

**LETTERS OF MARY
RUSSELL MITFORD:
SECOND SERIES. IN
TWO VOLUMES, VOL. II**

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Letters of Mary Russell Mitford: Second Series. In Two Volumes, Vol. II by Mary Russell Mitford & Henry Chorley

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MARY RUSSELL MITFORD & HENRY CHORLEY

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LETTERS
OF
MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

VOLUME II.



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MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

SECOND SERIES.

EDITED BY HENRY CHORLEY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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LETTERS AND LIFE
OF
MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

SECOND SERIES.

LETTERS TO MISS HARRISON—*continued.*

Jan. or Feb. 1843.

THE accompanying papers will speak for themselves. I think that I told you the story of Messrs. Finden's conduct, who, after undertaking that I should have the reserved copyright of my Tales in the "Tableaux;" that is to say, that I should have the privilege of publishing them on my own account as soon as the sale of the annual volumes was over, sold, or made over, or assigned—or all three—to three different parties, that selfsame copyright; so that when I had myself made an agreement with Mr. Colburn for three volumes of Tales, I found that they were republishing in monthly parts, that there was no use in going to law with persons so situated. This, and the terribly expensive and lingering nature of my dear father's last illness, occasioned the debts; and I have just this pension—bread and no more! It is proposed by some of my friends here that the county magistrates shall me-

morialise the county members to petition Sir Robert Peel for an increase of pension; and I am quite sure that any good you can do me either way you will. I trouble you, therefore, with the accompanying papers.* Two of my friends have already given 50*l.* each, and a third 50*l.* has come in, and both the "Times" and the "Morning Chronicle" insert advertisements gratis; and we have all the leading people in Berkshire, and a few literary friends in London, to receive subscriptions.

If I had gone out of the country I should have asked Mr. Harrison to give me the great favour of his name. The Mr. Moore is the Tom Moore, and most kind volunteer on his part. I know that you will do for me all you can. We have been waiting for one name, to my great annoyance, for I am longing to have the advertisements fairly corrected. At present not a day passes without some good friend or other proffering some great suggestion.

Feb. 27th, 1843.

Accept, my dear young friend, my very sincere and hearty congratulations on this approaching marriage. In the midst of this joyous business you will not, I know, forget your less fortunate friend. I am sure that you will be glad to hear that the subscription proceeds favourably. I know of above 500*l.*; and the names are such as for rank, talent, and literature, to confer honour on the object of

* Proposals for the subscription, which, as will subsequently be seen, was originated by Mr. Albinus Martin.—C.

their bounty. Lord Lansdowne has given 50*l.*; Miss Yates (a blind lady nearly related to Sir Robert Peel), 50*l.*; Lord Radnor, 25*l.*; Mr. Walter, 25*l.*; the Duchess of Norfolk, 10*l.*; Sir Robert Throckmorton, nephew and heir of Sir John and Lady "Frog" (Cowper's friends), 10*l.*; Miss Fox, the excellent sister of the late excellent Lord Holland, 10*l.*; Mrs. Trollope, 5*l.*; Horace Smith, 5*l.*; James Morier, 5*l.*; Mr. Kenyon has collected 70*l.*; Mrs. Cockburn (the Mary Duff of Lord Byron—his first love), 40*l.* The Duke of Bedford, Lord Sidmouth, and Mr. Moore have all subscribed, and many others, most eminent in every way. I am sure, my dear young friend, that you will do what you can to promote the subscription, the rather as I fear there is no chance of an increase of pension—Miss Jane Porter's friends having been met with a flat denial. Lord Nugent would probably do something. However, I leave this entirely to your own kindness and excellent judgment. Dear Miss Barrett, whose health is better, has a volume ready, but no bookseller will incur the risk of publishing poetry. Moxon says that he has lost by every one except Alfred Tennyson; to be sure the exception proves a growing taste for high poetry, for I think his three lovely volumes the most delicious that have appeared for many years. Indeed I know nothing in modern days equal to "Mariana," the "Sleeping Beauty," and "Locksley Hall." Do read them, if you have not yet become acquainted with them. Macaulay's "Lays of Rome" are also fine—stirring as the sound of a trumpet—but not equal to Tennyson.