

**LETTERS OF MARY
RUSSELL MITFORD.
SECOND SERIES. IN TWO
VOLUMES. VOLUME II**

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Letters of Mary Russell Mitford. Second Series. In Two Volumes. Volume II by Mary Russell Mitford

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MARY RUSSELL MITFORD

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OF
MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.
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VOLUME II.

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MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

SECOND SERIES.

EDITED BY HENRY CHORLEY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.



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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. Albius 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. Konyon 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.

March 12th, 1843.

Accept, dearest Miss Harrison, my earnest thanks for your great kindness. Except Mr. Kenyon, who has given 50*l.*, and collected 100*l.*, and Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, to whom (having seen me at his house) the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Lansdowne sent their contributions, and Mrs. Cockburn—(the Mary Duff of Lord Byron, his first love)—you are, I really think, the most successful of my many kind friends. Kinder than you none can be; and I rejoice to owe this great benefaction to one whom I most love and admire. You will be glad to hear that the subscription goes on well; 940*l.* have been received at the different banks, and I have heard of 300*l.* more, not yet paid in. The thing is still going on, too. I received, only yesterday, 21*l.*, from Charles Boner, and the same sum from Mr. Rogers and the Queen Dowager; and the inhabitants of many towns, where I have not a single acquaintance, are making collections, and managing them themselves. This is very gratifying; so are the names of those from whom I have received money, besides those above-mentioned. The Duke of Bedford, the Duchess of Norfolk, Lord Radnor, Spencer, Fitzwilliam, Sidmouth, and Redesdale; Joanna Baillie, Maria Edgeworth, Mrs. Trollope, Mr. Moore, and many others of equal rank, talent, and character. *Your* contributions are worthy of this copartnery. I have heard much of Mr. E—— from my dear friend Miss J——, who has the honour of being his relation. Say how sincerely I feel his kindness. Next month, if this affair be over by that time, I think of going for a week to Bath, which I have never seen, and

thence I shall proceed into Devonshire, before settling here—for *here* I think I shall settle, in a cottage, the next door but one of this, a great deal cheaper, and opening into the same garden, which does not belong to this house, but has been purchased for me by an affluent friend—purchased by *him*, I mean, and most kindly assigned for my use.

March 26th, 1843.

I cannot thank you enough, my ever dear and kind friend, for your constant goodness to me. To be remembered at all by you at such a moment is no small compliment; and your interest has been exerted in a way not only profitable but most gratifying, inasmuch as your contributors, like so many of my other benefactors, are of a sort, from their own character, to reflect honour on the object of their bounty? Did I tell you—I think so—that the debts were all paid? Above 1,300*l.* have been received by the banks named in the circulars, and I know of a hundred or two more, and hear (as in your case) of kind contributors every day. Convey, I entreat you, my earnest thanks to all parties. I cannot tell you how deeply I feel their generous kindness, and your exceeding goodness. Did I tell you that my good old friend, Mrs. Opie, has been taking the same kind trouble at Norwich, and with great success. Mr. Kenyon, too, has collected 100*l.*, and contributed 50*l.*—20*l.* of the first sum being the donation of Mr. Rogers. We have Joanna Baillie, too, and Maria Edgeworth, Mrs. Trollope, Mr. Mil-