

**LETTERS TO EDWARD
HOOKHAM AND PERCY B.
SHELLEY, WITH FRAGMENTS
OF UNPUBLISHED MSS.**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649375035

Letters to Edward Hookham and Percy B. Shelley, with Fragments of Unpublished Mss. by
Thomas Love Peacock & Richard Garnett

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Cover @ 2017

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THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK & RICHARD GARNETT

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Portrait of
Mrs. Elizabeth
Cady Stanton
1848



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AND PERCY B. SHELLEY

WITH

FRAGMENTS OF UNPUBLISHED MSS.

EDITED BY

RICHARD GARNETT

FOR THE MEMBERS OF

BOSTON : MCMX

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THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, CAMBRIDGE, MASS., U.S.A.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

LINES ON THE DEATH OF JULIA HOBHOUSE,
LORD BROUGHTON'S DAUGHTER

*Accept, bright Spirit, rest in life's best bloom,
This votive wreath to thy untimely tomb!
Formed to adorn all scenes and charm in all,
The fire-side circle and the courtly hall;
Thy friends to gladden, and thy home to bless;
Fair form thou hadst, and grace, and graciousness.
A mind that sought, a tongue that spoke the truth,
And thought matured beneath the smile of youth.
Dear, dear young friend, ingenuous, cordial heart!
And can it be that thou shouldst first depart?
That Age should sorrow o'er thy youthful shrine?
It owns more near, more sacred griefs than mine,
Yet, midst the many who thy loss deplore,
Few loved thee better, and few mourn thee more.*

— THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

INTRODUCTION

BY RICHARD GARNETT

Few writers whose works have been accepted by their own countrymen as classics have failed to obtain like recognition from critics of other nations. Especially is this true of British and American authors. Broad as it is, the Atlantic has never been a dividing line in separating the poets, novelists and historians of the two countries, whose productions all are merged in the one expressive phrase of English literature. And yet there have been rare exceptions. For some unexplainable reason Thomas Love Peacock is one of these. Not that his claims have ever been rejected by American readers and critics, but that they have never been duly and properly presented.

His contemporaries such as Lamb, Coleridge, Landor, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, and DeQuincey long ago found full recognition, but Peacock remains almost unknown in America save as the friend of Shelley. This is by no means surprising. No writer could be less influenced

by the atmosphere of the New World. There is but little in his writings in which an American reader, as such, could be expected to take any particular interest. If he win his way — as he ought — to ultimate recognition, it will be by virtue of a certain affinity in his humour, bookish and seasoned with scholarship as it is, to the peculiarly delightful type of literature, at once dry and exuberant, of which instances may be found in many American literary journals. Even in England recognition is far from implying popularity. No historian of British literature would omit Peacock; yet in comparison with Lamb he is but little read. The recent appearance, nevertheless, of two popular editions seems to indicate progress beyond the select circles to which Peacock's reputation was confined in his lifetime, and for long afterwards, though it is improbable that this will become widely diffused. At the same time few novelists have a better prospect of permanence, for there are few whose works depend less upon what is merely temporary and accidental.

So little is generally known of Peacock, apart from his connexion with Shelley, that it may be desirable to furnish here an abstract of the leading particulars in his life. He was born at Weymouth, October 18, 1785. His father, a glass merchant, died when Thomas