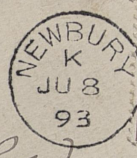


BENJAMIN DISRAELI, Esq.

The right Hon  
Lord de Talley  
62 Elm Park Road  
Chelsea  
London S.W



Robert Bridges.

The right Hon  
Lord de Talley  
62 Elm Park Road  
Chelsea



R. Bridges  
London S.W

William Watson  
poet

The  
Lord D. T. Tabling  
62 Elm Park Road  
SW London.



Mr. Thompson

Mr. Dr.

J. Leitch Warren  
67 St. John's Lane  
London S. E.

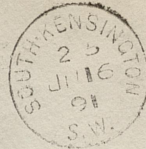


The Red House  
Sunninghill  
Ascot

Miss Leighton  
~~Sun Lane~~ Carle  
Shrotonbury







The Hon.

Lady Keightley

111 St. George's Square

S. W.

H.

Rowland Wadsworth  
 of Arley - My Jan 22  
 ff

My dear Leighton

I never heard  
 of the Shipshire  
 Run your name  
 but - should like  
 much to have  
 particulars of it, if  
 you ever chance to  
 find an authentic  
 record - Blissard's

yield. Perry in Daniels  
 Fed. Spots Vol 1. P. 155

Sir John Lubbock

grand however has  
 nothing to do with  
 any river. He  
 obtained his celebrity  
 by winning 500  
 guineas to his  
 brother J. S. Barry  
 in a match at  
 Newmarket 1762.  
 He was buried  
 in the Pelham  
 Church - but at  
 South Burry's

at Kennels near  
 Sandringham Heath &  
 The Sandringham Heath  
 Inn was called the  
 Bluecap. "Modern  
 improvement" has  
 of course unheavily  
 the sign and it  
 is now an Hotel  
 I have a spare copy  
 of a book given  
 me by P. S. Wrentham  
 of Bath with a friend

Sir John Lubbock



of the present S. Bowry's  
 Grandfather he  
 said - Poets but  
 worthy to stand  
 on the same step  
 with the Author of  
 Bluecap Epitaph!

I send the book by  
 post - and with  
 kindest remembrance  
 to your wife  
 I am yours truly

J. W.

PS you will see on account  
 of match between me

Sir John Lubbock

See W H Smith's letter above



Friday

Dear Mr Smith  
 The train is  
 9.50. Charing Y.  
 If you need a  
 ticket - I suppose  
 you can be back  
 in time - There  
 is a flood that back  
 after three so there  
 is no risk.  
 Hope you will come  
 Entirely  
 Yours  
 W H Smith



Prof Huxley



hear afterwards, further details, as  
to day, number of guests etc.

I meant to have talked to Nellie  
about it this morning and I was  
coming to the topic when Miss  
Geary arrived. Many years ago,  
Nellie, half in joke, suggested my  
doing this same thing, and she  
said that she would come and do  
Lady Dalway, who used usually to  
make the tea except on some  
occasions when Milnes's Company  
was too bad even for her.

Believe me

Yours sincerely

J. L. W. H. M.

I forgot to <sup>say</sup> ~~say~~ keep the Mills as long  
as you like.

June 15. 1891

62 Elm Park Rd.  
S. Kensington.

Dear Baldwin,

I saw Nelly today (as you  
will have heard) and was pleased to find  
her tho' rather weak, better than I expected.

I am much interested by your  
account of how you saw Allen  
and what he appears to have told  
you which is really the first bit  
of reliable information which I have  
yet received as to his condition.

In some respects, it is rather more  
encouraging, as explaining the  
reason why he has been kept in  
bed.

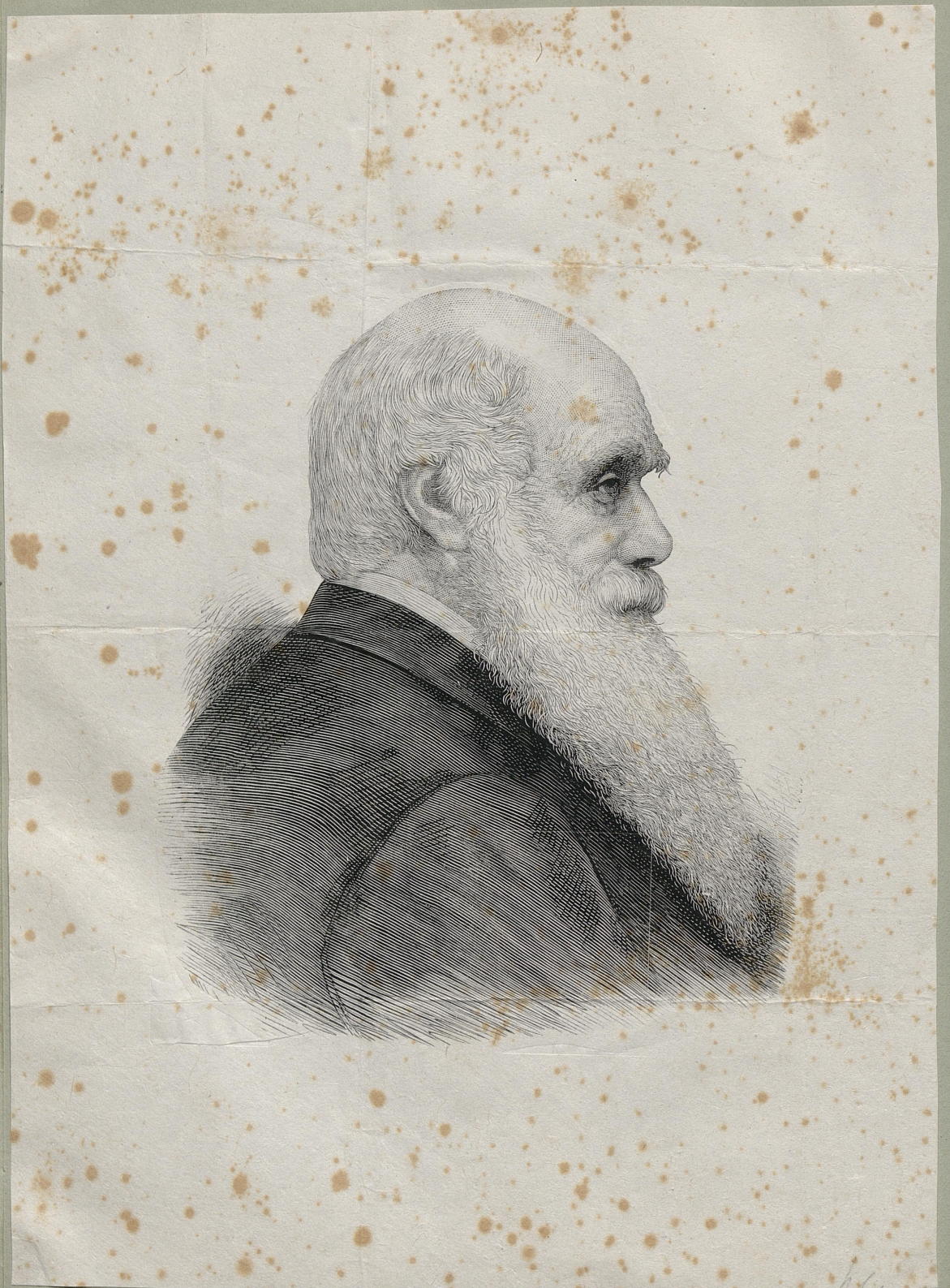
Thanks for the rest of your letter

just received, and for your comments upon 3 short pieces of mine in Miles's Book. I am not able to refer to your numbers, not having the Volume, but when I get it, I will especially note what you say as to piece No. 2. but without the book I cannot recall what piece No. 2. is. I have always thought myself that I did better in my shorter pieces than in my long ones. But the short pieces which I thought the best, have been on the whole, the most violently attacked; Obscurity being one of the gravest faults brought against them. You are quite right, that the Bowdoin Square Manager, rendered all serious intellectual efforts, quite impossible

7  
There were continual rows, and I never could be sure of half an hour consecutively, without interruption. But of course Mr. Miles a stranger, could not see what you have seen, ~~for~~ <sup>this</sup> the very patent reason of my stopping dead short.

I have been thinking about a scheme which please don't talk about as it would only bring in imitators, and possibly may come to great grief. But I was thinking of starting one or two breakfasts at 10 o'clock at the Bristol Hotel, in very humble imitation of what Haydon used to give. The Manager is a good sort of fellow, and willing to oblige me, and I thought it no harm to sound him the other day

as to whether he cared to do such  
breakfasts for me. I expected he  
had never heard of such things,  
and that it was quite a chance  
whether he would do them, when  
I was surprised to hear that the  
men who used to go to Lord Haydon  
had already started such breakfasts  
this year at the same place. I  
should wish you to be good enough  
to come to my first attempt and to  
bring Barbara, and then afterwards  
if the thing succeeded, we might give  
a united breakfast, to which you  
could with your literary friends  
and I could with mine. It is a  
great toss up how the thing would  
go, but I think it is worth  
making the trial, and if you and  
Willie take this view, you shall





LITERARY MATTERS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WILD ROSES OF CAPE ANN.

Among the countless books of many kinds that crowd restlessly upon one's notice, with their varied designs, prefaces and apologies—books that aim to establish a theory, and books that aim to establish a reputation—it is a rest and a blessing to come now and then upon a book which is simply, genuinely and beautifully "its own excuse for being": a book whose first characteristic is spontaneity, and whose final outcome is content and gladness; which lures you with a suggestion of fragrance, and leaves with you the consciousness of having taken a full breath of fresh air; which gives you itself without any look of expectancy to see how you will take it; and which proves beyond a doubt that one may be a born poet, even though not a great poet, and that it is worth while being born for that.

With no assertion of equality, or of dependence, in the sense of imitation, but by that subtle discerning of spiritual kinship which leads us sometimes to fix upon authors the least and significant seems in human relationship, one might call the writer of this book, Whittier's daughter. She has grown up like him, and like him she has never been severed from her best-remembered alliances with the healthy, honest realities of man's toil and Nature's rest. To her, as she says—

"Good it is in the beginning  
Toi for out true friends to know,  
Place in God's grand purpose winging,  
Deep into his lot to grow,  
Saying by our worth, as he,  
Unto light and order, 'Beh!'"

Thus it is that she can say—  
"Every sigh  
In working songs I strive to smother."

To her also has come a call, voiced in one of the loveliest of her songs—  
"Call me by name, 'Friend Brook,'  
For that I am to thee; come up to my remotest nook,  
And I will give thee freedom of the hospitable hills,  
And pour my freshness through thy life, from  
clever's and sorger's and thinker's."

And thus it is that she can verify her creed that—  
"Art needs nature more than nature art."

Like Whittier, she can tell a simple story in a simple, ringing way; like him she loves the legends of her own land; like him she has a cloudless, deep-sighted assurance of present good and future joy. There are even, now and then, lines which are similar in expression.

"I know not what awaits, of bliss or hale,  
I only know  
That of God's guardianship no soul can fail;  
But whether on dusky oceans drifted slow,  
Or swift through populous, starry streets we go,  
Welcome will be loved voices calling, 'Hail!'"  
reminds us of Whittier's—

"I know not where his islands lie  
That fabled palms in ill;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond his love and care."

And when we read in the "Wild Roses"—  
"The green earth seemed an emerald floor,  
The sky was sweet with prayer;  
The sunset heaven's wide-open door,  
Nay, heaven was everywhere"—  
we recall from the "Ten on the Beach":  
"The green earth sends her incense up  
From many a mountain shrine,  
From fabled sea and dewy cup  
She pours her sacred wine."

Her songs are the songs of a life which has more than fulfilled the dreaming of its early dreams; the songs of a heart that finds in the rich now its proof of a richer hereafter, and not, as so many must, despite the blits and the poesy, in the hope of the wealthy future the only sustenance of the hungry today. She makes us believe that there may be a school of poets who learn in joy what they teach in song.

The blank-verse description of the Cape Ann coast, with its intermingles of song and ballad, gives its name to the book, and though not the finest, is certainly not the least interesting part of it. It sets us quivering whether the time may come when we may wander over the whole earth, with only poet's guidebooks and find the dead legends of all its coasts embalmed in the perfumes of their own wild-flowers. Throughout the book one finds scattered, too, the "white everlasting flowers" of verse with which the writer has been pleased to mark her footprints wherever she has strayed, from the crest of Mt. Washington to the Falls of Minnehaha and the cottage of the poet.

Poems of times as well as places are here. For her, day unto day uttereth not merely speech, but song, from the mouth of the golden-rod's blossoming through the opening door of the "New Year" unto the proclaiming of "spring's fair new gospel." Common life is for her sown thick with plentiful sweet parables, which she draws with the ready instinct of the true teacher. The lily holding by the earth to climb to the sky, the fog-rift about the mountain height, the fern with its unfulfilled hint of a flower, are her object lessons. But of them all we find none in which a deeper truth finds more artistic expression than in this:

A PASSING SAIL.

I watched the white sails moving  
On the summer sea,  
One went bird-wise, wing and wing,  
Flitting joyously  
Ocean space she seemed to fill  
With her crescent flight;  
Fancy, spell-bound, followed her  
Till she was out of sight.  
Behind her one was dimly  
Pencilled on the mist;  
If the sails spoke moved at all,  
None, in passing, was;  
Yet was this an Indian bark,  
On her voyage of years;  
And that, a pretty pleasure yacht,  
An idling school-boy steers,  
No arse or frigate  
Courtesies in wavelets light;  
Ships that carry world-supplies  
In a minute's night,  
Trifle, haply freighted lives,  
Magnitudes of lives,  
Grandeur are than thy small guest,  
And farther out at sea.

For the touches that make pictures we might quote "A Prairie Nest" and "One Butterfly."

"A purple stretch of mountains,  
And them and me between,  
A bed of sweet, red clover,  
Billows of meadowy green,  
Across the wind-swept pastures  
One snow-white butterfly  
Sails toward the grand horizon,  
Sole voyager of the sky."

"Though loving all nature, Lucy Larcom is as surely a poet of the hills as our other Cape Ann singer, to whom she fittingly alludes, is of the sea. "The Mountaineer's Prayer," and the sonnet, "From the Hills," claim their praises truly. To those for whom the sea is "the one thing that never stops," the one thing which is granted full expression of itself, it seems that she hardly does it justice; she hears in it too much of moaning and too little music. Happy, hardy and satisfied nature often times do.

It would be easy to pluck quotations rounded as rosebuds from many a stem of blossom here. These are meaningful:

"How all great action reveals at length  
Unsuspected resources of lonely strength."

"Death's dreaded path—only a unrailed stair,  
And heaven but earth raised into pure air."

"Errors are almost trespasses; rarely indeed we know  
How our mistakes hurt other hearts until some random blow  
Hath wellnigh broken our own."

"Our creed must have its break of doubt,  
Where thought may sometimes utter out,  
And all the vast Beyond flow in."

"Less is it from one trusted heart to fall,  
Though shipwrecked among splendors manifold."

Of the purely reflective poems, the ones we most wish to quote are, "Sweet Erië," "The

Air," "They Said" and "Growing Old."

Of them we choose the first:

"Rose, with a fragrance diffused,  
Of crimson goss and spicery blended,  
Through petal and stem and leaf—  
Thou art as the presence of me  
Through deepness of Paradise gone,  
Far beyond reach of my grief."

The soft lamp illumines the dell,  
The gray granite smiles in thy spell;  
Think touch of the pasture's brown bloom,  
Thy robe longha, that gracefully sway,  
Thy delicate odors, today,  
Restore me her womanly bloom.

Wild buds awoke under her hand;  
Rare blossoms would rise and expand  
In the heaven of her eyes, blessed blue;  
And her heart and her being were flowers  
That lit up the desolate hour,  
And, storm-beaten, leveler grew.

Spirit that maddens earth sweet,  
Across barren hillside my feet,  
Go seeking thee, missing thee still;  
Yet thy love in my life doth remain,  
A perfume, a pathos, a thrill.

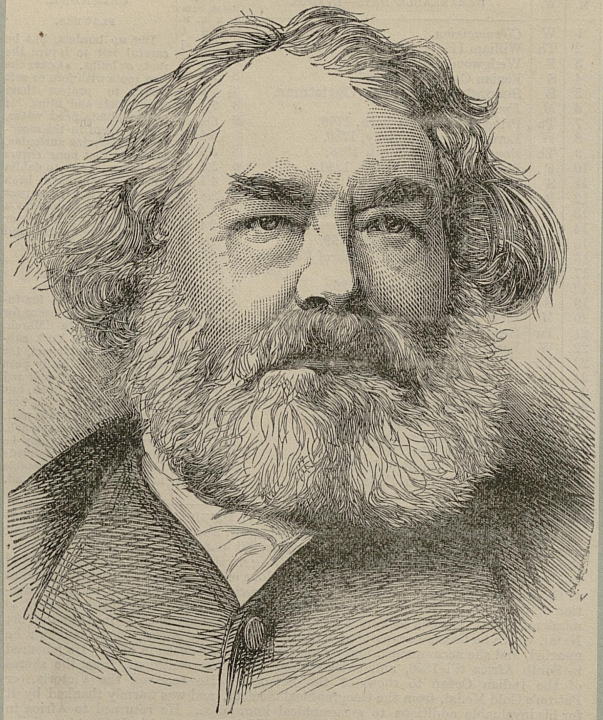
It is a blossom from heaven could lean,  
A rose-lush, a glory of green  
Trailing over the blank wall of death,  
I think it would bring back to me  
A waft of fresh woodlands and thee,  
Sweet-brier, her soul in thy breath!"

That she has a vein of playfulness is shown in the "Gambrel Roof," and the tribute to Dr. Holmes. But her prevailing quality is a cheerfulness so steady that it has no need of wit and mirth. The volume comes with the brook's mission—

"Healing sick fancies with a clear life's overflowing cup,  
And winning flagging feet and heart forever up and up."

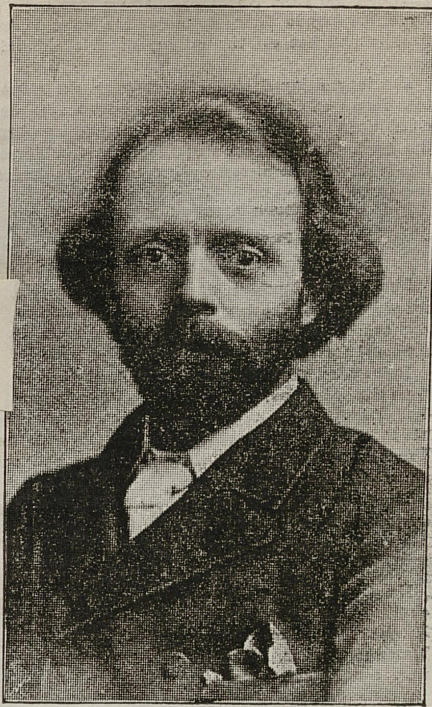
It is as symmetrical as a rose, from the dainty cover inward to the well-ordered contents which begin with the telling of the lovely sights, sounds and stories of art, and rise, through the blossomed meanings won from these, to distill into the incense odors of the faith songs at the close.

Wild Roses of Cape Ann. By Lucy Larcom. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



MARK LEMON.

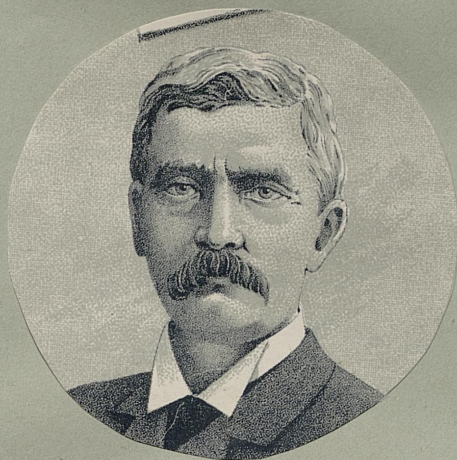




**Mr. Hall Caine.**  
(Photographed by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.)



MR. STANLEY, IN THE DRESS HE WORE WHEN HE MET DR. LIVINGSTONE IN AFRICA.



9627

# LOUIS KOSSUTH.

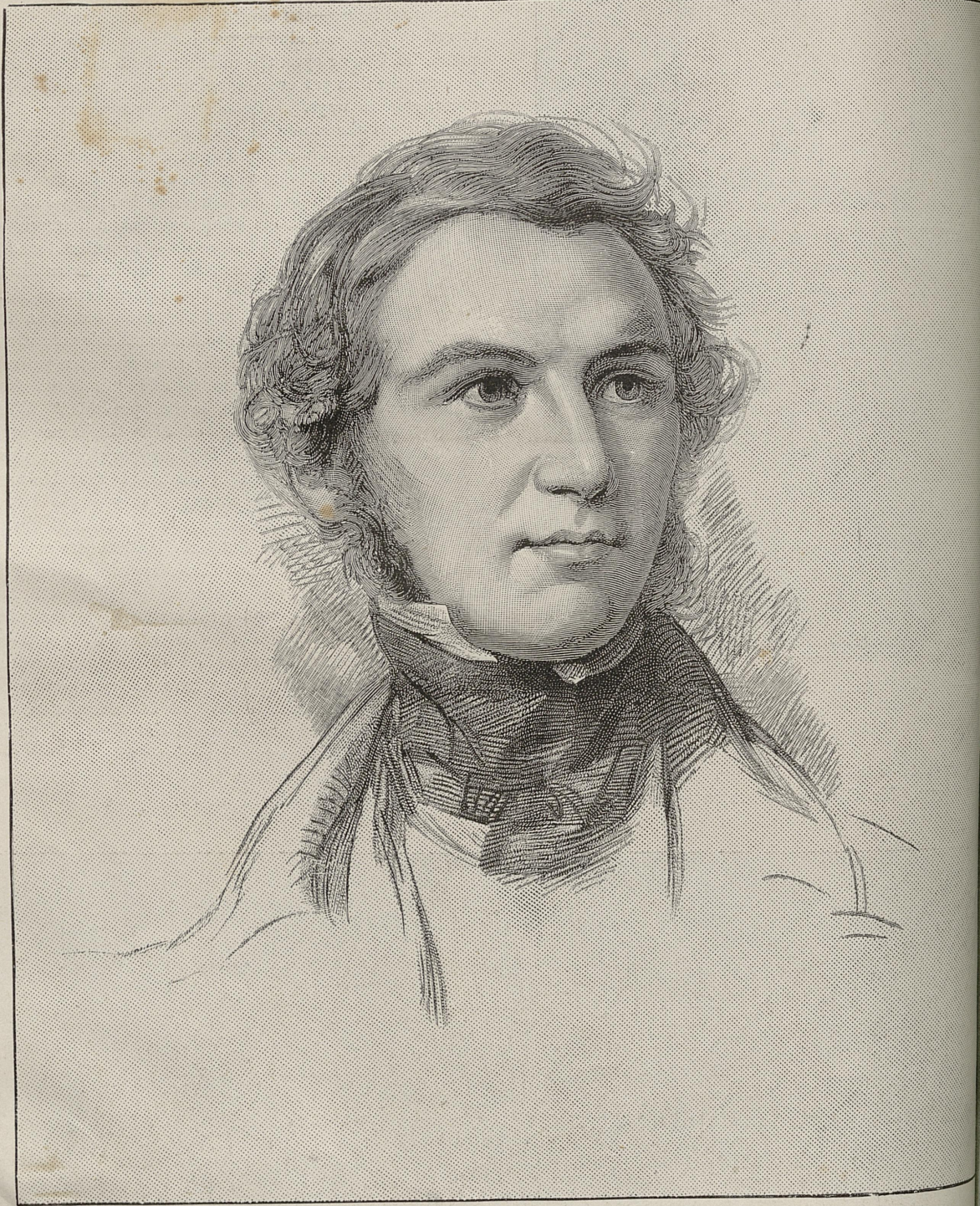
1892

## MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY.

In a broad and handsome street at Turin, consecrated by its name to the memory of the Thousand of Marsala, stands the house in which Louis Kossuth, one of the few truly heroic figures of our prosaic century, is living the declining years of his life. Thither to-day the whole Hungarian nation, irrespective of party, will send its good wishes, for to-day the venerable Tribune is ninety years old. Forty odd years have passed away since Kossuth wrote his name in the great book of European history, and the generation which witnessed the colossal struggle of which he was the central figure has almost disappeared. But the memory of that struggle still lives. In no part of the world did Kossuth evoke more sympathy than in England, and many British greetings will reach him to-day in his Italian exile.



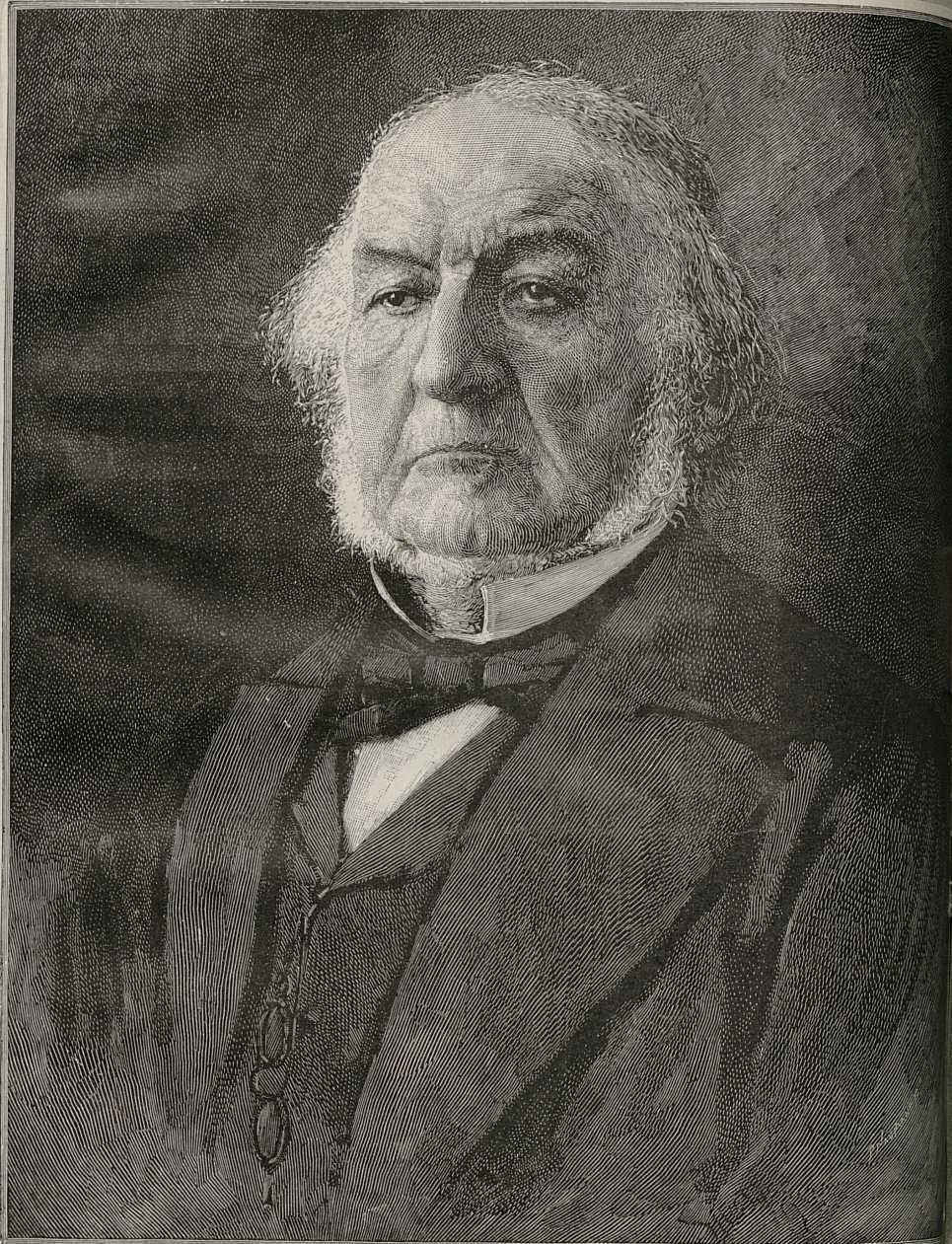
Dillon and O'Brien, and said, come what might, Redmond denounced the policy pursued by Messrs. Redmond and entrusted with the collection and distribution of funds solely for evicted tenants. Mr. Redmond that a joint committee of both parties be formed and called upon the anti-Parliament to accept the offer made by Mr. John of the Crown, and calling also upon the anti-Parliament, subject to no veto but the constitutional one of appointment of the judiciary, and the control of the management of Irish affairs, including the land question, the would confer on Ireland a Parliament for the management of the Home Rate Bill which they were willing to promote a Home Rate Bill which Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party to say whether of Parliament. Resolutions were passed calling upon Redmond, Pierce Mahony, and J. Nolan, members of Drogheda, and was addressed by Messrs. John



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

*From the Portrait by the late George Richmond, R.A.*



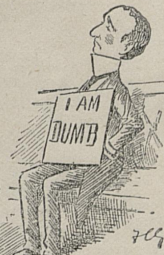
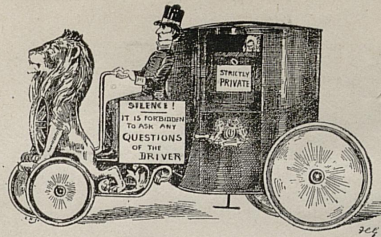
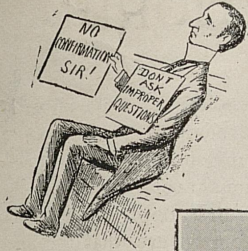


THE LATE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE AT THE TIME OF HIS FOURTH PREMIERSHIP

*From a Photograph by S. A. Walker, Regent Street.*



LORD PALMERSTON.

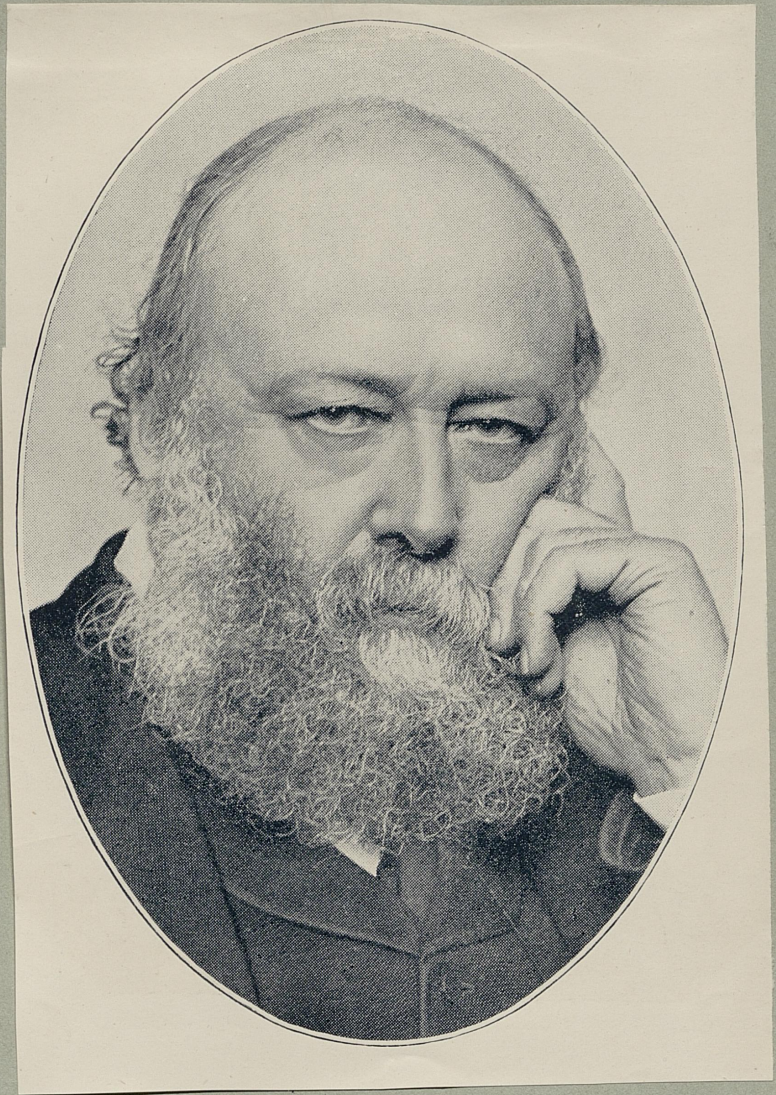


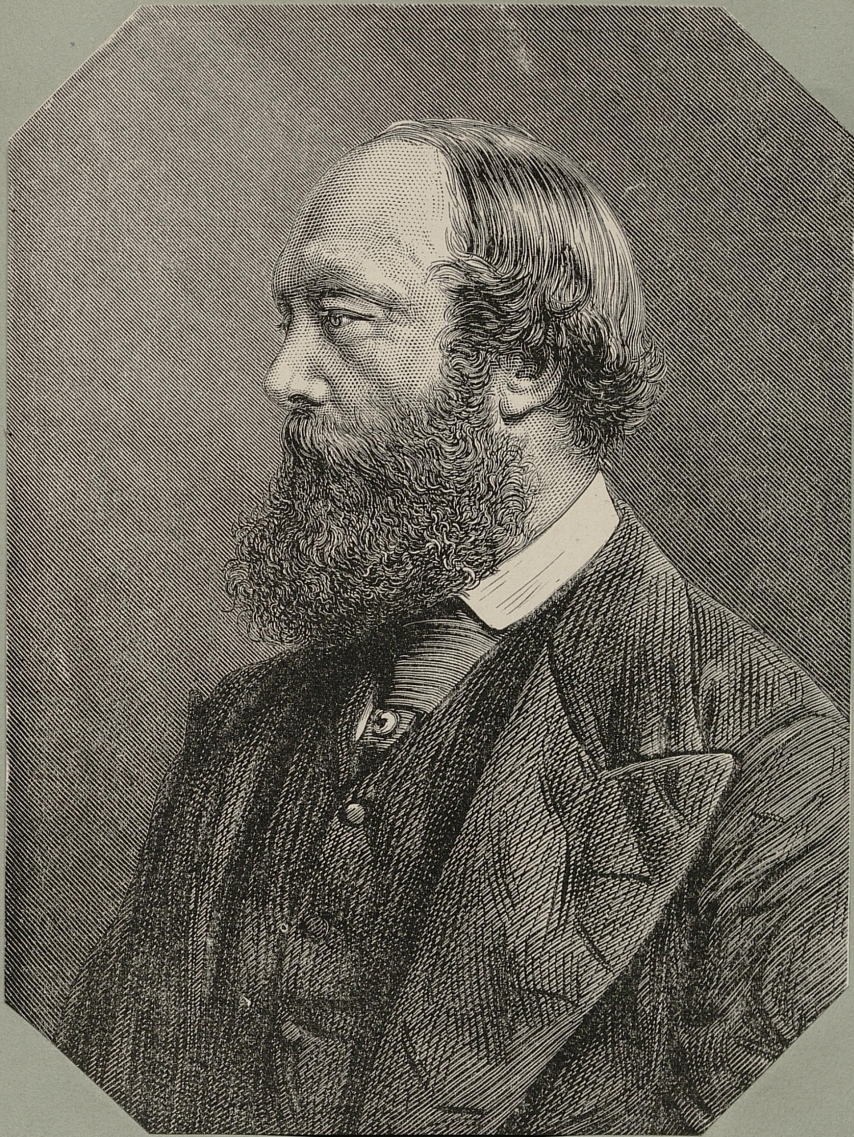
RT. HON. GEORGE N. CURZON, M.P.

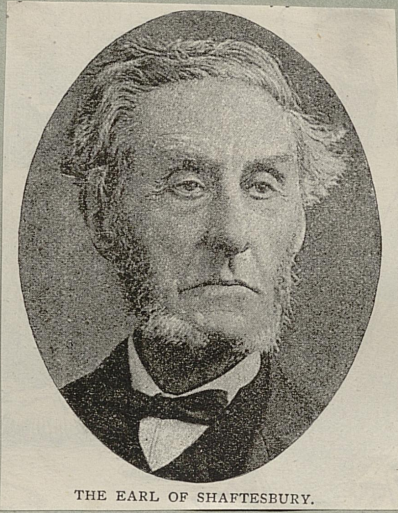
UNDER-SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

"A superior Ashmead-Bartlett."—See p. 315.

(Photograph by Russell and Sons. Caricatures by F. C. Gould.)







THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.





ARTHUR J. BALFOUR.  
(THE SAVIOUR OF IRELAND.)



AUTOGRAPHS.

AUTHORS  
&  
STATESMEN.



