of thy volumes. How condescending art thou to gratify my curiosity, and how glad am I to find myself right in my conjecturè; but I felt confident that what impressed our hearts so deeply must be truth. I could say much more, but I curb myself, considering who I am and whom I address, and am, with sentiments of gratitude and respect,

Sincerely thy friend,

MARY LEADBEATER.

IV.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 15th of Ninth-month, 1817.

Respected friend,

The kindness conspicuous in every line of thy letter emboldens me to take the liberty of addressing thee again, and, proceeding farther, to present to one who moves in the highest rank of poetical fame some dog-grel lines of my own. The excuse I make to myself for doing this, is the wish which I have so often felt that some of my excellent countrymen were known to thee so well as to obtain the distinction which thy muse can confer. I believe in no country can a character be found more worthy to be thus distinguished than Thomas Parnell, brother to Sir Henry Parnell. I do not know him personally, but have been rapt in admiration at the accounts of his acts of munificence and self-denial.

The story I have endeavoured to tell thee is one among many instances of his benevolence. While I was writing it I received accounts of the escape of a spirit like his own,—one who was to me as a younger brother, whose friendship made one of the delights of my life, and which I expected would have been continued to my children when I was no more; but I have outlived him! I now regret I did not send him a copy of thy letter to me, instead of keeping it till he should come here: it was his joy to see his friends made happy, and I know this would have been a delicious treat to him. Permit me to send thee part of a letter I received from him at the time "The Borough" appeared. His name was William P. Le Fanu:—"I have been reading Crabbe's "last poem, called 'The Borough.' It abounds with "accurate drawings from common life, and the language "is nervous. It will not please the million who turn "from common life in quest of imaginary sketches. "One would think you and he had seen and venerated "the same objects, the lonely ancient poor, who were "only taught to read their Bibles, and scarcely perhaps to write their names, and are now centered in "peace and rest. There is throughout this fine poem "a knowledge of human character and a spirit of true "benevolence that are extremely pleasing. Speaking "of the propriety of assisting the poor in their own "habitations, and of not sending them to work-houses "at a distance from their ancient dwellings, he has "most correct and just sentiments." Thy "Tales" he gave a more public review of in the *Farmer's Journal*,

of which he was the editor. His virtues and his talents were of a superior order, and humility, simplicity, and the gaiety of a guileless heart made him as delightful a companion as he was a faithful and judicious friend. In the sorrow occasioned by his death, all who had any knowledge of him partake according to the opportunity they had of loving him. He will not see the volume of poetry thou promises; but I shall, I hope. We want such a muse as thine to strengthen and improve the minds wearied with representations of horrors, or beguiled by the dazzle of false glory and of vice dressed in splendid attire.

There is a kind-heartedness so evident in thy character, that I feel less embarrassed than when I began to write, and a hope arises that perhaps I may be favoured with another letter from thee, which, considering how valuable thy time is, is not a very modest request. I have heard that the daughters of the family of Allot are very musical, and that their father is very witty. I cannot learn any farther about them; my situation is very remote from theirs, and my opportunity of knowing much beyond my own limits is confined. I must entertain respect for those who are thy friends, and beg to enter into their train.

Thy obliged and sincere friend,

MARY LEADBEATER.

V.—FROM THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

Trowbridge, 30th October, 1817.

My dear Lady,

Though you are a very naughty flatterer in some, nay, in a large portion of your letters, yet I cannot but be pleased with you, and it is a gratification to myself when I sit down to this employment, which would not have been so long deferred had not an absence of uncertain duration caused the detention of my letters in this place, where I was daily expected. When I accuse you of praising with so enthusiastic a pen, I am but too willing to admit as much for truth as I can. The kind-heartedness which you would see in me I am not unwilling to believe my due, and as you know not the number of weaknesses with which it is attended, you may be justified in mentioning this good quality without its alloy. But remember, my obliging friend, that you must omit or qualify your approbation in future. I am, in common with all our fraternity, but too sensible of praise; and were it not for the consciousness of many errors and frailties compassing me on every side, and one dear friend near to tell me when I more particularly err, I know not how much of vanity might be conjured up by the charm of such a call as yours. Soberly speaking, however, I am well pleased that you and your friends, of whom you speak so well, approve my verses, and I shall be glad if those which may appear in some

three or four months should confirm this favourable opinion. There, now ! is not that modestly written ? After all, I am afraid you will find in me a kind of coy acceptance of the applause which I would seem to reject. What deceivers of themselves are men !

- Your verses are natural, easy, and, as I verily believe, like your whole mind. You interested me for your poor man, whom I was pleased to find at liberty, and with freedom likewise from his severer bondage—an evil and daling habit, yet I think your prose,—but I am not certain,—superior to your versification, it is so well adapted to your subjects. I hope that what you print does not escape me. My son reads the papers, and so I miss a view of the books that are advertised. Tell me then, dear lady, what you do for the public, and (if you can be very kind) what you intend to do.

Do you read our poetry ? There is a poem called “Paris,” which has received and appears entitled to much praise, and I venture to say it, though our *Quarterly Review* traces in it an imitation to Lord Byron and myself. His lordship I never saw, and he is now the only one of my contemporary rhymers whom I have not met. Mr Moore is coming to reside near me. Mr Rogers, who wrote the “Pleasures of Memory,” and who is too wealthy and gives too great dinners for a poet, has been of much service to me by introducing me to almost every man in our own way whom he was acquainted with, and in this number were comprehended all of whom I was very desirous to obtain

a knowledge. My last visit to town was indeed a rich one : I had new things to see, and perhaps was somewhat of a novelty myself. It is marvellous how little of this will awake the curiosity of some individuals, and even some societies. I know not how to describe the new and probably (most probably) the last work I shall publish. My friends decided that "Remembrances" should be the title. Though a village is the scene of meeting between my two principal characters, and gives occasion to other characters and relations in general, yet I no more describe the manners of village inhabitants. My people are of superior classes, though not the *most* elevated, and, with a few exceptions, are of educated and cultivated minds and habits. I have a considerable number of Tales, but whether of an interesting kind it is not easy for me to decide. I hope to copy my now scattered papers within about three months : there are with these some few things in the manner of "Sir Eustace Grey." And now, dear lady, I have given you, though a very brief account, yet the best I can give at this time. I will, however, add that I do not know on a general view whether my tragic or lighter tales, &c. are most in number ; of those equally well executed the tragic will, I suppose, make the greater impression ; but I know not that it requires more attention.

I know not whom you have with you at your fire-side, so I can send to you only general good wishes. I have not mentioned the friend whom you mention so respectfully and with such affectionate remembrance of his worth. What, indeed, can one write on such an

occasion, where duty and affection, regret and consolation contend for and divide the mind between them ?

Adieu, my dear madam. Write to me again and again. It would give me much pleasure if I could be with you, but so many impediments keep me hopeless : in this way we may sometimes converse, and I should be sorry if I were now taking my leave finally—*very sorry*. I have just received twelve volumes of Mr. Burke's writings, with which I have indulged myself : some written at *that* very time, and they will have another interest. Let me stand well with you : think of me not highly, but affectionately ; and believe me with cordial regard and esteem yours,

GEORGE CRABBE.

VI.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 1st of Twelfth-month, 1817.

“ Be bold, be bold—be not too bold.”

I have, indeed, been so bold that I wonder at myself. If I become too bold, I may be tempted to charge my trespass upon the encouragement thou hast given me. My friends often enquired if I had received a second letter from the poet. No : I was highly honoured by one, and could not expect a repetition of such a favour. I spoke thus ; yet there was lurking in a secret corner of my mind a hope which I sought to repress, and I had almost succeeded when on the morning of the 20th I saw amongst the letters the frank dated from Trow-

bridge. The tide of grateful sensations prompts me to an immediate reply.

And dost thou delight to honour me by admitting me into the favoured circle of thy female friends? It is a place of high distinction!—yet I must retort the charge of flattery upon thee, my gifted friend. Surely I know nothing *I* could say, if I said all I thought of thy genius, could make *thee* vain; but could I imagine that was in my power it would tend to make me very conceited. I will not say what I think; that is, I will not say *all* I think, but just give me leave to thank thee for giving us poetry which we may put into the hands of our children, without fear of their imbibing false ideas from the perusal of it, and also without fear of their throwing it aside, as they might what was only didactic, and not given in narrations at once so true and so interesting; where exquisite pathos and exquisite humour unite in the cause of virtue; where they are not taught to admire the conqueror stained with the blood of his brothers; where Blayney is not a “gallant gay Lothario,” nor Celia an interesting though too susceptible fair one, but where sin is shewn to be exceedingly sinful, and its wages to be death. Oh! go on and prosper, for this is a good work!

I congratulate thee and thine on thy meeting with kindred spirits, yet I felt a little regret when thou said that my melodious countryman Moore was going to reside near thee. Forgive me for this, for I hope the regret was more patriotic than selfish. Him I suppose I shall never see, though I have an ardent curiosity

to behold distinguished persons. I have never seen my countrywoman Maria Edgeworth, though I have had several kind letters from her, nor have I seen Lady Morgan, with whose "France" we have been much entertained.

My mind has not recovered the wound occasioned by the death of my dear William P. Le Fanu. He was a most estimable member of public and private society: "Weeping, we say, he *was*!" He it was who always encouraged me to face the public, the dreaded public.

"Try and write a tale thyself," said one of my friends. I tried, and took a circumstance which I had heard in my young days from a Welsh clergyman who knew the fact. My tale was finished, and ready to read to my eldest daughter on her return from a visit, as "a new Tale of Crabbe's." It was read, and well read, aloud. My daughter listened, and gave it all due commendation. "But it is not Crabbe's,—it wants the spirit, the terseness, the raciness, the painting of Crabbe.—Crabbe never wrote *that tale*," says my discerning Elizabeth!

I am now ashamed at the length of this letter. Forgive the liberty I have taken, and accept the good wishes given with all sincerity of this little community.

Thy much obliged and sincere friend,

MARY LEADBEATER.

VII.—FROM THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

Trowbridge, 7th September, 1818.

I know very well, my dear lady, that the mind in its sorrows and troubles, besides that first and greatest support which it seeks, will likewise feel a secondary consolation in the sympathy of friends and even in awakening that sympathy. The children who sit in the market-place of this world of trial, say to their fellows, "We mourn to you," and they should be answered, "We weep." And so it should be; it would be miserable indeed if we had not some hearts to feel for us and with us.

I can most readily believe all that even a sister says of a brother, but I have nothing to add on the occasion, assured that your own mind has in itself every comfort that I could suggest, and many doubtless that I could not. You knew him intimately; I can have only the general ideas of a good man.

Your letter dated the 29th August did not reach me till the fifth of this month, and that in the evening. Yesterday I was too much engaged to write, for mine is a very populous parish, and requires much attendance, and this day I purpose to fulfil an engagement which will detain me till the 11th or 12th; and being unwilling that your kind and friendly letter should remain so long unacknowledged, I am sitting down with all my business and duties in contemplation,—to give you

thanks, to ask you to excuse a hurried and confused reply, and to promise, like other naughty children, that I will do better for the time to come.

And it is this same hurry that put out of my mind what I was about to observe afore, when I was speaking of our claims to the sympathies of our friends. I was going to mention that they are indeed our friends whom we then call upon ; the mind turns to them, and if this be in any degree truth, then I am more obliged to you still ; for however assured we are that those who profess to regard us are sincere, yet none of us dislike the proofs and evidences of their sincerity.

A description of your village society—for I must not slide but break into my subjects—would be very gratifying to me. How the manners differ from those in larger societies, or in those under different circumstances. I have observed an extraordinary difference in village manners in England ; especially between those places, otherwise nearly alike, where there was, or where there was not, a leading man or a squire's family, or a manufactory near, or a populous vitiated town, &c.—all these and many other circumstances have great influence. Your quiet village with such influencing minds I am disposed to think highly of—no one perhaps very rich, none miserably poor, no girls from six years old to sixteen sent to a factory, where men, women, and children of all ages are continually with them breathing contagion : not all, however ; we are not all so evil ; there is a resisting power, and it is strong ; but the thing itself, the congregating of so many minds and the

intercourse it occasions will have its powerful and visible effect. But of this you have not ; yet, as you mention your schools of both kinds, you must be more populous and perhaps not so happy as I was giving myself to believe.

We had a singular man—and I must have his name before I release you—from Ireland, and with your most inveterate accent and tone. He gave us (in a public meeting) a long, very long account of his efforts to convert Catholics by a communication of the Bible, and gave us instances of the avidity with which some Catholic poor people sought and read them. His zeal was the best of him ; I can have no doubt of that, but much of the discretion of his avowed opposition to the Catholics, and his complaint, where I am not sure he was not the aggressor : he surely could not expect that a Catholic priest (who is sincere) will quietly give up the people whom he has guided. We have much of this zeal scattered about, of which I scarcely know what to think. Have you Bible Societies in Ireland ? and do you send them about wherever you can ? Is there not a text, “ Let not your good be evil spoken of ” ? That is the misfortune and the frailty of unguided zeal : its good has evil spoken of it.

I will write my name and look for two lines ; but complying with you, my dear lady, is a kind of vanity. I find, however, no particular vexation of spirit, and will do as you desire. Indeed your desire must be very unlike yours, if I were not glad to comply with it ; for the world has not spoiled you, Mary, I do believe.

Now it has me ;—I have been absorbed in its mighty vortex, and gone into the midst of its greatness, and joined in its festivities and frivolities, and been intimate with its children. You may like me very well, my kind friend, while the purifying water, and your more effectual imagination are between us ; but come you to England, or let me be in Ireland, and place us together till mind becomes acquainted with mind—and then ! Ah ! Mary Leadbeater ! you would have done with your friendships with me ! Child of simplicity and virtue, how can you let yourself be so deceived ? Am I not a great fat rector living upon a mighty income, while my poor curate starves with six hungry children upon the scraps that fall from the luxurious table ? Do I not visit that horrible London, and enter into its abominable dissipations ? Am I not this day going to dine on venison and drink claret ? Have I not been at election dinners, and joined the Babel confusion of a town hall ? Child of simplicity, am I fit to be a friend to you, and to the peaceful, mild, pure, and gentle people about you ? One thing is true—I wish I had the qualification. But I am of the world, Mary.

Though I hope to procure a free cover for you, yet I dare not be sure, and so must husband my room.—I am sorry for your account of the fever among your poor. Would I could suggest anything. I shall dine with one of our representatives to-day ; but such subjects pass off. All say, “ Poor people ! I am sorry ; ” and there it ends.

My verses are not yet entirely ready, but do not

want much that I can give them. Sometime in the passing year I believe some publisher will advertise them. If I had room, you should have some account of them. I return all your good wishes, and think of you with much regard,—more than indeed belongs to a man of the world. “Still be permitted occasionally to address thee!” Oh! my dear Mrs. Leadbeater, this is so humble that I am afraid it is vain. Well, write soon then, and believe me sincerely and affectionately yours,

GEORGE CRABBE.

VIII.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 21st of Ninth-month, 1818.

The most cheerful day which I passed since I lost my dear, dear brother was that which brought me thy letter, my highly esteemed friend. That letter was the cause of this renovation, and though I read it with many tears, they were grateful rather than sorrowful. So prompt an answer in the midst of thy avocations, and such an answer to a letter of querulous sadness, shows a mind imbued with kindness, and with that humility which can stoop without appearing to stoop. I assure thee it was not vanity or affectation which caused me to ask for liberty to address thee. Thou sees I am in haste to avail myself of thy permission. I was never taught to look up with reverence to the wealthy or the mighty, in the few opportunities I

have had of doing so ; but, from my dawning of mind, virtue, genius, and learning appeared to me to be the highest distinctions of our nature.

I am gratified by thy desire for a description of our village society, and that I can assure thee we have no manufactory, no barrack, no populous town, no squire's family to interrupt "the noiseless tenor of our way"—none who take the lead, except by superior excellence of character and conduct. Our situation resembles the little town of Bost, which gave birth to Marmontel.

Have I given too partial an account of our little community ?* Ask those who visit Ballitore, who quit it with regret, and return to it with delight, some of whom call it "The Classic Vale," others "The Happy Valley"—they all agree that we live like one large family. Having been from infancy to age preserved in this safe enclosure, and surrounded by excellent examples, have I not much to be accountable for ?

If the graceful figure which I saw in London, described by my father as "the youth with the *sour* name and the *sweet* countenance," has become somewhat corpulent, that is a consequence of good humour as well as good living ; and why not partake of venison and claret with the moderation which such a mind will dictate ? The

* The description of Ballitore and its society is here omitted, as it would be only a repetition of much which will be found in "The Annals."

sentiment expressed in an old song has sometimes occurred to me—

“ Deceit may dress in linen gown,
“ And truth in diamonds shine.”

Even in my own contracted sphere I have had opportunities of perceiving the virtues which, beaming from the zenith of wealth or rank, diffuse their influence to a wide extent.

I recognize in thy description of my countryman, the famous Thady Connellan, of whom I have heard much, though I have never seen him. There are Bible Societies in Ireland, and very favourable reports of their efforts have reached us. We do not find it incumbent on us to press the reading of the Scriptures on our servants, as it is a book forbidden by their priests; yet our gardener, the strictest among them, and who has been on a pilgrimage to the Holy Island in Lough Derg, delights in hearing the Bible, and always makes one at our evening readings on the First-day of the week.

It was for my friend Thomas Wilkinson, the Cumberland Quaker Poet, that I wanted thy handwriting and name, to add to a collection more interesting than the cabinet of the virtuoso often exhibits. The six lines thou so kindly sent make us wish for the *discarded* poem—what an epithet for a poem of thine!

Have thy visits to London, and intimacies with the great men of the earth, weakened the bonds which attached thee to thy female friends? If so, I pity them; and as for myself, standing at a distance and coming in

late, I must in that case expect a dismissal. Indeed, I fear I may have already incurred that fate by troubling thee with so tedious a letter. I wish thee an increase of every happiness, not excepting that "honest fame" which is doubly due to genius dedicated to virtue ; and am, with esteem, thy obliged friend,

MARY LEADBEATER.

IX.—FROM THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

Trowbridge, Wilts, 5th Nov., 1819.

My dear Madam,

Are you not a little naughty—more than a little—to write in a style so soothing to the vanity of authorship ? Or do you believe me to be so correct, so conscious of balancing errors and infirmities, that your praises would only serve to give the moderate elevation of spirits which necessarily results from a friend's approbation ? Alas ! that vanity has its insinuations of so powerful a kind that they make their way into minds the most fortified by self-denial and guarded by humility ! Yet I am sure you meant no more than to give that pleasure which your approval must afford, and I will not chide you for the pleasing feelings which stole upon me as I read your friendly and affectionate letter ; but I will gladly accept the testimony of your regard, and set my failings and infirmities in battle-array against your joint and powerful commendation. In truth, my dear lady, something will and must be allowed

for our satisfaction in a friend's approbation, and I will not suppress the honest avowal of that which you have given me. I will own that there is a pleasure in the very act of composing verses, and there is (though of a more mixed kind) pleasure also in the submitting our efforts to the public ; but the higher and more genuine satisfaction comes from the approving pen of the friends whom we love, and of whose judgment and power of deciding we are well informed. As Sir Henry Englefield, one of your admirers, truly says—"The honest opinion of the author of the 'Cottage Dialogues' must ever have its value. She who can so write must be a judge of what is written."

I have oftentimes thought and sometimes said how much I should love to see the whole fraternity of you in your commonwealth of Ballitore ; and yet I am not fitted to be one of the members of that amiable society. I am a creature of this world, and mix too much with its people to be one of you ; and yet I love you too, and am not so far a disciple of the relaxed philosophy of the great world as not to covet the enjoyments of simplicity, domestic affection, moral refinement, and unaffected sensibility ; for so I appreciate your worth, and you may be sure that so thinking I am not so lost to nature and truth as to be indifferent to the worth of which I am able to form an estimate. I very much love those young people of yours. You appear to be an agreeing and assorting kind of folk ! Would that seventy miles of water, and that salt and billowy water, were not between us ! In England, indeed—and yet I

must not boast of my travelling energies neither, but there is a probability where there is a carriage-road and solid earth. I am just returned from a visit to Cromer.

Money and versification have not of late that utter dissociation and repugnancy that they had of old. Scott is wealthy. Lord Byron might be. Moore is indigent only by accident. Rogers is rich and bountiful. The Lake Poets, if they have not money, say they want none; and I, who do not say so, have as much as does me good, and if I wish for one scrap of bank paper more, it is not for any indulgence to my own whims, appetites, or inclinations. So it is a time of rich poets, but whether of rich poetry—No! that is another thing! A letter from Mr. Murray informs me that he is about to put me in splendid company, by engaging a celebrated artist to paint about thirty pictures for so many engravings to the verses which best afford scope and matter for his talents; and I am afraid in this case it will not be in my power to be a purchaser of my own rhymes.

I have at this time a house of sadness and suspense—our only little one, a girl about two months old, appearing with a frame and constitution unsuited to the roughness of this world. She breathes with pain, and has often symptoms of decay. The parents are disappointed, but bear the evil with fortitude—patience I believe I should say. My elder son has two healthy children, so that the unpoetical and rude name is likely to live at least one generation longer. We are quiet in this part of the land, and in fact our tumults depend

not upon politics, but the employment of the inhabitants. If they have work, they are peaceable and loyal ; if not, they are whigs, rebels, and reformists.

17th Feb., 1820.—You see, my dear madam, how long since I thought of my debt to you. To-morrow we in this place look for an assembling of the people, and are doubtful whether they will be perfectly satisfied. George the Fourth is to be proclaimed king, and the silence so acceptable in general in a numerous assembly would here be dissatisfaction. How the event will be received in Ireland does not yet appear, but you are in a very quiet county, I believe.

Dear lady, forgive me my long silence. It would be unjust and ungenerous to ask that I might hear of you again, and that soon, after such an interval ; but I have some little plea to make, and have hold upon your pity, for I have very much to do, and my spirits are not equal to my demands for them. My son is lost to me at this time, being with his wife in Suffolk. Our little baby died.

Accept my best respects and sincere good wishes. Present them to my younger friends, whom I should be glad to see, and, next that pleasure, to hear of. Teach your friends to reckon amongst them yours affectionately,

G. CRABBE.

X.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore. 15th of Fourth-month, 1820.

“Think of it,” says my youngest daughter to me, “a letter from Crabbe to thee lying on our little round table !” Perhaps we are romantic, and more prone to castle-building than befits us, but, yielding to this propensity, we would gladly waft thee in person to Ireland, to our neighbourhood.

If thou, my kind friend, had been an invisible witness of the effect which thy letter had upon me and mine, thy generous heart would, I believe, induce thee to repeat the favour oftener than once a year. Our neighbours participated in our enjoyment, as they had participated in my fears that I should never more be thus favoured, especially when 1819 passed by without my receiving this annual gratification. My niece Betsy told me she was afraid I had wearied thee by too long letters ; and indeed, when I recollected how much I had poured upon thee, I was quite of her mind. She said this in sorrow, not in reproof, for she loves me next to her mother, and I love her next to my own children. Yet she said she believed I should hear from thee again, though it appeared unreasonable to expect such a portion of thy time. Some of my friends felt a little jealous that I had not sent to let them know of the arrival of thy letter the day it came, as the inhabitants of Ballitore are flattered by the honour received

by one of their community. What then must the receiver feel ?

We are sincerely concerned at anything which gives thee pain, and of course regret the death of thy little granddaughter and the absence of her parents. The pretty babe has safely shot the gulf which lies before us all, and I hope thou art now, or wilt soon be, cheered by the return of thy son, and released from other cares to contribute to our instruction and delight.

We thank thee for thy good opinion of our sex, and prize thy forty years' experience more than the eulogiums on Clara's bringing water to the dying Marmion—an act of only common humanity, even though he was her enemy. Is it not a proof that the world is growing better when it permits poets to grow rich ? Refinement in perception induces refinement in sentiment, and of course in manners, and is the friend of virtue. Certainly if an unfortunate poetaster now puts forth the head, it is quickly obliged to shrink back into the shell. So be it, while we bask in the full blaze of genius. Byron, with **his** commanding powers, lords it over our imagination, and bears us away on **the strong** tide of his fancy, yet leaves an impression of sadness and dismay. Not so the "Ariosto of the North," who concludes so happily, but who loves war too well, and dresses brutal characters too finely. Rogers and Campbell, with their fine didactic poems, and the enchanting "Gertrude" of the one, and the "Human Life" of the other ; the grand but unequal Southey, the pensive Montgomery, our own tuneful Moore,—what a brilliant galaxy do they

form ! I say nothing of the first moral poet of this time. I am sincerely glad to hear of the union of the sister arts which Murray proposes to accomplish, though I think it will be difficult to limit to thirty the subjects afforded by the "pictured page," where every page is a picture. Our young people are delighted that thou should send them a message of love. They deserve it. Yes—age and youth can assimilate (though Shakespeare denies it) in the sweet interchange of sentiments—one instructing and the other enlivening. "I am sorry you are so old," said a little girl to me ; "I hope you will not grow older;" and I was flattered by the well-meant wish.

Our part of the country is peaceable at present, and elsewhere the snake appears to be scotched, if not killed. Ireland has been greatly injured by her absentees. The great men who remain in their native land have much influence with our grateful, generous, warm-hearted people. Lord de Vesci has established schools on Pestalozzi's plan for both rich and poor. The Duke and Duchess of Leinster are well spoken of; so is Sir Charles Coote; and Thomas Parnell walks as an angel among men. I believe and hope there are many others who exercise benevolence; but the licentious, the haughty, the unfeeling, and the sordid must expect to meet the consequences of their examples in those upon whom they look down.

Farewell, much esteemed friend ! All Ballitore greets thee !

MARY LEADBEATER.

XI.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 24th of Ninth-month, 1820.

Thou desired me, my esteemed friend, to write to thee often, and I have flattered myself that an occasional greeting from me may not be unacceptable. I have long purposed to send thee sketches of the pictures we propose for thy work. But thy works are borrowed continually from me, and the "Tales of the Hall" are a hundred long Irish miles distant. I feel lonely without them, but I must not be churlish.

My present reason for writing is to introduce to thee one of thy ardent admirers. Forgive me, too, if I intrude upon thy domestic scene. I want to be assured that thy son and his wife and children have returned to thee, and are not only cheering thee with their society, but have set thee at liberty to continue to give us that instruction and delight which our unwearied appetites crave. The sun as he declines towards the horizon diffuses a more refulgent lustre, and thus thy last work is acknowledged to outshine its predecessors ; thou should be prevailed upon to give us another, and yet another.

We have just read with great satisfaction the "Memoirs of Richard Lovell Edgeworth." I hope his admirable daughter is known to thee. She is the gem of our Emerald Isle, and her character is as amiable as it is exalted. Was it to Emmeline, her sister, that thy

friend John King was married? I ask questions as if I wrote to an equal. With unfeigned sentiments of respect and gratitude we all salute thee.

Thy obliged friend,

MARY LEADBEATER.

XII.—FROM THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

Trowbridge, Wilts, December, 1820.

My dear friend,

First let me give you thanks, gratefully and earnestly; and then let me chide you, aye, and gratefully and earnestly too, for how can I be but grateful, even when I blame you? Happily I am too conscious of many, many flaws and infirmities of character to be materially hurt by flattery; but still, recollect that you perceive only one side, and that the favourable one. You are blinded, my dear lady, by your partiality; and I am too much pleased with your language, and too well convinced of the genuine goodness of the heart whence it sprang, to be seriously disposed; my remonstrance is that of self-knowledge and not that of ingratitude. But then, my dear lady, there is another fault. You say "you ask questions as if you wrote to an equal!" To whom do you write? If to a friend, friendship finds or makes equality; and if to the author of certain tales, the writer of the "Cottage Dialogues" might, if her feelings would permit her, demand her place by the side of any of those who have diligently observed and accurately described the characters of

human beings, various and complicated as they are Did I ever inform you how highly my friend Sir Henry Englefield classes you? But I foresee you will turn again and bid me take heed of my own language. Well, be it so, there is some difficulty in this, I allow, and just commendation is not flattery, but then much depends upon the subject who is addressed. You are an equal minded, steady sort of creature, and praise fairly merited may do you good, at least no harm, whereas I am an agitated and expectant candidate for popular notice, and apt to grow self important on every breath of applause, if it comes from a quarter that renders it acceptable and precious.

The drawings are by Westall, are well executed, about thirty in number, and I suppose Mr. Murray will make an expensive book of it. I hope it will be a profitable one to him, for he paid me liberally, and I made over to him all my right and interest in it. I scarcely know whether at this time I can be said to be about anything of the kind, just of the kind, certainly not, but the mind, accustomed to its mode of employing itself, will not suddenly be quiet, unless taken off or agitated by some important avocations.

Did you know R. L. Edgeworth? You know the *one* omission in all the works of his daughter, and her sentiments are said to be derived from him. Were they indeed unbelievers in revealed religion? It is a questionable point in England with those who knew them only in their publications. Miss Edgeworth, as a moralist, is almost unexceptionable—I do not say entirely so;

and if she has the misfortune to be without the comfort which the Gospel affords, she has performed a difficult task in preserving her morals unconnected with religion. If she believe in any sense of the word, even the lowest, I perceive no reason for her reserve, since she needed not to have been so pointed as to have espoused any of the various denominations of Christians. Of her general character I am disposed to think highly, and of her writings almost enthusiastically. She has that happy faculty of letting you know always what she means, so that you have not to stop every little while and say to yourself, "What is all this about?"

I shall now bid you farewell, for my son and his Anna call me from my study to join them for the evening; for so we live. I have my room, where I am monarch—sole sovereign, subject sole! And when I please I enter their apartment—but this is not often, except on visits of friends, and at dinner, &c. The evening brings us together. They are vastly good to me, and I put off the grave and querulous senior as well as I can, in gratitude for their attention to what cannot be put off.

As I am preparing to make a visit to one who can direct my letter to you, I will take it with me; and though yours demanded more attention, yet I must claim your pardon on the account of public business in naughty times, when no man, I am afraid, can be excusably neuter; and yet I thoroughly dislike all meetings of such nature, all popular harangues and eloquence, and nothing but duty imperiously calling me could

make me leave my more pleasant employments. I shall always, my dear lady, be glad to hear of you, and still more from you; and if any friend of yours come this way, oblige us by giving him a commission to Trowbridge. Remember me to my younger friends of your house, and believe me always affectionately yours,

GEORGE CRABBE.

XIII.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 12th of Fourth-month, 1821.

If my horizon was as cloudless as it usually is, or if impending clouds had burst upon me, I do not suppose I should have been so long without replying to thy valued letter, my honoured friend. In the first case my spirits enlivened by pleasant objects would naturally turn to him whose friendship heightens every joy. If quite oppressed by sorrow my heart would seek for that sympathy already experienced to be soothing. The increasing kindness of thy letters increases my grateful sensations; and when my simple efforts have obtained the approbation of the first moral poet of the time, and of his friend Sir Henry Englefield, is it surprizing that I should be inflated thereby? Thou art so benevolent to intend to turn the brain of a poor old woman by commendation so valued, though thou hast practised on my credulity by a little deception; and from being always accustomed to matter of fact, I generally take what I hear in a literal sense. A gentlewoman once assured me that the husband of her waiting-woman

came to her house "stark naked—naked as he was born." I said, "Oh, dear!" and reflected with pity on the poor man's situation, certainly thinking him mad, as maniacs often throw away their clothes. My neighbour went on, "His coat was so ragged, his hat so shabby!"—and to my surprise I found the man was fully dressed, though in a garb ill-befitting the spouse of a lady's-maid. Thus thou made me believe thou wert in portly case, by saying, "Am I not a great fat rector?" We said it was the exuberance of good humour that caused this increase of size—but "a curate with six hungry children" staggered our belief. Now, we know thy son is thy curate, and that thou art light and active in form, with looks irradiated by genuine kindness of heart.

I do not believe that Richard Lovell Edgeworth and his admirable daughter were unbelievers in revealed religion, his life was so useful, his death so tranquil, and her character so excellent. Yet I do not vindicate the reserve thou mentions; I had rather it was otherwise, and that to good examples some precept has been added. Many feel a diffidence in attempting to handle the sacred subject of religion, and perhaps this diffidence is increased by seeing it frequently introduced in somewhat of a canting style; yet we have instances where "piety has found friends in the friends of science," where the truths of Christianity are inculcated with the graces of poetry, and even of wit, humour, and "legitimate satire;" where it penetrates into the heart rather than obtrudes on the eye. When talents are thus devoted, what a spring of happiness rises in the breast,

overflowing and comforting all around! And should not those talents be kept in action?

I wonder that so good a man as Richardson should have written that dangerous book, "Pamela." I met with one volume when I was young; my mother also met with it, and committed it to the flames. A sketch of the story was told to a young girl here the other day. I enjoyed her honest surprise, when, opening her fine black eyes to their full dimensions, she exclaimed, "And would she marry him?" Believe me thy obliged and faithful friend,

MARY LEADBEATER.

XIV.—FROM THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

Trowbridge, Wilts, 25th November, 1822.

It is not easy, my dear friend, to judge what you think of me; but my apprehensions dictate to me that you are—as much as so mild and placid a being will permit herself to be—sadly displeased, and I know not what coldness and harshness of character you may not impute to me. But call up, I pray you, all that mildness and kindness of your disposition, and then hear me with your wonted patience, and, may I not add, with your wonted partiality. I am visited by a painful disorder, which, though it leaves me many intervals of ease and comfort, yet compels me to postpone much of what may be called the business of my life till I am equal to the duty. And thus, having many things to do, and a comparatively short time in which they can be done, I

too frequently defer the most pleasing of those duties, and apply myself to those which afford me satisfaction only because they are fulfilled. Hence it is that the claims of friendship and kindness are not so soon attended to as they would be if inclination and affection were the judges.

How could you permit the thought to dwell with you that your letters had fatigued me ? I can most readily, and do most cheerfully, affirm that they always give me delight ; they come, it always seems to me, from the region of peace, love, and piety. I rejoice in reading them. I form to myself your neighbourhood, and for a time I dwell with you and make one of your pleasant associations. When you relate the decease of your friends and other domestic circumstances, you then give me feelings which I wish to indulge ; you then acknowledge me as a friend, and I receive pleasure in being so thought of. But when you write that "*you think you make so free as to relate, &c.*," then should I be disposed to quarrel with you, only that I recollect that I have not written, and may have appeared like one either reserved or indifferent. I therefore, dear lady, share the blame with you—for blame I must insist on is yours, and thus I claim and assent to mutual forgiveness.

Respecting your "Cottage Biography," I cheerfully accept your kind intention ; but as the actual presenting the book is attended with some trouble, permit me to acquire it in the usual method by an order on the bookseller at Bath, with whom I deal ; and that copy I will look upon as presented by you. The intention is

the essential part of the act, and of that am I not sure? Indeed I am.

Know you, my dear friend, that I was in Edinburgh during the royal visit, and in the hospitable but busy and overflowing mansion of Sir Walter Scott? On the whole I am not sorry that I went at such a time, and yet probably I lost more than I gained; however, I saw much, was kindly treated, and was satisfied.

I have some not perfectly-formed intention of publishing three or four pieces of versification, but I want exertion. I have a tale related by a gentleman who writes poetry himself, Mr. Henry Gally Knight. I would have persuaded him to try his hand—or his head, if you please—at his own tale; but he would not—and therefore I did. I cannot relate the story, but if printed you shall have it if I can send it. With it will be two or three other attempts; one more essay at the description of a kind of hallucination or insanity. With these are some trifles which certain friends (Mrs. and Miss Hoare, the wife and daughter of Samuel Hoare, the banker in Lombard street, whom I have known and loved—for it is nearly the same thing—some four or five years), permit me to think of publishing; and they are so jealous of my credit that what they permit I may allow myself to believe has something of the poetic in it. I was lately at Cromer, a place on the Norfolk coast, where assembled the Buxtons, Lushingtons, Wilberforce, Hoares, Gurneys, and other families of whom you may have heard, for their benevolent exertions are not confined, nor the report of them.

Farewell, my dear friend. Write to me, so that I may be assured that you retain nothing of the feeling which dictated the words I object to, namely, "I think I may make free, &c." How could you prevail upon yourself so to write? The daughter of Mr. Burke's most intimate friend!—she whom I met sitting with Edmund Burke!—in his own apartment—who acknowledged and renewed the association so begun, and continued so long; and then at last to write, "I think I may make so free!" Why, my dear lady, what a cold-hearted being must you take me for! I have a great mind to quarrel! But it is not perhaps a good mind, and then we are at such a distance! No, I cannot do that, but you will not repeat the "I thinks, &c." I am affectionately yours,

GEORGE CRABBE.

XV.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 13th of Twelfth-month, 1822.

It was but this morning I received thine of 25th November. It was most welcome, indeed; soothing to vanity, and cordial to friendship. No, no; I shall not repeat the reprobated words, "I think, &c." Forgive me, and also forgive a note lately sent to London, if it reaches thee; and impute both to a remaining sense of modesty which even the consciousness of thy notice has not quite extinguished.

I do not recollect hearing thou wast in Edinburgh, but I heard thou had been in York. What delight

must have been felt and given by thy visit to the Ariosto of the North.

I do not like Lord Byron so well as I used, since I saw the review of Don Juan in the *Edinburgh Review*. That poem I hear is not fit to be read ; even the transition from the pathetic to the ludicrous is painful, and the mind revolts from such an association—how much more must it revolt at any breach of decency ! To counteract the tendency of such works, come thou forth with thy unsullied pen. I think I heard before of Henry Gally Knight, but I rejoice that he left the telling of his tale to thee. In the description of the melancholy variety of insanity thou cannot but be conscious how much thou excels. I believe authors are not fair judges of their own works ; but we who open thy books with ever new delight must rejoice at the prospect of another feast. What an assemblage at Cromer—why you made it a very paradise ! There are some endeavours in Dublin to follow the example of those excellent persons whose meat and drink it is to do good.

Thy sincerely affectionate friend,

MARY LEADBEATER.

XVI.—FROM THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

Trowbridge, 7th April, 1823.

When you consider, my dear Mrs. Leadbeater, that this correspondent of yours who now addresses you, and always does it with pleasure, is verging closely to

his threescore and ten—the generally assigned boundary of human life ; and add to this that he is visited by an almost unrelenting pain, though not of the most excruciating kind, I am sure your kindness will make large allowances for his want of punctuality. Indeed, it is not want of thought, nor want of affection ; but he has at this time, in the absence of his son, more to do than he finds health and spirits to effect, and that too of worldly business, the grosser cares of life, such as he was not quite fitted for in his best days, and which are somewhat too much for him now. But enough of this, and of all apology. You will make better for me than I can for myself.

I have read your excellent little book with great satisfaction : you are really a very useful people, and I wonder to find a little detached portion of Ireland so quiet, so virtuous, so Christianized. The turbulency of your country does not reach you. I am now acquainted with Mary Casey, and Davy and Winifred Doyle, and a number of hard struggling, poor, good people, and see them coming under the influence of your comfort and assistance ; and I think the examples must have much influence where they are read and where they are known.

I have been compelled to attend so much to my infirmities and my pain that I have gone on slowly with my intended little book of scraps,—not the sweepings of my study, however, for that would be treating my friends ungratefully. If the publication be delayed, I will give you some account of my Miscellany in some future letter.

I know there are subjects which I ought not to omit, but my paper is exhausted; and in honest truth my poor head answers but languidly to my heart, for that would prompt me to proceed; but after I have held my pen a little while, there comes on a certain indication that I must not indulge any longer.

Remember me kindly to all the dear good people whom I know not but as they are yours and are with you; and accept, dear lady, my best wishes, and be assured that I am cordially and affectionately yours,

GEORGE CRABBE.

XVII.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 10th of Sixth-month, 1823.

My much valued friend,

From thy last letter I fear thy health of body does not keep pace with thy health of mind. How I long to know that thou art better, that thy son has returned, that thou art relieved from "the grosser cares of life," that your domestic happiness flows unchecked by them, and that the ever favouring muse sits beside thee in thy study. I regret the delay of thy Miscellany, but much more the cause of that delay. I long to hear something about it.

Thy approbation of my little book is very gratifying to me. The subjects are from different parts of our island. Wherever those in a higher rank of life permit themselves to mix with their poor neighbours, to take

an interest in their concerns, and to enter into their feelings, a tie of neighbourhood is formed beneficial to both. And this is much the case in Ballitore, where the higher ranks are by no means high, where old servants are planted and their families spring up, and an indescribable link attaches them to the families of their former masters. Nor is there much danger of our young people being thus introduced into low and vulgar society, because they love the society at home, and are too happy there to seek for amusement among a rank lower than their own. I believe this is the case in many other places, and I wish it were so universally.

I do not know what will become of our nation.—Disturbances are extending over the country, and a violent party spirit prevails, to our sorrow and shame. Poverty, to a degree which an Englishman can scarcely imagine, causes a recklessness and a proneness to mischief in those who perceive the cold indifference of their superiors to their situation, and see themselves objects of contempt rather than compassion. The Irish have acute feelings and warm hearts, and amidst the clamours raised against them, I persist in saying that a finer country or a finer race of men is not on the surface of the globe, if both were fairly cultivated. Dear friend, raise thy moral strain, call for the gentle spirit of conciliation,—it will subdue the existing evil more effectually than all that the gallows, the bayonet, and exile can do.

I am in trouble for having lost by death my kind and excellent friend, the Bishop of Meath. Thus, as

friends drop off, the shadows become deeper on our path to the grave.

Thy work has not yet been announced in the papers. I hope thou wilt follow it up with more, and have the comfort of enjoying in this life thy honest fame. Believe me, when thou art removed to a better, even the "sweepings of thy study" will be sought for and deemed a treasure. Present my best wishes to thy son and daughter. May I beg a line soon, to say thou art recovered.

Thy obliged and affectionate friend,

MARY LEADBEATER

XVIII —FROM MRS LEADBEATER

Richmond, near Lamerick,
20th of Third month, 1824

I took the liberty of lately addressing thee, my kind friend, on account of a young friend who is about to publish a volume of poetry. Do I intrude too much upon a friendship which it would grieve me to weaken in the least degree by my indiscretion? I am very solicitous for my friend that his genius should have its due merit, and that the modest degree of fame to which he aspires should be granted him. Had he lived and written fifty years ago, I believe his name would have ranked high amongst his poetical contemporaries. But alas! there is now such an overpowering tide of song, that, like the mighty Shannon which rolls in view of this house, it absorbs the soul from contemplating the

lesser rivers. Even my own dear Griese appears to my imagination as a silver thread compared to this majestic object; and yet the Griese is a beautiful river, meandering through fertile fields as though loath to leave them;—and there are poets who ought to be permitted to shine, if the fastidious public would allow. I have procured, from the public library in Limerick, Felicia Hemans' "Tales," with which I was greatly charmed: the book, however, appeared to have been little read. No wonder; for, alas! in that library the works of George Crabbe are not! I have dropped certain hints here that the public may expect another treat from thy pen. That I should have it in my power to drop such hints may add to my consequence amongst strangers; yet, as I have often seen and detected such efforts for consequence built on a sandy foundation, and suppose others may have done so too, I must depend on the revealer Time to establish my credit. I hope thou art engaged for the instruction of the unborn as well as of thy fellow-pilgrims through the vale of life. We shall cordially greet the new comer, and long for the announcement of such a gratification.

There are praiseworthy exertions being made for the relief of the poor. Loans repaid by weekly instalments, and clothes given, and paid for in like manner, combine assistance with a sense of independence. I was lately astonished to hear of a woman commencing the business of a huckster (I believe you call it "chandler") on a capital of *ten pence*. When her trade was extended by the loan of five shillings, she looked on her-

self as a wealthy merchant, and I hear she is likely to be successful in business. I shall long to hear from thee for many reasons, especially to know whether thou art in the enjoyment of health, which at our time of life is so liable to serious interruptions.

Thy obliged and affectionate friend,

MARY LEADBEATER.

XIX.—FROM THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

Trowbridge, 26th March, 1824.

I will write, my kind friend, and will no longer defer thanks for your obliging remembrance of me. Your letter dated the 2nd of this month was brought to me this morning, but I have been in possession of unacknowledged favours, books and manuscripts, for which I am thankful, and ought to have told you so; but I was willing to wait, even for a long time, that I might address you with some degree of cheerfulness as well as gratitude. Nor have I waited altogether in vain, since, though I am not in a state of sound health, nor of one free from pain, still I have not that which has been for the last two years my almost constant attendant, pain in a considerable degree, and with it (or rather in the intervals when it left me) lassitude and nervous weakness, which render the more light and even the more pleasant occupations troublesome, and require exertion that I had not to bestow.

I have your "Cottage Biography," which I believe is likely, if properly dispersed abroad, to do much good,

and to excite in many a desire to imitate such examples, and to be patient, industrious, and persevering in duties moral and religious. The letters of your father and others of the family are, indeed, evidences of Christian feelings, and in many places discover a spirit as much above the world and independent of it, as we can hope to find while we are yet in it and partakers of its concerns. There are, I believe, what we call the peculiarities of the profession; so that, without any other intimation, we should know the religious opinions of the writer: but this, with me, is neither an objection to the work nor a diminution of its value. With respect to our religious associations and fellowship there is much, I believe, that does not depend upon our own will or our own conviction. We are born with such convictions, and are led, guided, and governed by circumstances and situations over which the will has no control.

You are very kindly partial to my verses, and so it appears are your friends. That they are not injurious is something, and that is what we all may avoid; and certainly it is to be lamented that some of the more powerful minds of the age have been too remiss in this particular. To impress wrong sentiments and convey profligate opinions by the help of genius is lamentable, and the more we admire, the more we have to regret.

If my health will allow me, I will endeavour to make a few things I have by me more fit for the press. I have some friends whom I consult, and having their sanction I should proceed in my *last* trial—for so I

must consider it—with some alacrity. But so much of the day is taken from me by my disorder, that little remains in which I can engage in any employment that requires thought, and this makes me quite uncertain of the time, or even of the publication itself; but still the poems are in that kind of state which will not demand a great share of any man's attention, and my sons, if they please, may do what I leave undone. And by this I do not mean that I look upon myself as in that state which we, not very properly, term dangerous, but at my time of life it is not very likely that a great degree of strength and activity of body or mind will be given. My longest attempt I have called "The Deserted Wife," (or "Family") and I do not recollect that the principal incident has been taken before. When I speak of this as the longest, I mean as a single narrative, for there are connected stories or rather incidents brought together in this manner. It may be called, taken together, "A Farewell and Return." I suppose a young man leaving his native place where he has hitherto resided, to go into the world at large, and previously taking leave of whomsoever he thinks right, and here I have opportunity to introduce as many characters as I conceive I can best manage, these and their situations being briefly told. My youth returns—a youth no more—after twenty years; and the interest of the poem, if there be any, consists in the completion of the events, and the then state of those persons to whom he had bidden farewell. With these are some shorter "Exercises," for so I think schoolboys call their attempts at composition,

one of which, "The Flowers," has some originality—what beside that, I will not venture to pronounce. And now, my dear friend, I have given you such account of myself and my poetical undertakings as I am at present enabled to send you. The loss of your sister is no doubt felt by you, but felt as Christians should feel—the sorrow with the consolation; the former daily diminishing, the latter permanent.

I must now bid you farewell, my dear lady. Accept my hearty good wishes for yourself and all connected with you. I oftentimes think of your peaceful Ballitore, and admire some of your quiet, humble, exemplary people. It would give me much pleasure to meet you in this world where we yet linger; but if that cannot be, I hope to hear from and of you frequently. Forgive me for being of late a naughty correspondent, and make a charitable allowance for my want of health. I have written this by piece-meal, for my head will not permit me to do much at one sitting. I hope you will be able to read it, but it is far unlike your nice correct writing which I am well pleased to see. All good things attend you!

Your affectionate friend,
 GEORGE CRABBE.

XX.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 27th of Fifth-month, 1824.

I am indeed rejoiced at receiving my valued friend's kind letter, which reached me before my departure from the shores of the majestic Shannon. I am now restored

to the banks of the humble Griese. I hope the return of the summer months may invigorate thee, and shall be glad to hear that this is the case. Ah! do not talk of a "*last trial*." I know the curtains of night are falling around us who are declining into the vale of years, but I hope it will not prevent the preparation for a better world to endeavour to improve this. One brilliant star has set, and Lord Byron's early death is lamented even in this obscure village. Methinks the new Lord Byron must feel awkward under the weight of a title to which such an association of ideas belongs, and which will probably draw comparisons as painful to him, as the title of *honourable* was to a little boy whose father was made a lord while the boy was at my father's school; his schoolfellows so persecuted him with the title of "his honour," that many a time and oft the weeping child regretted the ennobling of his family. I wish Lord Byron had never written anything which tended to sully the vivid imagination of youth. I was assured that his writings of this nature were far from being so gross as those of many of our celebrated poets; and parts of *Don Juan*, full of beauty, pathos, and worthy feelings, were read to me. I would not search the book to discover anything which might contradict this assertion, but I know that a mind of delicacy and sensibility turns with disgust from grossness; and if licentious sentiments have been mingled with the passages which I heard, such works must be highly dangerous, especially considering the strong hold which he had of the public mind.

I am glad that thou wast pleased with my parents' "Memoirs;" and I am glad that I published them, it seems to have so much revived their memory. The sentence thou alludes to, beginning, "I do seem at times as if home was not to be my constant place of residence," is intended to express my father's devoted attachment to his religious duties, and to the welfare of that society to which he belonged, and which seemed to supersede in his mind those domestic enjoyments which were so dear to him. In a third series of "Cottage Dialogues" which I have just finished, I have taken thy hint of introducing warnings; but as the "Biography" mentions names, I think it would not admit censure to be so publicly introduced.

A life of that great man, Edmund Burke, has been lately published, written by James Prior, who applied to me for documents; and I gave him what information I could, consistently with the engagement I was under to the Bishop of Rochester. May I ask thee whether the edition of Edmund Burke's works published by the bishop, contains his letters to my father and anecdotes of the early part of his life.

I hear that my friend Thomas Wilkinson is publishing. It is what I often urged him to do, and repeated my arguments after I saw Bernard Barton so honoured by the *Edinburgh Review*, which seemed to consider a *Quaker poet* as an extraordinary appearance on the literary horizon. But cannot a Quaker have taste and feeling? "Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections,

passions?" Are not these words of the great reader of human nature applicable? This simple husbandman [T. Wilkinson] is well known, and of consequence well esteemed by persons of high rank. Lord Lonsdale who is his neighbour can appreciate his judgment, genius, and taste, and takes pleasure in introducing him to his noble guests. Though we have corresponded for forty years, we have never met, but I hear that from beneath the homely guise of the Quaker and the farmer, a native politeness beams forth, evincing the truth of a line of his own,

"'Tis gentle manners make the gentleman!"

To hear from thee or of thy welfare gives general satisfaction here, a satisfaction which I hope we may long enjoy.

Affectionately and respectfully thy friend,

MARY LEADBEATER.

XXI.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 1st of Tenth-month, 1824.

I wish I may not appear impertinent to my estimable friend by enclosing a recipe for thy distressing ailment—*tic douloureux*. I hope it may prove of as much service to thee as to the young friend from whom I had it. I need not say how grieved we are to think of thy sufferings.

"I pray thee live; ne do not with thy death

"This lodge of love—the Muses' mansion—marre!"

The Society for the Education of the Poor have employed me to write a little book for each of our provinces, descriptive of scenery, ruins, remarkable buildings, celebrated persons, customs, &c., with suggestions for improvement. Perhaps I overrated my abilities, yet I undertook the task: from my own observation and from a variety of books I have collected materials, and as I can manage dialogue with most ease I have adopted that style. I have chosen two pedlars, father and son; the former is leaving off business, and in order to introduce the young man into it, he travels with him through the country. His observations, and the different persons they meet with afford opportunity for information, of which Pat, the son, is very desirous. Sometimes I fear I shall fail in my attempt, but I strive against that fear, believing that discouragement is disqualification.

I hope thy family is well in all its branches, and that thou hast enjoyed this glorious summer and golden harvest. That thou mayst long enjoy many such is the wish of many others beside thy sincere and obliged friend,

MARY LEADBEATER.

XXII.—FROM THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

Trowbridge, 29th October, 1824.

My dear friend,

I am fully sensible of your kindness; it is surely very delightful to be made acquainted with the good-will and wishes of our friends who are so far from

us in person and so near in their sympathy. Pain is not to be loved for its own sake, but when it abides with us, the attention of those who are dear to us and their affectionate remembrance of us when at a distance are both strength and comfort, as I have happily experienced during the long visit of my late—if I can dare to call it so—and painful disease. Accept my sincere and hearty thanks for the prescription which you have favoured me with.

You are right to have your new work in dialogues ; it is *your way*, and you manage it cleverly. I shall make enquiry after the book, and hope you will have no cowardly apprehensions respecting it. Remember—though the argument tells in both ways, for and against—but remember that you are known for your success in this peculiar way, and therefore your new work will be the more readily received, but the more rigidly judged. That we must expect, though when my time of trial will come, I am unable to form a steady opinion. I must go to town, and there be stimulated by conversations on the subjects of authorship and all that relates to the business of the press. I find too that I can dedicate more time to this employment in London than in this seat of business, this home of idleness, where every body comes at his own time, and, having driven the mind from its purposes, leaves a man to waste no small portion of it in miscellaneous reading, and other amusements, such as nursing and construing the incipient meanings that come and go in the face of an infant. My granddaughter and I begin to be com-

panions. The seven months and the seventy years accord very nicely, and will do so probably (the parties living) for a year or two to come, when the man becoming weaker and the child stronger there will come an inequality and disturb the friendship; though I have known it subsist for a much longer time, and especially when the more aged party has a body so strong and a mind so weak that both are accommodated to the weight and capacity of the younger. But I must not proceed in this style, though you could give me some lessons, I doubt not, upon the alliance between the aged and younger members of the same family.

There is a society in town called the Athenæum, to which some friends have invited me, and vanity has accepted the invitation. We admit all who have published such works as the members judge sufficient for a qualification, and with these some of our nobility, to give us honour and encouragement. There are, I think, about five hundred members; and as our first subscription is ten guineas, and five annual, and as every member sends his own works to the stock, we have already a large collection. The place is No. 12, Waterloo * * *. Here is a place of call for which some years since I would have given a much larger sum; now it is not greatly to be desired, but neither would I decline it. Ladies we do not admit, which takes from our politeness full as much as it adds to our prudence and salutary fear. Adieu, my dear friend.

I am yours affectionately,

GEORGE CRABBE.

P.S.—Did you know that one of Wordsworth's principal speakers in his "Excursion" is a pedlar—a sentimental, metaphysical pedlar? I hope yours is more a man of this world, and this I say not without respect for Mr. Wordsworth's feelings and genius and opinions. There is much devotion in his mind, but it is mixed up with much that I can only comprehend here and there, as the light gleams through the obscurity.

XXIII.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 19th of Eleventh-month, 1824.

On the 2nd instant my husband appeared at my bedside, and significantly smiling, asked me if I knew such a place as Trowbridge, and produced thy welcome letter, my kind friend. I hope the recipe will serve thee: if the good-will and wishes of thy friends in Ballitore could be effectual thou should never know pain of any kind.

Murray has declined publishing for my friend. Fifty years ago such a poet as he might have stood some chance,—or at least in the intermediate space between Goldsmith's and another village; but now there is too much sunshine to permit a torch to obtain regard. Shine on however, ye suns, and may your light never be extinguished while it beams on the path of virtue. I am pleased that thou looks kindly on Wordsworth, whom the reviewers have quoted largely to find fault with, and have even lugged him in out of his place to give him a flogging. I never met with his "Excursion,"

except in extracts, some of which I admired—but do not find him always *understandable*. His address to my friend Thomas Wilkinson's spade is a favourite with me. My pedlar is a plain honest man, by no means metaphysical, and no more sentimental than are many of our poor countrymen.

I am recovering from an alarming illness, the shock of which has at present enfeebled my body and mind. After suffering with an unwonted complaint, a cough, I was suddenly seized with difficulty of breathing, and in a few minutes

“Thought ceased, and I was dead.”

How often did that line strike on my memory, when, after my restoration to life by bleeding while I was insensible, I felt the danger I was delivered from for the present. But “who slights such warnings may be too secure!” I have much to be grateful for to the Giver of life. Health with little interruption to an advanced period of age, family, friends, and neighbours whose cordial attentions while they contribute to my recovery enhance the value of it, and a lengthening of the uncertain span of life in order that I may be better fitted to resign it.

All here join in sincere good wishes for thee and thine, with thy affectionate and obliged friend,

MARY LEADBEATER.

XXIV.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 3rd of Fourth-month, 1825.

I wrote to thee, my esteemed friend, soon after the receipt of thy truly welcome letter of "29th October." I have since felt anxious on account of thy health. I knew I could not expect to hear very soon from thyself, because I hoped thy time was occupied in instructing and delighting thy fellow-pilgrims along the path where too few flowers such as thine are strewed.

We are greatly charmed with the poetry of Felicia Hemans, and I think she must give general satisfaction; as yet we have her poetry only in periodical works, except one volume containing, besides other poems, "The Abencerrages." I hope thou hast met with Thomas Wilkinson's "Tour to the British Mountains." He was led into publishing almost unknown to himself. Bernard Barton was so commended even in the *Edinburgh Review*, and a Quaker poet spoken of as a *rara avis in terris*, that even I began to cock my crest, and therefore copied my "Four Ages of Life" (an unlucky title for me, as Cowper might be recollected thereby) and a few of my very best, a small collection. I sent it to Harvey and Darton, but they sent it back to me. Oh! you—no, I will not call you *malignant*—stars, beaming with light and life, why will you not let a little glow-worm twinkle?

We have very lately read "The Excursion," and

admire the poetry and descriptions, and the sentiments where we can gather the meaning, which we may confess we found a little obscure at times ; *we* may confess it, since *thou* dost. It would ill become me and my pedlar to be metaphysical. I have nearly finished my account of the province of Leinster, and intend to submit it to my employers, humbly hoping for their approbation, which if I obtain I can proceed with more spirit and confidence. The number of pages is prescribed to me, and I work like a diligent journeywoman. I have been furnished with great variety of books and information respecting my native island, and never knew so much of it as now when I must be nearly leaving it for a more fixed habitation. I mean, the other world.

Was not John King whom thou mentions in a letter dated 1817, brother to him who accompanied Captain Cook, and whom I saw in a dying state at Beaconsfield ? I suppose thou hast read Prior's "Life of Burke." On the whole I was much pleased with it, and the anecdotes relating to his son's death were very pathetic. I am sorry there was not a reconciliation between him and his friend Fox—pity that politics should sever personal friendship. I am certain that Edmund Burke was generous and forgiving, warm and compassionate. The same character is given of Fox. The good should continue to love each other while they live (and, surely, in the kingdom of love it will increase) however their sentiments on moral things may differ.

My sincere regards attend thy children and theirs. How extensive is the nature of friendship, overflowing

to all the connexions and friends of those who have won our esteem and love! Under the impression of this feeling, accompanied by the grateful salutation of my family, friends, and neighbours to thee and thine, I bid thee affectionately farewell.

MARY LEADBEATER.

XXV.—FROM THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

Trowbridge, 3rd February, 1826.

My dear friend,

The date of your letter would be reproof—nay, reproach to me, had I not much to plead, and especially to so gentle a spirit as yours, in extenuation, I may perhaps say, in excuse for my apparent forgetfulness—and forgetfulness in friendship is ingratitude; but you will listen kindly to me, and make many allowances for infirmities both of body and mind. I state this, my dear lady, as the leading circumstance in my apology to you, and one or two others of my friends, whose letters I found, after nearly four weeks' confinement to my chamber, on my return to the room where I now thank you for yours. The loss, if I may so speak, of that time, caused a kind of hurry and abridgment of my indulgences. I gained a habit of postponing my duties to my friends, and made,—I own the fault,—my infirmities pleas for my want of exertion: but you will, I repeat, make allowance for me. I was half frightened by the accumulation of papers, which are even yet too formidable for my weakness.

But enough of self! I am now—let me be thankful—in a great measure free from pain, and have probably that degree of health and even exertion which at my age is a blessing rather to be desired than expected: the allotted three score and ten has past over me, and I am in my seventy-second year!—thankful, I hope, for much that I have, and among many other good things for the friendship of some very estimable beings, among whom I am pleased to reckon the lady to whom I am writing.

There is a melancholy spirit discernible in your letter when you mention your own Ballitore, and the friends whom you have been deprived of. So it must be. We must leave or be left; and happy, most happy, the spirit that acquiesces in every deprivation by an increase of religious hope that the all-wise and beneficent Father of his children does that which is good, is best for them. All who reflect must acknowledge this, but they who consider as Christians *feel* it: and what indeed is there for us to rest upon but this?

So I find you, my dear madam, an assistant to Mr. Bains. His “Amulet” is really an interesting and meritorious publication: I was too much indisposed to be a contributor; in fact I have written nothing of late, and what I have are connected and not easily separable. I will endeavour to make the various parts as correct as I can, and whether I or my sons publish them is of no other consequence than this, that they will make more of them than I shall. Be an author’s reputation what it may, there is an additional value placed upon

that work which must be the last. "Is this the love of money?" do you ask? No, my friend; the love of my sons and theirs.

It is kind in you to make enquiries respecting my state of health. I am subject to pain, but I believe that few persons of my age, who have been in trials and under variations of circumstances and modes of living, have more general health. Health of body; but I would gladly know—and tell you if I did know—my mind's health. I speak not in a religious view, but simply of the natural and gradual decays which the mind is subject to—loss of memory, deadness of fancy, slowness of comprehension, and want of energy; and yet these infirmities and deprivations come on with no regular process, and occasionally the faculties seem renewed. But still, like fine days in the approach of winter, they shine and depart, and give place to darkness or at least to dimness. So it is, and it is right, and mercifully right. We are not then torn from the holds of life, but gently borne away.

I hope in your place of quiet, you and your neighbours—you have made the word neighbour familiar with me—are freed from the gloom and distress that hang over places of trade and manufacturing like this. Few worldly evils are more distressing than the bankruptcy of a large and respectable establishment; so many are affected, and some so much. I shall be glad to receive a letter from you when you can afford me one. I own that I am—not an ungrateful—but yet not a ready correspondent. I love to receive, but am

not always so mindful of the pleasure as I ought to be ; but forgive me, my dear lady, and impute this rather to the want of exertion than to that of feeling. I have been reading—skipping, though, frequently as I read—a strange work by, I am told, a strange young woman, the daughter of Mr. Godwin and her who was Mrs. Wolstoncroft. It is called “The Last Man”—it is most melancholy, but sadly diffuse : it wants the piety that the subject would prompt in religious minds, and I should not have troubled you with remarks on such a work, only that it just now occupies me for its little time, and may have done the same for you. Do you read that strange mixture of good sense and folly, of principle and prejudice, “Blackwood’s Magazine”—where every one who is not abused is flattered, and all is entertaining that is not disgusting? I had some knowledge of its assistants during my short visit to Edinburgh, though of this I am not fully certain, but I so conjectured. If I have wearied you, forgive me : I wanted to prove to you that at least three sides of a sheet of post paper might be filled. Remember me to all your fireside circle, and do not yourself forget me, but think of me as a friend.

Faithfully and affectionately yours,

GEORGE CRABBE.

XXVI.—FROM MRS. LEADBEATER.

Ballitore, 4th of Fourth-month, 1826.

My valued friend,

I am sorry that indisposition and its consequences were the causes of thy silence, which I imputed to the occupation of thy time in preparing another feast for us. Do not deprive those of that high gratification who cannot willingly resign it and thyself. The pure and healthful muse who inspires such strains is ever young, and I hope to hear that the frame which she so often animates is invigorated by her visits. Still I shall continue anxious to know that this is the case, and that thou art less frequently and less violently visited by thy distressing complaint.

I am an invalid and have been so most of the winter. Whether my disease is of the heart or of the chest seems doubtful, but I can bear very little exertion. Whether I shall revive with the reviving weather is a matter of hope and doubt. However, I am gently dealt with, having little bodily suffering, tolerable spirits, and tender attentions.

The troubles in the commercial world have had little effect on our quiet village. There is a street in Dublin, lying very low, the name of which, Mullinahack, is pronounced rather disdainfully by more exalted citizens. However, its boast has been that in the time of plague the bad air *flew over it*, and left the favoured spot in

possession of humility and health. May we not apply this to Ballitore ?

I never met with "The Last Man." We have been much pleased with the works of Anna Letitia Barbauld. Blackwood's Magazine has occasionally fallen in our way. Books are now a luxury in which those whose circumstances do not rise above mediocrity must indulge sparingly. I was sorry to hear that Sir Walter Scott had felt the pressure of the times, but his superior spirit rising above them urges him to fresh exertions. I was always of the mind that he was the author of the novels.

Farewell, my excellent friend. Accept the best wishes of thy friends here, who are not few.

Thy ever affectionate,

MARY LEADBEATER.



Another brief letter to introduce a friend to Mr. Crabbe was the last ever penned by his warm-hearted friend and ardent admirer. It is dated "the 13th of Sixth-month, 1826." She died on the 26th.

R. D WEBB AND SON, PRINTERS, DUBLIN.

