

April 2nd 1837

Miss Anne Strickland
presents her Compts to
Mr Marshall, and begs
leave to acknowledge the
receipt of 5/- paid by
him to her sister, for
~~the~~ her practical contri-
butions to the "Christmas
Box;" Mr Prose has
also forwarded the pay-
ment to herself and
Miss Jane Strickland,
for their prose articles
in the same book.
In the hope that Mr

Marshall will feel disposed to exercise a more encouraging liberality towards her, as a writer in his annuals for the forthcoming season. He takes the present early opportunity of forwarding some very choice articles, for the consideration of his Editor, for "The Year", and "The Christmas Box". Miss Sturtevant would have no objection to illustrate plates for either or both of these annuals.

Miss Agnes Sturtevant would however promise that the MSS. if not accepted shall be returned to her, and she hopes Mr. Marshall will oblige her with an early decision.

Hyden Hall
St. Wandford
Suffolk

P.S. Does the Editor of "The Christmas Box" mean to use Polycare and his Dog & Agnes or the Young Greek Shepherd? It was detained from last year and Miss Sturtevant has no copy. She will have pleasure in seeing it appear.

Mr. Marshall

Holborn - Paris

"I BEG leave," said Lady Morgan, "to enter a protest against dates! What on earth has a woman to do with dates?" The late Agnes Strickland was somewhat of the same opinion. She was born "about" such and such a time, and that was as much as courteous curiosity was sent away with. We believe that the "about" may now be interpreted the beginning of this century, and that this exemplary, industrious lady was just as old as the century itself. Thus much for matter-of-fact persons. Otherwise, of what importance is it? A woman is just as old as she looks. Agnes Strickland no doubt was pleased to look young; for the portrait of herself, prefixed to the edition of her 'Queens,' when the authoress had been known in literature for many years, is the portrait of a fair, lady-like, and rather strong-minded woman.

Agnes Strickland's strength of mind developed itself early, with her literary tastes, and, indeed, her literary practices. Like most of us, she began with an idea of being especially poetic; and her first attempt, made in conjunction with her sister, when Agnes was not yet in her teens, combined poetry with history. It was a rhymed Chronicle of the Red Rose; and it excited the grave displeasure of her father. The squire of Roydon Hall, Suffolk, could not *taste* poetry, as Queen Charlotte used to phrase it.

But Agnes Strickland could, and, after a while, she again united history with poetry, and boldly stood forth as an epic poet, and her theme was of the Stuart period. Her poem was entitled 'Worcester; or, the Cavalier,' and it was in four cantos. Campbell's foolish praise of it has not given it life, and among the things wrapped in decent oblivion must be reckoned this respectable though short-lived 'Worcester,' and not only 'Worcester,' but 'Demetrius,' a tale, and other works most creditable to the industry of the sisters from whose pens they have proceeded.

Industry, untiring, untired, hard industry, was the great merit of these ladies; and it bore its fruit, at last, to an extent which, perhaps, surprised themselves. The 'Lives of the Queens of England,' a work which bears the name of Agnes Strickland alone, had a temporary success which now seems little short of ridiculous. It possessed, indeed, the merit of novelty. There was something fresh to be told about royal ladies, many of whom had hitherto been but pageant Queens in history. The work, however, has serious defects. It has too much of the millinery of history, inseparable, perhaps, from its subject, and the result is unsatisfactory.

If Agnes Strickland's 'Queens' shall be soon as deservedly forgotten as her 'Worcester,' that will in no way prove that she was without high and honourable aspirations. She had a noble ambition, but she lacked the power to accomplish the object which she had in view. Yet she was a woman of high courage. We may all remember how, in a literary controversy with Lord Campbell, or rather in an onslaught upon him for stealing her thunder, she seemed to pummel him on his own judicial seat, and treat him with scant measure of restraint in either blows or words.

It is said that she compared all those evil-doers who supplemented her history of Queens by records of other royal ladies who lived before her own chronicle began, or after the date of its conclusion, to barnacles hanging on to the old noble ship. Such rude persons were accounted intruders on her domain, trespassers in her preserves, and breakers-down of the sacred fence round her own more sacred enclosure. That her prejudices were strong cannot be denied. Her defence of Mary Stuart in the series of Scottish Queens, marred where it was intended to heal; and her 'Lives of the Bachelor Kings of England' made one smile at the attempt of a refined woman to write the details of the life of such a naughty bachelor as Rufus. The last serious work which Agnes Strickland wrote was an account of 'The Seven Bishops,' which cannot be said to have been successful.